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THE WAYSIDE IN WINTER

Just back of the house is the ridge "along which the English redcoats once upon a time took their way to Concord Bridge"

CONCORD LITERARY RENAISSANCE

UNGATHERED MEMORABILIA OF EMERSON, THOREAU, HAWTHORNE, SANBORN, THE ALCOTTS, MARGARET FULLER AND THEIR CONNECTIONS

EDITED WITH AN INDEX

By

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HARTFORD

TRANSCENDENTAL BOOKS – BOX A, STATION A – 06106

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PREFACE

The critical, historical and biographical importance of nineteenth-century newspapers with their frequent reports on literary figures is slowly being recognized. In adding one more gathering of this fragile evidence to those I have already issued** I hope further to help the scholar discover new relationships and the bibliographer to achieve better coverage in the area of his specialty.

My materials herein have been gathered from several sources——from newspapers in original state which I have purchased from dealers, from filmstrips of journals currently available, and from scrapbooks of clippings kept by historically minded readers of the last century. Some of the last-mentioned were kindly placed at my disposal by the Concord Free Public Library.

I regret that economy required that the original size of the newsprint reproduced herein should be slightly reduced, but a magnifying glass will solve that problem for most readers, and modern xerox machines can now readily enlarge my pages for others——especially for purposes of reproduction. Because the Victorian custom of clipping and mounting articles in notebooks has proved to be helpful and wise, I hope that any that may be discovered in the future may be carefully protected and thoroughly explored.

March 1, 1988 K. W. C.

**
Emerson, Thoreau and Concord in Early Newspapers (1958)
Contemporary Dimension (1970) Victorian Notebook (1970)
Transcendental Log (1973)
Response to Transcendental Concord (1974)
Literary Comment in American Renaissance Newspapers (1977)
Transcendentalists in Transition (1980)
New England Writers and the Press (1980)
Further Response to Transcendental Concord (1982)

Concord and Camp Massachusetts.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

Boston, August, 1859.

Old Concord is twenty miles from Boston by the Fitchburg Railroad, the centre and one of the shiest towns of Middlesex county. Its twenty-five hundred inhabitants are nearly all indigenous, and their pursuits are as various as they well can be. It is not so far from the city that those whose business is there may not go to and from it daily without weariesomeness, yet so far that none forget the duties of neighbors. In short, it is just far enough from the town for good neighborhood, and to temper the northeast winds of the shore, against which ridges of hills give it further protection.

To a stranger, the first idea which presents itself as he shoots out of the "long cut" that has been blinding him with dust for the last two miles—as if the deeply-embosomed waters of lovely Walden did not lie in the midst of it—would be that he had struck a little prairie which had been so long under cultivation that the fruit and shade trees had grown up into groves here and there about it. The village itself is mostly hidden in one these groves—and if it were not, I am afraid it would appear rather meanly, it would be lost in the wide plain. The landscape lacks water, and it lacks variety, but there is a quiet dignity about it which indicates that the country before us is the home and not the resort of men.

Concord will soon emerge from its retirement of more than three quarters of a century, and reappear in a character in which it was formerly distinguished—the character of a place of military importance.

The settlement here, in 1635, was the first in the colony that had been made "above tide-water," and for more than one hundred and forty years—that is, until the evacuation of Boston—Concord was next to that port the rendezvous and centre of operations in nearly all the French and Indian wars. The only distinction between the position it had always occupied, and that which it occupied in the earlier part of the Revolutionary war, is, that in all the struggles which the colonists had made for existence, the assaults had been from the side of the wilderness, while in that war for constitutional liberty the assault was from the side of the sea. And so well was its position chosen, and so faithfully guarded, that only once was the town itself attacked, and then it was successfully defended.

The *material* actually collected there by the rebels in time of peace was sufficient to arm and equip and to sustain in the field for several months an army of fifteen thousand infantry. And yet, owing to the jealous care with which it had been concealed, the vigilance and cunning of those to whose keeping it had been entrusted in anticipating and misleading the enemy, and the haste with which the latter withdrew from the town, but little of this large amount of supplies was discovered by the enemy, and scarcely any destroyed. Particularly did they fail to seize upon several field-pieces, which appear to have been their special aim. These supplies, besides being the occasion of the battle, played a prominent part in the war; the British officers had boasted that with ten regiments they would march from one end of the continent to the other, and bring the rebels to their marrow bones by a single campaign; but failing to secure these stores, and overawed as well as beaten by the valor and energy of the contemned Yankees, the very day after the retreat from Concord found their ten fall and chosen regiments virtually besieged in the narrow peninsula of Boston.

While that city, then, was the centre of rebellion against which the ministry directed its whole power, Concord was the dépôt and arsenal of the colonists. Its location at a safe distance from the seaboard, the zeal and fidelity of its inhabitants, the facilities afforded by the mills, and the natural defence of the river, made it at that time the fittest place for such collection of military supplies as its broad plains, convenient situation and glorious historical memories make it now the fittest spot for the greatest military review and display which New England ever knew.

But what shall I say of the battle? It was no unprovoked massacre, as at Lexington; it was no mere skirmish, as we are apt to regard it upon account of the little bloodshed. It was a regular battle, in which everything was planned and executed according to the understood principles of the science of war, and it was of the most decisive character. The rebels had taken a position at once strong, and commanding their principal deposites, a position which a few brave men might hold for some hours against a thousand. When, therefore, the King's troops saw that they were so opposed, and had proved that the colonists would fight as well as die for their cause, they retreated—they accepted defeat as the only condition of safety. And when at Concord, North Bridge, "the shot was fired, heard round the world," as great and as glorious a victory was won as ever shook the thrones of tyrants or illumined the annals of fame.

CONCORD

The House of Hawthorne and Thoreau and Emerson—Thoreau's Successor—The New Hermit at Walden Pond—His Hut and His Life—His Singular Diet—Hawthorne's Grave—The Old Manse—Concord's People and Its Peculiarities—Mr. Channing.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Boston, Sunday, April 16, 1860.

A day in Concord can be made a red-letter day in one's life. Such a day we have just lived, my companion in tramps and I. And what we saw and heard in this place, whose name and beauties are so familiar to the readers of HAWTHORNE and THOREAU, and which is so pleasantly associated with them in our minds, is well worth the telling. We set foot in the town not long after 1, yesterday morning, and took foot out of it not long after 5, having exercised that important and valuable appendage most thoroughly and "done" the town to our complete satisfaction. We walked down to Walden Pond and about the woods that surround it, which formed THOREAU'S world of wonder and delight, and was HAWTHORNE'S favorite strolling-place, and is EMERSON'S now; we bearded the new hermit of the woods in his den; visited the reminders of the Revolutionary War, the skirmish ground and Concord River; reverently uncovered our heads at HAWTHORNE'S grave; glanced into the "Old Manse," and into what was HAWTHORNE'S last dwelling in this world; saw EMERSON'S house and THOREAU'S home; and talked with many of the Concord people about men and things in town, and gained thereby much choice note-book stock. We were most fortunate in our choice of a day. No better could we have had had the time been late May or early June, instead of mid-April. Imagine fleecy clouds; a warm, stiff breeze from the genial quarters, dustless paths, singing trees, bright sunshine, a refreshing half-hour shower, brighter sunshine, and clearer clouds, and you have the elements that seemed to make our's a perfect Spring day.

THOREAU'S SUCCESSOR.

We made for the pond, and woods the first thing. Our main object was to hunt up the successor of THOREAU, the young man who is trying a sort of hermit life, after the example of THOREAU, in a hut of his own making on the shore of the pond, studying books a little, and Nature a good deal, and getting nourishment and strength from eating corn and meal three times a day and nothing else. We had heard that such a man was living such a life here, but about him we had learned but little, and of his whereabouts nothing definite whatever. The innkeeper, the only person we came across while strolling through the village, gave one good-natured fellow whom we concluded was Mr. EMERSON'S Good Man Friday, for he seemed to be exercising a tender solicitude over the place of the "the sitin Sage of Concord," as if he loved his master dull as well as his work—the innkeeper could tell us nothing about him, except that he was "a queer sort of a fellow, and lived somewhere down yonder hard by the pond; he guessed he didn't amount to much, and wouldn't see folks anyhow; and was starving himself on chicken's dough." Therefore we found it no easy task to find him, not unlike hunting for a needle in a hay-mow, as the homely old phrase goes, but determined to accomplish it if the thing was possible, so we scoured the woods that skirt the road, cleared our way through tangled bushes, and in and out of picturesque trees, over steep, slippery hills to the woods, are in great part of pine and across serene valleys, coming now and then upon bits of landscape which would have charmed a painter's eye, and noting, as we passed along, the peculiarly rich deep blue of the pond-water which THOREAU has noted and described before us. And finally, like good and faithful servants, we were rewarded with the fruits of our labor. Over across the pond, looking not unlike a mole of dirt with a hole in its front, and a thin curl of smoke coming out of its top, was the hut for which we were hunting. We had found our needle in the hay-mow. And now, at last on the trail, we make good progress, and soon brought up to the spot where the hut was placed. We came upon it suddenly, after all, notwithstanding our care not to break in upon the hermit's solitude too abruptly, and our intention to attack him carefully and skillfully. We knew we were at our journey's end by seeing right before us, not a quarter of a dozen yards distant, the rude hut and its occupant. They formed a pleasant picture. The hut is built of rough boards and boughs, faced by a small glass window and a glass and wood door, and banked up nearly to the top, except in front, with earth and turf. It is planted in one of the quietest and most picturesque spots about the pond, where the water makes up into a retired cove; the hills and woods around give protection from the cold winds, and the water-scape in front, framed by the trees, is beautiful indeed. In full view of the hermit, as we were, we had no chance to hold a council, so we made bold at once to address him. "Good morning, Sir. Can you tell us where Mr. THOREAU'S hut was situated?" That was a good question to open the heart of a disciple of THOREAU, if it could be opened, was it not? "A few paces to the rear of mine," he answered slowly, looking at us searchingly the while, and seemingly undetermined whether to be friendly or not. An awkward pause, we meanwhile taking as much of a look of the interior of the hut as we could and still remain "within the bounds of politeness." At length he ventured, hesitatingly, "I'm going out in a few moments, and if you'd like I'll show you place." "We would, indeed," we replied. Another pause. I said, to draw him out a little more, "we have become somewhat interested in you by seeing a newspaper paragraph regarding *your style of life here.*" "Yes," he replied, "some jackass saw fit to publish me." Another pause. And then, perhaps having concluded that our intentions were every way honorable, he changed his manner, looked up into our faces, and cordially invited us to enter his modest house. We accepted the invitation with alacrity, and found ourselves in a cosy and comfortable place. In one corner is a diminutive stove, upon which was then boiling a pot of corn; in another is a rough cupboard, and along one side the hermit's bed at night and desk at day. Over by the stove hung a sack of corn and a sack of meal, a "waffle-iron," a tin cup and a poker, and set up against the side of the house a rural broom, or a broom made of boughs, which, by the way, our friend was using when we came up to the hut, so that the floor was as clean and white as any country housewife's kitchen floor. And the walls were rudely adorned with bunches of leaves, highly-colored wings of birds, queer formations of bark, gnarled branches and Indian relics, the trophies of his walks. Entering into conversation we brought out our host by degrees, and found him a genial, pleasant gentleman, in spite of his oddities. We talked about THOREAU and about himself, his life in the woods and manner of living, and got his whole story freely given. He has been living here, we learned, for nearly six months. He built his house at a cost of a trifle over fifteen dollars, and he has lived comfortably and fared sumptuously at a monthly expense of just one dollar. His house has been so warm that water has not frozen in it at any time during the Winter, though he has had no fire during the nights, and while the pond by the door has been bound by ice the season through. He brought down with him from town, a sack of corn and a sack of meal, and has not yet exhausted his store. He generally boils his corn about seven hours, and eats it cold, as it comes out of the pot after the boiling, or varies the monotony by baking it into a hard waffle—hence the waffle-iron in the stove-corner. He says, now that his stomach is fitted for the corn and meal, "the only true food for man," it will receive nothing else, and he would starve on the "stuff that the so-called civilized people exist on." Once a lady in the village taking pity on him sent

down to his den a loaf of bread of her own making. But he could not eat it. He could get no nourishment from it, although when he lived in town, and before he had learned the great goodness that he says is in the corn and meal diet, he would have considered it most delicious food. So he fed his rabbits and birds with the lady's gift, and she sent him no more. We asked him if he kept up with the times at all, and he replied that he did not, for he did not care much for what was going on outside. He didn't care to see any papers at all. His time was fully occupied. He had busied himself upon a certain work that he had laid out for the Winter, read a little, walked a good deal, studied the woods and the banks of the pond, and tamed the rabbits and the birds. He had quite a company of these who called regularly every day at his door for their food. He had calls for the birds, and some of them were so tame that they would light on his head, his face and his hand. He is now preparing to come out of his shell, for the Summer at least, (obliged by the force of circumstances, or in other words, business, to come back to the city.) And so he is educating his stomach to the great charge it is to experience from the food of a wild life, as he expressed it, "to that of a wilder called civilized." When we had talked a quarter of an hour or so we started out for the promised walk. He pointed out to us many of the peculiarities of the woods and many pretty pictures, showing his keen perception, and how carefully he had studied his surroundings. Like THOREAU he seemed to have a great fondness for the trees, and to regard those who cut them down as his personal enemies. Passing by a freshly cleared spot, he remarked that there was recently one of the finest groups of trees in the woods, but "some avaricious farmer cut them down, thinking that they would better be in tubs and pails to soak old women's feet in." Reaching a well-worn path, he said: "This is mine, good-bye;" and we parted pleasantly. I trust that if he should chance to see these words about him, he will not think me "some jackass." We called on him in good faith, not so much to question him for the benefit of curious newspaper readers, but because we were really interested in himself and his ways, as we said we were. And I will assure him that my friend does honestly think of trying a hut-life for a few months, something like his, as he said, but with a diet what we of "the wilder life, the civilized," regard as more palatable, if not substantial, than corn and meal.

HAWTHORNE.

HAWTHORNE'S grave, the Old Manse, and the last home of HAWTHORNE, will long be objects of the liveliest interest in Concord. The first is in the well-named village burying-ground, "Sleepy Hollow Cemetery." It is in a retired part of the cemetery, in the midst of a cluster of tall pine trees, on the brow of a picturesque hill. The spot was one of HAWTHORNE'S favorite resorts, and is an eminently fit place for the grave of such a man. Two modest marble slabs, one at the head of the grave and the other at the feet, bearing simply the name "HAWTHORNE," no date of birth or date of death, point out his body's resting-place. I recall his funeral. It was in June, '64, I believe, a perfect day. Hosts of literary people were present, including LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, LOWELL, EMERSON, FIELDS, WHIPPLE, ALCOTT and CHANNING. Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE conducted the quiet services, and a long procession of sorrowful mourners followed the author, poet, scholar and friend to the grave. There was no hearse or carriage, but the old friends and collaborers of HAWTHORNE tenderly bore his coffin between them. On his coffin was carried the manuscript of his last and unfinished romance, and his grave was filled with flowers. Directly opposite that of HAWTHORNE is THOREAU'S grave, the head-stone of which bears the words: "HENRY D. THOREAU, born July 12, 1817; died May 6, 1862." * * * The "Old Manse," Rev. Dr. RIPLEY'S parsonage-house, in which the "Mosses" was partially written, still makes a picture. The stately avenue of poplars is there, and, as when HAWTHORNE lived in it and wrote in it, so it remains. Its situation is romantic. Before it is the country road and the broad avenue leading therefrom to its door, on one side a generous field, and on the other the fine inclosed monument ground, and behind the Concord River. The descendants of old Dr. RIPLEY, who was pastor at Concord from 1778 to 1842, live in the Old Manse now. HAWTHORNE'S last home is desolate. It is on the old Boston road, over which the Britishers came in the Revolutionary days to inglorious defeat. Its singular tower, in which HAWTHORNE arranged his study, has often been described, and said by many, more enthusiastic than sensible, to have been the model for the tower in the "Marble Fawn." HAWTHORNE'S people are now living abroad, and so the house is empty and sad-looking, and in its windows is the placard, "For sale or to let."

CONCORD PEOPLE, LITERARY AND OTHERWISE.

There seems to be but little life in Concord. We were in the town a good part of the day, but saw not more than half a dozen people and but little going on. The place was as quiet as most country towns on Sundays. Everything is still, quiet, serene. And this is doubtless the secret of its selection as a home by so many literary people; indeed, we read that "the quiet and repose of the place have made it a favorite with men of letters," and women, too. There is doubtless little sociability among the literary people of the place. They have no club, no meetings, no "conversations." I don't mean to say that they have nothing whatever to do with each other, but that they have no clique such as the literary people in Cambridge and this city have. Perhaps they are jealous of each other; or, more charitably, perhaps they have too much to do to cultivate each other. I found one thing, that Concord people do not appreciate each other. EMERSON tells us in his biographical sketch of THOREAU that "he was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect—his face covered, in the late years with a becoming beard." But a neighbor told us that he used to pass her door frequently, and she was always reminded of nothing else but an owl when she noticed him. He had a hooked nose, bushy, unkempt whiskers, and his eyes, big, round, sharp and piercing, looked out searchingly through his hair which hung over them. He was short and ungainly, and he had a stooping figure and a shuffling gait. And, she added, "I don't understand why his books should be so popular." Such is fame at home. The towns-people have a lyceum, and now and then, EMERSON reads an essay before them. The people generally speak of him with awe, but all admit that he is a kind neighbor, a good citizen, and a pleasant conversationalist. The ALCOTTS, the venerable BRONSON, Miss LOUISA M., who is coming out so well in literature, and her sisters, are liked by all. They live in one of the prettiest cottages in the place, though Mr. ALCOTT adorned it with his own hands. But this letter must be closed. My notes are not half exhausted, but I might as well leave them here as anywhere. I should like to write something about the river and the monument grounds, and give a bit of experience in trying to get an interview with Mr. CHANNING, the other and the veteran hermit of Concord, and tell him we were made to give up our designs in his direction by the narration of the experience of one who had tried before us and was better armed than we, having a "letter of introduction." This gentleman went to the house in which Mr. CHANNING lives with an old housekeeper, and knocked for admission. The housekeeper coming to the door, he presented his credentials, and claimed an audience with Mr. CHANNING. Noticing the letter, she thought that perhaps her master would make this petitioner an exception to his rule, and so she let the gentleman into the entryway, and went to announce him. But at that moment Mr. CHANNING appeared at the head of the stairs, and looking right into the eyes of his caller, he said: "Tell that person to go away. I don't want to see him."

MUNROE.

—A writer in the Springfield *Republican* has a few words about the celebrities of Concord, Mass. He says: "We entered the studio of May Alcott, who will yet be known among the women sculptors of America as one of the greatest. In Winter the family leave Concord for a pleasant home near Boston, and May and Louisa live in the city until the birds come back to the boughs in the great elms before the Alcott house. Louisa Alcott, to whom all younglings have of late taken such violent fancy, is a most industrious writer, and the 'Hospital Sketches,' 'Moods,' and 'Little Women,' are to be followed by a brilliant and original novel. Her sense of humor is strong and well defined; and Mr. Alcott himself is by no means of a stern or serious temperament. His descriptive power in conversation is rarely equaled; it is an incessant spiritual flame—a continuous electricity of wit. He might almost be called the master of American conversation. The cheerful home of Mrs. Jane G. Austin, the novelist and *feuilletoniste*, is distinguished by less of the peculiarities which form such a delightful study in Concord, but has an atmosphere of its own which is irresistibly charming. Its mistress, whose facile pen now amuses so many readers, is a rare talker, and not the least bit of a bluestocking. Her novel of "Cipher," just completed in the prosperous *Galaxy*, and about to be issued by Scribner, of New York, is only the forerunner of numerous equally entertaining ones. Mrs. Austin has one of those fresh and piquant faces which few women in America retain after thirty, but which contrasts powerfully in her case, with the beautiful gray, which is slowly threading her hair. Few literary women have pleasanter homes or brighter prospects in the practical world. Not far from her home in a quiet mansion on Main street (they have streets, but no street noises in Concord) lives Frederick Hudson, ex-editor of the New York *Herald*, who seems to have tired of the world's bustle, and come thither to enjoy silence. He visits in some of the circles of the literary little town, and is excellent company. Near by the house of the Austins stands the Thoreau home, where old Mrs. Thoreau still delights to welcome visitors who speak of her son. Thither when the lover of Nature used now and then to come from his Walden hut, the good mother would not be prevailed upon to let him go, until he had corrected the effect of his simple diet upon his stomach, by tasting of her own good cookery.

[Correspondence of The Journal.]

Letter from Old Concord, Mass.

A Queer Town and Queer People.

CONCORD, Mass., Jan. 10, 1872.

To the Editors of The Boston Journal:

FACTS IMPORTANT IN HISTORY.

Everybody reads *The Boston Journal*; everybody, therefore, who writes for it should be careful in statements which relate to historical or geographical facts. In an article in *The Journal* some weeks ago, a writer locates this old town on the "Maine Railroad, an hour's ride from Boston." Can it be so? On looking about I see the swelling hills where the Indians kindled their watch-fires—old Punkctassett, Annursnuck and Nashawtuck; and yonder, Fair Haven Bay, where they established their winter quarters. From the south comes the placid South Branch River, and from the west, the more lively Assabet, meandering through one of the most charming valleys in the world, and when urged on by spring floods, pressing the waters of the South Branch *up stream!* Then there is Spencer Brook, which, in a *long drouth*, sends forth an unusual volume of water *just before a fall of rain!* There are also the broad meadows spread out before me, green in the summer and flooded in the winter. On the west side of the village I hear the rumbling of the cars and the shrill whistle on the *Fitchburg* Railroad, and therefore it cannot be that Old Concord is transferred to the eastern part of the State. No! It is still here; Walden is here, and the stream that runs up hill, and the obliging brook that notifies us when the heavens shall be opened and rain descend upon the parched and hungry soil. All this evidence declares that Old Con-

cord has not been transferred to the "Maine Railroad," but still nestles in its ancient seat, where the fiat of the Creator placed it at first.

A GLORIOUS TOWN MEETING.

But leaving this old lore, let me tell you about our glorious town meeting in relation to the railroad alluded to in a former letter. The projectors of this new transit route, bore in kind remembrance the great railway interest manifested by the people of Concord in former times. They remembered the matchless skill with which they managed the *Underground Railroad* several years ago, and that although struggling under the most adverse circumstances, they were able to convey all passengers and freight in good order to the famous Port *Liberty* of the North. Bearing these things in mind the projectors proposed giving our people a direct interest in the road for a fair *quid pro quo*. It was this, that the town subscribe $25,000 for 250 shares of common stock in the road. This was what the meeting was called to determine. There was a rousing attendance; such an one as has not been seen since the day of

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

The stout yeomen were there from their farms; the lawyers left their books and the potecary his pills; and doctors, and ministers, and tradesmen, mechanics and philosophers helped to make up the goodly throng. Everybody but women, and we expect them next March. Our Town Hall has put on its best apparel for their reception. Its wood work is glittering with fresh paint, its walls are newly frescoed, matting lines the aisles, and everything will go as "merry as marriage bells" when the dear voters come into the hustings with us. The masculines mean to honor the occasion by new neckties and boots, and more costly clothing if they can afford it.

By the way, if any of your fraternity are pining in single loneliness, they would be in the line of duty to become spectators on that occasion. I can assure you that there are those here who are in every respect worthy of that highest compliment ever paid to woman, by the author of the "Tattler," poor Dick Steele, who said of his wife, that "to have loved her was a liberal education." In the midst of this grand assemblage the Director of the road from this town made a statement so clear, candid and unequivocal that little argument was necessary. Still, there were earnest voices on both sides. The vote was by ballot, and on counting there was "e'en jest" enough to carry the proposition by a two-thirds vote! So the measure—hardly expected by anybody to be adopted—was lost. But no good temper was lost. Nobody complained, and some of our philosophers went away full of rapture at the working of our republican institutions, and glorying in the peaceful submission to majorities. Sir Charles Dilke of England ought to have been present taking notes. What a grand spread he could make of it before his *republican* audiences at home! How he would extoll the "Bird of Freedom" and the Town Meeting at Old Concord! But the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation don't stop at trifles; the work of surveying is constantly going on, and the sound of shovels and picks and the cracking of ledges is daily expected. Two-thirds of our people are undoubtedly in favor of the enterprise, and will encourage it by voice and purse, but individually and not through the agency of the town. Bedford and Groton have come nobly to the work in their corporate capacity, and Littleton in the most liberal spirit, but by individual subscription.

MEN AND WOMEN OF CONCORD.

I have said that Concord was a *queer* place. It certainly has been greatly distinguished by its literary men. Their works have a world-wide reputation. It has also men eminent at the bench and bar, in the ministry, and men of large influence and worth in the financial circles. The writings of two or three "hermits," like condiments upon the table, have given a delightful relish and flavor to the more profound productions of "the philosophers." Thoreau sounded the clear depths of Walden, and the more intricate ones of the human mind, surrounded by dim forests, where the owl, bat and fox were his tried friends

Hawthorne wrote on the banks of his loved Concord river, floating in his favorite boat upon its placid waters, or, wearying of this, midst fragrant apple blossoms in the orchard behind the "Old Manse," introduced to us

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Porters of the sea and land"—

and Emerson, in his quiet retreat under murmuring pines, grasped the lever which Archimides failed to find, and moved the world! Alcott sits in his secluded mansion, behind his queer fence, charming fortunate circles with his gentle and instructive "Conversations," while his gifted daughter has put the whole nation into extasies with an "Old Fashioned Girl" and a group of "Little Men and Little Women!"

Verily Concord is a queer town. Its waters run up hill, its brooks flow when there is no water elsewhere, much of its soil is lean and poor, and yet its people are rich! And now that my hand is in, gentlemen, let me tell you of another matter which has transpired here,

WHICH RELATES MOSTLY TO ART.

About two years ago, three or four young men sat by the fire munching raw Swedes turnips, as young men and young maidens too sometimes do. At the close of the feast, one of them held up between thumb and finger a huge bug, cut from the turnip! It represented the little monster frequently used as a match safe, and may be seen in the windows of fancy stores. This was the first dawning of a hidden genius which is destined greatly to adorn the world of art. In a short time other small articles appeared modeled in clay, then a model of a dog of a friend; this was followed by a deer, so exquitely represented as to draw high praise from modelers of large experience, who were applied to as teachers. Bas-reliefs of two sisters and a lady friend of the artist were then produced. The bust of the father of the artist was modeled, and those of three other gentlemen, each giving unmistakable evidence of a true taste and high appreciation of the art. Making the model of a horse was the next effort. He was taken as he stood upon the barn-floor, not in his stall, and so accurate was the delineation that all who knew the animal recognized at once in the model what it was intended to represent. After many other efforts, the young artist modeled

A PAIR OF OWLS IN LOVE.

In the umbrage of the forest they stand side by side upon a mossy bank. The claw of the male is tenderly resting upon that of the female, and his right wing lovingly thrown over the shoulder of his fair inamorata, while his bending head and upturned eye is pouring into her willing ear his tale of devotion and love. In conception and execution it is a wonderful production of art. As the clown said in the play, it is more natural than life. In expression, in attitude, in the exact disposition of every feather, this work challenges competition from any source whatever. Samples of these birds may be seen at Williams & Everett's, and at Clark, Plymton & Co.'s, 12 Summer street, Boston. Some months ago the latter house ordered one thousand copies of the owls in Parian from England, and now I notice in *The Boston Journal* that a new invoice has been received by the good steamer Aleppo, which has just arrived in your port. Another work, which I have not seen, "The Cow which set Chicago on Fire," has been completed. It is spoken of in high terms of praise by those acquainted with objects of vertue and art. During these efforts the young artist passed one month with the celebrated sculptor, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward of New York, and is recently under the instruction of one of Boston's distinguished artists, Dr. Rimmer. He is scarcely 21 years of age, and son of the Hon. H. F. French of this town, who will afford him every facility for improvement in his favorite art.

This faculty of imitation did not seem to come by degrees, but, like the goddess of Wisdom, was born full grown; for his first efforts were very near perfection of their kind. How much time and thought had been given to it by the inner workings of the mind cannot be known. To the common observer the progressive steps of improvement are slow, not because they were not real and important, but because the original efforts were so perfect.

S. B.

PEARLS FROM CONCORD.

Feb. 20. 1875 Nashua Telegraph

The Excursion—A Gobelin Carpet—Lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The excursion to Old Concord, Wednesday night, over the Nashua, Acton & Boston Railroad, was an enjoyable occasion in which nearly one hundred and fifty persons, including some from the towns along the line of the railroad, participated. Upon arriving at Concord the party, under the lead of Mr. E. H. Spalding, visited the residence of Mr. W. W. Whieldon, a well-known author, where it was shown a fine specimen of the world-renowned Gobelin carpet. These carpets are all remarkable, both artistically and historically. They were manufactured in the fifteenth century, and although the specimen shown us is three hundred and fifty years old it retains its beauty to a remarkable degree—there being only some slight traces of fading colors. It is a historic fact that Louis XIV. of France purchased the manufactory for the State and since that time it has belonged to the government. The art—each carpet being complete in one piece made by hand, the operative sitting or standing behind it—was nearly lost in the revolution but was restored by Napoleon. They were manufactured only for the royal families and no commoner was allowed to possess one. In the revolution many of the Kings suffered by marauders and it is supposed that this carpet was stolen at that time and kept secreted for many years when it was sold to a commodore in the U. S. navy, who disposed of it to Mr. Whieldon. It is worth a long visit to see it. From Mr. Whieldon's many of the party went to the Concord library, established 1872, and spent a short time, and shortly before eight all brought up at the town hall where good seats were found reserved for the party.

Walden and Old Concord. 1874

Nashua Telegraph Aug 27. 1874

The excursion of the Historical Society to Walden Pond and Old Concord, yesterday, was shared by the Baptist Society, which made up the larger portion of the company, say 225 out of 400 all told. The day was as "perfect as a day in June," and between the sports at the Pond and the ramble about Old Concord, it was unanimously voted one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. The opening of the Acton Road has brought Nashua within easy reach of one of the most delightful picnic resorts to be found in New England, and made as a neighbor to one of the most beautiful and interesting of New England towns. Those of our people who have not strolled about the broad and handsome streets of Concord village, nor looked into her noble public library, nor paused before the granite shaft that marks the opening fight of freedom at Concord bridge, nor gazed with pardonable curiosity at the homes of the most honored names in American literature, can spend no more healthful and rational day than at Walden and old Concord. Take a little more time than two hours at the latter place, as that is not enough. The thanks of yesterday's excursionists are due to the attentions to the courteous gentleman who has charge of the grounds at Walden, Conductor Giddings, and Mr. to Belden of Concord.

Notes and Queries.

Oct 16 ——— 1873

For the New York Observer.

An Old Burying Ground.

BY REV. J. W. CHICKERING, D. D.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the British troops, closely followed by the heroes of Lexington and Concord, passed by the foot of a long ridge in the latter village, on which, even then, was an ancient burial place.

It still remains, seldom used, but not neglected, with well-worn paths leading to some noted graves. It is essentially unchanged for the last generation, during the growth and improvement of the pleasant old town, many of whose honored dead it holds.

I will not moralize, though it is a suggestive place to stand in and look down on the busy streets which memory repeoples with the venerated ancestors—one of them a hero of the "Concord fight," who, "sixty years since," so often kindly welcomed the little grandchild.

But, in the character of Scott's "Old Mortality," I will bring to light a few of the old inscriptions.

One is on white marble, as follows:

This stone is designed by its durability to perpetuate the memory, and by its color to represent the moral character of
ABIGAIL DUDLEY,
who died April, 1814,
aged 73.

Another commemorates a little girl of 11,

"Excellent for her reading and soberness."

What a pen picture, at a single stroke, of a prim and proper little maiden. Few such now-a-days.

The most remarkable inscription, deserving to be reprinted every few years, is that over the grave of a slave who died just a century ago. It is as follows:

God wills us free.
Man wills us slaves.
I will as God wills.
God's will be done.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
JOHN JACK,
a native of Africa, who died in March, 1773,
aged about 60.
Though born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.
Though he lived in a land of liberty,
He lived a slave,
'Till by his honest tho' stolen labors
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom;
Tho' not long before Death, the grand tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation.
And set him on a footing with kings.

Though a slave to vice
He practised those virtues
Without which kings are but slaves.

The author of this unique specimen of antithesis is unknown. But it certainly displays no little talent, and proves that the writer had thought deeply upon the anomalous system whose entire overthrow within a century he

could hardly have anticipated.

Would that all the ancient graveyards in our unancient country were as carefully kept, and the most noticeable epitaphs renewed, as this last has evidently been, on fresh stones, before becoming illegible.

THE MINUTE MAN.

Miss L Brady

HAWTHORNE'S OLD HOME AT CONCORD.

Nov MASS. 1874.

Reminiscences of Revolutionary Days Where the First Battle W Fought.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I drove by the "Old Manse" this morning, and it never seemed so beautiful before. Something in the autumn sunlight, which, though it shine ever so brightly, has a pathos, seemed to harmonize with the tender sadness inevitably associated with that old house. The woodbine around the front door was dead; the leaves had fallen from the trees, and the walls of the Manse, far from making a cheery background, were as gray and barren as the branches themselves.

JUST AS HAWTHORNE FOUND IT,

just as he left it, we find it and leave it to-day. The hinges of the gate are still rusty; the ash trees are apparently no whit nearer dying; that dreaded coat of paint has never been put on. The sole addition to it is the most precious that could be, though he would be the last to acknowledge it—his memory.

It is a gray, gambrel-roofed, big house, standing back from the road, on the banks of the river, approachable by an ash tree avenue. Long before Hawthorne gathered the mosses so tenderly from its walls other great men had lived in it. Its original owner, I think, was the Rev. William Emerson (Ralph Waldo's grandfather), who saw from his study windows the militia and the red coats meet on the spot where the monument stands today. Its next owner was Parson Ripley, of Concord, Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather. The north windows of the manse overlook the battle field; in fact the battle was fought on this good old pastor's estate, a circumstance of which he was pardonably proud. Whenever he had a visitor his hired hand was instructed to rap at the library door and ask where the horses should be put, whereupon the parson would reply with nonchalance:—

"In the battlefield, Nicodemus, in the battlefield."

Of course that never failed to arouse the guest's curiosity. Questions followed, and the host had the innocent pleasure of exhibiting his historic acres. Parson Ripley was the idol of his parishioners, among whom he lived for forty years. He preserved the dress and notions of his generation to the end. He was a handsome, majestic old man, whom every one admired and respected.

His young stepson he never quite understood; he looked at his philosophies and creeds askant, feeling very much as old Peter Brooks did when he heard Emerson lecture—"it might be all very fine, if any one could tell what it was about." Emerson lived in the manse for several years after his fame dawned, and in the same little study, overlooking the battlefield, he wrote "Nature" and some other of his early essays. It seems as if learning lurked in those dusty corners and dim, low-studded rooms—as if the sunlight creeping in through diamond panes brought other light than its own. One of the great people on whom that light was shed was a woman, daughter-in-law of the gracious old parson. Not so much has been heard of her as of the manse's other denizens, for she worked more in the byways than the high roads of the world; but her memory endures. In her were joined the finest gifts of heart and head. Her mind was remarkable for its compass, clearness and brilliancy. The wise came to her for further knowledge; students sat at her feet for light. Over her ironing board she solved geometrical problems, and rocking her cradle she taught young collegians their Latin and Greek.

Hawthorne was only a tenant of this memorable mansion, and probably he never spent happier years than those it sheltered him and his. He came there a bridegroom—it was the goal of his wedding journey; he left it the father of a fair little daughter, about whom he has scribbled some pretty verses with a diamond pencil on his study windows. The single dormer window that breaks the outline of the front roof lights a little garret called "Saints' Rest," where from time immemorial the priestly hosts lodged their itinerant brothers. Many of them have left their names on the lofty mantel. One carefully preserved reads:

Holy and happy rest,
In consecrated gown,
Toil till some angel hand
Bring peace and palm and crown. R. W. E.

There are piles of odd things in that garret. Spinning-wheels to which the spiders have fallen heirs, rows of dusty books, bundles of manuscript sermons quite as dusty and twice as dry, old hats, pictures, trunks, the lumber of four generations. There is a ghost in the family, of course; a ghost and a Copley are indispensable to true gentility. The manse ghost is not a boisterous, commonplace spirit who could be explained away into anything so low as rats, but, as might be expected, a gentle, feminine thing, trailing her phantom draperies down the dusty garret stairs at midnight to an old bookcase in the second story, whence she carries off a volume of sermons now and then to her hiding place, or returns it, sometimes sighing and weeping as if the orthodox view of the hereafter was not comforting. The rooms are pretty much as they originally stood—low ceilinged, oaken panelled, or covered with the quaintest of wall papers, against which some European paintings, far elder than the oldest beam there, hang in happy harmony. Its present occupants are the daughters of Parson Ripley. The son of one of these ladies was stroke oar in the international boat race between Harvard and Oxford.

There is to be a bay window added to the manse, a gay, tin-roofed sunny bay window! It is looked upon as a civic calamity by the Concord people, though they admit that the inmates should not be compelled to sacrifice comfort to sentiment.

The Concord River dawdles along—it never was known even to walk—at the foot of the manse garden. And directly next to the manse is the monument erected on the spot where the first British soldier fell. Another, and a far more beautiful memorial, will be dedicated the 19th of next April, the centennial anniversary of the battle, on the spot where the Americans fell.

The old monument was erected by the town and State in 1836, and has something on it about "British aggression," which amused "Tom Brown" Hughes mightily. It was rather a big word he thought for a subordinate colony to use. Close to the shaft itself, under a pine tree, is a little round stone that looks as much like a cobble stone as anything else, which marks the grave of the three Englishmen. The story Hawthorne attributes to Lowell of one of these men being killed with an axe by a boy is robbed of some of its cruelty in a later legend told in rhyme by Miss Hudson, of Concord. I think it would be wiser to forget than to record the fact, but she makes the best of it.

Lexington and Concord have fought as bitterly with each other over the honor of precedence as ever they did with the British. They have both erected dexterously-inscribed monuments, which may well perplex the would-be impartial tourist. Concord's strongest claim was that in her precincts the first resistance was made to "British aggression," while the Lexington men ran. Various efforts have been made to reconcile the antagonists, and one was a banquet, of which all sides partook. Ex-Attorney General Hoar, now member of Congress from the Middlesex district, and a resident of Concord, made a very bright little speech on the occasion, witty, as all his efforts are, but a trifle ill-natured to poor Lexington, which was made by delicate allusion to her inferiority. An honest old Acton farmer answered the Judge's speech, and said he fully agreed in awarding the honor to the soil where the Americans had dared to return fire, and he would now propose a toast which he was sure Judge Hoar would indorse. So the judge arose smilingly and flattered at the ready acceptance of his claim. Every glass was filled, every man on his feet; then the Acton farmer said:—"The first battle of the Revolution: Concord furnished the ground and Acton the men!" How the tables were turned. How Lexington cheered. Acton tells the story over and over again. She never tires of telling it. What could be better than to carry off the lion's share from under the very eyes of so wary a guardian as Judge Hoar? Catching a weasel asleep is nothing to it.

Brilliant as the shaft was, it has not slain the old feud. Its latest manifestation is Lexington's refusal to unite with Concord in celebrating the approaching centennial.

The new monument will be due to the generosity of a Concord citizen, who left a legacy for the purpose. His opinion was that the other made the British more prominent than the Americans. The site of the new monument will be directly opposite the old one, on the other side of the narrow river, exactly where the Americans stood. The bridge which united the foes has since crumbled away, and a pretty rustic one built on the old abutments will replace it. The new monument is to be a base of granite, surmounted by the statue, heroic size, of a "Minute Man." It represents a farmer who, startled at his work by the sound of firing, has pushed aside his plough and grasped his gun. It is a noble figure—there is no dramatic bravado about it—it is not the man posing as a hero might, but a hero acting as a man should. From the handsome, resolute face to the firm-treading foot there is purpose and power in every feature and limb.

Its artist, Daniel C. French, is a Concord boy, not twenty-five yet, who, excepting a few months with J. Q. A. Ward, of New York, and Dr. Rimmer, of Boston, is self-taught in his art. He is the grandson of Chief Justice Richardson, of New Hampshire, and was himself born in that State. This is his first important work. The Boston artists praised it generously, and Bale and Powers, of Florence, pronounced it admirable. Indeed, so much did the work interest the latter gentleman in the worker that Mr. French has sailed for Florence, at Mr. Powers' invitation, to spend a year in his studio there.

The minor details of the statue are entirely faithful. The garments and implements are copies of those worn in the Concord fight. The statue is to be cast in bronze, which the government appropriately presented in the shape of condemned cannon. This was done at Judge Hoar's instance, for which his name, blazoned in all the colors of the rainbow, is hung in the Public Library. The statue is now at the Ames Foundry, at Chicopee, Mass. Ralph Waldo Emerson is to write the inscription and deliver the address. Besides him such gentlemen as F. B. Sanborn, Judge Hoar, W. W. Whieldom, Frederic Hudson and others of local reputation are associated in the enterprise. The importance of the commemoration and the fame of the commemorators will make the centennial anniversary of the first battle of the Revolution a truly memorable occasion.

Globe June 17—1875

GENERAL SHERMAN AT CONCORD.

He Visits Judge Hoar and Looks About the Historic Place—His Reception and Speech.

General W. T. Sherman left Boston on the 8.15 train, yesterday morning, to pay a short visit to Concord, by invitation of the Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, for the purpose of viewing the historic localities in that town. The Concord Artillery, Fifth Regiment, forty men, Captain G. P. How, with the American Band of Boston, and a large gathering of citizens, including the Centennial Committee of thirty, awaited the arrival. Judge Hoar met the General at the car door, and, after shaking hands with him, conducted him to the station, where they waited a few minutes. The Band played "Hail to the Chief," and the citizens cheered heartily. The General entered a carriage with Judge Hoar, the military formed as escort, and members of the Centennial Committee and about 300 citizens formed in line, having taken carriages behind General Sherman's, and the column marched off to the tune of "Marching through Georgia."

The procession attracted much attention on its passage through the town. The party visited the bridge, the graves of the English soldiers, the signs of the old road, and the new statue of the Minute Man. At the base of the statue a circle was formed, and Judge Hoar addressed his distinguished visitor as follows:

In behalf of the citizens of Concord, I am happy to welcome one who has done so much to secure the safety and preservation of this nation, and to show him here the spot where the first military order was given which marked the beginning of our nation's existence.

In reply to this brief address of welcome, General Sherman said:

One would suppose, gentlemen, that in the last few days we had had speeches enough to last another hundred years. Of course, what we say, today, is but the breath of the mouth, which will blow away and never be seen or heard again, but this monument will endure long after we are gone, and teach our children the lessons of pure patriotism which inspired your fathers and mine here on this spot, to resolve that the day had not come when patience ceased to be a virtue, and that even England, proud England, good old England in those days, must be told to stop. And here is the spot where she first learned the lesson which she recognizes, today. I feel like most of you here the power of this act which was heard the world over, and never will cease to be heard. Every one of you who lives here must feel the inspiration of the thoughts of it and its consequences, which are hardly yet begun. At that time this was almost a frontier Concord. How is it now? You can travel to Oregon or Southern California, over 3000 miles, and everywhere they will show to you this little sentence, so simple and grand, by which so many are inspired with patriotism. Therefore, all honor to him who resolved to stand it no longer, and to the good and true men who gathered here and said, "We will stand by you." Small in number though they were, that resolve changed the lives of the thousands then, the hundreds of thousands now, and the millions to come. I believe that every man within the sound of my voice is as true to the principles of patriotism as man can be, and you have a right to be, for all drink inspiration from New England, and New England from the spot whereon we stand. I thank you.

General Sherman's remarks were received with hearty cheers. At its conclusion the carriages were again taken, and he was driven to the residence of Judge Hoar on Main street.

A Noted Town.

The little town of Concord, Mass., with its handfull of thrifty people, is perhaps the most worthy of note in the country, if not in the world. Its population is but twenty-five hundred, but among them have been the men and women most distinguished in literature on this continent. Everything "new" is tabooed here as being altogether unworthy of notice. Old wine, old friends, old books, and above all, old families, are the rule in Concord and woe be to the newcomer who dares to put on a new air, or a new style of any sort. The houses are all white in Concord—a sort of concord of color rarely broken in upon by any daring innovator. It was attempted once by a New Yorker, who painted his cottage a jet black, just to be odd, and to break up the white monotony. The Concorders bid him take it down, or change the color, on pain of instant expulsion if he refused. He refused, and in the dead of night a committee for the purpose took with them a score of painters and as many lanterns, and in the morning the "black spot," as it was called, put on a new dress, and has worn it until this day. Concord is, therefore, a unit in its whims even. But then the town has a right to put on a few airs. Here have lived, or in it have been born, such of our favorites in literature as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thoreau the naturalist and the most eccentric of men. Here, too, lived Louisa Alcott and Hannah Hudson, and William Ellery Channing, nephew of the great Dr. Channing. Here the Brook Farm people, a little knot of Utopian philosophers, formed the characters out of which Hawthorne made his "Blithedale Romance." Elizabeth Peabody, the sweetest of spinsters, whose whole life has been devoted to the education of other people's children, and which commenced its wane with patronizing the Kindergartens and bringing them into notice and use in this country, once resided here with her sister, Mrs. Hawthorne, the charming wife of America's most delightful novelist. Geo. W. Curtis and Horace Mann, Harriet Burton and Edward Everett once called Concord their home, and here, too, John Phœnix, the humorist, served as clerk in the Concord Post Office. The dislike of anything new or fresh still puts all Concord in a spasm. They never salute the "new moon on account of their veneration for the old." Its people use foot-stoves in winter, take snuff, though they never sneeze, that would be too uncivil. They eat their pork and beans after they have been a week out of the oven, and never taste fresh meat or hot biscuit. They live on cracked wheat, Boston brown-bread—a compound of rye flour and tar, and have excellent digestion. No rooster is allowed to crow until ten o'clock in the morning, at which hour all Concord breaks its fast, or to be more polite, takes its *dejunèr*. No person has ever been known to die in Concord, and it has no cemetery. When a Concordian wants to yield up his breath, to "pass in his checks," as the faro-dealers say, he goes to some place outside, bargains with the undertaker, who takes charge of his dust and puts up the slab that is to mark his resting-place and record the story of his virtues and his life at Concord.

Literary Review.

April 1878

CONCORD CELEBRITIES.

A large and brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen assembled by invitation, in the parlors of Rev. Joseph Cook at the Hotel Bellevue, on Monday evening, April 8, to listen to the last of the series of "conversations" which Mr. Alcott has been giving at that place monthly during the past winter. Ministers of widely differing views were present, with theological and other professors not a few, together with men eminent in scientific and literary pursuits, from this city and vicinity—in all some fifty or sixty. Like those which have preceded, this gathering was an informal one, without particular reference to creed—although predominently Orthodox—for free and friendly discussion of a topic of common interest.

The subject for this evening was "Concord Celebrities," and the conversation proved to be the most popular and entertaining of the season. The topic was treated with rare delicacy and appreciation, because of the personal acquaintance and in some instances the intimate friendship, of the speaker with the characters presented. In the time allotted it was possible to give only a profile sketch of each, but these were more or less filled out afterward, through questions asked and answered.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has done much toward the development of the public lecture system, and whose writings have exerted so large an influence upon the general tone of American literature, was made the central figure of the group. He was pronounced to be a typical American gentleman. Early in life he began the practice of keeping a common-place book, in which were carefully stored such impressions as grew out of his own thought, reading and conversation with others, together with his observations of nature and life. This habit has not since been suspended. The account of Mr. Emerson's methods of study was amusing and suggestive, throwing some light upon the seeming unmethod of his writings. When, for example, some idea seizes his mind with such overmastering force as to demand immediate and full expression, he seats himself to the task of compiling from his note-books whatever has been entered from time to time bearing on that general subject. One morning, as Mr. Alcott happened in his study, he found Mr. Emerson bending over the notes thus copied out on separate sheets and spread out all about him on the floor, in the endeavor to arrange them in one whole with some semblance of method. Some choice thought or paragraph was chosen for the introduction, another for the climax, and other paragraphs were disposed of between. The final result of this compiling process was then presented before some audience for the sake of trying it on, then another, and another, undergoing various modifications in the meantime, till at length it was left in the shape in which it finally appeared in print, where the sentences are so perfect that hardly a single word can be spared or altered without injury to the whole.

In alluding, by request, to Mr. Emerson's religious position, Mr. Alcott did so with the delicacy of a friend, saying substantially that his creed was unwritten. His views seem to have undergone some modification during his later years, but he is one of those who shrink from the expression of their deepest religious convictions. His sympathies are apparently with the Unitarians, rather than any other distinctively religious body. He is believed to be at least a Christian theist.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was spoken of as the author who was "great on sin." He possessed a remarkable faculty for ferreting out and delineating the evil tendencies of the human heart. There is a weird witchery about his writings, and a peculiar vein of humor, notwithstanding a certain dark and morbid quality which renders them in some respects unwholesome reading. And yet on the whole they make for virtue. In his boyhood, Hawthorne was extremely coy, shy and diffident. Like others of the Concord group, he kept up the common-place or scrap-book system, out of which most of his published writings grew. More or less of mythology has gathered about these names, and this is especially true of Hawthorne. It is said that in order to secure freedom from intrusion, he once built a tower to his house, which was reached only by a difficult winding stair-case, at the top of which he constructed a trap-door. Here he frequently climbed, closed the trap-door, and took his seat upon it!

It may be fairly questioned whether, on the whole, the general estimate presented of Hawthorne's literary character was commensurate with his real genius.

As Emerson was made the typical American gentleman, so Margaret Fuller was regarded as a representative American woman. She possessed rare excellencies of mind and heart. She treated all sides of a question fairly, and her "Women of the Nineteenth Century" is as just to the male sex as to her own. But Margaret Fuller is not to be found in her books. Conversation was her special gift; indeed she may be said to have been the most brilliant conversationalist of the Transcendental Club, upon which she was a regular attendant. Here her real self, her many-sidedness, and the real beauty of her mental and moral qualities, shone forth. In an eminent degree she was both womanly and scholarly.

Henry Thoreau was a man of great simplicity and honor, truthfulness being his conspicuous virtue. In the speaker's judgment, he was one of the keenest observers of nature that ever lived, and this fact is likely to be more and more appreciated with the years. As a companion, he was always entertaining, always bringing with him a subject for conversation where he visited, possessing also the rare virtue of knowing when to leave. He was not entirely without susceptibility to the tenderer sentiments, but nature seems to have had for him no mate. At one time, however, he was suspected of being sentimentally inclined toward a maiden of Hibernian descent!

A vivid picture was drawn of Thoreau's solitary life for eighteen months on the shores of Walden pond. It was when he was thirty-five or forty years of age that he sought by this seclusion "to become better acquainted with himself." Armed with an axe, borrowed of Mr. Alcott, he started forth to build him a cabin from trees cut, by permission, from Mr. Emerson's grounds, having a "raising" in due time. Here he lived as a recluse, doing his own cooking and housekeeping, receiving such friends as chose to visit him, and spending his time in communion with nature and his own soul. He thought Concord was about all the world, and that there were only two persons outside of it—John Brown and Walt Whitman! He was the first publicly to pronounce the former a hero—a judgment, thought the speaker, which coming generations will more and more adopt. Immediately after the Harper's Ferry disturbance, which he declared would ultimately liberate the slaves, he wrote a lecture on the subject which he wanted Concord to hear, called the people together without warning as to his purpose, himself ringing the bell, which the sexton refused to do, and then read it to them.

In regard to his love for nature, a little myth prevails, that a certain flower always waited his appearing before opening in the spring!

William Ellery Channing, nephew of the celebrated Dr. Channing, was one of the shyest of the shy all through his life. He secluded himself from the world, and was practically unapproachable. He had various peculiarities. He never wanted to be invited anywhere, but if he came once to see me on Friday, said Mr. Alcott, I always expected to see him at the same time on succeeding Fridays until he began a course of visits to some one else.

Here Mr. Alcott was about to conclude, but the company would not be satisfied without some allusion to the American Plato, as Mr. Cook termed him, and his daughters. Thereupon an interesting sketch was given of the author of "Little Women." As a child she was a little inclined to be wild. She began early to keep a diary, as was the common family practice, and little by little began to write simple stories, which were read in the household, then played in the attic with the assistance of neighboring children, with such costumes as had been preserved from the generations past. Some of these stories afterward got into print, when a demand for more at once arose, and thus she gradually entered upon her literary career. During the War she went to Georgetown as hospital nurse, where she remained until prostrated by a fever from which she has never entirely recovered. Her letters home were afterward published under the title of "Hospital Sketches." After this she continued her literary work, and at length the two volumes of "Little Women" were published.

During the questions which followed Mr. Alcott's conclusion, some of his own literary habits were elicited. Like most other Concord celebrities, he has kept a journal for years, beginning when he was ten years of age, and continuing ever since, till now some seventy volumes of manuscript have accumulated, some of them containing a thousand pages, and not one of them indexed! He copies all the letters that he writes, and has several bound volumes of them preserved. His lectures and published works have been mainly gathered from these diaries. "Pilgrim's Progress" was first read by him when about seven years old, and made a deep impression upon his mind. This was frequently re-read, being alternately borrowed and returned so many times that at last it was given to him!

The fragmentary conversation and general discussion which followed were interesting and instructive. One gentleman said that Emerson had been his diet since his academy days. Another spoke of the literature of the present day as becoming more and more "scrappy," which he deplored. At the close, Mr. Cook said that that which had especially impressed him in Emerson was his *inner luminousness*, which everywhere shines through his essays. In his earlier writings there is a pantheistic vein, but it is hardly discernible in his later productions. He was of the opinion that in coming years he would be estimated more by the utterances of his riper age, and would be known rather as a poet than a philosopher.

Thus closed one of the most enjoyable of this series of delightful entertainments given through the hospitality of Mr. Cook and his estimable wife. A large number have been placed under peculiar obligations for the privilege thus afforded, while this friendly mingling of men of most diverse views cannot but prove wholesome and beneficial, leading to a better appreciation of each other's sincerity, and a clearer apprehension of opposing views. BREWSTER.

Reminiscences of Old Concord.

"OLD CONCORD."

Random Recollections of an Old Inhabitant.

CHANGE THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.]

July 1878

Much is being said and written about Old Concord, Concord authors, Concord men, and Concord manners, and no better time than now could be chosen for saying it, for the ancient town is undergoing a change which will ere many years leave little of the celebrated community of twenty years ago but its name. Not that the town's people are becoming less intelligent or less aristocratic, not that they less persistently claim to have discovered the meaning of "Brahma," not that they are forgetting the historical and literary facts that have made this Middlesex town the most celebrated of American rural communities. The change is in the outward aspect of the town. Twenty years ago Concord, as one walked through its ever dusty streets decidedly suggested

ITS COLONIAL ANTECEDENTS,

and abounded in souvenirs of the Revolutionary era. The landmarks of the latter period are, it is true, religously kept up, but the old-fashioned houses with gambrel roof, door yards thick with lilacs that hid the lower windows from the streets and filled the apartments with their fragrance, have passed away with the flowers that bloomed before them, giving place to French cottages, closely shaven lawns and brilliant parterres. These changes have introduced a new beauty, and everywhere one sees evidence of assured ease and refined taste, but to one who looks back to the Concord of his vanished youth there comes the feeling that the old town was then in its truest character. Concord has become stylish, decidedly so, and if the progress of modern improvement is to continue for the next few years in its unsympathetic course, it is to be doubted whether

THE "OLD MANSE"

itself will escape its devastating hand. The grand old house, as innocent of paint as in Hawthorne's time, still rears itself, a mute protest against mutability, and though weather-beaten by the storms of far more than a century looks as if it might, unless disturbed by the hand of man, witness the bi-centennial of the battle that raged around it. Hawthorne loved the "Old Manse." His whole heart went out towards it as it never did towards his more modern residence on the Boston road. The venerable house which had been the home of so many clergymen, that it seemed to have acquired something of the austere aspect of its clerical occupants, was ever associated with the delightful years of his early married life. Those who have read his note books (are there any who have not?) will remember his long days in the attic when the rain was on the roof; his queer makeshift housekeeping when his wife was away from home, and his frequent indebtedness to his neighbors for assistance in his culinary efforts. Hawthorne was a man of many peculiarities, though these have been exaggerated by rumor and report. He was shy but not sullen, and made comparatively few acquaintances. It was long the boast of one of the townspeople that he heard Hawthorne unaddressed, utter one entire sentence, his emotions having been strongly stirred at the time. The occasion of this excitement was his participation in the labors of a party who were dragging the river by night for the body of a young girl who had sought rest in its dark depths. The body was unexpectedly found, and Hawthorne, as it was raised dripping and pale from the river, was profoundly moved. Several spectators subsequently thought they recognized a reproduction of the scene in one of the most striking episodes of

THE "BLYTHEDALE ROMANCE."

Singularly enough one of the most incorrect estimates of Hawthorne's social character was published by one who enjoyed unusual opportunities for uninterrupted studies of his peculiarities. In this estimate it is said that Hawthorne took little or no interest in the observation of animal life. Yet many residents of Concord remember the great black Newfoundland dog, the pet of Una Hawthorne, and to whom his master was fondly attached. Then there are the blase hens and chickens in "The House of Seven Gables"; and the sedate old dog, mentioned in the note books who, offended by the attention bestowed by the spectators upon a hand organ, danced solemnly after his tail, to attract notice.

THE HAWTHORNE FAMILY

is fortunate in the continuance of its ability beyond the first generation. Candor compels one to say that Julian Hawthorne, the romancist's only son, was, when he left Concord, an instance of the lack of honor a prophet receives in his own valley, and when his first novel, "Bressant," made its appearance, the enconiums it called forth from the press were received with something like incredulity by the Concordians. Its great and now undisputed merits soon won for its author a kindlier feeling on the part of the people, and a ready appreciation of his talents, which his subsequent works have gone far to confirm. It must be said, however, that there was one drawback to the popularity of "Bressant" in Concord. Its author had attached Concord names to some of its characters, probably because they were typically New England, and in the case of another had caricatured the physical deformities of a young man whom he had never known, but who, dead at the time of the novel's publication, had left one of those memories which are precious. What aggravated the case was that the moral character of the paper personage bore not the slightest resemblance to the object of the caricature but the two attributes were so closely connected in the novel, the true and the false, as to cause this mitigating circumstance to be entirely overlooked, and made many, erroneously, one can but think, believe Mr. Hawthorne guilty of sacrificing o'hers' sensibilities to his own love of the grotesque. Hawthorne had two daughters, Una, who died in England a year ago; and Rose, who is the wife of Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known litterateur.

THE THOREAU'S.

The Hawthorne's were more fortunate than the Thoreau's (whose name by the way is *not* pronounced *Torreau*), who have entirely died out. The last of the family, Miss Sophia, died at Bangor, Me., where they had relatives, a couple of years ago. She was the beloved sister and favorite companion of the naturalist whose affection for his sisters Sophia and Helen was such as their many virtues should have commanded. Both were women of rare abilities and accomplishments, sharing in their brother's tastes and studies, and, it is said, turning their talents to a practical account in helping him through Harvard. Helen died some years before Henry. There was another child, John, who died in his young manhood and is buried not far from Henry in the village cemetery of "Sleepy Hollow." Thoreau was very chary of taking life, and was once known to carry some canker worms he had found in his bed-room down into the yard rather than throw them out the window, saying in reply to a remark on the subject that we knew not of what value they might really be in some of the subtle processes of nature. His peculiarity in this respect, combined with his habitual diffidence, once made him the hero of a ludicrous incident. Desiring to catch a woodchuck alive, without permitting the animal to injure itself in its frantic efforts to escape, he applied to a veteran trapper, a dissipated Nimrod and village hanger on, for instruction.

"Mr. W——," he began, "is there any way to get woodchucks without trapping them with—"

"Yes; shoot 'em, you —— fool," replied the disreputable mentor, without waiting for the naturalist to complete the sentence.

Thoreau's nature was essentially kind and loyal. A ripe scholar, and, for his constant occupation, a prolific author, he was, to the few acquaintances he made, a delightful companion, possessing the manners natural to a cultivated gentleman, with just enough shyness to make him the more interesting. Thoreau when a young man was a tutor and sort of factotum in the family of Ralph Waldo Emerson, with whom he always maintained the most cordial relations. Quite recently a statement has gained currency that

THOREAU'S LIFE AT WALDEN

was a sort of fanciful hermitage—that of a hermit who had his cell within a mile of churches, schools and the haunts of men. Such was not the case. Walden, though little more than a mile from the village, was, until within fifteen years, as lonely a lake as one could desire. Even now the woods, except where the railroad company has set up the picnic buildings, come down to the water's edge; and in the twilight of a summer day, when all is still, you may hear the loon's lonely call come across the water, or mark a fox starting from his covert for his nocturnal foraging. The truth is, Thoreau was a consummate master of the rare art of woodcraft, and he was equally well fitted to fill a professor's chair at Harvard.

Emerson, Alcott, and Ellery Channing are the three

SURVIVORS OF THE ILLUMINATI.

Mr. Emerson outranks the others in the matter of continued residence in the town, and comes of Concord stock. His house is an old-fashioned one near the Boston road, and is just such a residence as one might expect of him. He has three children: Edith (Mrs. Forbes), Edmund Waldo, a physician, and Ellen, who makes her home with her parents, and is one of those specimens of perfect womanhood to be found in quiet New England towns. She is her father's constant companion in his lecture tours, and is conspicuous among his most attentive hearers, and not infrequently as a prompter, the philosopher having an unfortunate habit of disarranging his manuscript notes, the proper order of which is as well known to her as to him.

THE ALCOTTS

mix more with the generality of the townspeople than the other distinguished families of Concord. By those who are so fortunate as to possess her acquaintance, Miss Louisa is described as charming, having all the geniality to be expected of the writer of "Little Women." By the way, it would not be difficult for any one acquainted with Concord people to hazard some very plausible conjectures as to the originals of many of the characters in Miss Alcott's books. It is difficult of belief, but nevertheless true, that Miss Alcott was ten or fifteen years ago a writer of sensational fiction. The story goes that, in the spirit of fun, she wrote a remarkable narrative intended as a palpable burlesque on the prevailing school of fiction. In this direful narrative horrors on horrors' heads accumulated. Everybody came to an untimely end; the male characters were picturesquely brutal, a "Sword and Gown," "Guy Livingstone," etc.; the readers' feelings were intensely harrowed, and the curtain fell on a general catastrophe. This "thrilling" performance was sent to a well-known weekly, and was accepted and paid for. We have, ourselves, read a very clever story of this character, which, but for the express declaration in the title, one could not believe came from the pen which has since then drawn so many fresh pictures of innocent childhood and gracious youth. Miss May Alcott, whose marriage was recently chronicled, is an artist of no mean ability. No one can describe Channing's life. He lives in an old house not far from the railroad depot, the world forgetting, if not by the world forgot, a recluse in the midst of a thriving town.

THE HOARS.

Another distinguished family are the Hoars. E. Rockwood, George F. and Edward are sons of the late Samuel Hoar, the eminent jurist. The latter long had an office in Concord in the days when it was a shire town, thronged with lawyers during terms of court, and when such men as Webster and the elder Hoar struggled against each other at the bar. Until within a comparatively brief period this building remained exactly as the old lawyer closed it the day he went home to die. The open book he had last consulted, the pen he had put down, as it proved, forever, were preserved for years with scrupulous care precisely where he had left them, nor were the accessories of the apartment disturbed. Elizabeth Hoar, who died recently, was his daughter, and was as well the heroine of a touching romance of woman's fidelity and the love that survives death. In early life she was betrothed to Chauncy Emerson, brother of the philosopher. Death prevented their marriage, but she always considered herself the widow of his heart, and went about in mourning robes, carrying his memory as her most cherished possession to her grave.

ANOTHER FAMILIAR FIGURE

has disappeared from Concord streets with the death of Dr. Josiah G. Bartlett, for sixty years the village physician. He had seen two generations grow up around him, and sustained relations as confidential as those of a clergyman to almost every family in the town and country round. Of hearty, if somewhat brusque manners, his outward ways reflected his kind and compassionate heart. His was a hand always open to the poor, never more tender and consoling than in some luckless home where

"—lonely want retired to die,"

and where, as he well knew, the blessings of the poor must be his only recompense—and he had them in abundance. His practical Christianity and his outspoken frankness are well illustrated by an anecdote related of him by one of the older residents of Concord. He had been called to the bedside of an old lady dying of that "vague disease" which we call old age, for lack of a better appellation. Inclined to form her own opinions on religious as well as worldly matters, she was conspicuous among a church-going family by her non-attendance at divine worship. Her well-meaning relatives, anxious to snatch a brand from the burning, importuned her to connect herself with the church of which they were members. One evening, while the doctor was seated by her bedside, watching the slow ebbing of her life, she bethought herself of asking his advice on the momentous question agitating her mind. After stating her case, she earnestly affirmed that all her life she had "loved mercy, dealt justly, and walked humbly with her God." 'My. faith!" was the reply of her spiritual adviser, "I wouldn't trouble myself, Mrs. M——. If that won't save you, nothing will." Thus fortified in her resolution, the old lady dismissed the subject, and her relatives did likewise.

What is to become of Old Concord when all the old Concordians are gone? Time must be left to answer that question; and should its future be marked only by the continuance of that culture which signalizes it above all other American communities, the world will not forget what it has been, or find fault with what it may be.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

A CONCORD PILGRIMAGE.

Aug. 16. 1879

No town awakens more interest to lovers of books than Concord, Mass. Old Concord, people call it in the familiar, confidential tone with which one speaks of a long-tried friend. Interesting as the spot where patriotism, long burning slowly, first burst into a blaze, and fired the immortal "shot heard round the world," it is even more attractive as the dwelling place of men whose writings have, also, a world-wide fame. No wonder, then, that a pilgrimage to Concord forms a red-letter day in one's life.

An hour's ride over the Fitchburg railroad from Boston brings one to the village depot, on one side of which lies the town buried in a wilderness of evergreen hedge and grand old shade trees. One is impressed from the first with the dreamy, tranquil air which lies over everything. There are no noisy, dingy factories to disturb the peace of the Concord River, which scarcely seems to flow, and lies almost asleep in the shade of the willows

clustered along its banks. There are few signs of life in the streets. The stray passers-by are either curious visitors like yourself, or thoughtful men who pass slowly along buried in the dream of fancy or philosophy. The very birds perch tamely on the fence beside you, or will scarcely fly up before your feet. Every thing seems fitting the home of Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau.

Passing through these quiet streets, the visitor comes first to the library. The building is most unique, an odd jumble of corners and towers and windows, leaving one almost in doubt whether to admire or condemn the exuberant fancy of the architect. Within, however, there can be nothing but admiration. A silken banner hangs in the entrance hall, bearing the dates 1775—1875. On the left of this is the reading-room, in which hangs a portrait of Emerson painted in Edinburgh in 1848. Beyond is the library department, an octagon room conveniently arranged and ornamented with busts of Plato, Agassiz, Emerson, Hawthorne, and others. One alcove is devoted to Concord authors alone, and its various volumes, from the musty files of Concord papers of the last century down to Louisa Alcott's latest rollicking story, make an interesting and unique study. The library has many autograph manuscripts, and those who profess to guess the character from the handwriting can here give proofs of their skill. Certainly the neat, round, precise hand of Lowell or the odd, slanting, wayward autograph of Thoreau, might indicate the characters of the respective writers,—provided, of course, you knew them before. Here is a pocket diary kept by John Brown of Ossawattomie, containing the names of his little band of Kansas Regulars and the rules for their government. But most interesting of all is the Mss. of the romance which Hawthorne left unfinished at his death, and which was laid upon his coffin. Thus far the magician's pen had built the airy structure, and no other hand may ever dare resume the work.

A large number of the unpublished papers of Thoreau are preserved in the library; and special pains, also, is taken to collect the manuscripts of the various articles which appear from time to time about the town and its people.

The library everywhere bears marks of careful management, and is a worthy memorial of William Munroe, its generous giver. Emerson's name stands first on the library committee, and raises the natural query whether he is competent to select the novels that form the usual diet of Young America.

Leaving the library the visitor next turns down Monument Street in search of the Old Manse. I fear that the house is not always known by that name, for one native, being asked its whereabouts, replied: "The old man's? Well, the old man Ripley lives here." It stands just outside the village, somewhat back from the road. Whether Hawthorne gathered all its mosses, I know not, but it seems to lack them now; though, guiltless of paint and weather beaten, it has a remarkable, if not a romantic appearance. I fear that the shortness of Hawthorne's stay was insufficient to counteract the century of theological atmosphere and the huge pile of dry old sermons stored in the attic, for the house seems rather the home of some stern divine than of the dreamy story-teller. The rooms are furnished with rare, old-fashioned furniture, some of which Hawthorne used; and a modern collector would be driven frantic by the quaint heir-looms of many generations.

Here Hawthorne came directly after his marriage in 1843, and here he lived the next three years until he went to his custom house duties in Salem. A strangely quiet, hidden life he led here, shunning his neighbors and mingling fact and fancy, drudgery and dreamland in a way of which we catch a glimpse in his note-books. Just back of the house flows the river, and at dusk he would seek its banks to bathe, or to row far out into the night and solitude. It was here that the dreary night search after the body of the drowned Martha took place,—a search in which he took an active part, and which haunted his memory until he painted it in all its horror in the pages of the Blithedale Romance.

The "Wayside," Hawthorne's later home, stands some distance in the opposite direction from the village. It is in a gloomy looking spot, surrounded by trees and well fitting the melancholy moods of its owner. If it is seen in early spring, when dirty snowbanks cling to the hill in the rear, a dismal meadow of mud and water stretches in front, and the evergreens mutter dolefully under the very windows, one can understand how the wizard perched up in the little observatory heard ærie sounds and saw "men as trees walking." Mr. Alcott says in his genial way, if Hawthorne liked you, the shy man would get as far off as he could, and then see how near you could get to him. He also says that the observatory was reached by a narrow and steep staircase and a trap-door which Hawthorne used effectually to close and prevent all intrusion by sitting upon it. The house now is used for a young ladies' boarding-school, and laughing faces and bright ribbons dispel all thoughts of gloom and give a practical tinge to all romance.

A shaded walk connects the Wayside with the Alcott homestead, a wooden house painted a dull brown, with queer little projections, no two alike, over the windows. On the hill-side in the rear is a summer-house fast falling into ruins, the work, no doubt, of the philosopher's own hands. The good old Concord farmers never could understand the Alcotts. They held up their hands in holy horror, when Mrs. Alcott, thinking all days the "Lord's days," took her knitting to "meetin'" one Sunday. Furthermore, they used to say that Mr. Alcott was *lazy*. They couldn't understand that ideas and potatoes do not require the same cultivation. Still, although they criticized so sharply, they could not but like him. He was at one time connected with the public schools, and one of the then scholars speaks of him as a white-haired old man whom all the children loved and called "Father Alcott." He was fond of the Pilgrim's Progress, and used to read it to them on his rounds. At his suggestion many of the children were supplied with diaries in which to write "the thoughts that rose within them;" but his own daughter's note-book is, perhaps, the only one which was truly noteworthy. The lover of Miss Alcott's stories,—and who that reads does not love them?—takes the most pleasure in imaging the childhood days of those little women. What wonderful stories were told on the stoop before the door, or on the seat beneath that great elm in front, or, if the secret of that first published story be revealed, in that more secluded arbor on the hill-side. Concord people tell how these little women came to school with luncheon baskets full of bread and apples which they munched at every opportunity, and with huge books under their arms to read during school-time, for their father preferred they should spend their time thus, rather than over "ritin' and 'rithmetic," like their neighbors. Hearty, romping girls they were, as anyone might guess; no one threw a better ball in summer, or coasted down steeper hills in winter. At home, too, they must have had jovial times, for father and mother, adopting simple modes of living, found time to be thoroughly acquainted with their children, and thought it their duty and pleasure to watch over their welfare, and devise schemes for their happiness.

Somewhat nearer the village, at the junction of two old turnpikes, is Emerson's home. The house was built some fifty years ago by a Boston merchant, and is now a large square wooden building looking substantial, unpretentious, and comfortable. No place has so many visits from admiring pilgrims, and yet there is danger that if you ask the way to Mr. Emerson's simply, you will be directed to a livery-stable keeper of the same name. For such is fame in one's own village. Fearful bores some of these enthusiastic pilgrims must be. "Mr. Emerson," said one of them, an illiterate but would-be-wise old fellow, to me, "Mr. Emerson is a great man. I've got all his books, and I like to read them. They're deep, awful deep, and I can't just get hold of what he's driving at; but I like to read 'em. I called on him once, but he's a kind of quiet chap, and I couldn't get much out of him." Imagine the trial to Mr. Emerson's dignified and courteous hospitality, when one of these fellows is trying to "get something out of him."

Within the house the same delightful flavor of age lingers which is noticeable

everywhere in Concord. Perhaps in the shady rooms and sombre furniture there is a hint of the long line of Puritan divines which culminated in the sage of Concord. Still there is nothing gloomy or depressing in the atmosphere, but only grave thought and sober earnestness. The library is at the right as one enters, and is connected by an odd little passage-way with the sitting-room beyond. Its walls are lined with well-worn books, and everything seems meant for use rather than show. Pines and firs outside darken the windows, and make it a quiet and cool study. Yet no place can be specially designated as Emerson's study, for all places furnish him food for thought, and his note-book is its handy receptacle.

In the little school-house opposite, it is said that Miss Mitchell, now professor in Vassar, once taught the restless urchins with much success.

There are many other places of interest in Concord which we cannot now describe. One, however, must not be passed over,—Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the beautiful resting-place of her immortal dead. Upon one of its numerous little hills, not far from the grave of Thoreau, lies Hawthorne. Tall pines murmur unceasingly above a little enclosure surrounded by a straggling hedge of evergreen. In one corner of this, two low rounded slabs bear the single word Hawthorne. There is nothing else to mark the grave or celebrate the genius of him who lies beneath; and yet, what more is needed? The sonnet of Miss Bates involuntarily comes to the lips:

"Can any famous marble whose broad shaft
Is lettered full with words of life and death,
Whose base and cap assert the sculptor's craft
In some device that reins the rapid breath;
Can any meet the eye with such a power
As just this fragrant word of simple place?
Has ever small, white stone so rich a dower?
Ever such sovereignty, so little space
As this? Yet best befitted in a word;
Nought would one add for majesty of Fame,
Yet standing here the fancy in me stirred
To hedge his rest with that which bears his name,
That nature might in his memorial share,
Divulging with her blossoms who lies there."

D.

A PILGRIMAGE TO CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

Florence Mag. — Sept. 1878

REV. JAMES D. EATON.

IT was not much like a pilgrimage of the olden time with the stored wallet and stout staff, by which the pilgrim's hunger was scantily appeased, and his toilsome steps supported. Neither was it undertaken in fulfilment of a penitential vow; and it bore no sign of self-inflicted pains. It was of short duration, beginning at an early hour on a recent morning, and closing on the same day at evening. The so-called pilgrim bought a ticket, and by rail quickly arrived at his destination. It is admitted that this was a very unromantic way to go upon a pilgrimage; but although his surroundings were so commonplace, in the heart of the solitary traveler were genuine feelings of romance and enthusiasm, as he set his face toward that New England town in the affections of whose people the names of noble men are enshrined, names which are known wherever the English language is spoken.

Once before had this traveler been to Concord; but that was twenty years ago, when he felt a real boyish delight in the military display arranged by Gov. Banks, who had summoned the militia of the State to a three day's muster, and went into ecstacies over the bearskin hats, red trowsers, waving plumes and flashing sabers, envied the Governor the privilege of riding the horse, "Green Mountain Morgan," that was thirty-six years old, and thought it was very brave in Banks to sleep for two nights with the soldiers on the tented field. The only thing besides which could claim attention in that day of excitement, was a visit to the monument that marked the scene of the Revolutionary conflict. This was in harmony with the dust and firing of the parade ground, because the youthful gazer's blood had often mounted in patriotic heat as he, on behalf of the blue-coats, fired with toy cannon upon the red-coats with as dire results to the latter as were suffered by the six hundred in the charge at Balaklava.

But on the clear Summer day of recent date the wayfarer's mind dwelt upon the peaceful achievements which had been won near the same stream, whose crossing by the British was so courageously disputed by the hastily gathered colonists. He reflected that the town had become doubly historic, and would soon be, if not now, counted more fortunate in the possession of its poets, philosophers and story-tellers, living and dead, than in its reminiscences of a fight. For already, the English-speaking people on both sides of the sea have learned to refresh themselves by the streams of elevated thought and sentiment which flow from the Concord fountains, although one of these nations can not think with any satisfaction of the Concord fight. And the line of human progress will come to be less through physical combats, and more by intellectual and moral conflicts.

The historic town, with its generous door-yards, shade trees, and often broad streets, covers a large extent of ground; and one who attempts within the compass of a day to visit afoot the leading points of interest, needs the patient endurance of an old-fashioned pilgrim, and whatever help his stout staff may bring. The writer's round of exploration might be represented by the shape of a horse-shoe, the antique Congregational Church and the modern library building being the two hind "corks," and the cemetery hill the front middle one.

The point of departure was this old church which had the appearance of having been flattened or pushed in by some means, so that its length was no greater than its width; and the first "nail hole" in the rim of the shoe was the shaded retreat, within which stands the house of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The larger part of the grove of pines which once overshadowed the spot, has been cut down in response to the entreaties of the philosopher's wife who is an invalid, and who dreaded the effects of the gloom and dampness. But trees in abundance remain, and to one glancing through the open front windows very comfortable did Mr. Emerson appear, as he moved about the cool, darkened room. He would have been left unmolested by the passer by, had not the latter approached the house by the wide carriage-gate to make an inquiry of a lady seated in a phaeton. Just then a gentle voice was heard at a near side-door, speaking to a little girl about some peculiarity of her doll; and the writer made bold to ask the privilege of holding with his own that right hand, which has written so many pages to stimulate the mind, and strengthen the heart and nerve the will of many a young man and woman,—pages that have not always seemed to read so much like our Bible as we could wish, but pages generally helpful and always prompted, none doubt, by a most kindly soul. Any who might have doubted, could never doubt again after one look at the sweet, winning face. It is now an old face, and the leanness of age serves to bring into greater prominence than ever its peculiarities of feature, some of which seem to set at defiance the laws of phrenology that define a competent brain. The narrow forehead, protruding cheek bones and prominent, high set ears are so startling as almost to make one unmindful of the wonderful eagle nose. But at once the attention

is fixed by the tender, benignant eyes and kindly mouth, even before the gentle voice is heard. The name of a friend who died many years ago, was instantly recognized by Mr. Emerson, who said he remembered perfectly the gentleman referred to; and his manner was so artless and kind as almost to make the caller feel that a favor had been received, instead of bestowed by the famous dweller in this retreat.

The next point of interest was an old, yellow house, which Nathaniel Hawthorne owned, and where he lived for many years. Rising above the main roof is a huge, awkward tower of one story, which gives an expression of positive ugliness to a house in other respects sufficiently plain. Yet this ungainly tower has rich associations which make one willing to forget its uncomeliness. It contains the room in which the writer of charming tales used to do his daily work. When he had ascended the tower stairs and let fall the trap door, and drawn his table or chair upon it, he was sure of being left to his thoughts unmolested.

From this place to the "Sleepy Hollow" cemetery the path leads one over a high hill which affords a momentary view of the out-lying farming country, diversified with groves, streams and lakelets. The surface of the cemetery itself is broken into many abrupt slopes; but the name appears to have been derived from a deep hollow which the sloping hillsides surround. Taking the left hand path from the gate the ascent is made rapidly almost to the crest of a prominent hill; and here, within a bare looking enclosure of small, straggling evergreens is found a solitary grave. Its position is marked by two small slabs of marble exactly alike, one at each end, and both inscribed with the sole word, "Hawthorne."

Across the narrow pathway to the South, and not twenty feet distant, are six other graves clustered together whose headstones bear the same family name, "Thoreau." Here are father, mother, sons and daughters; but one son's grave rivets the attention where is seen the name, "Henry D. Thoreau" with "1862," as the year of his death. This, then, is the poet-naturalist, who on the shores of Walden pond, tried once in a rude hut the hermit's life in order that he might be rid of the conventionalisms of society, and become as much as possible like the primitive Adam, who walked in his garden and lived in close sympathy with the fresh nature life about him. This man loved the woods, fields, rocks, brooks, flowers and fountains with an almost passionate ardor; and when there was recalled to mind his denunciation of the work of Maine lumbermen, in felling the noble forest trees, as "murder," it seemed fitting that here his grave should be overshadowed by tall pines of Nature's wild planting. They looked like sentinel dogs guarding with fidelity their master's resting place.

The first chapter of "Mosses from an Old Manse" contains a charming description of the next house visited on this pilgrimage. To this antique dwelling Hawthorne brought his young bride, and here he spent the first two years of his married life. On one of the small panes of glass in the dining-room, he wrote with a diamond that, "on this window stood" his daughter Una one wintry morning, and looked out upon "the glass chandeliers" (ice-clad trees,) seeming to "enjoy the sights though she was but ten months old."

The writer will not violate the privacy of the house to which he was introduced by a friend, and where he received the kindest treatment. It is sufficient to say that this is an ancestral mansion of the Emersons and the Ripleys, and that the present lady occupants value the house much more on account of family and revolutionary associations than because of Hawthorne's residence. It was here that the Rev. William Emerson lived whose famous "diary" of the events of that April day, 1775, is perhaps the best authority we have upon the facts of the Concord fight, which took place not many rods distant from the parson's study-window. A *fac simile* of this diary is bound up with the "Concord Centennial" volume.

Just beyond the stone wall which bounds the garden of the old manse is a narrow road or lane leading down to the river. In the middle of this lane, on the bank of the stream, stands a granite shaft which commemorates the first forcible resistance made against "British aggression." By the garden wall is a strip of ground, perhaps three feet wide and six or eight feet long, enclosed on the other three sides by an iron chain. Into a stone of the wall are cut deeply the words, "Grave of British Soldiers." Over the stream has lately been built a rustic bridge large enough to admit the passage of carriages: and on the further bank has been erected in honor of the Centennial of the battle, a granite pedestal holding a finely executed bronze statue of a "Minute man." It personates a vigorous young farmer standing by his plow, upon which his coat has been thrown, with a rolling shirt collar displaying a strong neck, while the whole figure is inclined forward in eager listening, and the right hand firmly grasps a musket.

Upon the side of the pedestal facing the river and the monument are chiselled these lines taken from the Centennial poem:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot, heard round the world."

The next call was by invitation at the Thoreau house, now occupied by the Alcott family. The oldest daughter, Louisa M., is known everywhere by her "Little Women" and later writings. The father, A. Bronson Alcott, has been brought into fresh notice by a report of one of the "conversations" held in the parlors of the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston. His many years of residence in Concord have made him very familiar with its history and its present attractions, and he is exceedingly kind in his efforts to acquaint strangers with the locality. On this day he was very ready to converse on questions of philosophy and theology, with pencil and paper constructing diagrams to illustrate his meaning, and hospitably insisting that the writer should keep his seat when the latter repeatedly rose to take his leave.

The full day was rounded out most richly by a visit to the free public library of Concord, which was established a few years ago by the munificence of a late citizen of that town. The library already contains thirteen thousand volumes, many of the most interesting of which are found in the "Concord alcove" which is devoted exclusively to the works of such as have lived in that place. A well-stocked reading room in connection with this is open to all, from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 6 P. M., daily.

Among the treasures of the library are half a dozen bound manuscripts by distinguished authors, which may be examined by any respectable person. They were all presented by James T. Fields of Boston, who has had so ex-

tensive an acquaintance with literary men, and comprise an essay on "Walking" by Henry D. Thoreau, a poem on "The Cathedral" by J. R. Lowell, the essay on "Culture" by R. W. Emerson, a political address by John Lothrop Motley, given in Boston, October 20, 1868, the poem entitled "Dorothy Q." by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the unfinished "Dolliver Romance" by Hawthorne, which was laid upon the latter's coffin at his funeral. Each manuscript volume was prefaced with a portrait of its author. One cannot express the emotions of keen delight which are aroused by the perusal of such original manuscripts, which show by erasures and interlineations, by pauses and paragraphs, the progress of the writer's thought as he worked.

An object of peculiar interest to a resident of Somerset County, New Jersey, was found in a framed autograph letter of Washington to General Greene, which was dated at "Middlebrook, April 24, 1779.

N.Y. Tribune. Oct. 1878

The lyceum is now an established American institution, and lecturing has become one of the professions. But within a few years there has grown up very quietly another form of literary and social entertainment which bids fair to rival it in popularity among cultivated people. Some of our readers remember the fascinating talks of Margaret Fuller, who, though a hard writer, was one of the most brilliant and stimulating conversationalists this country has produced. Mr. Alcott was one of her admirers, and has developed what with her was an occasional and fitful glare of genius into something like a system, and for twenty years or more he has taken the lead in conversational circles in different cities which have proved peculiarly interesting and intellectually helpful to those who have joined in them. His talent for this kind of intellectual exercise is peculiar and remarkable, and consists quite as much in eliciting wit and wisdom from others as in the utterance of his own suggestive ideas. He is a man of affirmations and provocations, arousing just enough antagonism to produce a glow of exhilarating mental excitement. His circles are becoming the centres of literary and philosophical and scientific discussion and inquiry, and a large number of them have sprung up in Western cities as well as in New England, furnishing an agreeable contrast to the wordy nothings of too many of the lecturers who have merely platitudes to mouth, and, without ideas to present, simply exhibit themselves. All sorts of topics are talked about with the utmost freedom consistent with the taste and refinement of culture, and all the newest and richest books are brought into requisition to furnish those who engage in the conversation with facts, arguments, and illustrations. In this way the circles become educative in their influence, and as they bring all the bright minds of a place together, like so many lamps into a chandelier, each gathers additional heat and brilliancy from the concentration. It is obvious that this system has large possibilities of development and peculiar attractions for people who have sufficient originality and culture to engage in such intellectual tournaments. During the past summer Mr. Alcott has held a series of these conversations at his Concord home, and sometimes a hundred persons have joined in them, including Mr. Emerson, Judge Hoar, the poet Channing, and a score of women known in literature and admired for their wit. Such conversations have one redeeming merit, if no other—they afford an agreeable relief from speech-hearing.

DAY, JULY 14, 1879.

N. York Evening Post

THE HOME OF THE CONCORD GRAPE

The Grapery at Concord, Massachusetts, and its Owner—How Hawthorne's Friend and Neighbor Found the Concord Grape, and how he has Preserved the Original Vine Alive—His Recollections of Hawthorne—The Emerson and Alcott Homes.

The visitor to "Old Concord" (as its neighbors call the town where was "fired the shot heard round the world") who can afford to give an hour to other than historic and literary landmarks cannot do better than to go to the grapery of Mr. E. W. Bull, who was the originator—at least in its cultivated and marketable form—of the celebrated "Concord grape." It is a notable neighborhood in which he lives; and one must tarry a little, as he goes along, to see the homes of Emerson and Miss Alcott, which are on the way—provided one's starting-place is the irregular, hospitable looking and altogether delightful village on the plain.

Mr. Emerson lives near the point where a country road turns off from the main thoroughfare leading Bostonward; a lovely, open grove of pines fills the narrow strip of common between the roads, and another grove of tall pines and chestnuts shelters his home, without concealing it, the trees having a sort of three-fold interest, seeing that they were set out by Mr. Alcott and Thoreau; evidently for a pleasing surprise awaiting the return of Mr. Emerson, who was at the time absent in England. The house stands back from the street, and has a smooth lawn in front, which loses itself in a field spreading away toward the meadows at the right; a thrifty and well-kept garden, with shrubbery and fruit trees, completes this picture of a comfortable country homestead. The large, square house, roomy and substantial, is that of a plain gentleman, a well-to-do leisurely person of quiet tastes, who prefers simplicity to architectural display; and it has that look of settledness hard to define which some how indicates that it has been long in the family. In point of fact, Mr. Emerson has occupied it for about forty years, having bought the old house, which he repaired without modernizing it; a few years since it was somewhat damaged by fire, but was restored to its former appearance. The front door stands open, and his townspeople are pleased to say to the stranger within their gates that the sage is not wont to look upon a caller in the light of an intruder. They are, as all the world knows, very proud of him, and on his return from his last visit to Europe made such demonstrations of rejoicing, turning out in a body to welcome him and his daughter, that the recipients of this attention inquired what event was celebrating, and on being told were utterly overcome. Half a mile farther on, on the Boston road, is Miss Alcott's home. The road winds beside green meadows on the one hand; on the other the land lies up in a ridge, against which the scattered houses are built, separated from each other by lovely woods and screened from the street by such soft, feathery growths as larches, Norway spruce and hackmetack, which thrive as if this was their native soil. At least such is the character of the surroundings of the three places which join one another, the Alcott's, the "Wayside" and Mr. Bull's, all built under the shelter of the long hill, which is clothed in green up to the sky-line. At "Applestump"—Miss Alcott's home—the ridge has an inward curve, as if it had fallen back to make room for the house set in this cosey nook. The house is brown and odd-looking, but picturesque with its pretty gables and porches and dormer windows, ivy-shaded, and its irregular, unique style of architecture. The small lawn is shaded by a few gnarled apple trees and ancient elms; beneath are rustic seats, and most of Mr. Alcott's handiwork is to be seen in the fence, made of branches, which divides the little green from the roadside. The dark purplish-green larches make a lovely screen directly in front; and to the right and the left is the green dimness of the miniature wood threaded by paths; off across the road are the sunny meadows, and bright, open country.

Next comes "The Wayside," easy enough of communication with "Applestump" by the secluded walk through the pines, where Hawthorne used to plan romances that were never written, and where he made known to his publisher the plot of "The Dolliver Romance."

And next beyond "The Wayside," with the good, green wood between, is Mr. Bull's grapery; and there is a similar secluded walk between these two places. We found the grape culturist, who is his own gardener, at the door of his cottage, which is like a lodge in the wilderness of roses, vines and evergreen trees; a stout, grayhaired Englishman, with a velvet skull cap on, who welcomed us, and talked not only about his grapes but about the great writer who for some twelve years or more lived next door. He said that when Hawthorne came to the Wayside to live he made up his mind that he would get acquainted with his neighbor. He found him a shy man, who avoided company, who preferred to walk by himself in the retired wood-path rather than mingle with his fellow townsmen, and who chose an unfrequented route to a place if necessity took him forth. "But," said Mr. Bull, "when I became acquainted with him I found him a pleasant companion; if you could once get inside his jacket he was genial. He sometimes came into my house and smoked a cigar—he liked a good cigar—but not often." He spoke with admiration of this author-neighbor, and pleasantly of the children who had grown up just beyond his grounds—the two girls, and Julian, who was "tall, handsome and fine-looking."

At the door of his "lodge" Mr. Bull pointed out a fuchsia of unusual delicacy, with narrow, pointed leaves and lovely, fragile-looking flowers, a very pendulous and graceful specimen of this plant, which he called *Fuchsia gracilis*, and said it was a lineal descendant, perpetuated by cuttings, from the identical first fuchsia introduced into England, the story of which has often been told, how, perhaps a hundred years ago, a noted London florist heard of a rare plant owned by a sailor's wife at Wapping which he made a journey to see, and, though the woman refused to part with it, because her husband had brought it home from the West Indies on his last voyage (or, as another version had it, her son had brought it from Sicily), he took it away, leaving her eight guineas, and promising to replace it when he should have grown one from it, which he did, also increasing the plant by the hundreds and bringing a small fortune to himself.

With a genuine gardener's love for his nurslings, Mr. Bull showed us his grapery, and gave us the history of the Concord grape, which became quite famous in the days before native grapes had been made so much account of. He came out in the country from Boston by advice of his physicians, when he seemed to have consumption, and went into gardening, growing to love it for its own sake, and becoming a hale and hearty man. He tried raising foreign grapes until he grew weary of it, there was such uncertainty about their ripening. Finding a wild vine under the hill at the rear of his garden, and liking the

grape it bore, he sowed the seed in 1843, and had ripe fruit from it early in September the sixth year after, and in 1854 exhibited it. It was a singular fact, he said, that there was not another wild vine within a mile of his place; and "I suppose the reason why this was there was because the boys had some time brought grapes up from the river, and, sitting there on the fence to eat them, had thrown down the skins, and a seed had taken root, and the place being a favorable one, with the hill to shelter it and a very sunny aspect, it had borne a sweeter and earlier fruit."

In these nearly thirty years of experimenting and careful culture, Mr. Bull has raised twenty-two thousand seedlings, from which he has saved twenty-two vines worth keeping; and he has a descendant of the Concord which ripens as early as the 25th of August. He feels a justifiable pride in the success of his foundling—whose namesakes and descendants are now known all over the country, and though surpassed by others in certain qualities, are to-day recommended as having "no rival in hardiness or productiveness under all circumstances and in all localities." So sensible of its value was one public-spirited man that a few years since "he presented a Concord grapevine to each and every family in the town" of Northampton.

Mr. Bull still has the original vine, which, however, he came near losing in one of the late severe winters, but managed to save; and we saw the carefully-cherished patriarch in the middle of the garden, surrounded by a slight hedge of rose bushes—shorn of its luxuriance and past its prime, but petted by its owner, who regards it somewhat in the character of an old friend and constant companion. A. B. H.

Globe July 5 1879

Concord.

The citizens of this historic old town had a gala day, yesterday, by a general local celebration. A large audience assembled in the Town Hall, in the forenoon, to listen to the exercises of the day. E. Rockwood Hoar presided. The declaration of independence was read by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a beautiful ode, composed by George Bartlett, was sung by a choir of fifty voices. Following these exercises the committee, S. Ripley Barrett, Woodward Hudson, and Sherman Hoar, took charge of the rowing and athletic feats, which lasted until night. The races and their results were as follows: Pair-oared dory race, won by Rockwood and Sherman Hoar; double-bladed paddle, won by J. M. Keyes; Whitehall single-scull, won by Densmore Hosmer; pair-oared pleasure boat, won by J. F. Hosmer and Silas H. Holden; tub race, won by Stedman Buttrick. In the afternoon the Agricultural grounds were thronged with teams and people to witness the athletic exercises, which resulted as follows: One-mile walk was won by William McGrath. Sack race, first prize, Joseph Burke; second prize, James O'Brien. Throwing the hammer, first prize, E. Rankin; second prize, Patrick White. Two hundred and twenty yards dash, Sherman Hoar, first prize; Rockwood Hoar, second prize. Velocipede race for boys, Richard Wood, first prize; Harry Barrett, second. One-hundred-yards dash, J. Murphy, first prize; Sherman Hoar, second. Running long jump, first prize, J. J. Flannery; second, William McGraw. Greased pole, John Devine took $5 from the top. Hurdle race, first prize, Sherman Hoar; second, C. S. Richardson. The committee on athletic sports were Edwin S. Barrett, Arthur Mills, Charles S. Richardson.

In the evening the carnival of boats took place. About fifty boats, illuminated with different colored lanterns, assembled in the river near Judge Hoar's residence, and, forming in line, passed in procession down the river past the bridges, below the minute man, countermarched back to the North bridge and disbanded. The bridges were finely illuminated, as were the boats. Boud's brigade band of Boston was stationed on the North bridge and played during the procession of the boats. The whole scene was one of great beauty, and was a fitting close to the day's celebration.

Advertiser Jan 8, 1879

THE CONCORD LYCEUM.

The Fiftieth Anniversary Last Evening—An Address by Judge Hoar—The Origin and Growth of the Institution.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Concord Lyceum was celebrated last evening in the hall at Concord. Among the leading townsmen present were the Hon. E. R. Hoar, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Rev. Messrs. Reynolds and Grout, Judge Brooks, George Hayward, Frank B. Sanborn, John S. Keyes, General S. B. Chamberlain and others.

Judge Hoar presided, and on taking the chair remarked: Fifty years ago tonight the citizens of Concord had a meeting of honored citizens, which resulted in the formation of the Concord Lyceum, consisting of eighty-seven members, and whose fiftieth anniversary we meet this night to celebrate. As one of those original members, you must excuse me from addressing you tonight. The institution began with lectures and debates, and has been steadily maintained to the present time. From the first our meetings have been characterized by strict impartiality, allowing the advocates of all shades of opinion to be listened to. Among its lecturers be mentioned Horace Greeley, George Thompson, Agassiz, Wendell Phillips and others. The speaker then alluded to the death of George Farron, Edward ~~Everett~~ and Charles Chauncy Emerson and others. Of a list of lecturers before him, Thoreau delivered 19, Dr. Jarvis 17, Dr. Ripley 12 and Ralph Waldo Emerson 98. He paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Emerson, and spoke of the good fortune of the town and of the lyceum in having the residence of so distinguished a man among them. Mr. Hoar closed his remarks with many pleasant reminiscences of the past.

The principal address of the evening was delivered by Mr. C. H. Walcott, and was entitled "The Origin and Growth of the Concord Lyceum." He spoke of the people of Concord as having met at stated intervals to commemorate the good deeds of their ancestors; they believed in such anniversaries as quickening the patriotic and social feelings, and as surviving the generation in which it is born. The earliest town lyceums in the State were formed in 1826, in Worcester county; four years later there were 78, sixteen of which were in Middlesex county. They owed their organization mainly to Mr. Josiah Holbrook, who went about advocating this means of educating the public. The first meeting of the Concord Lyceum was called December 3, 1828, at which the Hon. John Keyes was chosen chairman and Samuel Shattuck secretary. A constitution was adopted January 7, 1829, and the venerable Dr. Ripley was elected president. The founders of the Lyceum were the leaders in religious thought, politics and town affairs. One, a leader of the bar, is still mentioned familiarly with Webster and Choate, and is known in the history of the nation as the agent chosen by Massachusetts to defend the rights of her colored citizens in a hostile State. Mr. Walcott spoke of Dr. Ripley as the father of the Lyceum. He attributed the interest in lyceums in the early days to the absence of the railroad and telegraph. Of seventeen lyceums in 1830 only two have preserved their autonomy, and only one association of the kind in the State can boast of greater age, and its fiftieth anniversary was celebrated in Salem only a short time ago. The original signers of the constitution numbered fifty-seven, of whom six only are now living, among them the Hon. E. R. Hoar. A debating society, started some seven years before the Lyceum, was merged in it in 1829. The first lecture before the Lyceum was delivered in 1830, by the Rev. Bernard Whitman of Waltham, since which time lectures have been furnished every winter without exception. As early as 1833, after much discussion, it was decided by Dr. Bartlett, then president, that the anti-slavery society ought not to be encouraged. Again, in 1835, a decision was rendered by the Rev. H. B. Goodwin, acting as president, that the immediate abolition of slavery was inexpedient, and he was sustained by the audience. In 1842 the announcement that Wendell Phillips was to lecture on slavery brought forth the following:—

Resolved, That as this Lyceum is established for social and mutual improvement, the introduction of the vexed and disorganizing question of abolition should be kept out of it.

The motion was laid on the table, and Mr. Phillips lectured. When specie payment was suspended early in the rebellion, the Concord Lyceum issued $1450 in scrip, which passed freely in all the business transactions of the town. The literary history of Concord has grown up within the last half century, and in that time nearly all the distinguished men of the town have attained their eminence. During this time the Lyceum has been doing its elevating and civilizing work and helping to make Concord a pleasant and profitable place to live in.

After Mr. Walcott's address Judge Hoar proposed this motion: "That we continue the Lyceum for another fifty years." It was received by the audience with laughter and passed unanimously. After this the meeting was adjourned.

N.Y. Times. Aug 26, 1879

THE CONCORD SCHOOL.

As is generally known, an effort was made during the early part of this Summer to establish a school of philosophy at Concord, Mass. It was so successful that the school has now taken a permanent shape, and its programme for the next season is a document of great and singular interest. The rules of the new academy are the growth of the experience of the present Summer, and commend themselves to the warm approval of the intelligent public. Each philosopher is required to walk in the grove belonging to the academy from 10 A. M. till noon, and from 2 to 4 P. M.; and during that time to constantly converse with his fellow-philosophers on philosophic subjects. There will, of course, be the usual morning and afternoon recesses for the cultivation of mumble-te-peg and marbles, but the daily course of study will require very nearly four full hours. At 7 o'clock in the evening Mr. BRONSON ALCOTT will sit on a tripod in the front hall and deliver Orphic utterances at intervals of four minutes each. Mr. EMERSON, who, during the recent session of the school, confined his labors to being present at the academy "with a wise smile," will repeat that pleasing course of instruction on three evenings every week, and Dr. JONES, an eminent Western philosopher, will, from time to time, make a few profound remarks on the "Pre-existence of Pork." These evening exercises do not, however, form part of the regular curriculum of the academy, and attendance upon them is optional.

Of course, no man can walk in a grove and discuss philosophy with any real ability unless he is philosophically dressed. The philosophers of the Concord Academy are, therefore, required to wear the ancient Athenian costume. In the early and experimental sessions of the school, many of the philosophers contented themselves with wearing night-shirts instead of the genuine Greek dress, but this is now forbidden by rule XIII of the laws of the academy, which says that "no philosopher will be permitted to practice peripatetic or any other style of philosophy in a night-shirt or other substitute for the true Greek chalmys." With this rule no fault can be found, for the most unphilosophic person can readily comprehend that to revive the ancient Greek *Academe* without the Greek dress would be simply preposterous. Even PLATO himself, were he to return to earth, would lose half his profundity if he should undertake to lecture in a black coat, and to walk in a grove carrying an umbrella or wearing a rubber overcoat.

There was a warm discussion among the founders of the school on the subject of rubber overshoes. The ground in the neighborhood of Concord is frequently very wet, and except in connection with philosophy, rubber shoes are certainly very useful in wet weather. Dr. JONES advocated rubbers on the ground that philosophy was a matter of the head and not of the feet, and that he himself suffered from the rheumatism. On the other hand, Mr. D. A. WASSON asserted that in the course of his studies in semitic literature he had found his mind greatly stimulated by wearing sandals, and he hence argued that the nature of the covering used for the feet might seriously modify a philosopher's perception of truth. Col. HIGGINSON claimed that the colored troops fought boldly without rubbers, and Mrs. E. D. CHENY softly inquired, "What are shoes; what, dear friends, is a cold in the head, what even is rheumatiz in comparison with the eternal virtues?" Finally, the matter was referred to Mr. ALCOTT, who promptly

mounted his tripod and gave the following Orphic Utterance: "The great spiritual sensorium of reflected atmosphere is the centre of the universal sea." This was accepted as a clear and convincing decision of the question in dispute, and rubber shoes were strictly prohibited. Rule XVIII. reads: "The use of rubber shoes is forbidden, and philosophers will be required to wear sandals on all philosophic occasions." Most of the remaining rules of the academy closely resemble those of other schools. Each philosopher is required to bring with him a napkin-ring, a pair of spectacles, and a classical dictionary, and the friends and guardians of philosophers are earnestly requested not to supply them with pocket-money, and to refrain from sending them pastry or sweetmeats.

Any person of good moral character who firmly disbelieves in the vulgar religions of the day, and who can pass the preliminary examinations, may join the Concord School. Candidates for admission are examined in the elements of Profundity, Paradox, and Vagueness, and are further required to hand in written essays on subjects belonging to those great divisions of philosophy. For example, at the coming examination, prior to the beginning of the next term, the essayist must discuss the profound and esoteric meaning of that passage in Mr. BRONSON ALCOTT'S writings, "Destiny is threefold, and fate shines into the abysses." In the Department of Paradox, essays must be written upon the theme furnished by Mr. EMERSON, "There are depths to which the lark cannot soar, and heights to which no artesian well can pierce;" and in the Department of Vagueness, candidates may write either upon the dictum of Dr. JONES, that "Anything that depends upon one always has the whole work to do," or upon Dr. BARTOL'S proposition, that "There is as much difference in people as in anybody, and more than there is in some." Though these essays must be written in order to entitle applicants to admission, a prize will be given to the author of the best essay, and it is thought that this will greatly stimulate the writers, and will result in permanent additions to true philosophic literature.

There is only one thing which casts any doubt upon the future success of the Academy, and that is the proneness of philosophers to fall out and chide and fight. It is expected that three hundred philosophers will assemble at Concord next season, and it is hardly reasonable to suppose that, inasmuch as they will represent three hundred different sets of views, they can long remain on good terms with one another. Nothing is said in the rules of the school concerning punishment for disorderly conduct, and there will be a general anxiety to know if the Faculty are able to preserve order. Suppose that disorderly philosophers should begin to shy sandals and other missiles at Mr. ALCOTT while he is sitting on his tripod, or suppose that Dr. JONES and Mr. WASSON have a difference of opinion in regard to "the return from the Lapse," in the course of which they fall into the use of painfully unphilosophic language—how are the guilty ones in such cases to be punished? No careful parent or guardian will care to send a philosopher to Concord until this question is answered, and it is definitely known that neither will a disorderly philosopher be treated with too much laxity nor will he be subjected to cruel and inhuman punishment, such as the reading of Mr. WASSON'S essays from the *Atlantic*, or Dr. JONES'S articles from the *Philosophic Review*.

Daily Evening Traveller.

TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1879.

Concord River.

The Boston correspondent of the Worcester Spy has been writing about things seen by her at Concord, as follows:

Concord itself is like no other town; it seems utterly undisturbed by the turmoil and agitation of life, utterly free from worldly ambition or petty rivalries of any sort. The hospitality of its people is boundless; and so is their refined kindness, and the beautiful village seems the one spot where there is abiding "peace on earth and good will to men." Besides its historic associations, its monuments, its library, and best of all, its people, Concord has its slow, lovely river, of which Thoreau wrote: "Concord river is remarkable for the gentleness of its current, which is scarcely perceptible, and some have referred to its influence the proverbial moderation of the inhabitants of Concord, as exhibited in the Revolution, and on later occasions. I have read that the descent of an eighth of an inch in a mile is sufficient to produce a flow. Our river has, probably, very near the smallest allowance. The story is current, at any rate, though I believe that strict history will not bear it out, that the only bridge ever carried away on the main branch, within the limits of the town was driven up stream by the wind. The sluggish artery of the Concord meadows steals thus unobserved through the town, without a murmur or a pulse-beat, its general course from southwest to northeast, and its length about fifty miles; a huge volume of matter, ceaselessly rolling through the plains and valleys of the substantial earth, with the moccasined tread of an Indian warrior, making haste from the high places of the earth to its ancient reservoir."

The main street of the town is parallel with the river, and the comfortable of old houses which face the street have gardens at the back sloping down to the water. The numerous landings, each with its little fleet of boats, dories, canoes, wherries or other small outriggers, make the river very picturesque and add greatly to the charm of boating in it. The morning we were there we idled for hours on the stream, guided by one who knows every inch of its windings; we rowed across the sunny reaches, floated "mid lucid shallows, just eluding water-lily leaves," pushed under the trees and drank of the spring of living water, which gushes out there in some sylvan hiding-place; and let the boat rest in the very spot that Hawthorne describes in his "Mosses from an Old Manse," where "there is a lofty bank on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream with outstretched arms as if resolute to take the plunge." Only a few are left now; some, as our friend said, bent every year closer and closer to the water, and the quiet stream lapped the earth at their roots, till one by one they silently dropped into the river, and floated away. Others did not have that peaceful death, but were cut clean away to make room for the new railroad which has replaced them by a staring bank of yellow sand, making a long, aggressive scar on the beautiful shore. Healing hands of artist and poet have set willows thick in the sand, and soon the unsightly bank will be green and soft, though the hemlocks can never grow again. It might have been *our* day on the river that Hawthorne wrote about. For us, too, "the winding course of the stream continually shut out the scene behind us and revealed as calm and lovely a one before. We glided from depth to depth, and breathed new seclusion at every turn. The shy kingfisher flew from the withered branch close at hand to another at a distance, uttering a shrill cry of anger or alarm. Ducks that had been floating there since the preceding eve were startled at our approach, and skimmed along the grassy river, breaking its dark surface with a bright streak. The turtle, sunning itself upon a rock or at the root of a tree, slid suddenly into the water with a plunge." But we saw one congregation of seven turtles on a fallen tree out in the river, and they went on sunning themselves and never minded us at all, but disappeared in a flash, or rather in seven flashes, when a boat load of boys paddled up to them with a whoop of delight.

Like Hawthorne, we, too, found in July the prophecy of autumn. A few tall maples were the color of the purple beech, a rare color for maples to take on, and fallen crimson leaves flecked the water here and there, and the golden rods were marshalled in stately ranks just ready to unfold their superb yellow plumes; and with all the peace and beauty came, too, the "half-acknowledged melancholy," the feeling "that Time has now given us all his flowers, and that the next work of his never idle fingers must be to steal them one by one away."

We landed on the grassy shore of Judge French's farm and walked across the mown fields to the studio which Mr. D. C. French, the sculptor, has built in his father's orchard. It is a simple and artistic building, containing a reception room and a large work room. Here were a cast of the minute-man; Mr. French's new endymion, a beautiful youthful figure asleep, with love stealing into his dreams; an admirable bust of Judge French, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; one of Mr. Emerson; some smaller things by Mr. French, and other pretty things always to be found in an artist's room.

The sculptor is at work on the colossal group of Justice, Power and Plenty which is to be placed on the St. Louis Court House. Mr. French's work is good, and his life full of promise; he has strength, grace, modesty, and industry, but his work is put to a most severe test, when he stands beside it, and one cannot help remembering Emerson's words, "When the king is in the palace we do not look at the walls."

Concord is rich in wild flowers and meadow grasses; and when one sums up its charms of philosophy and literature, art and nature, in addition to some of the most delightful people in the world, the story seems a little fabulous; but it is all true, and yet is not half the truth, for that would require better and warmer words than mine to tell.

The School of Philosophy.

Detroit Free Press, Apr. 28, 1880

While the country North, South, East and West will fairly steam with the energy and noise and verbal riot of the election campaign this summer, there will be one quiet spot, standing out cool, secluded, calm, like a delicious island of the tropics in the midst of a tumultuous sea. This will be Concord, Massachusetts, where the School of Philosophy will open its annual session in July. In this retreat no sound of the hoarse, harsh note of the summer's battle will be heard. The venerable and transcendental people gathered there will as little care who is to be the next President as the people of the Sandwich Islands care who shall be the next King of Burmah. It will probably be impossible to get a newspaper there; the telegraph office very likely will be closed during the session; and the few trains that run in the vicinity will be compelled to put rubber tires upon their wheels. Professor Harris will lecture on Aristotle, Plato, Hegel, Fichte, Kant, Schelling, Spinoza, and William Henry Channing will lecture on "Oriental Philosophy and Religion." Seriously, however, nothing is more agreeable than to imagine people capable of cutting so aloof from the bustle of the practical world around them and finding comfort in regions of thought which in no ways touch the experience or sensations of the hundreds of millions of their fellows. It is like coming upon, in the midst of the most crowded and busiest part of a large city, an old-fashioned mansion inhabited by old fashioned people who rarely leave its precincts, but live surrounded by a bit of green sward, a few old trees, and for the rest colossal warehouses and the ceaseless noise of the streets.

THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

Woman's Journal — Apr. 10, 1880

The *Springfield Republican* announces that this school will open its summer session on the 12th of July next, in a new building, the Hillside chapel, which is soon

to be erected near the Orchard House, where the school assembled last year. Prof. Harris, of St. Louis, with his family, will occupy the Orchard House during the summer, coming to reside there in June. He will give ten lectures in the School of Philosophy this year, in two courses of five, one of which may be on Aristotle. Mr. Wasson's failing sight has compelled him to give up his course of five lectures on "The Philosophy of History," but he will perhaps read one or two lectures on other themes. Rev. William Henry Channing, who has just arrived from England to remain in the country all summer, will take Mr. Wasson's place, and give three or more lectures on "Oriental Philosophy and Religion." Other changes in the announced course of lectures will be made and advertised in the summer circular of the school, which will be issued early in June. Mr. Bartlett's Concord Guide-book will contain the general announcement of the school, and perhaps an engraving of the new chapel, as well as of the Orchard House itself. This little book will be published in May or June. Mr. French, the Concord sculptor, will soon begin his bust of Mr. Alcott, which, when put in marble, is designed to stand in the chapel or library of the Concord school. Mr. French's bust of Emerson is soon to be put in marble, and copies of both in plaster will probably be attainable in course of the summer. Mr. Ricketson's medallion head of Thoreau remains the only considerable likeness of the poet-naturalist, and copies of this are to be had of the artist, Walton Ricketson, in Boston. Mr. Blake, the possessor of Thoreau's manuscripts, will read once or twice from them at the Concord school next summer, and may perhaps publish some extracts from the journals during the present year. Mr. Sanborn's "Life and Letters of John Brown," which he hoped to publish this year will be deferred until 1881.

A. Sunday Herald. May 30. 1880

The Concord school of philosophy promises to increase in interest and usefulness. Before its establishment there was no favorable opportunity for the real philosopher to free his mind during the heated term, and he was obliged to suppress his thoughts until the cool weather set in with its condensing influences. We cannot learn that either of the active philosophers care much for the teachings of the others. Each is so much engrossed with his own thoughts and fancies that he is oblivious of his surroundings. Nor do they pretend to understand each other. If they could do that, the school would come to an untimely end. The philosopher who can most ingeniously obscure his thought, or use language to make it appear that he is thinking in the domain of the unthinkable, easily takes the cake in this most advanced school. The chief difficulty encountered is the disposition of each philosopher to seize upon more than his or her share of the time. No plan has yet been devised for a fair "divvy" of time with any proportion to interest. The only effective method tried last year was to stay away from the lecture of any particularly prosy talker, but in most cases this made no difference, the lecturer showing that an audience was by no means a necessity. Philosophy does not demonstrate things by vulgar proofs such as are sought for in the exact sciences, but it has an elevating tendency when it goes above the heads of the hearers and roams with perfect freedom among the stars. The labor is to get up high; then your philosopher can go as he pleases. He thinks the unthinkable, knows the unknowable, and expresses the unutterable. Standing on some dim mote of star dust in the remote heavens, he kicks up his heels and invites his soul to divine contemplation. What care he for the dinner bell or the din of toiling millions?

The wife of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson described by a correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, who has been visiting Concord, Mass., as "tall and slender, with a thoughtful, refined face and silver hair. Her dress was a black silk, severely simple and elegant, in harmony with her seventy years, and heightened the fairness of her very fair complexion. She reminds one of a stately lady abbess and fascinates the eye of a stranger until the gaze seems almost rude in its persistence. She is full of kindness and courtesy and responsive to the sympathies of those about her. During a recent supper a Western lady, sitting between her and a distinguished visitor, remarked that she had never before been so delightfully sandwiched, to which Mr. Emerson replied, "The best part of a sandwich is always in the middle."

PERSONAL.

"ENGLISH TRAITS," the long expected latest work of the great Transcendentalist, RALPH WALDO EMERSON, has gone to press, we understand. A Boston correspondent says:—"It is a volume of three hundred pages, written in a singularly compact style, in short, sharp, decisive sentences, almost without ornament of any kind, yet betraying throughout every mark of the severest intellectual and literary labor. No other work of Mr. EMERSON'S approaches it in conscientiveness. It is a thorough analysis of English character, which is considered mostly from a highly favorable point of view, and discussed in the tone of a sensible, practical man of the world, and not in that of a poet or philosopher, and still less in that of a historian or a statesman. It is not in the least *transcendental*—whatever the phrase may mean. Land, race, manners, character, wealth, aristocracy, religion, literature, the universities, and the Times newspaper, are the chief topics. There is little account of persons in the book. LANDOR, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, and CARLYLE, only, are described."

THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

Boston Post. Oct. 20. 1879 Mrs Talbot.

THE various international exhibitions which have been held during recent years have given the citizens of our republic, reason to feel proud of our achievements in the departments of mechanics, manufactures and engineering, in which we stand the peers of every country on the globe. Far different is it in regard to science, literature and philosophy. We act, England and Germany think. This is a natural necessity of our so recent birth and rapid growth as a nation. But, as each year more and more time is devoted to the pursuit of letters, and the ranks of our scholars are steadily increasing by the addition of men trained in European methods, the improvemement in this direction is becoming marked. One of the most promising signs of this new phase in our development, is the establishment of a School of Philosophy at Concord, Mass., during the past summer. For many years the scheme had been ripening and maturing in the minds of enthusiastic men, and the success attending its realization proved conclusively that it met a want in our community. It was a good fortune that placed the school in Concord, the birthplace of American liberty, the home of Thoreau, Hawthorne and Emerson; Concord, whose natural beauties have been sung by poet and portrayed by painter.

To form a clear idea of the school, its home and its workings, let us join a group whom we see strolling out of the village. We wander down the old Lexington road, picturing to ourselves the British troops retreating in disorder, and harassed by the shots of the Yankee farmers safely ensconced behind walls and hedges. After a walk of half a mile we reach the Orchard House, for twenty years the home of A. Bronson Alcott, the scene of the antics in "Little Women," now given up to the discussion of such weighty themes as the "Personality of the Absolute" and "Physiological Psychology." Half Hidden from the road by spruce trees, and overshadowed by great elms, it stands, a two and a half story mansion of the olden type. The front door we find is reserved for the faculty and invited guests, and we make our entrance by a side portico to the studio, whose walls bear signs of the artistic talent of Miss Mary Alcott, the well remembered "Amy." An arched passage leads into the front room, where the scholars, serious, and no longer young, are assembling. Through the narrow panes of glass we catch glimpses of lilac bushes and apple trees, with bits of meadow-land beyond, while the low-studded walls are covered with pictures and books, whose antiquity seems in keeping with the general picturesque effect. Some strikingly modern, red-painted, lawn settees placed around a large table complete the furnishing of the room. These on exceedingly warm days

are removed to the shade of the elms close at hand, and the sessions are held in the open air. After a lecture of an hour, followed by a conversation or debate, during which we hear much of entities, and infinities, and potentialities, we leave the house in groups of two or three, feeling quite subdued and solemn. We hardly utter a word as we return by the well-kept, shaded path past the graveyard on the hillside, the old Unitarian church with its fluted pillars and long rows of sheds, and the inn where Major Pitcairn breakfasted and swore that before night he would stir the blood of the Yankees as he was then stirring his brandy.

The average attendance on the school was about fifty, while at the lecture by Mr. Emerson on "Memory", the audience numbered one hundred and sixty. Teachers and students were present from all parts of the country, and so much interest was manifested that in all probability the school will be made a permanent institution, an endowment fund having already been begun. In fact, the announcement for the next course has just appeared. The list of regular lecturers includes Mr. Alcott, Dean of the Faculty, on Mysticism, Dr. H. K. Jones on The Platonic Philosophy, Prof. W. T. Harris on Speculative Philosophy and the History of Philosophy, Mr. D. A. Wasson on the Philosophy of History, and Mr. F. B. Sanborn on the Philosophy of Charity. Among the special lecturers are Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Miss Anna C. Brackett, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. R. W. Emerson, Prof. B. Pierce, Rev. C. A. Bartol, Rev. A. P. Peabody, Rev. F. H. Hedge and Mr. G. H. Howison.

The importance of this undertaking, if rightly conducted, cannot be overestimated. The demand is for deep and earnest thought, not for the vagaries or fancies of a prejudiced and dogmatic party or creed, nor for sham rhetoric or mere garrulity. Let the habit of observation and research in scientific and speculative departments be encouraged, and the faculties of the mind will find as wide a scope in philosophical inquiry as they now do in mechanical invention, and our growth as a nation will tend to greater symmetry and harmony.

[Correspondence of the (Phila.) Press.]

Two Hours with R. W. Emerson.

Yesterday I took a carriage ride of twenty-five miles, to hear a lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson. It was delivered in Concert Hall, Poughkeepsie—subject, "Manners and Morals." A large and intelligent auditory nearly filled the hall when I entered, but, by a lucky chance, I made my way to a seat quite near the speaker. A moment after, the space through to the door whither I had come was so completely occupied that egress would have been utterly impossible. Mr. Emerson stepped forward to the desk as unconscious of an audience as if he had been in his own library at Concord. He read from a manuscript, but was not much confined to it. His first sentences were spoken in a peculiar monotone, and delivered as spiritlessly as a schoolboy's maiden declamation. But the first thought which rolled from his lips rivetted you, and every succeeding sentence fell with the weight and force of an apothegm.—Soon, the speaker grew warm with his subject; his face showed an electric glow, and spite of his mannerism of utterance, he grew rapidly eloquent. He repeats poetry, especially his own, with most perfect expression. His voice seems to fit the rhythm, and he gives the syllables their true cadence, carrying them with military precision, step by step, to the conclusion. Mr. Emerson does nothing conventionally. Artistic rules exact from him no obedience. In his composition, the art must bend to him—not he to the art. If a previous channel suits his thought, well and good; but if not, it ploughs its own furrow, and goes sweeping down through the meadows and vallies with startling, and sometimes terrible effect. He does not connect his paragraphs as most writers do. The union is not a physical one of words, but a spiritual one rather of ideas. He does not, therefore, whittle down one sentence to make it match the next, but a close spiritual affinity binds them. This accounts for the criticism once pronounced on one of his lectures. The writer remarked that you might commence in the middle and read it in any direction equally well, and none of its beauty would be lost. I think if each page of his manuscript ended a sentence, the pages might be shuffled like a pack of cards, and it would still read, and as a kaleidoscope shaken up, adhere to its symmetry.

I do not propose to give you a report of this lecture. Mr. Emerson is the most unreportable man in America. I should as soon think of picking up the rainbow that sometimes rests on our eastern hill-sides, and bring it home in my pocket, as to give you his speech. Yet the following brilliants, which are like handled butterfly wings, may not be unacceptable to your columns:

Manners are not the "what" but the "how," and are as oil poured on the wheels to prevent friction. * * Certain manners, once established, are a passport into society, and pass current in all circles. * * Our manners are constantly observed, and win us prizes when we least expect it. * * Consuelo boasted that she moulded the manners of the nobles by her acting, and Talma is reported to have done the same thing in real life. * * It is their office to make us endurable to each other. They raise man from the level of the quadruped, and place him on end.—They stifle base and encourage generous behavior. * * The old Seneschal mentioned in Scottish poetry could tell the rank of the guests from their mien. * * For good manners there must be culture in the blood. The prejudice in favor of blood, and which lies at the base of the feudal institution, is true in fact. The Orientals are orthodox on this point. They have a saying, that a thorn-bush well cultured and cared for, will bear thorns; while a date-tree neglected, will still bear dates. * * There is great power of manners in the eye. The late Mr. Stephenson being asked by a lady what he considered the greatest force, replied that it was a woman's eye exerted upon her lover. It would draw him around the world. * * The eyes are bold as lions, speak all languages, are no Englishman, respect neither age nor sex, but go through and through you in an instant. * * There are eyes so deep you might fall into them, and others searching and seeing all. * * There are eyes that ask, assert, prowl, and are full of fate. * * We should distrust the invitation accompanied by no holiday in the eye. * * We should be as courteous to men as to pictures, and place them in a good light.

After the lecture, I spent the next hour in conversation with the man. He greeted me cordially, seemed interested, and talked with animation on every topic introduced. Webster, Choate, Burke, Macaulay, Parker, and John Brown, were among the medley on which com-

ment was made. Emerson weighs men with a most impartial balance. He views them from his own standpoint, but with no bias. Foe as he is to slavery of every sort, yet he could see that even feudalism had a basis of truth, and that the regard for blood was more than a superstition.

Mr. Emerson has a tall, slim figure. His face, when in repose, is not striking. The most marked feature is a large Roman nose, which is one of Lavater's best signs. Yet you would not pick him from a crowd as an uncommon man.—The writer who described him, some years since, as looking like a "genteel farmer," pictured him well. When he gets animated in conversation, there is a glow on his face that betokens thought and feeling. He is very mild in manner; polite to a degree; wholly destitute of egotism of any kind, making himself the least rather than the greatest in the groups which collect about him. I have read his six volumes with no little attention and great interest. I do not trouble myself with his philosophy; but no man living, I think, has added so much to the world's stock of ideas. America has produced no intellect half so rich, so subtle, and so profound. J. B.

AMERICA, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1860.

EMERSON AT CONCORD.

[*London World, April 26.*]

The Emersons are said to be descended from that old Northumbrian family which, at the beginning of the last century, gave England the learned and eccentric mathematician of Durham, William Emerson, who used to walk to London, publish his book and then walk back to Durham.

Destiny rather than temperament carried Emerson, in early life, into the thick of the struggle which attended the downfall of Calvinism under the siege of Socinianism. For several generations his immediate ancestors had been ministers, but always in their several times of the kind called "advanced." In New England such antecedents represented an accumulated literary and metaphysical culture, and indeed the history of the Emersons might give Mr. Francis Galton a chapter for his next work on "Heredity." In Ralph Waldo the stream which had flowed in hidden ways beneath Puritanism, Arminianism, and the like, sprang into the air as a sparkling fountain. It was a singing fountain too, at first; and though the critics of the period sat in high and dry state to condemn the metre and music of his "Poems," these are cherished among the more refined scholars of our time. Mr. Ruskin has more than once quoted with homage the verses of Emerson; and Professor Tyndall, in his "Fragments of Science," speaks of some of his lines as outweighing by their veracity and insight all the formal learning of his fiblest critic. "The reader," says Professor Tyndall, "of my small contributions to the literature which deals with the overlapping margins of science and theology will have noticed how frequently I quote Mr. Emerson. I do so mainly because in him we have a poet and a profoundly religious man who is really and entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, past, present or prospective. In his case poetry, with the joy of a bacchanal, takes her graver brother science by the hand and cheers him with immortal laughter. By Emerson scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer lines of an ideal world." As the visitor, respecting the sanctity of the philosopher's mornings, approaches the embowered home of Emerson its quiet seems that of "the land where it is always afternoon." As he passes through the shapely fir trees on the lawn it can hardly be without recalling the poet's "good-by" to the "proud world" when he smilingly said to the offended theologians, "Do you really mean to raise me to the dignity of a martyr?"

Fortunate especially is that friendly guest who, entering the garden gate, meets the author coming out for his afternoon walk, and stupid were that prig who should countenance the gentlemanly invitation to return into the house. Whether it be in summer, amid the exceptionally rich wild flowers which make the flora of Concord and the deep pines fringing crystal Walden lakelet, or in the Indian summer when, according to the aboriginal myth, "the smile of the Great Spirit" is answered by the earth in autumnal colors, that walk will be evermore memorable to him who has shared it. The venerable scholar still walks the fields and woods where in childhood he roamed gathering flowers and berries or weaving wreaths of lustrous October leaves fit to crown him in the autumn of his life; where in boyhood he sauntered with his father listening to his quaint and wise talk; where in youth, in early manhood, he has pondered in solitude the meanings of life or conversed with the ablest of his contemporaries, too many of whose graves he must now pass. The pathways are haunted, but even more are they enchanted, and many a delightful anecdote will be awakened by some old rough-hewn wayside seat or overgrown nook, where gentle faces and memories still hover. Though Mr. Emerson—now in his seventy-sixth year—complains of failing memory, he has a good recollection of his early days, and loves to live them over again in thought. Recently he met with the Alumni of the old Latin school in Boston where he had been a pupil, and told them much they did not know or had forgotten. Among other things he related that their teacher, Mr. Gould, one day informed the school that there was a rumor that the British Government were going to send a hostile fleet to Boston Harbor, and that a gentleman had desired that the boys of the school should give one day to assist in throwing up defenses on Noddle Island, and that all who were ready and willing to go should be at the bottom of Hanover street next day at 9 o'clock, when a boat would be in waiting to carry them to the island. "The whole school went," added Mr. Emerson; "I went, but I confess that I cannot remember a stroke of work which I or my school-fellows accomplished. Whether the news of this action on the part of the Latin school reached England and decided the Government to sue for peace, I have never learned." It is curious enough that there should be a reminiscence of that kind in the memory of a man who has done so much to make such incidents seem mediæval.

Mr. Emerson is fortunate in being surrounded with a sympathetic household. His only son is already a prominent physician in Concord, one of his daughters is married, his grandchildren are around him, his wife and another daughter remain with him, and among his neighbors are relatives of the family. Taste, refinement and culture pervade this unostentatious home. The library is not vast, but it contains most good books and none other. Among these books are found a large number sent to him by their authors from various parts of the world, some of which possibly might never have been written if Emerson had not lived. On the walls are some rare engravings and a fine copy in oils of Michael Angelo's "Parcæ."

What strikes one most in Emerson's conversation is a certain transparency and simplicity. It is a marvel that any one could ever have complained that he is hard to understand, and after hearing him speak in private or public one can well appreciate a remark said to have been made by some humble working-women in the neighborhood to their newly arrived clergyman, "We are very simple people here; we don't understand anybody but Mr. Emerson." He enters with a still youthful zest into the philosophical problems of the age, and his lofty poetic idealism towers like a light-house above the raging controversies of theology. Now and then the deepening of the low-toned voice and the pure, steady light of the eye reveal the secret of the old charm which has won so many among a busy and thrifty population to thought and study. The depth of his conviction and the felicity of his expression are physiognomically represented in his unique face and frame. His form is slender without being thin, his movement undrilled, so to say, without being awkward; his complexion, without being exactly blond, is luminous. The head appears small, but when measured by the eye is found to be of fair size, and perhaps the idea of smallness is suggested by contrast with the large Wellington nose, in which probably Napoleon would have found the seat of Emerson's power. No one who has visited and conversed with the sage of Concord can wonder at the love which his neighbors feel for him or the reverence with which he is regarded by the scholars of England and America; no one can leave his beautiful and hospitable home without knowing that for once, at least, he has been in the presence of a great man.

—An enthusiastic correspondent says that Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson has fair complexion, harmonious features, shining black eyes—not piercing, but luminous—a general spiritual expression pervading her face. Hair white as snow, with white muslin or tulle Quaker cap drawn tightly over it, the head piece extending for strings at the sides; these caught together at the throat with a bow of sky blue ribbon, constituted the only ornament. She scarcely touches the floor when she walks, but glides along and vanishes as a spirit is supposed to.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW ON MR. EMERSON.

The new number of the "North British Review" has a noticeable paper on Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose name the writer regards as "the signpost of an interesting stage in the progress of Transatlantic thought and a curious chapter in the history of mysticism." We select a few paragraphs from the article as illustrations of the prominence which has been attained by the "Sage of Concord" in the contemporary European mind, and the odd blending of fact and fancy in foreign estimates of his merits:

MR. EMERSON'S STYLE.

As regards form, Mr. Emerson is the most unsystematic of writers. The concentration of his style resembles that of a classic, but he has little constructiveness, and, as with the others who have adopted the aphoristic mode of conveying their thoughts, he everywhere sacrifices unity to richness of detail. His essays are bundles of loose ideas, tacked together only by a common title, handfuls of scraps laid by singly, taken out in a mass, and tossed down before his audience like the miscellaneous contents of a conjuror's hat. He delights in proverbs and quotations, which are, in general, marvelously apt; but his accuracy is often at fault, and in his tendency to exaggeration he is an American of the Americans. He loves a contradiction for his own sake, and always prefers a surprise to an argument. His epigrams are a series of electric shocks, and though no one is more prevailingly sincere, it is sometimes hard to say whether or not he is wholly in earnest; for a vein of soft irony, his only manifestation of humor, seems to underlie many of his most *prononcé* passages. His habit is to paint in the strongest colors the opposite sides of the antinomies of life, leaving it to his reader to strike the balance. Among highly educated English writers at the present day, one of the most frequent defects is indecision. Oppressed by the fear of critics, and almost bewildered by their own many-sided knowledge, they hover about their subjects as if reluctant to grapple with them, and where we are most anxious to hear their answers, give the most uncertain sounds. Cautious reservations smother their best judgments, they look around and through the truth rather than at it, and, although they are devotees of good taste, a mental cramp is apt to clip and curtail their style. Mr. Emerson's error is on the opposite extreme; he sacrifices everything to directness and decision, objects to "but" and "however," and maintains that "two words, Yes and No, are enough." Following his own advice, he "rolls out his paradoxes in solid column with not the infirmity of a doubt," and with an air of unconscious simplicity, as if he were soliloquizing. The charm of a grace without grandeur, a terse refinement of phrase, trenchant and subtle illustrations, are among his main attractions. Speaking of our agriculture in the *English Traits*, he remarks, "England is a garden under an ash-colored sky, the fields have been rolled and combed till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plow." This criticism has been applied to his own sentences. The ideas they embody are on the scale of a continent; in form they are adapted for a cabinet of curiosities. They are sweeping generalizations given in caseuces, and embodying various amounts of wisdom, from strikingly original thoughts to oracular commonplaces, which at their worst, are only one stage removed above those of our "Proverbial Philosophy."

Of his pithy and penetrating *mots*—they do not lose so much as they ought to do by being detached from their setting—we may select a few characteristic examples: "Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds." "The great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude." "We grant that human life is mean, but how did we find out that it was mean? What is the universal sense of want and ignorance but the fine innuendo by which the soul makes its enormous claim?" "Popularity is for dolls. Steep and craggy, said Porphyry, is the path of the gods. Open your Marcus Antoninus." "A just thinker will allow full swing to his skepticism. I dip my pen in the blackest ink because I am not afraid of falling into my ink-pot." "The English have a tortoise's instinct to hold hard to the ground with his claws lest he should be thrown on his back." "I sometimes meet the city of Lacedæmon in a clergyman's eye." "A fly is as untamable as a hyena." "Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer."

Mr. Emerson's most elaborate criticisms are mainly composed of the same mosaic-work, and, in the long run, we get tired of those perpetual jerks. His style, all armed with points and antitheses like the bristles of a hedgehog, lacks the repose which even our modern impatience of rotundity still desiderates. It reminds us too frequently of the frisking movements of a ballet-dancer, and our author's attitudes are not always graceful in themselves. His allusions are sometimes far-fetched, and his general naturalness does not save him from occasional affectations and displays of pedantry. In coining words, as "Adamhood," "forelooking," "epicier," "specular," "plumule," "unconfinected," "metope," "intimater," "antipode," "partialist," he is far from felicitous. Minute critics will find that this disdain of rule extends to a contempt of some of the rules of grammar as in his employment of such a form as "shined," and his continual use of "shall" for "will." More serious defects are his misapplication of terms, as when he speaks of "the strong *self-complacent* Luther," and the want of taste, dignity, or moderation in such an expression as the following: "Truth is such a fly-away, such an untransportable and *unbarreable* a commodity, that it is *as bad to catch* as light. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who could ever *clutch* it?" "The fathomless powers of gravity and chemistry, and over them of life, *preëxisting* within us in their highest form" (why preëxisting?) "Napoleon, when *spying* the Alps by a sunset on the Sicilian sea." "The world spirit is a good swimmer....he *snaps his finger* at laws" (when swimming?) "Every hero becomes a bore at last....It seems as if the Deity dressed each soul which

he sent into nature in certain virtues and powers not communicable, and wrote *not transferable*, and *good for this trip only*, on these garments of the soul." "Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings and founded the House of Lords." "Oxford is a Greek factory, as Wilton mills weave carpet, and Sheffield grinds steel." All these are more or less objectionable as violences done to good sense or decorum. They are emphatically "smart," and, like the graver irreverences which we shall have to notice hereafter, unworthy of the author who is among the keenest to perceive and the foremost to censure the flippancy of his countrymen. Too much stress has been laid on such faults of manner by those who are hostile to his way of thinking; but it is incumbent on all who have to fight for the freedom of their thought to reduce to a minimum the eccentricities of their style. The greatest cause advocated by the greatest orator would fail of a hearing if the advocate were to plead for it in his shirt-sleeves.

EMERSON AND CARLYLE.

Mr. Emerson, as a teacher and critic, has been repeatedly compared to Mr. Carlyle. They edited each other's works in their respective countries, and they have been in some respects justly affiliated, but the contrasts between them are both striking and instructive. They have in common a revolutionary spirit, a marked originality, an uncompromising aversion to decorous illusions, an excessive disdain of traditional methods of thought and stereotyped modes of expression; but in Carlyle this is tempered by a greater respect for persons and a veneration for his own ideal of the past, in which he holds out models for our imitation. Emerson sees in its great men and events only finger-posts for the future, and is perpetually warning his readers to stay at home lest they should travel away from themselves. The one, always a careful though sometimes a perverse historian, loves detail and hates abstractions; he delights to dilate on the minutiæ of biography, and waxes eloquent even upon dates. The other, a brilliant though not a profound generalizer, tells us that we must "leave a too close and lingering adherence to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope and not in history." "Everything," he writes, "is beautiful, seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour if seen as experience. Details are melancholy; the plan is seemly and noble. In the actual world, the painful kingdom of time and place, dwell care, and canker, and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the Muses sing. But grief cleaves to names and persons, and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday." Neither of those writers has the "dry light;" both exaggerate, but in different directions. The one dwells on the dark side of things, he is like a man bearing a heavy burden, and his heart seems at times to grow sick with reactionary doubts till the starry firmament itself is a sad sight in his eyes. The other is blown upon by the fresh breezes of the New World, his vision ranges freely over her clear horizons, and he leaps up elastic under her light atmosphere, exclaiming, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." Carlyle is a Germanized Scotsman, living near the roar of our great metropolis, with memories of Weimar on the one hand, of the bleak gray hills of the Covenanters on the other. Emerson is a Grecized American, studying Swedenborg and the Phædo in his garden, far enough from the din of cities to enable him, "in seasons of calm weather," to forget their existence. "Boston, London, are as fugitive as any whiff of smoke, so is society, so is the world." In the chapter of *Sartor Resartus*, entitled "Natural Supernaturalism," we have the same feeling of the dream-like character of the universe regarded as a series of dissolving views, but this mood of mind, which is transient in the one writer, prevails with the other. In most practical matters the one is strong where the other is weak. Mr. Emerson seems to have bought his experience cheaply. "*Totus, teres atque rotundus*," at second hand, he writes poorly of the passions, which he has never realized. His essay on Love is the description of a beautiful rainbow rather than of a mastering power. His own instincts are innocent, and we might have predicted that his rules of life would be misapplied, as they have been, by grosser natures. His "Threnody" and "Dirge" are indications of his having passed through the "valley of the shadow," but he has encountered no Apollyons, and assumes himself in the Celestial City without having crossed the dark river. His moral theories are less sound, and less applicable to real life than Carlyle's, in the same proportion and for the same reason that Shelley's were less applicable than Wordsworth's. Of the two, the latter alone recognizes the truth that underlies all the formula about human corruption, and acknowledging the necessity of a law of duty with definite sanctions, takes for his watchword the Christian self-sacrifice in place of the Pagan self-reliance.

The artistic qualifications of these writers are even more strongly contrasted. The charm of Mr. Emerson's style at its best lies in its precision and ease. He draws round outlines graceful and clear, but colorless. His temple is a modern Parthenon. Carlyle seems to struggle with huge masses of rock; his church, like a great part of his creed, is Gothic; his thoughts are often fragmentary, sometimes grotesque, but he never offends us by the complacency of the American epigrammatist, and he redeems his incompleteness by the humor with which he acknowledges it. More of a man at starting, his power of expression has increased with years, but his faith in other men has unfortunately diminished: after passing through the Everlasting No to the Everlasting Yea, he has completed the circle, and gone back to the "Iceland of negations." With all his profounder sympathies, he takes his stand as a retrograde politician, and, seeing only decay where his fellows are seeing progress, advocates a purely ideal and impracticable despotism. Mr. Emerson here shines by comparison. Whatever his faith in the Invisible may be he holds it without faltering. In condemning the hurry and noise of mobs, he keeps his temper, and, resting on Justice, never cries for vengeance. "Their politic at the best is trick," is his severe expression in a season of national folly, but wars and revolutions take nothing from his internal tranquillity; amid the strife of parties, to none of which he belongs, he preserves the "pure intellectual gleam," and pits Swedenborg and Montaigne against Prudhon and Louis Blanc, Hafiz and Shakespeare against Luther and Fox. With whatever loss of that consistency which he stigmatizes as the "hobgoblin of little minds," he balances his aristocratic reserve with strong democratic tendencies, and has confidence in progression by antagonism. His own career has been progressive in the direction of actual life. "Society and politics," says Mr. Lowell, "which are main elements to strength, have drawn Emerson steadily manward and outward." He dwells apart from factions, yet at every crisis of his country's history, he leaves his "intellectual throne," to say in fewest words the aptest and truest things, as the spokesman of a liberty at once ideal and practical.

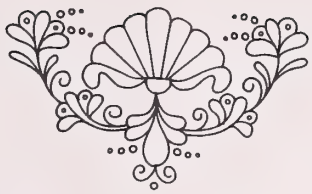
MR. EMERSON AS A CRITIC.

Mr. Emerson is singularly unequal as a critic. For penetration, subtlety, and conclusiveness, some of his estimates of men and things have never been surpassed. They are frequently most felicitous, at all times fresh and genuine, and expressed with a racy vigor, though, on some occasions, with an unpruned violence. On the other hand, this freshness is often purchased by a lack of knowledge. Hobbes confessed that he owed much of his originality to the restricted range of his reading. Emerson often owes his apparent force to the limitations of his thought. His eye is keen, but his scope is comparatively narrow, and his deficiencies of vision are the more injurious that they generally escape his own observation. Unconsciously infected by the haste which he condemns in his countrymen, he looks at other nations through the folding telescope of a tourist. His *English Traits* abound in trenchant epigrams, but though they pay an amply generous tribute to English greatness, they miss, in many important particulars, the salient point, both for good and evil, of English character. In one page we find him commending *The Times* newspaper for its reliability, independence, and consistency—an American verdict which the vicissitudes of the last six years must have done something to modify; in another he writes, "The torpidity on the side of religion of the vigorous English understanding shows how much wit and folly can agree in one brain. Their religion is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror." Mr. Emerson repeatedly gives his sanction to the strangest continental notions of our insular eccentricity. His representations of our leading thinkers, writers, and statesmen seldom rise above the level of Mr. Willis's *Pencilings by the Way*. His taste is constantly at fault; an incessant straining after *bon-mots* mars his judgment as much as it vitiates his style, and his love of directness, pushed to an extreme, leads him over the confines of fact, as well as the reservations of fashion, into reckless caricature. A dogmatist, in spite of the impulsive inconsistencies which ought to be fatal to dogmatism, his judgments of those whose lives and writings do not square with his theories are, for the most part, valueless, and when he does injustice to his adversaries, his tacit assumption that all wise men must agree with him only adds to the offense. When, for instance, he asserts that "Locke is as surely the influx of decomposition and prose as Bacon and the Platonists (!) of growth;" or declares that Mr. Wilkinson's prefaces to the translations of Swedenborg "throw all the cotemporary philosophy of England into the shade;" or says contemptuously of the sensational school, "'Tis of no importance what bats and oxen think;" or writes of his converse with Landor "He pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey?"—he shows either ignorance or flippancy. His praise of Bacon, with whose method he has no real sympathy, seems to prove that he has never understood the position of the founder of inductive science. His own motto is rather "*plus intra*" than "*plus ultra*," and his idea of truth is not so much the correspondence of thought with things, or a knowledge of their forms, as the agreement of the mind with itself. He utterly rejects the *Idola Theatri*, but not unfrequently falls a prey to all the others. He seldom ventures on verbal criticism: and in dealing with foreign languages he betrays the weakness of his scholarship. Though he is a professed Platonist, his essay on Plato is, in some respects, one of his poorest; he seems to have read him in Mr. Bohn's translations, which he pronounces "excellent." One qualification for a good critic is a well-defined artistic standard, another is the dramatic capacity of placing himself for the time in the position of the person who is being criticised. Mr. Emerson has neither of these. In reviewing an author he seems to skim his works, and ask how far the results arrived at coincide with a preconceived idea. With the spirit of a fearless inquirer, he unfortunately blends so much presumption as to feel an absolute indifference regarding the opinions of others, and this in excess constitutes a moral as well as an artistic defect. Thought is free, and the expression of it ought to be so, but, when our thought wanders very far from that of the majority of the wise and good, we are bound to watch it with more than ordinary care, to sift its conclusions, and at least to state them moderately. Mr. Emerson's thought does wander far, and it runs fast; he does not know what moderation in expression means, and his almost childish love of contradiction, perpetually, and often justly, provokes offense. In dealing with subjects, and in handling names commonly regarded as sacred, he delights in parading his independence, and, instead of endeavoring to conciliate, he rides roughshod over the most cherished convictions of his fellow-men, or waives them aside with a complacent smile, and a sort of divine impudence. Every claim of authority he receives as a challenge to his personal rights, and immediately decides to "believe the contrary." He never seems to have read the inscription on the third gate of Buzerane: "Be not too bold;" he stabs the bull Apis, in utter disregard of the historian's warning. His impatient *anticipationes naturæ* detract from his trustworthiness in matters of detail, while by a similar carelessness, he repeats and contradicts himself with equal frequency. His soundest judgments relate to the men around him, of whom he is at once the panegyrist and the censor. All that is weak and foolish in their mode of life he condemns; all that is noblest and most hopeful he applauds.

HIS GENERAL POSITION.

Mr. Emerson has left his mark on the century; to use a favorite phrase of his own, "he cannot be skipped." Even where his results are least satisfactory, his intense suggestiveness is the cause of thought in others; and as one of the "genetic powers" of modern literature, his fertilizing influence will survive his inconclusive speculations. His faults are manifest; a petulant irreverence, frequent superficiality, a rash bravery, an inadequate solution of difficulties deeming itself adequate, are among the chief. But he is original, natural, attractive, and direct, limpid in phrase, and pure in fancy. His best eloquence flows as easily as a stream. In an era of excessive reticence and cautious hypocrisy he lives within a case of crystal, where there are no concealments. We never suspect him of withholding half of what he knows, or of formularising for our satisfaction a belief which he does not sincerely hold. He is transparently honest and honorable. His courage has no limits. Isolated by force of character, there is no weakness in his solitude. He leads us into a region where we escape at once from deserts and from noisy cities; for he rises above without depreciating ordinary philanthropy, and his philosophy at least endeavors to meet our daily wants. In every social and political controversy he throws his weight into the scale of justice, on the side of a rational and progressive liberty; and his lack of sympathy with merely personal emotions is recompensed by a veneration for the ideal of the race which recalls the beautiful sentiment of Malebranche, "When I touch a human hand I touch heaven." We admire his combination of comprehensiveness and concentration, of finesse and tenacity, of good sense and reverie, and cheerfulness of his skepticism, and the softness of his austerity. Mr. Emerson's is the highest secular form of the Protestant, as M. Comte's is the highest secular form of the Catholic faith. His religion of Nature at least teaches us to aspire to the noblest life, and assures us that every resisted temptation is a new source of strength. He has reanimated what is most enduring in Pagan, and borrowed, although it may be without due acknowledgment, a ray of inspiration from Christian ethics. His love of truth for its own sake is one of the rarest virtues in any age, and his idealism is a perpetual protest against the baser materialism of his own—a materialism in the long-run far more formidable to religion than any erroneous metaphysics. His practical precepts are all heroic; however his system may be misapplied, he is himself preserved, by the purity of his intuitions, from the worst dangers to which it is exposed. His exhortations, first, last, midst, and without end, to honor every truth by use, is the sum of all morality. His writings are bracing to the moral sense, a tonic to the will as well as to the understanding. "They recall the magnanimities of the Porch, the amenities of the Academy, and the fervor of the best Puritan models." No one can pass from their perusal to any meanness or sensuality. Mr. Emerson will never be very popular in England, where his defects and merits are alike generally uncongenial. He alarms our Philistinism by the aggressive independence and strong counter-currents of his thought, and repels our anti-Philistinism by his vehemence of expression. Our middle classes rally against him round the pillars of their Church and State. Of the refined minority, those who hesitate at heart between the liberal creed and Ultramontane sympathies turn scornfully from his samplers of excellence to the "Acta Sanctorum." Our apostles of culture, intensifying his moral, repudiate his artistic blemishes; they agree with him in theoretically despising plain facts and plain men, and, unlike him, they carry their theory into practice; but their views of style are hopelessly at variance. The later followers of Bentham

whom he has never fairly appreciated, recognise him only as an ill-informed adversary. Yet the time has come when well-educated Englishmen of all sex ought frankly to acknowledge the high qualities of a mind, on the whole the loftiest that the world of letters in New-England has hitherto produced. In memory of these qualities the thoughts of his countrymen will continue, with or without the sanction of foreigners, to revert, with respect and gratitude, to the old-fashioned village straggling through the meadows, where the Assabeth unites with the Musketaquid to creep toward the sea, famous as the first battlefield of the Revolutionary War, and as the birthplace of American Transcendentalism.



A BIT OF BRADLAUGH'S EXPERIENCE IN BOSTON. 1874

(Bradlaugh's correspondence with his paper, the National Reformer.)

Again for more than a week my wounded hand has played me false and my pen has been strange to my fingers, and even now I write with pain and difficulty. On Wednesday, December 31, I had my first interview with Ralph Waldo Emerson, at a reception given to him by Mrs. Sargent at her residence in Chestnut street. The rooms were filled by a company of probably the most chosen among New England's illustrious men and women, gathered to give greeting to the "Sage of Concord." Among the guests were Vice President Wilson, Dr. Buchanan, Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett Hale, Mr. Alger, Mr. Alcott, Dr. Bartol, Mr. C. P. Cranch, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Cheney and Virginia Vaughan. My hostess gratified me soon after my arrival by searching me out among the crowd with the welcome words:—"Mr. Emerson is specially inquiring for you." I soon found myself face to face with a kind, truthful looking man, reminding me somewhat, in his countenance, of the Late Robert Owen. After a few words of introductory converse I was assigned a chair, which had been specially preserved for me next to Mr. Emerson. The afternoon will always be memorable to me. Ralph Waldo Emerson commenced by quietly and unaffectedly reading, in a clear measured voice, his new poem on "The Tea Party Centennial." His manner was so gentle that he seemed only reading it to one person, and yet his voice was so distinct that it filled the room in its lowest tones. When Mr. Emerson ceased reading, a little to my surprise, and much to my delight I was called upon to speak. Twenty-six years before, when too poor to buy the book, I had copied out parts of the famous lecture on "Self-Reliance," and now I stood in the presence of the great preacher, at least an example of a self-reliant man. After my tribute of respectful and earnestly thankful words to Emerson as one of the world's teachers, I could not refrain from using the spirit of his lines to ground a comparison between the public opinion of Boston in 1773 and 1873. Mr. Emerson smiled an almost fatherly approbation of my very short speech; but what the *Traveller* terms my "kindly, courteous, but frank rebuke of the spirit of the age," called forth quite a lively debate, which was opened by Wendell Phillips, who was followed by Henry Wilson, the Vice President of the United States; by the Rev. Mr. Alger and Dr. Bartol, then by Mr. Alcott, and last, though by no means the least, by a notable woman, Julia Ward Howe. Mrs. Howe strongly recalled to me the cold, intellectual face of Archbishop Manning, but she manifested feeling as well at intellect in her brief address. Wendell Phillips spoke a second time, and to my immense delight, for it gave me a better opportunity of judging the greatest orator in New England. I fully expected that Mr. Emerson, who had listened with marked attention and evident interest to the conflicting statements, would give some opinion; but, as the oracle remained silent, I was obliged to be content with his pleasant, personal words of promise to seek me out for another meeting before my departure for England.

THE GLASGOW RECTORSHIP.

EXCITING CANVASS AMONG THE STUDENTS—COLORS AND SONGS OF THE RIVAL FACTIONS—MR. EMERSON BADLY ABUSED BY HIS OPPONENTS. 1874.

When a rector has to be elected to a Scotch university, the students prepare for exciting times. They organise themselves into clubs, wear caps and distinguishing colors, deliver stirring harangues, chant party songs, and for the time being suppress all traces of grave and studious behavior. From the reports in the Scotch papers of the recent rectorial contest in Glasgow, it is to be inferred the occasion was one of wonted interest and excitement, and although the electioneering quibs are declared to have been unusually poor and pointless, the fun was fast and furious in an old-time degree. The conservatives wore blue caps, and rallied under the standard of Disraeli; the liberals, or "Coal-Hole club," supported the claims of Mr. W. E. Forster and chapeaux of a red color, and the Independent club, who selected as their candidate Ralph Waldo Emerson, wore orange and black in their head-dress. The canvass began in earnest on the 3d instant, on which day the party leaders harangued the students within the bounds of the university and advocated the claims of the several candidates before crowded and noisy audiences. The conservative orator denounced Mr. Emerson as "a bad imitation of the heathen divinity Pan," and asked his hearers not to disturb that great satyr's meditations in the woods, but allow him to sit for the rest of his days in the forest primeval, piping on his rustic instrument. Another speaker of the same party thought Mr. Emerson "a sort of old man of the woods, bearing a close resemblance to the missing link," and as for Mr. Forster—"member of a defunct and discredited government?"—"he had no talents to abuse." The speech-making in the Independent club is reported to have been relatively moderate and dignified, albeit one orator took occasion "to say with sadness that both his liberal and conservative fellow-students were unscrupulous liars." All the eloquence the independent speakers could command was employed to hold Mr. Emerson up to the admiration of the world as a Plato, a Goethe, "a spiritual king and Over-Soul;" while Disraeli was handed down to posterity as "the last remnant of the genius of the Jews." The party chants, like the squibs, are said to have been below the average in this election, which a perusal of the productions in question makes to appear very likely. The conservatives printed their "Song of Victory" in blue ink, and sang it to the tune of "The March to Georgia." The last two verses will do for specimens:—

Down with the "savage" Ralph, boys,
And sour his "oversoul";
O, keep him in his woods, boys,
With 'possums to condole;
He ne'er shall be our Rector, while
Atlantic billows roll,
As we go marching to victory!
Chorus—Hurrah, etc.

Shout for Dizzy, true, boys,
And make the welkin ring;
Wave, wave your bonnets blue, boys,
As Dizzy in we bring,
And he a second time will rule:
We'll hail him as our King,
As we go marching to victory!
Chorus—Hurrah, etc.

The rallying song of Mr. Forster's friends, printed in blood-red characters, and entitled "The March of the Liberals," marched along in this lame and limping style:—

Pour out the Rhine wine—let it flow
For Forster's name and glory;
Till Forster thrash his willy foe,
Who's nothing but a turncoat Tory.
For with Forster we'll win, and we'll break their line,
And we'll drink his health in the good Rhine wine;
In a deep, deep draught, &c.

Pour out the Rhine wine till each hand
Hath a glass and plenty in it!
The toast shall be "Our Fatherland—
Snub Dizzy!—and let Forster win it!"
For an offering meet at a statesman's shrine
Is the Rector's name and our good Rhine wine;
Our deep, deep draught, &c.

Mr. Emerson's supporters published a paper called The University Independent, and sang their song—"The Song of the Emersonians"—to the air of "The Soldiers' Chorus" in "Faust." It ran as follows:—

Down! down with driveling "Dizzy!" down!
Honor the hero of true renown!
Sweetness and light and a freeman's right,
Emerson's name and Emerson's fame
With victory crown!
For that jubilant faith of his spirit bold
In the sweet Oversoul it is his to sing,
For that glory he shares with the sages old,
We will halt not nor swerve, but strain every nerve
To make him our king!

Chorus—Down down with driveling "Dizzy!"—down!
Honor the hero of true renown!
Sweetness and light and a freeman's right,
Emerson's name, and Emerson's fame
With victory crown!

Surely, O surely 'tis time to break
Our ancient shame for the great man's sake!
Blarney and Ben!—neither gods nor men
Could suffer again, could suffer again
Blarney and Ben!
Shall we a second time choose that Jew of the Jews
To appease the Powers and please some brainless Blues?
Shall we barter our rights to please the powers?
Shall we barter our rights, shall we barter our rights
For halls and towers?
Chorus—No! down, &c.

Barter our rights! with the great man there
Willing to honor the Rector's chair?
What wiser man since the world began?
What sweeter light has broken the night
Of the age's despair?
Are our souls to be sold for Government gold?
And our hunger appeased by stones and lime?
They that crave uncontrolled the stores to unfold
Of the soul of a sage and the bright old age
Of our hero sublime?
Chorus—No! down, &c.

O bid him come! the divine one, come
Amber o'er seas from his sylvan home!
Welcome the wisdom of world-old woods!
Welcome the voice of those sacred, remote,
Wild solitudes!
Bid the brotherhood bright of one blood to thrill
Both the nations, and make of them one heart and will!
Bring the year men may walk in the sole light and fear
Of the spirit of man, the divine long year,
The republican year!
Chorus—Down! down, &c.

Freedom where fettering custom binds,
Light where the passion of party blinds,
Sweetness where mutual hatreds flame,
Lo! we proclaim in Emerson's name
Glory for shame!
And the shame-faced may swear and tear their hair;
And when Emerson comes and his face they behold,
With their devils cast out, in their right minds, there
They will sit at the feet of the prophet and weep
For their sins manifold.
Chorus—Down! down, &c.

It is very noticeable from the tenor of the speeches, songs and squibs that Disraeli and Emerson were regarded as the true contestants, and when Mr. Forster withdrew his name his friends united with the independents in support of Mr. Emerson. The union of the two parties was too feeble, however, to defeat the tories, especially when a prime minister, with his power of government patronage, was their candidate, and the Emersonians were therefore defeated by a majority in all the four nations in which the students are classed. These nations are (1) Glottians, comprising students from the counties of Lanark and Renfrew; (2) Transforthana, including natives of the Scottish Highlands; (3) Loudonuana, comprising students from Edinburgh, the Lothians and foreign countries; and (4) Rothesiana, which includes students from Ayrshire, Galloway, England, Ireland and the British colonies. But there are few men living, if any at all, not natives of Britain who could have polled so many as 500 votes against 700 cast for Mr. Disraeli.

THE NOMINATION OF EMERSON.

The *University Independent*, edited by Glasgow students, improves the occasion to put forth the following pagan manifesto: 1874.

Emerson has consented to stand, and since it is much to be desired that his return should be as unanimous as was that of Carlyle at Edinburgh, we venture to anticipate an objection which we know may possibly exist in one or two minds—though only, we know, in one or two. "Emerson," some say, "is not at all orthodox." We are ready to admit it; nay, to go much farther, and say that he is extremely heterodox. But what of that? We are not to banish Plato, surely, because he is not orthodox; or excommunicate Spinoza from our university because he was a heretic; or write the name of Hume, the greatest philosophical thinker that Scotland has produced, in the Index Expurgatorius of Glasgow University because we cannot agree with his results. In fact, were we not allowed to feed our minds on any but orthodox fare, we much fear that there would be a sort of spiritual depopulation of our university. Begin with Homer. Dear me! quite at variance with all our standards. Or, let us ask, how did Lucretius—an absolute infidel, a declared materialist—ever make his way into the humanity class-room? Horace, too, *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*. We must make short work of a man who so contumaciously declines creed subscription. And so on, till we shudder to think with what classics we would be left. "The divine Blair," we suppose. Possibly excellent Thomas Boston's "Fourfold State." Perhaps, too, the "Shorter Catechism," for the sake of our metaphysics and morals, together with Dr. Watts, as a manual for our Professor of English Literature.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was nominated by the Independent club for the office of lord rector of Glasgow University, in opposition to Mr. Disraeli, has sent the following letter to Dr. J. Hutchison Stirling, the honorary president of the club:—

CONCORD, 5th January, 1875.

My Dear Dr. Stirling:—I cannot forgive myself for my tardiness in telling you how deeply I have felt your interest and care in my behalf at Glasgow....Yet I was, and am, deeply sensible of your heroic generosity in the care of my interest in the late election. I could never, from the first to the last act in the affair, bring myself to believe that the brave nomination of the independents would succeed, and could hardly trust the truth of the telegrams which at last brought me so dignified a result as 500 voters in our behalf. I count that vote as quite the fairest laurel that has ever fallen on me, and I cannot but feel deeply grateful to my young friends in the University, and to yourself, who have been their counsellor, and my too partial advocate. Of course such an approach to success gave me lively thoughts of what could have been attempted, and at least approached in meeting and dealing with the University, if my friends had succeeded; but I hope the stimulus they have given me will not be wholly lost. Probably I have never seen one of these 500 young men, and thus they show us that our recorded thoughts give the means of reaching those who think with us in other countries, and make closer alliances sometimes than life-long

neighborhood. To be sure the truth is hackneyed, but it never came to me in so palpable a form. It is easy to me to gather from your letters, and from those of Mr. Herkless, and from the printed papers, how generously you have espoused and aided my champions, and it only adds one more to the many deep debts which I owe to you. I never lose the hope that you will come to us at no distant day and be our king in philosophy.

With affectionate regards,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

Mr. J. Hutchinson Stirling, LL.D.

[*From the Springfield Republican.*]

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

There is a broad and hearty sympathy between the old country and the new world. Both nationalities have the same characteristics, and an Englishman coming to this country scarcely feels himself to be "a stranger in a strange land." Notwithstanding the long sweep of the Atlantic waves, England and America lie very near together, connected as they are by the unseen hand of the sub-marine cable. But the two countries are being welded together by mutual acts and services and benefits, which neither can do without. Robert Colyer, Drs. McCosh, Taylor and Hall, are a few of the men who have found a work and home in the United States. On the other hand, American literati and preachers find a hearty welcome and congenial employment on British soil. Mr. Motley is *almost* an Englishman, and but few Londoners know that the gifted M. D. Conway is a Yankee. The portrait of Artemus Ward occupies a place of honor in one of the leading literary clubs of London. Mark Twain is made much of on both sides of the Atlantic. And now we understand that the students of Glasgow university have asked Mr. Emerson to allow himself to be nominated as a canddiate for the lord rectorship—an office now held by Disraeli, the premier of Great Britain. We understand that Mr. Emerson has consented to stand for the election. This office has been filled by such men as the earl of Derby, Macaulay, Huxley, Carlyle and Stuart Mill. Therefore, it will be an honor to Mr. Emerson and a graceful compliment to his country, should the students of Glasgow university carry their point, and elect him lord rector. This would, of course, necessitate a voyage across the Atlantic, but Mr. Emerson would be quite at home in Scotland. It is now 40 years since he paid his first visit to England. The place to which he was most drawn was a bleak moorland farm in Dumfriesshire, at that time the residence of Carlyle. Mr. Emerson's description of Carlyle, as the philosopher looked at that time, is one of the most truthful we have ever seen.—Seventeen years later, these two men stood together, looking upon the Druidical remains at Stonehenge. What a strange meeting of extremes! The latest and most advanced thinkers of England and America reverently studying the oldest religious monument of Britain! Mr. Emerson has just completed his 70th year, and, if elected at Glasgow, it will be a strange coincidence that he and his friend Carlyle, both representative men of their respective nationalities, should obtain the same honor, at the same age, the latter, being 71, when elected lord rector at Edinburgh.

REV. HILARY BYGRAVE.

East Milton, Mass., April 21, 1874.

Springfield April 11, 1875

The Republican.

BOOKS, AUTHORS AND ART.

Some friends of Mr Emerson interested in the centennial celebration at Concord have persuaded him to permit the re-publication of his "Historical Address" delivered before his fellow-citizens of Concord 40 years ago (September 11, 1835), when the town celebrated its 200th anniversary of settlement. The pamphlet had long been out of print,—it contains an abstract of the town history, written before Lemuel Shattuck published his "History of Concord," which is also out of print. The old pamphlet was printed at Concord in 1835 by George F. Bemis,—it contains about 50 pages, of which seven or eight were given to Concord's share in the Revolution and three or four to Concord Fight! It is evident that Mr Bancroft had profited by it in writing his account of the 19th of April, and it will now be read with great interest in the new Boston edition. "It was one of the first of Mr Emerson's publications which have survived, being written about the same time with his "Nature," which, however, was published a year or two later. Mr Emerson's grandfather, a page from whose diary, describing the Concord fight, is printed with the address, lived but a year or so after the battle, dying in Vermont, where he was chaplain to one of the regiments sent against Canada. He was the first occupant of the Old Manse, and his son, Mr R. W. Emerson's father, was either born there or went there as a child. Rev William Emerson's widow married Dr Ripley, who succeeded him in his parish in 1778.

Commonwealth, April 22, 1875

A recent faller-in with Emerson reports some of his familiar discourse. He spoke of Carlyle, and confessed that when he first went to England he sought out Carlyle, who was then living at Craigenputtock, and, unknown and unannounced, presented himself, and was very favorably received. Emerson is very fond of Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell. He said, with some appearance of pleasure, if not pride, "We are all sons of ministers. James," as he called him, "has been of late writing such good poetry that his long silence can be excused. Holmes is so full that he can write at any time. Lowell broods over his subject for a time and then composes with great swiftness. He does not like to write to order, though desirous of employing the stimulus of great occasions. We asked him to read a poem at Concord on the 100th anniversary of the fight, but he said he could not. His wife a day or two before wrote to me, saying: 'I cannot speak for James, yet I think you may expect a poem from him on the nineteenth. He has been going about for some time in that peculiar way which is a promise of something;' and on the nineteenth Lowell was on the ground with his poem—and a grand one it was. Longfellow prepares his poems to be read on any great occasion, as a minister who lives near Boston prepares his sermons, nearly a year ahead. He wrote the poem read at Bowdoin College last summer early in the fall of the preceding year, and well it was that he did so, for the months intervening have been fruitless as far as literary labor is concerned, owing to physical prostration. He is, happily, better now."

N.Y. Herald. Mon. 25. 1875

The Modern Prophets and Poetics.

It is not our purpose to discuss the merits or even to catalogue the names of recent writers on religion who lay no claim to orthodoxy, although some of the most gifted of them, like Renan in France and Matthew Arnold in England, are attractive subjects of comment and criticism. We venture to tread upon this delicate ground at all only because one or two fresh publications in our own country bring it within the domain of journalism. It is not less the duty of the journalist to take note of the great movements of contemporary thought than of the wars, treaties, negotiations, parliamentary contests and political events of his time. The journalism of this age, in becoming more independent, has also become more various and comprehensive than the meagre gazettes and decaying party organs that satisfied the demands of a former period. That splendid passage of Cicero which declares, in the highest strain even of his eloquence, that all human interests are linked together and that nothing which concerned humanity was foreign to him, is destined to become the motto, in spirit, at least, of the journalism of the immediate future. Art and science and literature and ethics and religion are to become staple topics of discussion in the daily press, as well as politics and commerce, the only limitation being the sound rule of all true journalism that the discussions are to be founded on emerging events and to "catch the manners living as they rise." Impromptu discussions of such topics may sometimes be hasty and crude, but they will at least serve as an index to what is engaging the attention of the best minds of the period, and even when most faulty will be redeemed from contempt by evident interest in great questions and by setting an example of independence and candor in handling them. It is the business of a journal to be always on the very crest of the ever advancing waves of public thought, and it is entitled to indulgence for that liability to error which attends the earliest discussion of new questions.

We venture, with modesty, to touch upon the religious controversies of the period, because we have no right to keep our readers ignorant of their existence. The literary periodicals are full of them, and the writers on the sceptical side are among the most eminent men of letters of our time. The May-June number of the *International Review* has an article, the beginning of a series, by Froude, the historian, on "Science and Theology," and the May-June number of the *North American Review* has a far more attractive and interesting article on "The Sovereignty of Ethics," by Ralph Waldo Emerson,

the subtlest and most accomplished of our native sceptical or semi-sceptical writers. The only point of resemblance between these speculators on religious questions lies in the fact that they are both ex-clergymen, Froude having begun his career as a minister of the Church of England, and Emerson as a Unitarian minister in Boston. No two minds could be more unlike. Emerson is like a rich porcelain vase moulded of the finest clay into a form of exquisite elegance, while Froude is a good specimen, not without flaws, of more common crockery. Mr. Froude's recent article being only introductory we will not notice it further at present; but Mr. Emerson's article in the *North American Review* is so characteristic and unique that we may be pardoned for bestowing upon it some attention. Mr. Emerson's modes of thinking and exquisite literary execution are redolent of a refined spirituality which makes his productions pleasant and suggestive reading even for those who most widely differ from him. His productions are a splendid refutation of the charge that American literature has no originality, but consists of mere imitations of European models. Nothing could be more absurd than the suggestion which used to be made of a resemblance between Emerson and Carlyle. One might as well liken a conservatory of rarest flowers to a huge and gnarled oak wreathing its fantastic boughs. There is a delicate spiritual aroma in the writings of Emerson which is entirely wanting in the more rugged and masculine productions of Carlyle.

It is a juster criticism on Emerson that he lacks sequence and logical connection. As a mere statement this is true; as an accusation it only illustrates the intellectual narrowness of the critics. Mr. Emerson's mind is intuitive rather than logical; but the highest order of intellect is intuitive. The light which Shakespeare so often flashes upon the deepest secrets of the human heart is worth cartloads of the regular deductions of philosophers. The teaching of Christ (to recur to the highest of all models for awakening spiritual capacities) is never consecutive and logical, but the fruit of intuitive insight clothing itself in popular and figurative language. If Emerson is sometimes obscure or meaningless to those who are not habitually conversant with the deeper spiritual problems it is for the same reason that the celebrated "Maxims" of Rochefoucauld (which also have no logical connection) would be obscure or meaningless to readers who had not mixed largely with the world and qualified themselves by observation to appreciate the fineness and acuteness of his remarks. Mr. Emerson is intimately conversant with all moral systems and all forms of religion, ancient and modern, Oriental and Western, and has attempted to strip them all of their husks in the hope of finding nutriment in the kernel. Many of the things in his writings which seem emptiest to an average reader are full of deep significance for the initiated.

Although Mr. Emerson is now venerable by the weight of years his recent essay exposes no symptoms of intellectual decay. There is the same fineness of spiritual intuition, the same abundance of apt illustration, the same neat felicity of epigrammatic language which marked his earlier productions.

Mr. Emerson is no vulgar denier of accepted creeds, much less a scoffer at things which other men hold sacred. He is more inclined to lament than to exult over the decay of faith which ennobled the believing ages of the past. He perceives that the intellect of this age has outgrown the old formularies, and it seems to be his aim to afford what help he can toward saving the precious cargo if the decayed ship should be wrecked. His "sovereignty of ethics," if we understand him, means the irrepressible supremacy of the substance of religion over decaying creeds and perishing forms. His "sovereignty of ethics" is really the sovereignty of God, although he prefers to avoid this theological mode of expression. It must be considered that he is addressing the intellectual class of our time, which is profoundly sceptical, and that he fashions his arguments to their points of view.

The sovereignty of ethics is really the supremacy of God. What do we mean when we call God just or righteous or holy or benevolent? Simply that he possesses the attributes which make up the ethical character of the human soul. If justice or benevolence in the Deity be different from justice or benevolence as human qualities we are incapable of forming any conception of God at all. It is only through our moral nature that we can apprehend Him, and if justice in Him be different from justice in the human mind there is nothing to which the religious sentiment of mankind can anchor. The "sovereignty of ethics" is therefore the supremacy of those attributes which we ascribe to the Ruler of the Universe. If we can save and uphold human reverence for those qualities we have all that is fundamental and most precious in religion.

The Bible—with reverence be it spoken—is the mere scaffolding of religion. Do glorified saints or angels around the throne need a Bible? Not at all. They know by immediate perception all the divine truths requisite for their spiritual sustenance and growth. Is it not possible that man on earth may rise, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to a similar communion with the divine nature? The divine attributes are most clearly appreciated by those human souls who have grown most into their likeness, and this ethical perception is more satisfactory than any other species of evidence. What does it matter whether Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, or whether any other alleged miracle was really performed, to a soul which has grown into such a likeness to the divine attributes that it knows them by kindred sympathy? Imagine an archangel losing his conviction of the infinite power of the Godhead by an astronomical refutation of the miracle of Joshua! Men like Emerson and Matthew Arnold can do but little to save the essentials of religion from the wreck of creeds. The true prophets and apostles of the new era will be fervent, spiritual men like Wesley or George Fox or Ignatius Loyola, inspired by a burning zeal for the propagation of religion and so gifted to concentrate attention on its pith and essence that, under their teaching, its outworn garments and "Hebrew old clothes" will drop off without any perception of loss.

THE EMERSONS AT HOME.

N.Y. Herald — Aug 4. 1878.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal* writes of a recent visit to Concord, during which she hobnobbed with Alcott and Emerson, as follows:—

The former is as serene, Heavenly-minded and angel-like as ever, growing younger in spirit as the years advance. He is generally coveted to enjoy the familiar presence of great souls. We want to see how they look at home, to drink tea at their tea, to have their picture, see the room they wrote their books in, gather flowers to press from their yard and all that. So without further ceremony will those disposed accompany us on a visit to Mr. Emerson.

The invitation was for tea at half-past six, and we were received by Mr. and Mrs. Emerson at the appointed hour. Mr. Emerson has failed greatly in the last few years, which fact is much lamented by his friends.

When asked to take part in a conversation he spoke of failing memory, and remarked that he did not trust himself to discuss such themes. These indications, it is some consolation to think, were signs only of their mortal connection, and were not to be regretted in such a saintly soul. However, his name is a household word, and such as these that qualifying terms precede it. So we will go on with Mrs. Emerson.

She is tall, was plainly dressed in full skirt and basque of elegant black silk, without overskirt or other furbelows; has fair complexion, harmonious features, shining black eyes—not piercing, but luminous; a general spiritual expression pervading her face. Hair white as snow, with white muslin or tulle Quaker cap drawn tightly over it, the head piece extending for strings at the sides; these caught together at the throat with a bow of sky blue ribbon constituted the only ornament. No border, bit of lace or scrap of flower on cap, or puff or curl or crimp in hair. She scarcely touches the floor when she walks—glides along and vanishes like a spirit as supposed to. This is the outside of the Emerson. No pen of mine could portray her other self—the one who controls this phenomenal appearance just described.

Miss Ellen Emerson, the only remaining daughter at home, is not literary predominently, though an intelligent and highly cultured lady, thoroughly practical, domestic and very churchy.

During this interesting episode Mrs. Emerson presided at the table, which was spread in a central position, dispensing tea for the company who were seated near the wall. One of the guests, when offered tempting viands by the person in the next seat, said she was not in need of bodily food; it was enough to be at Mr. Emerson's table and to be in this atmosphere of purity, intelligence and exquisite refinement, without taking sustenance for physical needs. This ceremony concluded, quiet having been restored and composure of mind obtained, the people were bestowed with reference to conversation.

One of the visitors who had an intimation that the talk was to be general on this occasion, and who so easily lapses into the service of Morpheus in extreme temperature, asked Mrs. Emerson if she was going to let them talk at a mark this hot evening? She replied in unmoved, measured, dignified, melodious words:—"It was my idea. That was the intention in assembling these friends, otherwise the conversation would degenerate into a buzz around the room." No appeal could be taken from her manner nor her words, and since this was so all yielded ready obedience to her mandate.

The subject of Evolution was then chosen and discussed.

We had a similar visit at Mr. Alcott's. In this case we were received and entertained by the inimitably charming and hospitable Miss Louisa Alcott, and served to our tea by her veritable "little men," now eleven and thirteen years of age respectively. I should not omit to mention the genial, sparkling, sunny-faced Mr. Sanborn among the high lights of this region, and to notify my friends to watch out for his forthcoming biography of the John Brown whose soul is marching on.

In the charmed circle we found Miss Elizabeth Peabody, formerly of Boston, lately of Concord, a name which has been associated in literary pursuits with one at least, if not both, of the great ones mentioned above. The interesting report of Mr. Alcott's famous Boston school is due to the inestimable Miss Peabody. She is a woman of great learning and power; is known more especially in connection with the introduction into this country of the Kindergarden system of education, and for which her enthusiasm literally knows no bounds. Her devotion to the training of children is the more remarked on account of the human probability of having "Miss" on her headstone.

Adv. Mail 1878 CONCORD.

A Lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson in the Concord Lyceum before his Friends and Neighbors.

The residents of Concord had the pleasure last evening of listening to their friend and neighbor

Ralph Waldo Emerson, who delivered the closing lecture in the lyceum course in that town. It has been his custom for years to speak in this course, giving his services free for its benefit; and when his extreme reluctance to address public audiences—which has of late grown upon him to such an extent that he has now retired almost absolutely from the platform—is considered, the value of the gift, judged thus by the sacrifice the giver made, was inestimable. It was thankfully received by a large and appreciative audience. Not only the *literati* of the town testified by their presence their profound regard for their venerable compeer, but the ordinary average attendants upon a country course of entertainments—for, after all, Concord has a population which is much like that of any other Massachusetts village—occupied their irregular seats and listened with the utmost respect and attention to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of the renowned sage. The lecture, the subject of which was "Memory," sparkled with bright gems of prose and poetry, and its charm was heightened by the quaintness of delivery. The beauty of its sentiment was mellowed by the ripe experience of its author, and the wisdom of the proverbs which were scattered thickly through it was the unmistakable impress of the mind that conceived them. Mr. Emerson seemed to speak with more vigor than the last few times he has given public utterance, and showed no signs of the weakness of age. He was loudly applauded, both before and after the lecture, but while he was speaking the most intense silence prevailed. In respect to his expressed wish no report of the lecture is published.

Advertiser May 25th 1879

THE OLD SOUTH.

Emerson's Essay on "Memory," for the Benefit of the Fund—A Large Audience, and a Handsome Sum Raised.

Ralph Waldo Emerson read his essay on "Memory" at the Woman's club rooms, No. 4 Park street, yesterday afternoon. The audience, which filled the spacious parlors to their utmost capacity, was composed mostly of ladies. Mr. Emerson spoke of memory as the cement which held the events of the past together, as gravity held matter in its place. It was a chest filled with property at interest. It was not a pocket, but a living instructor. There was no book like it, furnished as it is with an index arranged by names, and persons, and colors, and dates. It was like a looking-glass carried through the world, retaining on its clear plate every image which passed, and the plate was iodized so that every image sunk into it and was held there. And in addition to this property it had one more—namely, that of all the million images that were imprinted, the very one that was wanted reappeared in the centre of the plate on the moment that it was wanted. "We can tell much about it," he said, "but you must not ask us what it is. On seeing a face I am aware that I have seen it before or that I have not seen it before. On hearing a fact told I am aware that I know it already. You say the first words of an old song and I finish the line and the stanza, but where they were or what became of them, certainly I am not thinking of them for months and years, that they should lie so still as though they did not exist, but yet so nigh that they come on the instant when they are called for. Never any man was so sharp-sighted or could turn himself inside out quite enough to find memory had a personality of its own; sometimes it refused to do our bidding and seemed to have a will of its own. It had the art of sifting out the pain and holding the joy. We remembered the things we loved and those which we hated. The memory of all men was robust on the subject of a debt to them or as wrong inflicted on them. They could remember, as Johnson said, who kicked them last. Men remembered best what they understood, and understood best what they liked. The closing thought of the lecture was that there was an endless increase in the power of memory, and since the universe opened to the mind, the memory must be as large as the universe.

The proceeds of the lecture will be added to the Old South fund and expended in part or entire in painting the building.

Herald May 24 1879

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURE.

The Sage of Concord on "Memory"—A Notable Gathering in the Women's Club Room.

The attempt to gather those who desire to see Ralph Waldo Emerson in his old age, and to hear again his familiar voice on the lecture platform, was highly successful at the Women's club room, No. 4 Park street, yesterday afternoon. Mr. Emerson is now unequal to the effort to speak to a large audience. His form is still erect; his piercing eye is as keen as ever; his smile has lost none of its ineffable sweetness; but, still, it is evident that old age is coming upon him rapidly. He read his lecture at a small desk, in a sitting posture, his faithful daughter guiding and prompting him whenever he lost his place, with his audience, of some two hundred persons, so thoroughly touched with emotion by his infirmities that they did not mind what they lost, provided, only, they could look into his serene face and watch its varying expression. It was an event in one's life to be present in those parlors and look upon one who has done so much for American thought and life; and the young persons present evidently regarded the occasion in that light. Mr. Emerson begged that no report of his lecture, which was on "Memory," should be made. He need not have done this, for at times he spoke so indistinctly that few could hear him; and then again there was the freedom of his old manner and his earliest enthusiasm. But he must pardon the reporter for taking a sentence here and there from a lecture which must be given entire if it is to be properly enjoyed. Memory, said he, is the prime faculty of the mind, without which the others cannot work. It gives solidity to knowledge. All facts in the chart of memory are property at interest. The past will not sleep. Memory is acutely and creatively alive. It does not lie, cannot be corrupted. Memory, in the sense of conscience, is the police of the universe. It is not a pocket, but a living instructor. It is a Scripture, written day by day from the birth of man. It is provided with perfect apparatus for its work. No book is like it or could be more perfect. It is called by the schoolmen of the middle ages the evening as distinguished from the morning knowledge. People are often reproached for living in the memory. It plays a great part in settling the intellectual rank of men. Sometimes it has a personality of its own. It has the bull-dog bite; you have to cut off the head to loosen the teeth. Defective memory is not always due to want of genius. It is often due to excellence of genius. Some men can think one moment as well as another. If they don't remember the mood, they can invent one. Sir Isaac Newton could not remember about his own discoveries, but, if questioned, could give the reasons for them on the spot. We live later in life by memory. The minds of most men are nothing but a pocket diary, but some minds hold science, others thought, others the history of the world. When I talk with the genealogist I seem to sit with a corpse. The memory of what has turned out badly is always strong; as Johnson says, I never forget the man that kicked me last. Mr. Emerson quoted numerous instances of men who had marvellous memories for names and details of things. In the higher life, each man's memory is in the line of his action. We like longevity, and we like a great memory, but what we wish to keep we must once thoroughly possess. We forget rapidly what should be forgotten. The best security of memory is to understand the subject of thought. Memory is made up of older memories, and there was something existing older than the oldest memories.

When the lecture was over, the audience, which filled every available seat or standing place in the rooms, slowly dispersed. Many remained to greet Mr. Emerson as an old friend, others to be introduced to him, and others lingered simply to take a last look of the old gentleman in the waning sunlight. Mr. Emerson thoroughly deserves the title of one of the benefactors of the Old South. No one has done more in special ways for its purchase fund.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, as he appeared during the delivery of a recent lecture at the Old South Church, Boston, is sketched as a man of tall, slender figure, now a little bent with years, his gray hair straggling over a crown partially bald, his features more sharply cut than ever, his manner as coy and bashful as that of a maiden entering society for the first time, his eyes as sharp on his audience as ever, and hardly dimmed. His voice is now so broken, it is said, that he cannot be heard with distinctness by more than 200 people. It was pleasant to hear his daughter, sitting by Mr. Alcott's side, occasionally prompt her father to speak louder, and to feel the sympathy of the great audience with her efforts.

BOSTON HERALD

May 24. 1879

AT the advanced age of the Concord sage, it is hardly possible that he can appear in public again, though there are thousands who would be glad to look into his serene and intellectual face if they could not hear a word he said. This gives emphasis to the few occasions when he consents to serve some public interest, as he did yesterday afternoon, by reading a lecture or a poem in public. The feeling toward him is peculiar and notable. With many it is an admiration that amounts to homage; with all it is a sincere feeling of interest and respect. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Emerson is our most noted writer in Europe, and that almost no one is before him in this country. Men who agree with him, and men who read his writings as they do poems, seem equally interested in the productions of his genius. He touches no subject which he does not freshen. This was apparent yesterday. Few sights could be more touching than to see his daughter, a middle-aged woman, at her father's side, prompting him when he lost his place and feeling, evidently, a conscious joy that she was helping others to understand what he had to say. It was impossible to conceal the fact that the daughter was glad to be the witness of the honor paid to her father, and the educated American is yet to be found who does not appreciate and value what this great living author and poet has said. The occasion yesterday was as unique in its defects as in the noble and striking utterances of the lecturer. It cannot be that he will appear in public many times more, and to most present the memory of what he had been to them—how he had helped them—was almost more in their thought than the living words they heard from his lips. And this interest in our great national teachers, our men of genius, is healthful in the highest degree. Mr. Emerson did more for those who were yesterday privileged to listen to him than simply lecture. All that he has been in life was concentrated in the man that spoke, and he unconsciously impressed those who heard him with his own unique genius and personality. It must be the wish of all that his decline may be as gentle as possible. It is hard to think him old. It is not possible to think of him as other than one of the ethical teachers who have done very much to create the atmosphere of the new day in which men live.

Springfield W. Republican June 11 1880

When Ralph Waldo Emerson was reading his essay on the future of America, in a small and select audience a while ago, his eyesight slipped so that he said "The country." But there his faithful daughter Ellen interrupted him. "Father," she said, "it is *this* country." Mr Emerson's face radiated a smile as he replied, "Well, *this* country is *the* country." Perhaps the philosopher never said anything more pregnant with hope than that, for it embodies what we all want to think about the republic. Is it not *the* country,—the hope of the world, whose existence works now as a leaven in the despotisms and grinding empires of the elder civilizations? Europe has always taken a wrong view of America as a new world; it is not, but the old world transmogrified working out its germs of centuries' growth where they are free of the choking thorns of outgrown social conditions. We are not new, or young, but the youth and manhood of the people, without hampering of kings and nobles, primogenitures and serfdoms, and altogether in the advance. We go to no school for publicism, nor should we any more subordinate our social dignities. These too are our own, let us dare a true order of society.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Concord Sage Appears for the One Hundredth Time Before the Concord Lyceum—Reminiscences of an Era of Reform.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture last evening in the regular course of the Concord Lyceum. The event was a notable one in many respects, and peculiarly so in that the lecture was the one hundredth that during his long literary career Mr. Emerson has read before this lyceum of his own town. The customary request was

made at the opening, that if any reporters were present they would make no report. What here follows must not be regarded as a non-compliance with the request; it presents no more, if so much, of the lecture as any receptive and retentive hearer may today convey orally from house to house for the delectation of his or her appreciative friends who were unavoidably detained at home. Not many of this appreciative number permitted themselves, however, to be thus detained. The spacious town hall was quite full, though there was no uncomfortable crowding. The Boston trains, especially that of the Lowell road, brought up a very considerable number. The occasion passed off very successfully, for the lecturer appeared in excellent voice and vigor for one whose years count up to seventy and seven, and his eyesight proved also equal to the task, for in only one word did his reading vary from the manuscript so far as to obscure the sense, and this was promptly rectified upon the suggestion of his daughter, who sat near the platform.

Mr. Emerson announced the subject to be "Historical Notes of Life and Literature in Massachusetts." He said that there are always two parties—the party of the past and that of the future, or that of the establishment and that of movement. It is not easy to date the eras of activity which from time to time are manifest with anything like precision, but the period beginning about the year 1820, and ending twenty years later, is to be regarded as such an one. It may be characterized as a war between institutions and nature, and which caused a split in every church, as of Calvinists into old and new schools, and Quakers into old and new schools and new divisions upon questions of politics, temperance and slavery. The general mind had become aware of itself. Men grew conscious and intellectual. The swart earth spirit which had made the strength of past ages was all gone, and another hour had struck. In literature there appeared a decided tendency to criticism, and young men seemed to have been born with knives in their brains. The popular religion of our fathers received many shocks during this time, but much is to be attributed to the slow but extraordinary influence of Swedenborg, a man of prodigious mind, tainted, as I think, with a certain suspicion of insanity, but exerting a powerful effect upon an influential class. As among the more immediate causes of this intellectual and reformatory activity to which he had referred the lecturer named the impression made upon the young men gathered at Cambridge by Edward Everett, who had just returned from Europe after a five years' residence there, and who presented with natural grace and splendid rhetoric some of the phases of contemporary German philosophy and literature. Dr. Frothingham and Professor Norton also contributed in making familiar the latest results of German thought.

But more potent than any of these influences, as a paramount source of the religious revolution of the period, was modern science, especially the science of astronomy. It came to be apprehended that as the earth is not the centre of the universe so it is not the special scene or stage on which the drama of Divine justice is played before the assembled angels of heaven, the planet being but a speck in the created universe, too minute to be seen at the distance of many of the fixed stars which are plainly visible to us. These new perceptions required of men an extension and uplifting of their views as to the dealings of the Creator, and they received a confirmation in the then new science of geology. The writings of Dr. Channing, especially his papers on Milton and Napoleon, the first specimens in this country of that large criticism which had given power to the Edinburg Review, were among the sources of this new intellectual activity. Channing, said the lecturer, was regarded as the star of the American church while he lived, and we thought then, if we do not think now, that he had no peer. His sermons and addresses are printed, but the eye and the voice could not be printed; his discourses lose their best in losing him. Reference was made to the beginnings of coöperation among the new order of thinkers, and it was stated that nobody knew who gave or when was first applied to these the name of "Transcendentalists." The organ of this new order of thinkers, the "Dial," was mentioned, and quite a full statement was made respecting the Brook Farm experiment, with incidental comment on the theories of Owen, Fourier and other socialistic reformers. Much of this comment was evidently designed to be amusing, and called forth the laughter of the audience. Two specimens must here suffice. The married women, he said, uniformly disliked the Brook Farm way of life. It had too much of the hotel about it. A common school might do very well, but a common nursery was not to be tolerated. It might be admitted that the incubator has its advantages, but the hen on her own account must prefer the old way. Amid these scenes of "attractive labor," he said, the country members were astonished to see that one man of the association ploughed all day, and that one looked out of the window all day, and perhaps drew the first man's picture as he appeared when ploughing; but both got the same wages at the end of the day. He thought that Brook Farm had not proved wholly a failure, but that many practical lessons had come from the experiment, and that America of today is no longer eccentric or rude in its strength, but begins to show traces of a continuous and steady growth whose proportions shall befit the spaces of the continent.

THE LYCEUM PLATFORM.

Feb. 1880

Ralph Waldo Emerson at Concord.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture last evening in the regular course of the Concord Lyceum. The event was a notable one in many respects, and peculiarly so in that the lecture was the one hundredth that during his long literary career Mr. Emerson has read before this lyceum of his own town.

Mr. Emerson announced the subject to be "Historical Notes of Life and Literature in Massachusetts." He said that there are always two parties—the party of the past and that of the future, or that of the establishment and that of movement. It is not easy to date the eras of activity which from time to time are manifest with anything like precision, but the period beginning about the year 1820, and ending twenty years later, is to be regarded as such an one. It may be characterized as a war between institutions and nature, and which caused a split in every church, as of Calvinists into old and new schools, and Quakers into old and new schools and new divisions upon questions of politics, temperance and slavery.

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EMERSON AND JOSEPH COOK.

Boston Post. Feb. 26. 1880

The following letter from a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson is an answer to a letter written to the Concord Philosopher:

CONCORD, Feb. 17.

DEAR SIR: Some weeks ago my father received a letter from you, inquiring if a statement made to you by a friend in Boston with regard to him, was true. The statement was that under the influence of Rev. Mr. Joseph Cook he had changed his religious beliefs and accepted the doctrines of the orthodox Congregationalists. My father receives many letters, but now very seldom writes one. More than once before letters have been received by him from persons in the West, asking almost the same question that you ask, one gentleman stating that at Minneapolis Rev. Joseph Cook had stated in a public lecture that Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott had publicly renounced their early religious beliefs, accepted Jesus as their Savior, the Bible as divine, and joined the orthodox church. Paragraphs have lately appeared in the newspapers stating essentially the same thing. Therefore it seems to me fair that persons who have been, perhaps, led out of the old paths by Mr. Emerson's teachings, and are now told that he has admitted that he went astray, and has returned to even a stricter fold than that from which he went forth, should know the truth. I therefore asked and received leave from my father to answer your note. The statement is in every respect incorrect. Mr. Emerson is acquainted with Rev. Mr. Cook, who has called upon him when he has exchanged with the orthodox clergyman of Concord, and by invitation of the latter gentleman, Mr. Emerson went on one or two occasions, several years since, to hear Mr. Cook preach in this town. Except on these occasions, Mr. Emerson has never had any relations with Mr. Cook. He never reads his lectures. He has not joined any church, nor has he retracted any views expressed in his writings after his withdrawal from the ministry. His last words given to the public on matters of morals and religion, may be found in his paper in the North American Review for June, 1878, on "The Sovereignty of Ethics," and in his lecture entitled "The Preacher," delivered to the divinity students at Harvard University less than a year ago, and now printed in the Unitarian Review for January, 1880. Mr. Emerson's friends and readers can judge for themselves whether these papers confirm the truth of the tale that is going about, as to his conversion to orthodoxy. Truly yours,

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON.

It is understood that Mr. J. Eliot Cabot, who has been for some years Ralph Waldo Emerson's confidential literary adviser, will be intrusted with his unpublished papers, and will have authority to write his life.

In an article on "The Increasing Taste for Intellectual Straining," *The Spectator* says of Dr. Emerson: "There are many who believe that Ralph Waldo Emerson is the greatest of living sages. And certainly his career has been calm and sedate enough and there is real penetration in his glance. But, though he has never thrown much of emotional excitement into his teaching, his philosophy means nothing if it does not mean that you get a truer view of life by standing on intellectual tiptoe and straining at a universal truth that is not quite within your reach than you do by humbly putting together what you may really be said to understand. There is no greater contrast between intellectual men than there is between the sedate calm of Emerson and the transcendental exultation or anguish of Victor Hugo."

THE MOTHER OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—Fifty years ago, the Reverend William Emerson, minister of the First Church in Boston, was a prominent man in the religious instruction and the literary enterprises of the town. He was of an active spirit, bent upon doing something considerable in his place and time. But his time was appointed to be short. In the midst of his plans and honourable labours, he died in 1811, at the age of forty-two, leaving in widowhood the excellent lady who has now followed him, at a little more than double that number of years. She was born in Boston, November 9th, 1768, the daughter of Mr. John Haskins, and died in Concord, her husband's birthplace, aged eighty-five years and one week. Mr. Emerson's death left her with the care of six children, five of them sons, of whom the oldest was yet at school. In that year of her bereavement, such a heavy, responsible and precarious charge seemed to the eyes of many persons to cast upon her an increased burden of trial. But she showed herself equal to those anxious circumstances. She knew how to exercise a prudent forethought, economy and self denial; and her position and personal worth raised around her many friends. Four of her five sons she carried through Harvard College, where they all distinguished themselves. They were the joy and pride of her widowed life. They were more than her jewels. They were evidences to the world of her motherly wisdom and faithfulness. Of these, Edward Bliss and Charles Chauncey not only carried away the first honours of the University, but attracted public admiration as very few such young leaders do. They both gave the highest pro-

mise of eminence, and both died young, two years apart from each other. The eyes of the writer fill, as he remembers their faces. It might not seem delicate in us to speak of the other two; and we will add but a word. The elder is a counsellor at New-York, and has been a judge—beloved wherever he is known, and universally confided in. The other has the least of his praises in his fame. We should not know where to find a nobler and gentler spirit. The family was not broken up till 1826. Mrs. Emerson then accepted the pressing invitation of the venerable Doctor Ripley, of Concord, to make his house her home, thus supplying the place of his deceased daughter, who was her husband's half-sister. In 1835, a new home, and her last earthly one, was found in the family of her son, with whom, indeed, she had resided for several years before, though not in the same dwelling. "Never was person more blessed in natural temper," says one who knew, "more calm, amiable, self-respecting, self-helping." She was a woman of great patience and fortitude, of the serenest trust in God, of a discerning spirit, and a most courteous bearing; one who knew how to guide the affairs of her own house, as long as she was responsible for that, with the sweetest authority; and who knew how to give the least trouble and the greatest happiness, after that authority was resigned. Both her mind and her character were of a superior order, and they set their stamp upon manners of peculiar softness and natural grace and quiet dignity. Her sensible and kindly speech was always as good as instruction; her smile, though it was ever ready, was a reward. Her dark, liquid eyes, from which old age could not take away the expression, will be among the remembrances of all on whom they ever rested. Her Christian faith, and all the dispositions which it nourishes, were her support to the end of her life. Her death was hastened at last by a calamity that often befalls the aged, the fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone—a part which is apt to become thin and brittle with time. This sad accident confined her long to her bed, and gave large room for the exercise of her meekness and constancy.—*Christian Exam.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

PROFESSOR GILMORE'S FINAL LECTURE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

At the Free Academy Last Evening—Emerson's Early Life—Prepared for the Unitarian Ministry—The Obscurity of his Style, his Skeptical Tendencies and Personal Character—Not a Philosopher; but a Poet, Perhaps "the" American Poet.

Rochester Democrat Feb. 15, 1880.

The last of Professor J. H. Gilmore's lectures on English literature was delivered at the Free academy last evening, before the largest audience gathered at any of the lectures during the course. The address was substantially as follows:

Ralph Waldo Emerson—the son of a Unitarian clergyman of some local reputation—was born at Boston, Mass., in 1803, and graduated at Harvard college in 1821. A writer in the Literary World says:

"In college Mr. Emerson did not distinguish himself as a scholar. He indulged his fondness for literature at the expense of lessons. There were fifty-nine in Mr. Emerson's class, and commencement parts were given to twenty-seven of them. Emerson stood high enough to have a share in a conference—a part usually given to the duller men; and accordingly, he and two others conferred 'On the character of John Knox, William Penn, and John Wesley.'"

For a short time after graduation he taught school with an elder brother in Boston, but eventually studied theology and became pastor of a Unitarian church in the same city. His sermons, we are told, were noted for their plainness and simplicity; but, owing to his speculative tendencies, he soon resigned his charge and retired to Concord, Mass., where he has ever since resided; though he has made frequent lecturing tours in this country and even in Europe.

The poem which Mr. Emerson wrote on returning to Concord "Good bye! proud world, I'm going home," is thoroughly characteristic of the man.

Mr. Emerson's first introduction to the literary world was in 1837, when he delivered a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard on "Man Thinking." In the following year he delivered an address before the Harvard Divinity school on "Literary ethics." Both these productions won for him deserved reputation. In 1840, Mr. Emerson began the publication of The Dial, a magazine designed to expound and advocate the "transcendental philosophy," which then prevailed in New England. Margaret Fuller (afterwards the Countess Ossoli) and A. Bronson Alcott were among Mr. Emerson's principal associates in this undertaking, which was continued throughout four years. The Dial (complete sets of which are now very rare and very costly) is well worth careful study, as illustrating a period of ferment and change in New England throught.

In 1841, Mr. Emerson published his first volume of essays, which has been succeeded by several other volumes (among the most important of which we may mention English Traits, Representative men, and Society and Solitude—which are all worth owning and reading.

It has been objected to Mr. Emerson's prose style that it is obscure and incomprehensible—an allegation which is not without foundation in fact. Mr. Emerson, however, unlike Carlyle, of whom he has been unjustly regarded as a senile imitator—is writing clearer and more comprehensibly with every volume. His "Society and Solitude" certainly embodies vigorous, just and sensible thought in language which ought to be comprehensible to a person of average culture.

Mr. Emerson's sceptical tendencies have been frequently urged in objection to his writings. He is by nature and training a skeptic—a question. In that capacity he renders what service he may to humanity—propounding, with subtle insight, problems which are likely to be solved by other men than he. But there is nothing mean or malignant in his scepticism. He is an earnest inquirer for truth; and, however mistaken we may conceive his views of truth to be, he accepts them with judicial impartiality and indifference. "My wife," said he to me, "is an old-fashioned religionist:" and immediately added: "I beg your pardon, you know what I mean." I understood him to mean, that his wife and myself might be what we choose so that we granted him the same privilege.

In his private life, Mr. Emerson is utterly irreprochable; and, despite his studious habits, is one of the most genial and courteous of men. I was introduced to him, on a stormy evening a few years since, by his own fire-side, as a professor in the university of Rochester. "I sat by its cradle," he said, "I am very sure I shall not follow its hearse;" and then he inquired, by name, for Dr. Kendrick, whom he had met only once, and that twenty years before. Such complaisance towards one of our "fresh-water colleges" was, of course, irresistable, and hours were spent in a free interchange of thought and feeling. In conversation, Emerson is ready, suggestive, frank. He never degenerates into monologue like A. Bronson Alcott, who has managed, by dint of persistent self-assertion, to monopolise the title of "The Concord Philosopher."

The thing that most impressed me about Emerson was his kindliness and geniality. I did not *learn* much during the evening I spent with him, but I *enjoyed* a great deal. I shall never forget the enthusiasm—the glow of personal pride in a friend's success—with which he read to me Holmes's lines to George Peabody, which had just been published, but which I had never seen.

The broadness of Emerson's sympathies, exemplified in his "Parnassus," which is simply his poetic common-place book. His appreciation of our most objective poet (Chaucer) and our most religious poet (Herbert) was a revelation to me.

Emerson is commonly regarded as a philosopher; but he seems to me rather a poet. He has given to the world no system of opinions. He is characterised by acuteness rather than strength of intellect. He is more disposed and better fitted to follow out a single idea to its last result—to conclusions which common minds would not anticipate—than to grasp and co-ordinate many ideas, and wring from their comparison absolute truth. Hence I pronounce Emerson a poet rather than a philosopher. Hawthorne, who knew Emerson thoroughly, puts a similar estimate upon him. He says, "I admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher." Nay, Mr. Emerson is reported to have said recently, in a sad, almost complaining tone, "It is settled that I cannot write poetry," as if he regarded poetry as his special vocation.

There are some, however, who would pronounce Emerson *the* American poet; and from their conclusion I should dissent with diffidence, if at all.

In Emerson's poems his entire philosophy may be found in a condensed form. For the results of Emerson's observation, one may like to read his "English Traits;" to get the residuum of his reading, one may run over his "Representative Men" or his "Society and Solitude;" but Emerson's pure thinking is as satisfactorily embodied in the blue and gold volume of his poems as in his voluminous prose works.

According to Lowell, to be a poet is "to make beautiful conceptions mortal by exquisiteness of phrase." That is, there is essential to poetry:

First—A poetic thought.

Second—Poetic diction—by which we do not mean rhyme or metre, but simply language as far exalted above the language of ordinary discourse as the thought which it embodied is exalted above ordinary thought.

Now of these two elements of poetry the first, and by far the most important, (*i. e.* poetic thought) Emerson exemplifies in an unusual degree. The leading thoughts in his philosophical system (if he may be said to have a system) are:

First—That God is in all things and all are things in God.

Second—That each created existence is essential to every other created existence.

Third—That nothing which has once existed ever ceases to exist. It may suffer essential transmutation; but it lives on forever.

To illustrate these points the professor read and explained one of Emerson's most celebrated poems "Each and All." Now these ideas, whether true or not (that is not the question just now) are essentially poetic. They always have appealed, and they always will appeal, to the heart of man; for man must always desire to identify himself with God, man must always feel a latent sympathy with every living thing, man must always aspire to enter, as a permanent factor, into the sum of existence. It is because Frederick W. Robertson's sermons embody these ideas that they have that subtle charm for those even who dissent from his theological opinions. It is because Mr. Emerson's poetry embodies them that I regard it as pregnant with poetic thought.

Unfortunately, the second element in true poetry—poetic diction—Mr. Emerson, in his earlier poems at least, certainly lacks. They

are too frequently rude, harsh and unmetrical, and seldom attain even to the average style of our second-rate poets. Mr. Emerson seems, indeed, in his earlier compositions, to have utterly despised expression and to have given his attention wholly to thought. But, as he is writing himself clearer and less Carlylish in prose, so he is writing himself smoother and less Walt-Whitmanish in poetry. Emerson was always terse and strong. That he can be elegant and graceful is illustrated by "The Exile," from the Persian of Kermani. Still, his poetry is, to many minds, mysterious and incomprehensible; and there are certainly passages which justify this impression, for instance, "Brahma." Yet even here there is a meaning, if we bear in mind that "Brahma" is, in the Hindu mythology, that creative energy which enters into every form of actual existence, and which, however transmuted, never ceases to maintain its identity. The professor gave a detailed explanation of this much-abused poem. Emerson is not always thus incomprehensible. He can be thoroughly Emersonian and yet lovely with the simplicity of children, as is seen by "A Fable."

The professor added one or two examples which—though not so simple, and hardly so Emersonian as this—were sufficiently comprehensible and characterised by rare felicity of diction—among them the opening stanza of "A Snow Storm," which is the theme of Whittier's "Snow Bound," a selection from "The Adirondacks," and "The Humble Bee."

The latter poem is not only exquisite in expression but characterised by a delicate play of fancy. Mr. Emerson's interpretations of nature are ordinarily subtler, however, and more pronounced than this. Specimens were given from his longest poem, "May Day," to illustrate at once his subtle insight into nature and his sympathy with her varying phases.

One selection the professor read was as follows:

"Not for a regiments' parade,
Nor evil laws or rulers made,
Blue Walden rolls its cannonade,
But for a lofty sign
Which the Zodiac threw,
That the bondage days are told,
And waters free as winds shall flow.
Lo! how all the tribes combine
To rout the flying foe.
See, every patriot oak-leaf throws
His elfin length upon the snows,
Not idle, since the leaf all day
Draws to the spot the solar ray,
Ere sunset quarrying inches down,
And half way to the mosses brown;
While the grass beneath the rime
Has hints of the propitious time
And upward pries and perforates
Though the cold slab a thousand gates,
Till green lances peering through
Bend happy in the melkin blue."

Note, in the extract just read how Mr. Emerson attains to rare scientific exactness of description without, in the slightest degree, sacrificing poetic feeling. Such illustrations could be almost indefinitely multiplied, were there time.

For example, he writes in his "Adirondacks:"

"In strict society,
Three conifers, white, pitch and Norway pine,
Five-leaved, three-leaved, and two-leaved, grew as thereby."

And again:

"Or harebell, nodding in the gorge of falls"

Which is just the place to find the harebell.

I am inclined to think Emerson unsurpassed in that Pre-Raphaelitism of modern poetry which substitutes minute and exact description of nature for that stock phraseology which Pope (and, to some extent, Thomson) affected.

But I have not yet touched the very heart of his sympathy with nature. I must read you something more Emersonian than this. Those of you who appreciate Lowell and Tennyson will understand me beyond a question. The professor here read "Rhodora" and "The Apology."

THE RHODORA.

"ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing
Then beauty is its own excuse for being;
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self same Power that brought me there brought you.

There is a vein of sadness in Emerson's poetry which naturally commends it to human sympathy—illustrated by "The Day's Ration" and "Terminus."

Despite all this, it must be conceded that Emerson is not, and probably never will be, a popular poet. His thought is too profound—his insight too subtle for the masses. A writer's hold upon the heart of the people may be estimated from his contributions to those phrases which have passed into common speech; and Emerson, so far as I know, has contributed, in this direction, but two lines. It is characteristic of Emerson, however, that one of these lines

"Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

occurs in what is, ordinarily, the most common-place of human productions—a dedicatory hymn.

The other occurs in what many regard as the best of his poems, "The Problem," and is as follows:

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And grained the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

In conclusion, the professor read the whole of this poem, which many persons regarded as Emerson's best.

THE PLATFORM.

Emerson's Present Attitude Toward Religion.

Commonwealth — Feb. 28, 1880

A REPLY TO BRONSON ALCOTT AND JOSEPH COOK.

BY REV. GEORGE W. COOKE.

Some recent attempts have been made to show a change in Emerson's religious views. What he has had to say on these subjects he has always said plainly and in his own way; has always said the same thing; been thoroughly consistent with himself; yet he has never in any sense of the word been a dogmatist; has had no system to teach; and has in no wise committed himself to any sect or any school in theology. A theological student from Harvard once went to him with an account of the differences of opinion there among the Unitarian divinity students. "I am not much interested in these discussions," said he; "but still it does seem deplorable that there is such a tendency in some people to creeds which would take man back to the chimpanzee. I have very good grounds for being a Unitarian and a Trinitarian, too. I need not nibble forever at one loaf, but eat it and thank God for it, and earn another."* In his latest published essay—written for a company of theological students—he says:—

"Speak the affirmative; emphasize your choice by utter ignoring of all that you reject, seeing that opinions are temporary, but convictions uniform and eternal; seeing that a sentiment never loses its pathos or its persuasion, but is youthful after a thousand years. I do not love sensation-preaching—the personalities for spite; the hurrah for our side; the review of our appearances and what others say of us! That you may read in the gazette."

To class him as a champion and defender of any party in religion would be unjust. No man has greater or deeper convictions than he, but he does not hold them as by the charm of any name. He sees on all sides, respects the truthful in all sects, loves the good in all religions. He is no Christian in any sectarian sense whatever, nor by any means a rejecter of Christianity, much less a foe to it. He sees the good in it; loves its noble and pure spirit; but is not carried away by it; will not be committed to its defense. He has been called a pantheist, and of late claimed as a theist. He is as much one as the other, and neither in any exclusive sense. He sees—what many others begin to discern—that both theism and pantheism are true—both necessary to a full and perfect thought. Either is limited, imperfect, untrue, when stated alone, and needs to be supplemented by the other. All who have read Emerson sympathetically will understand what is here meant; how he sees the partial truth both phases of thought express, and how he has molded and blended them into one consistent whole. An out-and-out pantheist Emerson never has been, nor is he to-day an out-and-out theist. He never identified nature with God, and he does not now believe in a God entirely outside of nature, guiding it by his almighty fiat. He has always spoken as a poet, not as a theologian; not in rigid terms, but in flowing, voluble speech. He has spoken poetically of God, with constant confession that the idea is too large for any words, so has used any words that came readiest to hand. He has claimed no monopoly of knowledge about deity; no ability to define with precise terms.

Some years ago the Rev. J. M. Manning, in a series of lectures on pantheism,† had this to say in the lecture he devoted to Emerson:—

"I do Emerson no wrong in ranking him with the disciples of Spinoza. On the contrary, should I not do him a most palpable injustice did I deny to him the pantheistic doctrine which he so plainly and earnestly professes? Our respect for him as a thinker should lead us to yield him the position he has so distinctly taken, and which he defines in the exact terms of the most famous teachers of pantheism. A writer who declares that persons are 'poor empirical pretensions,' ripples on the ocean of real being; who says that subject and object, the seer and the thing seen, are one; who affirms that the personal brings us to the impersonal, which is God or the sole reality—this writer must be set down as a pantheist, or language may mean just the opposite of what it plainly asserts, and Hegel himself was not a hegelian, nor Spinoza a spinozist."

There can be no doubt whatever but that Emerson is more or less a disciple of Spinoza, that he has been entirely in sympathy with that philosophic movement which took its origin in modern times with Spinoza. That he has been, and is, in a large measure, a pantheist it is very evident. The Rev. Joseph Cook says he first came before the world "as the representative of the hegelian vapors."‡ He quotes Emerson's statement that subject and object are one; that God is a third party in all conversations; that each individual is an incarnation of the universal mind, and that he is owner of Plato's brain and Lord Christ's heart. As a consequence of such ideas, Mr. Cook thinks, are certain dangerous inferences, as that no law is sacred but that of one's own nature; that the right is what is after one's constitution. Other passages are quoted, which, taken alone, would lead to the conclusion that Emerson regards paying debts and not paying as equally defensible, and that all moral actions are of like nature. Whoever is at all familiar with Emerson knows that these inferences are wholly untrue, and that he is most grossly misrepresented by separating such passages from the context. No man ever more strongly than he taught that all actions must be accounted for; and he has always taught the moral doctrine of strict responsibility.

Among the few critics who have undertaken to correct Emerson's theology may be numbered the Rev. George Gilfillan.§ At first he was very hearty in his praise, but from time to time became less warm, until at last he could not point his arrows of theological dislike too keenly. He accuses Emerson, in his last essay devoted to him, of dealing in mere negations, of double dealing and intentional omissions, to please his audiences. He is charged with being "inconsistent and hopelessly wrong," while it is "high time his egregious nonsense was exposed." The occasion for this language is to be

found in a heresy, which is thus characterized: "Emerson is one of the few sceptics who has personally, and by name, insulted the Lord Jesus Christ."

To all such charges as these Emerson has replied by entire silence. There has been no word in any of his essays indicating that he was even irritated by them, much less any attempt to defend his positions. He has continued to speak as ever before, in the same honest, candid way; with an affirmative and positive tone, always. There is perceptible, however, a marked difference between his later and his earlier writings. Any one who will read his books through in the order in which they have been published will perceive this change. It is not a change in ideas; by no means a change in beliefs; for he has held steadily to the same great opinions from first to last. He is as much of a pantheist now as in "Nature," as little of a believer in any dogma. The change has been rather one of expression; there is less vehemence; more of calm and perfect poise. He says very much the same things in his last essay on "preaching" that he did in the divinity school address; but more persuasively, in a gentler spirit. The one is the quiet, loving counsel of an old man; the other the onset and battle-cry of the young reformer; but both entertain the same theological opinions. There is plainly evident that changed mental look which comes to every man in the change from youth to old age. This is shown in a gradual dropping of the more special features of transcendentalism, its extravagance of thought and expression. In his later writings there is very little of this, but probably no real abandonment of the fundamental conceptions of idealism. His mind has been expanding of late years, widening its sympathies, and becoming more universal in its expression. Some of his later essays have been notable for their acceptance of the recent discoveries in science, but he has interpreted these always in the light of idealism. He has interpreted the universal reign of law to be moral and spiritual quite as much as physical, and that it is the same law throughout.

As often happens, his changed expressions have been interpreted to mean a change in beliefs. Alcott has reported that his friend has become a Christian theist in the full sense, while Joseph Cook attempts to show that he has abandoned the pantheism of his earlier years. There has as yet, however, been no evidence produced to indicate such a change, and it probably has been found because it was desired. It may be rightly doubted whether Emerson ever was properly a pantheist, while the evidence Mr. Cook produces to show the change of opinion could be more than paralleled with evidence to show there has been no change. Such a man is too large for any labels; too noble to make it of any moment what the name given him. He can adorn and dignify any name, but there is no name whatever capable of adding any greater luster to his character. His manner of literary work, his lack of logical method, makes it possible to draw from his writings the most antagonistic opinions, but whoever enters heartily into sympathy with his thought, and looks only for the real meaning, will find no such antagonism, no inconsistency, and no changed opinions. He cannot be justly criticised by any single sentence or paragraph. No writer needs so much to be viewed in the whole. This is the error Joseph Cook has fallen into, of culling here and there a few sentences, out of which to make up an opinion, while other paragraphs directly of the contrary opinion can be found in the same essay. Only when viewed as a whole can any of his essays be rightly estimated. Especially is it desirable to consider all his later essays in order to ascertain his real opinions on religious matters. Indeed, he himself desires to be thus judged by his contemporaries. A recent visitor* at his home inquired what were his present religious opinions, and if they had changed from those of former years. "My views," said he, "are to be found in what I have written." He rose, went to one of his book-cases, and drew his long, farmer-like hand across a beautiful set of his books. "Here they are," was his further remark. Thus would he be judged by his books, by what he has given to the world in his years of mature thought; and all honest friends of his will prefer so to judge of his opinions and the worth of his work.

Joseph Cook bases his claim of a change of views on the following passages from the essay on the "Sovereignty of Ethics":—

"1. A new Socrates, or Zeno, or Swedenborg, or Pascal, or a new crop of geniuses like those of the Elizabethan age, may be born in this age, and, with happy heart and a bias for theism, bring asceticism, duty and magnanimity into vogue again."

"2. I confess our later generation appears ungirt, frivolous, compared with the religions of the last or Calvinistic age. There was in the last century a serious habitual reference to the spiritual world running through diaries, letters and conversations—yes, and into wills and legal instruments also—compared with which our liberation looks a little foppish and dapper."

"3. A sleep creeps over the great functions of man. Enthusiasm goes out. In its stead a low prudence seeks to hold society staunch, but its arms are too short. Cordage and machinery never supply the peace of life."

"4. Luther would cut his hand off sooner than write theses against the pope if he suspected that he was bringing on with all his might the pale negations of Boston Unitarianism."

"5. You say: Cut away. My tree is Ygdrasil—the tree of life! He interrupts for the moment your peaceful trust in the divine Providence. Let him know by your security that your conviction is clear and sufficient, and if he were Paul himself you also are here and with your Creator."

"6. Virtue is the adopting of the universal mind by the individual mind. Character is the habit of this obedience, and religion is the accompanying emotion of reverence which the presence of the universal mind excites in the individual."

"7 'Tis a sort of proverbial dying speech of scholars—at least, it is attributable to many—that which Anthony Wood reports of Nathaniel Carpenter, an Oxford fellow: 'It did repent him,' he said, 'that he had formerly so much courted the maid instead of the mistress' (meaning philosophy and mathematics), to the neglect of divinity! This in the language of our time would-be ethics."

It would certainly puzzle one familiar with Emerson's writings to discover anything here not to be found in his earlier writings. The same criticism of the present is to be found in many of his essays. It is one of his most constantly reiterated criticisms that the former times were more truly religious than this. He has always loved the spiritual side of things, ever been a pleader for divinity and its superiority over all other studies. In this very essay his pantheism comes out unmistakably, as when he says:—

"I see the unity of thought and morals running through all animated nature; there is no difference of quality, but only of more or less. It is the same fact existing as sentiment and as will in the mind, which works in nature as irresistible law, exerting influence over nations, intelligent beings, or down in the kingdoms of brute or of chemical atoms. Nature is a tropical swamp in sunshine, on whose purlieus we hear the song of summer birds and see prismatic dewdrops; but her interiors are terrific, full of hydras and crocodiles. In the preadamite she bred valor only; by-and bye she gets on to man and adds tenderness, and thus raises virtue piecemeal."

He speaks of the eternal, beneficent necessity which is always bringing things right, and says the evils from which we suffer will at last end themselves through the incessant opposition of nature to everything hurtful. We always have a pilot, he says, and must drift when we can not steer. Then he plainly states what he thinks to be the true religion and its real foundation, when he says:—

"Natural religion supplies still all the facts which are disguised under the dogma of popular creeds. The progress of religion is steadily to its identification with morals."

It is true that stoicism, always attractive to the intellectual and cultivated, has now no temples, no academy, no commanding Zeno or Antoninus. It accuses us that it has none; that pure ethics is not now formulated and concreted into a *cultus*, a fraternity with assemblings and holy-days, with song and book, with brick and stone. Why have not those who believe in it left all for this, and dedicated themselves to write out its scientific scriptures to become its valgate for millions? I answer, for one, that the inspirations that we catch of this law are not continuous and technical, but joyful sparkles, and are recorded for their beauty, for the delight they give, not for their obligation, and that it is their priceless good to men that they charm and uplift, and not that they are imposed."

The commanding fact, which I never see, is the sufficiency of the moral sentiment. We buttress it up in shallow hours or ages, with legends, traditions and forms, each good for the one moment in which it was a happy type or symbol of the power, but the power sends in the next moment a new lesson, which we lose while our eyes are reverted and striving to perpetuate the old."

In his essay on "Perpetual Forces"‡ he expresses similar opinions, which as fully indicate his pantheistic outlook, and his trust in ethics as the natural and truest outcome of nature. "Intellect and morals," he says, "appear only the material forces on a higher plane." Material nature runs up into the invisible world of mind. We must bend to the laws of nature; they will not bend to us. The methods of the brain correspond to those of the material world. Temperament rules as tyrannically as gravitation. Man's "whole frame is responsive to the world, part for part, every sense, every pore, to a new element, so that he seems to have as many talents as there are qualities in nature." All forces play through him, but his power is according to his acceptance of their laws. Thus does he indicate his continual belief that nature is alive with God, and that through it we come into His presence; which is pantheism. Indeed, he appears here to be more of a pantheist than ever before; for while he formerly looked for all truth to come through man, now he would seem to indicate that it must all come by perfect obedience to the laws and methods of nature. "By this wondrous susceptibility to all the impressions of nature the man finds himself the receptable of celestial thoughts; they are the stairs for new ascensions of mind."

In this essay he accepts the conservation and correlation of forces as true, not only physically, but it is the same law and method found in morals and religion. Only in a pantheistic sense could he find this true; but he says:—

"I find the survey of these cosmical powers a doctrine of consolation in the dark hours of private or public fortune. It shows us the world alive, guided, incorruptible; that its canon can not be stolen, nor its verities misplaced. That bond which ties them together is unity, is universal good, saturating all with one being and aim, so that each translates the other; is only the same spirit applied to new departments. Things are saturated with the moral law. There is no escape from it. Violets and grass preach it; every change, every course in nature is nothing but a disguised missionary."

In his last published essay, on "Preaching," there are many indications that he continues to think and speak as ever. He severely criticises the present attitude of religion; thinks it in a transition and very unsatisfactory state. "Virtuous sentiment," however, "appears arrayed against the nominal religion, and the true men are hunted as unbelievers." That he is returning to an acceptance of any historic form of faith does not appear from this passage:—

"The object of adoration remains forever un-

Fraser's Magazine, August, 1864.

†"Half Truth and the Truth." Delivered at Andover.

‡"After Emerson, what? or the Consequences of Concord Theism." A lecture at the Old South church, Boston, Nov., 1879.

§Gallery of Literary Portraits, first, second and third series. Mr. Gilfillan was a Scotch writer.

*A friend of the writer's who went to Concord specially to collect information for him.

‡*North American Review*, September, 1877.

hurt and identical. We are in transition from the worship of the fathers which enshrined the law in a private and personal history to a worship which recognizes the true eternity of law, its presence to you and me, its good energy in what is called brute nature as in what is called sacred history. The next age will behold God in the ethical laws—as mankind begins to see them in this age, self-equal, self-exacting, instantaneous and self affirmed; needing no vouchers, no prophet and no miracle besides their own irresistibility—and will regard natural history, private fortunes and politics, not for themselves, as we have done, but as illustrations of those laws, of that beatitude and love. Nature is too thin a screen; the story of the one breaks in everywhere."

Sensible men, he says, are all of one religion, that of well-doing and daring. "All positive rules, ceremonial, ecclesiastic, distinctions of race or of person, are perishable. Only those distinctions hold which are, in the nature of things, not matters of positive ordinance." He fears that what is called religion is only pew-holding, and exclaims: "Anything but unbelief, anything but losing hold of the moral intuitions, as betrayed in the clinging to a form of devotion or a theological dogma as if it was the liturgy or the chapel that was sacred, and not justice and humility and the loving heart and serving hand."

When the Free Religious Association was organized, in 1867, Emerson took part in its first public meeting, and he has since expressed himself as favorable to its objects. On that occasion he said:—

"We are all very sensible, it is forced on us every day, of the feeling that the churches are outgrown; that the creeds are outgrown; that the technical theology no longer suits us. It is not the ill-will of the people—no indeed, but the incapacity for confirming themselves there. The church is not large enough for man; it cannot inspire the enthusiasm which is the parent of everything good in history, which makes the romance of history. For that enthusiasm you must have something greater than yourselves, and not less."

At the second meeting he expressed the conviction that we have disputed long enough. He felt glad a more realistic church was coming, and that we are to drop our obstinate polemics in the effort to excel each other in good works. Rejecting any wish to proselyte reluctant minds, he yet said:—

"I am ready to give, as often before, the first simple foundations of my belief—that the author of nature has not left himself without a witness in any sane mind; that the moral sentiment speaks to every man the law after which the universe was made; that we find parity, identity of design, through nature and benefit, to be the uniform aim; that there is a force always at work to make the best better and the worst good. I believe that not only Christianity is as old as the creation—not only every sentiment and precept of Christianity can be paralleled in other religious writings—but more, that a man of religious susceptibility, and one at the same time conversant with many men, can find the same idea in numberless conversations. The religious find religion wherever they associate. I object, of course, to the claim of miraculous dispensation—certainly not to the doctrine of Christianity. This claim impairs, to my mind, the soundness of him who makes it, and indisposes us to his communion. This comes the wrong way; it comes from without, not within. This positive, historical, authoritative scheme is not consistent with our experience or our expectations. It is something not in nature; it is contrary to that law of nature which all wise men recognize, namely, never to require a larger cause than is necessary to the effect."

"If you are childish and exhibit your saint as a worker of wonders, a thaumaturgist, I am repelled. That claim takes his teachings out of logic and out of nature, and permits official and arbitrary senses to be grafted on the teachings. It is the praise of our New Testament that its teachings go to the honor and benefit of humanity—that no better lesson has been taught or incarnated. Let it stand, beautiful and wholesome, with whatever is most like it in the teachings and practice of men; but do not attempt to elevate it out of humanity by saying, 'This is not a man,' for then you confound it with the fables of every popular religion; and my distrust of the story makes me distrust the doctrine as soon as it differs from my own belief. Whoever thinks a story gains by the prodigious, by adding something out of nature, robs it more than he adds. It is no longer an example, a model; no longer a heart-stirring hero, but an exhibition, a wonder, an anomaly, removed out of the range of influence with thoughtful men. I submit that, in sound frame of mind, we read or remember the religious sayings and oracles of other men, whether Jew or Indian or Greek or Persian, only for friendship, only for joy in the social identity which they open to us, and that these words would have no weight with us if we had not the same conviction already. I find something stingy in the unwilling and disparaging admission of these foreign opinions—opinions from all parts of the world—by our churchmen, as if only to enhance by their dimness the superior light of Christianity. Meantime, observe, you cannot bring me too good a word, too dazzling a hope, too penetrating an inside, from the Jews. I hail every one with delight, as showing the riches of my brother, my fellow-soul, who would thus think and thus greatly feel. Zealots eagerly fasten their eyes on the differences between their creed and yours; but the charm of the study is in finding the agreements, the identities, in all the religions of men."

It can be easily seen that Emerson has had no change of opinions. His position is that of deep and sincere belief in man as a religious and spiritual being, to whom the truth is ever open. He rejects all creeds, forms, books and special revelations; has no faith in any of them as such. He is no more of a theist than he has always been; none the less a pantheist. He doubtless regards Christianity as the noblest and purest religion, and accepts its great moral teachings; but Christianity as a creed or a separate revelation he does not accept. That it has any monopoly of salvation, any truths that belong to it exclusively, or any exclusive claim upon mankind of any sort, he does not believe. These seem to be the facts, and, as such, should be stated; yet he has always been charmed by the more spiritual phases of religion; has been no enemy to true devotion and faith in divine things. While he utterly rejects the miraculous, and all claims that Christianity is the sole means of salvation, yet he greatly loves the true spiritual ideal out of which this great faith has grown, which is the real truth that gives to it its power. In the essay on "Preaching" he says, in speaking of churches:—

"I agree with them more than I disagree. I agree with their heart and motive; my discontent is with their limitations and surface and language. Their statement is grown as fabulous as Dante's 'Inferno.' Their purpose is as real as Dante's sentiment and hatred of vice. Always put the best interpretations on a tenet. Why not on Christianity, wholesome, sweet and poetic? It is the record of a pure and holy soul, humble, absolutely disinterested, a truth-speaker, and bent on serving, teaching and uplifting men. Christianity taught the capacity, the element, to love the All-Perfect without a stingy bargain for a personal happiness. It taught that to love him was happiness—to love him in others' virtues. An era in human history is the life of Jesus; and the immense influence for good leaves all the perversion and superstition almost harmless. Mankind have been subdued to the acceptance of his doctrine, and cannot spare the benefit of so pure a servant of truth and love. Of course a hero so attractive to the hearts of millions drew the hypocrite and the ambitious into his train, and they used his name to falsify his history and undo his work."

The change which has taken place in Emerson's mind is seen in his lessened faith in the occult, and his greater faith in the scientific. In his first book, in accord with all the transcendentalists, he expressed great trust in the powers manifested through the miraculous, religious enthusiasm and animal magnetism.* In all his recent writings, on the contrary, he finds the deepest assurance of the spiritual in the realm of law and of order. He now says†:—

"Before we acquire great power we must acquire wisdom to use it well. Animal magnetism inspires the prudent and moral with a certain terror; so with the divination of contingent events and the alleged second sight of the pseudo-spiritualists. There are many things of which a man might wish to be ignorant, and these are such. Shun them as you would the secrets of the undertaker and the butcher. The best are never demoniacal or magnetic; leave this limbo to the prince of the power of the air. The lowest angel is better. It is the height of the animal; below the region of the divine."

His whole faith is in the moral, and he would have life supremely devoted to its attainment in the fullest measure. The way to it is always by obedience to the laws of the cosmos, outward and inward alike. There is no luck, he thinks, no short way, no special methods, nothing but obedience to the order of the world. Every moral element is "under the dominion of fatal law."

"Coincidences, dreams, animal magnetism, omens, sacred lots, have great interest for some minds. But suppose a diligent collection and study of these occult facts were made, they are merely physiological, semi-medical, related to the machinery of man, opening to our curiosity how we live, and no aid on the superior problems why we live and what we do. Mesmerism is high life below stairs. 'Tis a low curiosity or lust of structure, and is separated by celestial diameters from the love of spiritual truth. It is wholly a false view to couple these things in any manner with the religious nature and sentiment, and a most dangerous superstition to raise them to the lofty place of motives and sanctions. The whole world is an omen and sign. Why look so wistfully in a corner? These adepts have mistaken flatulency for inspiration. Were this drivel which they report the voice of spirits really such, we must find out a more decisive suicide. They are ignorant of all that is healthy and useful to know, and by law of kind—dunces seeking dunces in the dark of what they call the spiritual world—preferring snores and gastric noises to the voice of any man. I think the rappings a new test to try catechisms with. It detects organic skepticism in the very heads of the church."

Though Emerson rejects all which has so long been regarded as the very truth of religion yet he is none the less religious. The natural order and health of the world best expresses to him those great truths on which any real faith must rest. Religion does not belong to the special, the miraculous, the occult, the dark side of life; but to the orderly and progressive, the realm of law, the land of light. The cosmos itself is a revelation of God, its law is his law, its order the token of his presence, and its health and beauty the hint of his perfect will. The need of worship, of sincere communion with the eternal, he ever inculcates. In his last essay he has stated this desire in expressive and eloquent words:—

"When we go alone, or come into the house of thought and worship, we come with purpose to be disabused of appearances, to see realities, the great lines of our destiny, to see that life has no caprice or fortune, is no hopping squib, but a growth after immutable laws under beneficent influences the most immense. The church is open to great and small in all nations, and how rare and lofty, how unutterable, are the aims it labors to set before men! We come to educate, come to isolate, to be abstractionists; in fine, to open the eyes to the deep mystery of cause and effect, to know that though ministers of justice and power fail, justice and power never fail. The open secret of the world is the art of subliming a private soul with inspirations from the great and public and divine soul from which we live."

Emerson is irresistibly attracted and inspired by religion, but he is the champion of no special faith. It is the universal that attracts him; the unity under all the many forms. It is no incoming of any external influence he observes, no supernatural he delights in. It is the natural unfolding and perfecting of what is involved

*Miscellanies, p. 70.

†*North American Review*, March, 1877. Essay on "Demonology."

in the very constitution of the cosmos and the nature of things, that is religion to him—all this as the expression of an Infinite Soul that fills all the bounds of being. His life flows through all the world, in all its forms, giving it law and purpose. Harmony with this order, obedience to this law—seeing the divine through all forms, and having for it reverence and trust—this is religion, and the whole of it. On its human side it is identical with ethics, with loyal obedience to the laws of the cosmos as expressions of divine truth. The healthy and pure spirit in which Emerson has set forth these great and sublime truths cannot be found surpassed in any other writer. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any author in any age has so nobly stated them, with so clear an insight into truth. Certainly no writer has so well expressed them in modern language, or so clearly shown their unity with all material facts and physical laws. Emerson has put the world immensely in his debt for his loyal and inspired interpretation of science, ethics and religion as one, all resting on the same facts and laws.

The Providence Journal ra shly rushes in an deals with questions far beyond the ken of poor ordinary mortals, as follows:

We have a profound admiration of Mr. Emerson and a profound ignorance of Eastern philosophy, being inclined to class the wisdom of the latter with that of Ram Chowder—if that was his name—who discovered the secrets of the universe by many years steadfast contemplation of his own navel. Therefore we must express ourselves entirely confounded with that extract from an Upanishad sent to the venerable philosopher on his seventy-seventh birthday by Professor Max Muller, in which the Self is described as entirely independent of the body, and as existing in a highly rarified and enviable state when the eyes are dull, the ears deaf, the limbs heavy and the memory decayed. It has been the Occidental impression, not derived from abstract meditation of the great toe, that a man's Self was intimately connected with his mental and bodily constitution, and that he had no more power to segregate himself from them than to step out of his skin, or to contemplate his personality independently than to see the back of his neck. But by turning a mental handspring and standing on the head, perhaps, this latest dogma of the Eastern infinitudes may be comprehensible. If not, we shall have to go on as before, unable to avoid the rheumatism or political excitement by separating Self from the body and mind.

....A correspondent of the Advertiser makes this excellent suggestion: "If the artists are seeking a subject for a picture that would be historical and essentially American, let some one paint our venerated Ralph Waldo Emerson, with his graceful and attentive daughter by his side, as he sat in the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society last Thursday, with members grouped closely about him, reading his interesting paper on Thomas Carlyle."

The Sabbath changes its forms from age to age, but the substantial benefit endures. We no longer recite the old creeds of Athanasius or Arius, of Calvin or Hopkins. The forms are flexible, but the uses not less real. The old heart remains as ever with its old human duties. The old intellect still lives, to pierce the shows to the core. Truth is simple, and will not be antique; is ever present, and insists on being of this age and of this moment. Here is thought, and love and truth and duty, new as on the first day of Adam and of angels. [Emerson.

The simple fact that the pulpit exists, that all over this country the people are waiting to hear a sermon on Sunday, assures that opportunity which is inestimable to young men students of theology, for those large liberties. The existence of the Sunday, and the pulpit, waiting for a weekly sermon, give him the very conditions, the *pou sto* he wants. That must be filled, and he is armed to fill it. Let him value his talent as a door into Nature. Let him see his performances only as limitations. Then over all, let him value the sensibility that receives, that loves, that dares, that affirms. [Emerson.

HAWTHORNE'S HOMES.

N.Y. E. Post 1877

The Old Manse, the Wayside and Sleepy Hollow as They are Now—Hawthorne's Haunts at Concord and His Grave—His Work-Room in the Tower.

In the lately-published volume on "Worthy Women of the First Century," prepared at the request of the Women's Department of the Centennial Commission, by far the largest space is devoted to Mrs. Samuel Ripley of Concord, Massachusetts, who was for many years mistress of the "Old Manse." Of the strangers, or mere chance acquaintances, who were drawn by their interest in that storied house to visit it during the time of her residence there, not a few, as they read this pleasant memorial of a charming woman, will recall her gracious and noble presence, and the cordiality with which she received persons who, with a regard for the proprieties of the occasion, asked permission to take a look at the place.

THE OLD MANSE.

The writer of this sketch was one of those who had come under the spell of the great romancer; and journeying through the historic town, tarried for the sole purpose of seeing the "Old Manse," scarcely expecting more than to look at the exterior, but finally, after gazing wistfully down the long ash-lined avenue, made bold to approach the wide-open front door, and standing on the sunken flagstone at the threshold, at last lifted the curious iron knocker and gave a timorous rap. The result of this venturing was a kind greeting and invitation from the mistress, the very lady whose name appears above, daughter-in-law of the venerable Dr. Ezra Ripley, and descendant of Governor Bradford, who was the first to hold that office in the Plymouth colony. She was then a little more than sixty years old, a very handsome and remarkable looking person, tall, with hair as white as snow, but eyes full of the fire and feeling of youth, dark, bright, earnest, kind eyes, which gave the stranger a welcome in the first glance; and her manner was the happiest combination of grace, sweetness and simplicity, wholly unconventional, without formality, but characterized by dignity, which at once won admiration and homage. She took me into the cosey little dark-panelled room at the left, which had once been old Doctor Ripley's sleeping apartment, but when Hawthorne brought his bride there had been used as a parlor, so often mentioned in his "Note-Book" as the dear, delightful place, freshened and brightened by flowers and books and pictures, where he first felt the meaning of what it was to be at home, where so many royal guests were entertained and so many rarely happy days and evenings were passed; a place which must be haunted, if ghosts ever come back, by such bright presences as the Thoreaus and Dr. Channing and Margaret Fuller. Then she showed me out through the picture-lined and panelled hall into the enclosure, which was half garden and half orchard, where grew the old willow, the pear trees and the gnarled apple trees so familiar in Hawthorne's description; and down the path which was worn into the green sward from the door we went to the river which runs at the foot—if a stream can be said to run which is so sluggish that Hawthorne said he could not tell which way the current set. And then, before we returned to the house, we stepped over the low wall into the field where the monument was, and she explained the position of the Americans and the British at the Concord fight.

It was a red-letter day. That November afternoon was one of unusual mildness, and it shed a genial aspect over the antique sad-colored house. Everything favored me; and the gracious woman who made me feel free to be there seemed in some sense to belong with the permanence, the old-time dignity and the hospitality of the mansion. Since then some "spirit in my feet" has taken me again and again to the neighborhood of the Manse, made doubly interesting since the publication of the "Note-Book," and so much matter relative to many of the remarkable persons who have been associated with it.

The house, built in 1765, seems of late years to have taken a new lease of life; time, at least, has not aged it; perhaps because it had reached long ago the final expression of antiquity beyond which there could be no change but that of decay; or it may be that Nature, perpetually renewing herself, immortal, though everything else perish, has cast such beauty around it that the eye is deluded. When I last saw it, in the flush of midsummer, there was a highly cultivated vegetable garden on the same spot where Hawthorne, with great rejoicing at his success, raised his asparagus and squashes, his early corn and cucumbers; the vines had grown up about the doors and windows; the little grove of pines at one side had thickened and heightened; there were scarlet geraniums and nasturtiums making patches of glowing color; and the tall ash trees down the avenue had renewed their youth; so that in its green garniture the ancient mansion looked even cheerful, though a faded, weather-worn, old-fashioned house, whose venerable walls and curious windows and gambrel roof tell to every passer that it belongs to an age gone by.

If Hawthorne's spirit should take a fancy to hover about the spot, he would find no innovations to complain of or to annoy his conservative notions. There is a new rustic bridge of great picturesqueness spanning the stream at the end of the lovely avenue beside the field, under the boundary wall of which the British soldiers lie; and across it, facing the bridge, stands the bronze "minute man," in heroic proportions, instinct with life, his shoulders squared, his arm nerved for the fight, his face resolute, his whole form alive for action. But these do not take anything from the strangely secluded, quiet aspect of the place. The orchard-garden looks almost as it did when, five-and-thirty years ago, the shy young bridegroom used to stroll down the grassy walk to the water side for the scarlet cardinal flowers, the blue pickerel weed, the clematis and pond-lilies with which the vases in the parlor and his little study were to be filled; for, as he gently intimates when speaking of the change from his bachelor rooms, "there is a happier disposal of things now." The willow which

tossed its long branches athwart the roof of the study—the very room from which Mr. Emerson saw the fight—was broken off at the stump long ago, but apple trees, old and gnarled even in Hawthorne's day, are there yet, venerated survivors of generations of men who have passed away since they were planted. Little boats lie at anchor at the foot of the slope where he used to secure the "Pond Lily" which he bought of Thoreau—a snug, pretty craft, in which the poet-naturalist had voyaged on the silent Musketaquid and Assabet until he knew all the windings of the shores and every secret thicket along their curves, and all the creatures that swim in the waters. The long stretches of meadow maintain their verdant monotony—the "broad and peaceful meadows" which he found among the most reposeful, "the most satisfying objects in natural scenery." On that summer afternoon how suggestive they were of him, he used to stroll over them so often! and on one of his last rambles there, before he went to Bangor, Fields tells how they two "lay in the grass in the sunshine, while Hawthorne talked of himself and his life there."

THE WAYSIDE.

But is not all the region rich is associations of Hawthorne? From the "Old Manse" to which he took his bride we went to "The Wayside," from which, scarcely more than twenty years later, on a May morning, with a wreath of apple-blossoms lying on his coffin, he was borne to the church where memorial services were held over his dead form, and the townspeople crowded in eager curiosity to look at him who when living had kept himself so shyly aloof from them. His purchase of "The Wayside," about 1852, he spoke of as "buying an estate." There he wrote the sketches called "Our Old Home," and began "The Dolliver Romance." It was his last home, whence he started on the White Mountain trip with President Pierce, from which he never returned alive. It is a mile or more from the Manse, perhaps half a mile below Emerson's house and near by Alcott's, and is so close upon the highway that the name—which he himself gave it—is most appropriate; a yellowish-brown house, with a square tower built under his direction. The place once belonged to the Alcott property, and many of the trees were set out by the father of the author of "Little Women"—as the venerable author seems to prefer to be known, rather than by his own books. In front it is screened by a thick growth of larches and spruce; at the back the ground rises in a high ridge, thickly wooded, and along this Hawthorne had a foot-path where he could walk back and forth completely concealed.

For absolute seclusion when writing he had the tower built, in which is a little room looking into the tree-tops—scarcely twelve feet square, and reached by a steep, narrow staircase. More out of the world he scarcely could have been; and the place is plain and simple even to austerity. One window looks into the thick wood which separates the little domain from that of Mr. Bull, the grape culturist; the opposite one looks toward the wood between this house and Mr. Alcott's; a third into the wood that clothes the terraced ridge; and the southern one over the meadows away to wooded hills and the farmhouses on the Lincoln road. Over the stairs is a desk made by turning up a leaf, which, when not in use, hangs against the wall, at the right height for a tall man to use it standing; and above it are two or three shelves, all of cheap wood, stained. At one end are two wardrobe-like affairs, at the opposite an open fireplace. The former are inscribed, "All care aban[illegible] who enter here," and "There is no joy bu[illegible]." Over three of the windows are words cut out and put up by Julian Hawthorne: "Olympus," "Harvard," and "J. Hawthorne." The sides of the sloping ceiling have been decorated with landscapes done by Arthur Gray on the plastering; and the chimney-piece is bordered with ivy and morning-glories enclosing the words: "In memory of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Born July 4, 1804; died May 19, 1864."

The house, which is old and has low-ceiled rooms with beams crossing overhead, had some tradition, which Thoreau knew about. It is at present occupied by a boarding-school, and is going to decay.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

One of the favorite haunts of Hawthorne during his long residence at Concord was the lovely little basin, set in a rim of wood, known as Sleepy Hollow—a bright and cheerful cemetery, where he and many whom he cared for in life are buried. I was there on one of the divinest September days that was ever made, and I went to it across some sunny fields—happy-looking fields they were on that superb afternoon—through the long, dry grass flecked with golden-rod and blue with dwarf asters, and colored of a warm marroon in great patches where a feathery, red-topped wild grass was in bloom; and so by this short cut struck the broad woodland road leading down to the hollow. The way was skirted with pines, indescribably soft and delicate and cool-looking, and all along grew the same flowers and low, wild roses full of scarlet hips, a bunch of which I broke off for Hawthorne's sake. The natural beauty of the place appeared at once as, making a turn, Sleepy Hollow was before me—a deep green basin, as if a pond had settled away and left it open, dry and sunny; around the edge winds an avenue bordered by beautiful wild things, woodbine, raspberry, golden-rod, flower and vine and shrub; and it is guarded by a rail, hand-high, on the edge. On the outer side the ground rises in natural inequalities, and here and there among the knolls, approached by winding footpaths over the moss and the resinous roots of the pines, which almost answer for steps, are the lots where the dead are buried.

It was a favorite retreat of Margaret Fuller; and here Emerson and Thoreau and Hawthorne were wont to walk, discoursing upon the ancients, and upon lofty themes of philosophy and poesy; so that Sleepy Hollow, beside its sacredness as a burial-place, has a sort of classic character and belongs to literature, as do Ambleside and Sunnyside, Abbotsford and the Lake region.

HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE.

Hawthorne's last resting-place is in the part of the grounds he liked best—in an opening among the tall pines where there is a triangular space, with a three-faced post of hewn stone at each corner, and a low hedge around it. Back of it the ground descends abruptly—a wooded hillside reaching to a fair meadow, dented by a little pool, beyond which forest shuts out the world. His grave, marked by a low, curved slab of white marble, on which is the one word "Hawthorne," is alone. His wife died in England, where her body still remains.

A. B. H.

OUR GREAT NOVELIST.

A Protest from the Son of Hawthorne.

Herald. July 9th
Balm

The Result of a Family Disagreement.

The Offence of Mr. George Parsons Lathrop.

May I be allowed, writes Julian Hawthorne from London to the editor of the New York Tribune, through the medium of your columns, to discharge a duty made incumbent upon me by the recent publication of a work entitled "A Study of Hawthorne," by George Parsons Lathrop? It is a duty which I would gladly evade, as being both a painful and an ungracious one; but I speak as the chosen mouthpiece of all the surviving members of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne's family who yet bear his name; and furthermore I speak in behalf of those whom death has deprived of the power to defend themselves.

It is not unknown that the late Mr. Hawthorne had a strong aversion to being made the subject of any work of a biographical nature—to having the details of his private life revealed and their significance commented on, or made the basis for theories of his character. This aversion he repeatedly declared to those most nearly related to him, so that after his death their remained indelibly impressed upon their minds the obligation sacredly to respect it, and, so far as lay in their power, to make it respected by others. In compliance, however, with a generally expressed desire for some additional knowledge respecting so eminent a man of letters, Mrs. Hawthorne a few years ago made public some volumes of extracts from his journals and note-books, accompanying the publication with an intimation that the privacy of his written and unwritten records could no further be invaded, and that whoever in the future might attempt an analysis of Nathaniel Hawthorne's personality or genius must be content to proceed upon such data only as those volumes and the other published writings contained.

Not long after the issue of the note-books, Mrs. Hawthorne died somewhat suddenly, and a large number of papers, among them many letters of a peculiarly private and delicate nature, were left unprotected. These papers and letters Mrs. Hawthorne had, however, previously given to her son, accompanying the legacy with

An Earnest Injunction

never to let them pass from his hands, or be open to foreign perusal. Some months before her death, her son was called to America, and expecting to return almost immediately, he left the legacy with her in Europe. Circumstances prevented his rejoining her when he had expected to do so, and before a reunion could be made possible, she died. Mr. G. P. Lathrop, who had already been admitted to a friendly footing with the family, now connected himself with it by marriage, and the elder daughter of Mr. Hawthorne, being incapacitated by illness from attending to the arrangement of affairs, and the son being still unavoidably on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. Lathrop assumed direction, and most of the personal effects, including the legacy of papers and letters, came into his possession.

This occurred upward of three years ago. Since that time I, in conjunction with my sister, have used every means at our disposal to prevail upon Mr. Lathrop to surrender the papers of which he had thus accidentally got

control. Mr. Lathrop at first maintained that he had an equal claim to them with myself; but subsequently he agreed to return them after having had an opportunity to make himself familiar with their contents. To this condition I was obliged to accede, although feeling it to be somewhat out of accordance with my late mother's desire. Months passed by; and at length Mr. Lathrop was again addressed on the subject. His reply was to the effect that the papers had not as yet received a full examination, but that when this had been done they should be sent on. Some time afterward I received notice through his publishers of his intention to publish a book upon Nathaniel Hawthorne, coupled with the inquiry whether I had any objection to such a proceeding. Upon investigation I was given to understand that the projected work was to be

Simply a Literary Criticism

of Nathaniel Hawthorne's works and genius, and should contain nothing of a biographical or personal nature. After consultation with my sister and with Miss E. M. Hawthorne, the surviving sister of my father, I intimated our consent to the publication of such a book; expressly stipulating, however, that the letters and papers should be restored to our possession without further delay. This was again promised; but again the performance of the promise was delayed; and when at length the papers in question began to be given up, it appeared that Mr. Lathrop had considered it justis me to retain copies of all such passages in them as had specially interested him; and, furthermore, that he proposed using the information gained from their perusal so fill out the pages of his "Study."

This intelligence put a new face upon affairs; but I was indisposed to believe that there could actually be an intention on Mr Lathrop's part to overstep the explicit conditions of our agreement; and it was not until the tone of two articles published simultaneously in Scribner's and The Atlantic over his signature (one discussing the comparative merits of Irving and Hawthorne, and the other contrasting Hawthorne with the early American novelists), had convinced me that such must be his purpose, that my sister and myself felt called upon to offer a remonstrance. My sister then addressed to him a letter urging upon Mr. Lathrop his promise as to the letters and papers and my father's aversion to a biography as expressed to his family. This letter was replied to by Mr. Lathrop, admitting our position as to the letters and papers above referred to. There was also a letter from Mr. Lathrop's publishers, pointing out their inability, as business men, to cancel a book the greater part of which was already in type; and to this and to Mr. Lathrop's letter I replied, still urging what seemed to me the higher morality of the matter. Messrs. Osgood subsequently wrote me the information that Mr. Lathrop now saw no reason for making any modifications in the work, and by the same mail I received an early copy of the work itself, a perusal of which convinced me that such was indeed the fact.

Such part of the public as may have read this "Study," and among them perhaps Mr. Lathrop himself, might think that since the evil has been done, and cannot be recalled,

The Wisest Course

for the disaffected of the late Mr. Hawthorne's family would be silence. In order to explain why we thought otherwise, it will be necessary for me to add to this already lengthy communication a few critical remarks on the book in question. At the outset the writer parries by anticipation the objections of those who know of Mr. Hawthorne's aversion to a biography, by declaring that his book is not a biography, but, as the title proclaims it, a study. This distinction between a study of a man and a biography of him is perhaps greater than the difference. In the present instance, at least, the difference is very small. Outwardly uneventful as Mr. Hawthorne's life was, every known detail of it is here recorded, and, in its hitherto more obscure parts, studiously dwelt upon. This by itself would be of small consequence; but Mr. Lathrop has not stopped here. He has imbibed the private letters and memoranda; and while as a rule abstaining from reproducing them in their own words, he has taken the safer but even more objectionable course of paraphrasing what he considers to be their spirit in words of his own and working it up in the narrative, and in this manner arriving at conclusions respecting Mr. Hawthorne's spiritual vicissitudes which the reader, deprived of the data whereby to form judgment of his own, must needs accept as Mr. Lathrop presents them.

And here I must call attention to an aspect of Mr. Lathrop's scheme which considerably impairs both its critical and biographical value. He starts with the proposition that those who have never seen a given person or known him intimately may be in a better position to judge of him truly and dispassionately than those who have so seen and known him, and then proceeds to apply his reasoning to his own case. He has never personally met Mr. Hawthorne, but he is conscious of an intuitive sympathy with him,

A Mystic, Spiritual Kinship,

enabling him to divine and interpret his character with peculiar poignancy and accuracy. Upon this assumption as a foundation Mr. Lathrop constructs his Nathaniel Hawthorne. There is something amusingly pathetic in the situation. Mr. Hawthorne is Mr. Lathrop's ideal man of letters; he "places" him between Shakespeare and Milton, with the more attractive qualities of each. But there is a spiritual sympathy between the biographer and his subject; consequently the Hawthorne which Mr. Lathrop's analysis develops turns out to be neither more nor less than an ideal Mr. Lathrop! an imaginary being, undoubtedly possessing many gentle and attractive traits, and perhaps worthy of all the admiration which Mr. Lathrop lavishes upon it, but which is just as much the real Hawthorne as Mr. Lathrop is—and no more.

These remarks must not be taken as derogatory to Mr. Lathrop, who, to do him justice, displays in this book a familiarity with the whole range of ancient and modern literature, and a facility in passing judgments upon authors which would do no little credit to a much older and presumably more experienced man. But it must needs be said that his sympathetic theory has not in the present instance turned out happily. This is not the place nor is it incumbent upon me to criticise his "Study" in detail, and in conclusion I will merely caution the public as to a matter which Mr. Lathrop should have himself taken more heedfully into consideration. I allude, of course, to the circumstance of his connection with Mr. Hawthorne's family, which renders the biographical role a rather difficult one for him to play. It is not that he might be accused of desiring to force himself into prominence by attaching himself to a famous name. Such a charge might be brought against any biographer with almost as much reason. But the fact that he was known to have access to materials and information which were necessarily beyond the reach of any one else, ought, one would suppose, to have inspired him with a sense of greater and

More Delicate Responsibility.

He was attempting a work which no member of Mr. Hawthorne's own family would have ventured to undertake, even had Mr. Hawthorne's last wishes not forbidden it. He was to speak as one having authority to an audience the vast majority of whom knew not much of Hawthorne's works and nothing at all of his character. His book would be quoted as the last and most trustworthy intelligence respecting the man of whom it treated, and might set the keynote of aftercriticism and opinion for who can tell how long. These considerations, not to mention others less prominent, ought to have been ever present to his mind and made him above all things conscientious, circumspect and true.

It is because his book does not contain evidence that the author adequately realized his responsibility that I feel compelled to warn those who might otherwise do so against accepting its judgments as correct and final. If the testimony of one who knew his father well, who has diligently studied his writings and meditated upon his mind and character, and whose opinion is substantiated by those of his own sister and of the sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne — if such testimony carry any weight, then Mr. Lathrop's "Study" will not be taken at its own valuation. It was composed and published in violation of a trust and in the face of repeated warning and opposition; and, after all, it conveys no just or truthful representation of its subject. I write not so much in the expectation of diminishing the book's circulation in the present as of impugning its authority in the future, after the thirst of public curiosity shall have been quenched. But ill news spreads faster and further than any contradiction of it, and I know that harm will have been done which no effort of mine can wholly remedy. Nevertheless, as I began with saying, I feel it my duty to do my best; and I shall trust that the more thoughtful part of the community will take heed.

The Hawthorne Romance.

The Cincinnati Gazette tells this story of Una Hawthorne:

While Nathaniel Hawthorne was consul at Liverpool there came to his house as a frequent visitor a young American, Lathrop by name. It was soon plain to all lookers-on that the subject of these visits was Hawthorne's eldest daughter, Miss Una, a highly accomplished girl, spiritualle in appearance and intellectual in nature. An engagement was the result of the frequent intercourse, and young Lathrop returned to America with a promise of marriage among the happy years to come. After some lapse of time the lover again took a ship across the ocean to meet his lady-love In the meantime Rose had grown to womanhood as fair as her name, and while bound to Una he married Rose.

Una's awakening was something terrible. The shock was so great that she lay for days at death's door, and for awhile her reason was deemed lost. The poor girl was placed in an insane asylum temporarily, but issued thence so wan, so shadowy, so unlike the happy, dimpled girl that entered, that her friends thought that hope, health and happiness had forever fled her path. Una had displayed marked literary ability before this sorrow came upon her, having contributed to some of the English periodicals very acceptable articles, but she felt no inclination for mental exertion now. Still, she had to do something, and she founded an orphanage in the heart of London, becoming responsible for the rental of the building, and offering her services as a Sister of Charity. She began with two little ones, and the number quickly increased to thirty-eight, but her friends soon became interested and helped her good work along.

Her income being but $1000 per annum, she could not do very much herself, but she wrote a most exquisitely touching appeal for aid to one of the London dailies, and the charitable English heart responded in donations of solid pounds! Una was connected with this institution for years, until her health would no longer permit her personally to superintend it. Later on, her love for writing came upon her, and she wrote a charming story just a little while before her death, two years ago. The manuscript is now in the hands of her brother Julian, who eventually intends giving it to the public. Those who have read the manuscript declare it superior to anything which Julian has yet written. Just a year before her death Una was engaged to a Mr. Webster, a New York journalist of brilliant promise. He had loved her for years, knew all about her early unhappiness, but finally won her consent to become his wife.

This last year of her life was a happy one, as her lover was in every way deserving, and strove to erase all the clouds from her past by the sunshine of the present. Why the angels of heaven went envying those two loving mortals I know not, but Mr. Webster never returned from a sea voyage; the ship went down with all on board, and Una died shortly afterward, and lies buried in an English churchyard!

Julian Hawthorne loved his sister Una devotedly, and was very bitter against Rose for marrying Mr. Lathrop. One of the most thrilling stories Julian ever wrote was founded on this episode in the family history. In his book, Breasant, may be found the portrait of his two sisters, encircled, perhaps, with the romance of an imaginative writer, but the facts are facts, nevertheless. Mr. Lathrop published some of Nathaniel Hawthorne's posthumous writings, contrary to Julian's wishes, to whom, in fact, all his father's belonged, and there is much feeling on the subject.

..... **Professional philanthropists.**—Admitting what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession, to be often useful by its energetic impulse to society at large, it is perilous to the individual whose ruling passion, in one exclusive channel, it thus becomes. It ruins, or is fearfully apt to ruin, the heart, the rich juices of which God never meant should be pressed violently out, and distilled into alcoholic liquor, by an unnatural process, but should render this life sweet, bland, and gentle beneficent, and insensibly influence other hearts and other lives to the same blessed end. —*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

..... **A glimpse of Hawthorne.**—Into this heterogeneous assembly I more than once observed a personage glide with unobtrusive step, and a certain gentle self-withdrawal of bearing that awakened in my breast a vague sympathy. His figure was completely enveloped in a cloak—the high cape almost concealing his features. He walked, as I have said, very modestly in, seated himself noiselessly by the table, drew a magazine towards him, and leaning his head with a kind of subdued content above it, seemed to read like a man who could fold an author's thoughts up in his own with affectionate patience. He never looked around. There was harmonized quietude in his position. In fact, he wore that aspect which makes one of lively sympathies instinctively say, "A penny for your thoughts," —only there was that about him which repelled all idle curiosity. You felt there was a rich human sweetness in the silent oracle that forbade untimely interrogation, but if it were to breathe spontaneously could not but "discourse most excellent music." Repose of manner is not common among us, and to an observant mind its rarity makes it very welcome. It betokens inward resources. Perhaps this is why it is deemed characteristic of a gentleman—as one whose position secures him from that eagerness of outward aim that marks the demeanour of the vulgar. There is something that whispers of faith, too, in repose. We are dreamy sketches that had charmed me in the annuals as they gracefully reposed, like Goldsmith's memory, under the hawthorn "for whispering lovers made,"—became associated with my gentle mystery of the Athenæum.—*Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer.*

stagnant or indifferent spirit. One day, for the first time, I saw him acknowledge, by a slight inclination, the greeting of a friend of mine as he left the reading-room. I hastily followed, and inquired the name of the unknown. It was Hawthorne; and thus those

apt, and with justice, to imagine that a quiet conscience, a satisfied affection, or a serene trust, thus diffuses calmness over the pilgrim of life. I saw a dark and lustrous eye gleam from under my quiet neighbour's hat, and knew thereby that his was not the tranquillity of a

A RARE FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE CORRECTS SOME ROMANTIC FANCIES CONCERNING HIS FATHER'S FAMILY.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: My attention has been called to a letter in a Cincinnati paper, signed "Gleaner," and purporting to give a concise history of the romantic fortunes of the Hawthorne family. The history begins with the information that Nathaniel Hawthorne began his career by jilting Miss Sophia Peabody, and marrying her sister, whose name is kindly withheld, but who must be either Mrs. Horace Mann or Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody; and it concludes with an announcement, which I confess took me by surprise, that the author of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun" is strongly suspected of having died the death of a confirmed drunkard. In comparison with statements so romantic as these, the intermediate parts of the letter, although instinct with the loftiest flights of imagination, must necessarily appear tame. The fortunes of "Una," "Julian" and "Rose" are detailed at some length, and very deplorable fortunes they appear to be; though, luckily for the persons named, none of them were in the least aware, until the publication of "Gleaner's" letter, that any one of the experiences therein recorded had ever befallen them. It would afford me high gratification to be made acquainted with the address of "Gleaner," whom I venture to believe, from the internal evidence of her lucubration, to be a woman; and meanwhile I trust that the newspaper which enjoys the privilege of publishing what she writes will have liberality enough to recompense her according to her deserts. A truly creative genius is a rare and very precious thing, and its creations should not be placed on a level with the work of the mere base collector of facts. "Gleaner," moreover, seems to have struck out for herself a strictly original path in fiction; unlike less powerful romancers, she names her dramatis personæ after living, or lately deceased, men and women; and by dint of picturing these persons with traits of character, and in situations as widely as possible at variance with what actually belongs to them, she is able to produce effects as piquant as they are novel. By this device, too, she can fill out the meagre and imperfect outlines of real history with those graceful details which, when we read them, we feel to be as true in art as they are unveracious in reality. When, for example, she completes the known character of Nathaniel Hawthorne by telling us that he was a flirt and a drunkard, we perceive at once that these traits were all that were wanting to bring that character within the bounds of artistic symmetry; and when she gives us to understand that Mr. Lathrop was a constant guest at Mr. Hawthorne's house during the latter's consulship at Liverpool, and that he at that time engaged himself to Miss Una Hawthorne, we are fain to acknowledge that so, and not otherwise, it ought to have been; and that although Mr. Lathrop, at the period indicated, was barely two years of age, and resided in the Sandwich Islands, while the lady in question had just entered her tenth year, these circumstances were rather their misfortune than their fault.

I must not, however, allow the fascination with which the works of this remarkable authoress inspire me to betray me into appropriating more of your valuable space; but I could not refrain from offering up this slight tribute to her talents. I have done something in the story-telling line myself; and, like other authors, have occasionally been accused of borrowing incidents, more or less disguised, from passages of real life. But professional jealousy shall not prevent me from confessing that "Gleaner," so far as I have knowledge of her, is incapable of descending to any such expedients. Her invention is absolute; it pays toll to no conceivable realities past, present or to come. There is not a single sentence in the letter at present under consideration which could be twisted, even by the most cross-grained critic, into the remotest likeness to anything that has existed or occurred. Surely a writer of whom this can be said need covet no other praise; grammar, orthography and style are inferior matters, over which practice may ultimately enable her to gain a mastery. All she has to fear is the malicious envy and detraction of those less highly gifted than herself; but let her persevere as she has begun, and I have faith enough in human nature to believe that she will sooner or later win the recognition and the reward which are her due. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Hastings Lodge, Hastings, England, June 17, 1879.

"THE HAWTHORNE ROMANCE."

Misstatements Corrected.

We cheerfully publish the following from Mr. G. P. Lathrop, calling attention to misstatements respecting himself and others in an article copied from the Cincinnati Gazette in the *Traveller* of Saturday:

Editor of the Traveller.—Sir,—The article headed "The Hawthorne Romance," reprinted in Saturday's *Traveller*, from the Cincinnati Gazette, is full of gross fabrications, which I desire to correct.

I never was engaged to the late Miss Una Hawthorne, though I had a high regard for her, both on account of her character, and as the sister of my wife.

I never visited Mr. Hawthorne's house in Liverpool at the period mentioned (between 1852 and 1856). I was then passing from the age of two to that of six years, and lived in the Hawaiian Islands.

The late Albert Webster, Jr., to whom Miss Una Hawthorne became engaged a year or more before her death, was a friend of mine, and made her acquaintance while she was visiting my wife and myself in this country. He died at sea, of consumption, while on his way to the Hawaiian Islands, whither he was going partly at my instance, and intending to stay on my uncle's plantation and receive my father's medical care.

The assertions in the article about the origin of difficulties which have occurred between Mr. Julian Hawthorne and myself, are untrue. Finally, Miss Una Hawthorne did have an attack of insanity in London, having also had one ten years before. The fact led to unjust rumors, which I have hitherto left to those who found them congenial. But when a slander springs into print I must abandon silence and privacy long enough to kill the lie thus brought to light.

G. P. LATHROP.

The Wayside, Concord, Mass., June 22, 1879.

THE GRAVES OF THE HAWTHORNES.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, AND KENSAL GREEN.

BY ANNIE SAWYER DOWES.

There are many lovely and noted places in the quiet town of Concord, Mass., but not one lovelier, or more universally visited, than the peaceful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow.

People who were children in Concord twenty-five years ago remember it well as a long ridge of low hills covered with pines; where violets and anemones abounded in the spring, where birds and squirrels made merry in their season, and where they themselves ran wild Saturday afternoons, winter and summer. Even in those days there was a broad cart road through it, and footpaths in every direction, to Peter Robbins's, to Deacon Brown's, to Bedford and to Carlisle. Adjacent on the village side stretched the youngest of the three graveyards of the ancient town. This graveyard, directly behind a little white schoolhouse known in the Concord speech of those days as "Miss Hunt's schoolhouse," was then called "the new graveyard," and was the favorite play place of the restless children. Consequently it was as familiar to them, as devoid of gloom, as their own dooryards; and it was not an infrequent thing to see the good-natured old sexton followed into an open tomb by rosy-cheeked boys and girls. Many were the famous visitors who honored "Miss Hunt's schoolhouse:" the Hoars, and the Ripleys, the Manns, and the Peabodys, and even Mr. Emerson himself, whom the children understood to be a very great man who had people from Europe come to see him.

Oftentimes while the children were playing in the graveyard their noisy sports would be hushed suddenly by the sight of a funeral procession slowly winding its silent way through the narrow paths by their side, and some of them will never forget when they whispered to each other: "Martha is to be buried this afternoon." This Martha they knew well. It was not long since she sat on the benches they now occupied; their older sisters were her friends, and a couple of nights before she had been taken out of the sluggish Concord River by Nathaniel Hawthorne and Ellery Channing—drowned. But they little thought that tragic death would live forever in the wondrous pages of The Blithedale Romance; for, word for word, the finding of Zenobia is but the finding of Martha, the daughter of the Concord farmer.

Years went by and the new graveyard became too strait for its tenants; then the town bought Sleepy Hollow. Gates were put up, but they are always left open, new paths have been cut, and lots that may be bought laid out, but it has not lost its old charm; it is still the play place for Saturday afternoons, the home of violets and anemones, squirrels and birds, the haunt of poet and philosopher, where lovers stroll, and where mourners half forget their sorrow.

Numerous are the noted graves of this secluded spot. Samuel Hoar, so renowned as a lawyer, so much more renowned as a Christian abolitionist, his sweet and gracious daughter Elizabeth, whose presence saved her intrepid father's life at Charleston, Mrs. Hoar, her mother, who was a granddaughter of Roger Sherman, Henry Thoreau and his gifted sisters, quaint old Dr. Bartlett, whose personality is so marked that it is easy to tell a book written by anybody who ever lived in Concord, for he is always in it in some shape—and scores more, any one of whom would have made any other town in the Commonwealth famous. But, over all, the grave of Nathaniel Hawthorne draws hither worshipers of genius and lovers of good books.

Sleepy Hollow was well known to him, and was his favorite walk when he lived in the "Old Manse" between 1843 and 1846. He had only to cross the highway opposite the Manse gates, strike into the woods, and thus down to the postoffice or Mr. Emerson's, so no figure was more familiar to the romping children than his tall, broad-shouldered, handsome one. His face they could not often see, as he usually looked down while he walked, and often it was muffled in a heavy cloak, but all were sure it was very handsome likewise, for was he not the author of Grandfather's Chair!

His hair was very noticeable as it hung in black gleaming masses round the averted face; and one of those children had for years no other ideal of the Prince who woke the Sleeping Beauty than Mr. Hawthorne. After he came back to Concord from Lenox, and bought the "Wayside" he still frequented Sleepy Hollow, and more than ever after he returned from the long sojourn in Europe, which bleached his raven hair to snowy white. So when they brought all that was mortal of him from Plymouth, in 1864, they well knew where he would be laid.

They made his grave on the highest point of a gently swelling ridge, near to many whom he cared for in life, but sufficiently remote to allow the feeling of freedom and isolation he so greatly prized. The lot, in which is no other grave, is large, but long rather than wide, while even the width it does possess is not uniform, and is absolutely in a state of nature. It is covered with short grass, vines and dwarf shrubs, and on its front is the low white stone no bigger than the foot-stone of its more ambitious neighbor, whose black letters say only "Hawthorne."

Looking at it, you feel there is but one in America worthy to lie beside its occupant, only one whose genius to conceive, and power to portray equal his. And you know that to this very sleeping place loving hands will some day—God grant that it be not soon—bring that one; and as the Lake District of England is a shrine because of Wordsworth and Southey, so Sleepy Hollow will be regarded by succeeding generations, because of Hawthorne and Emerson.

Mrs. Hawthorne, whose devotion to, and sympathy with, her gifted husband are everywhere known, has found a far different grave. Dying in London, she was buried in Kensal Green, the pleasantest of all the outlying cemeteries. About three miles to the northwest of the city, an omnibus taken on Oxford Street will leave you at the gates of the crowded burying ground. Instead of the holy quiet, the almost heavenly solitude, of Sleepy Hollow, you have all around you the hum of business which comes from the necessary care of such a city of the dead. It is said there are seventy thousand graves here, and so one must stop at the gate, and consult the map and plan of the ground, if a particular spot is desired.

The land rises from the gates, and on the top of the swell is a handsome chapel, attached to which is a row of cloisters, where are many inscriptions. The ground is divided into consecrated and unconsecrated; none dying outside the Church of England having any place in the former. Entering, a huge ugly monument of the royal Duke of Sussex confronts you, but you soon cease to be annoyed by it, as your eye catches the grave of Hugh Littlejohn, the fortunate child for whom Sir Walter Scott wrote "The Tales of a Grandfather."

You have been told to keep to the right, but so many are the diverging paths, that only after many mistakes do you find that for which you are looking. Just a little below the summit of the hill, in a sunny spot sloping towards London, is the little green plot you have come so long a distance to see.

All about the grave is a low stone curbing, at its foot a small scroll, and at the head a very modest stone on which you read "Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne."

When I visited it first the grave was so covered with snowdrops that there was no room for the bunch of flowers which, as her country-woman, I would fain have placed there. The next time, fragrant hyacinths had taken the place of the frail, brief-lived snowdrops, and a beautiful wreath of white *immortelles* encircled the foot-stone. She keeps illustrious company in that distant burying place. Tom Hood is close at hand, Allan Cunningham, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sidney Smith and Thackeray not far off, while her own countryman Motley is a near neighbor. It pleased me well that she, so rarely gifted herself, so rarely blest in the genius of husband and children, should take her long rest thus encompassed by the great of literature, but more distinctly than I saw their head-stones, I always saw closest hers, that low mound on the Ridge Path in Sleepy Hollow where was no need to write any other word than "Hawthorne."

Andover, Mass.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Independent.

MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON has been credited with saying: "I do not love to see a distinctly-defined, clean-cut thought. I love rather to see a grand idea looming up majestic through the haze of obscurity."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was such a man. No one could read him. He dwelt in unrevealed recesses, which his most intimate friends were never permitted to penetrate. He entered Bowdoin College at the age of seventeen, a well-dressed, gentlemanly boy, of ordinary stature, but of unusually winning countenance and gentle manners. In a class of but about forty, nearly all dwelling in the same hall and meeting three or four times each day, in chapel or class-room, the members were thrown into the most intimate social relations.

The soft tones of voice, remarkably sweet, modest address, and courteous bearing of Hawthorne rendered him universally popular. He was an accomplished scholar, a great reader, and he soon acquired the reputation of being one of the finest writers in the class. In such an intimacy of four years I cannot remember that I ever heard Hawthorne *laugh*, though his face was often brightened by a very winning smile. He never seemed melancholy, so as to oppress one's spirits with gloom; but there was an aspect of silent pensiveness spread over his features, which arrested the eye and led one to inquire: "Who is that young man?"

In saying that Hawthorne was *popular* the word must be used a little differently from its ordinary sense. There was no one in the class who would have taken the liberty of slapping him on the shoulder. He was a lonely man, living by himself; yet there was nothing in his demeanor to repel the friendly advances of any one.

It may not be improper here to remark that the class of 1825 was to a remarkable degree composed of young men from the first families in Maine. Very many of them had found the cradle of their infancy in homes of refinement and intellectual culture. This gave such a tone to character that very seldom was there an ungraceful action witnessed or a coarse word uttered.

It was not uncommon in those days for little groups to meet and spend an hour in the evening, with wine and cigars, telling stories and singing songs. There were, of course, in a gathering of over one hundred young men in college some rude and noisy collections of this kind. Such young men were drawn together by what has been called elective affinity. This was long before the temperance reform. When our somewhat stern but able village pastor, the Rev. Asa Mead, inquired of one of the students, Lory Odell: "Are the students in the habit of keeping ardent spirits in their rooms?" he emphatically replied, after a moment's pause: "No, sir; never, never! They always drink it all up!"

There was a singular element of hilarity in the nature of Hawthorne. He was very fond of being present at these festivities; and yet he never told a story or sang a song. His voice was never heard in any shout of merriment. But the silent beaming smile would testify to his keen appreciation of the scene and to his enjoyment of the wit.

He would often sit for a whole evening, with his head gently inclined to one side, hearing every word, seeing every gesture, and yet scarcely a single word would pass his lips. But there was an indescribable something in the silent presence of Hawthorne which rendered him one of the most desired guests on such occasions.

Jonathan Cilley was probably Hawthorne's most intimate friend in the class.

And yet his discrimination would lead him to say: "I love Hawthorne I admire him; but I do not know him. He lives in a mysterious world of thoughts and imagination which he never permits me to enter."

In the class next above Hawthorne's there was a young man but seventeen years of age, by the name of Franklin Pierce. He was the youngest member of his class and I think the most popular young man in college. He was the son of a noble sire, was very handsome, and was always a genial, courteous, friendly gentleman. Hawthorne and Pierce were instinctively drawn together. They became intimate and life-long friends. The whispering pines of Brunswick, free from all underbrush, presented very attractive avenues for solitary or social walks. Pierce and Hawthorne almost invariably joined arm in arm in sauntering through these groves. They were alike in age, in courteous instincts, in scholarly tastes, and in purity of lip and life.

Little did they then imagine, those two lads of seventeen years, that the one was to be President of the United States, placed in that exalted station perhaps through the the instrumentality of the biography which his companion would write of him; and that the other would receive, in recompense, the office of consul of Liverpool which was said to be the most lucrative position at the disposal of the Government. It was estimated to be worth to its incumbent twenty thousand dollars a year.

Even Henry W. Longfellow, prominent as he himself was in the class, knew so little of the cloistered, taciturn Hawthorne that he wrote that he remembered him in a bright-buttoned coat, flitting across the college grounds."

Upon graduating, there seemed to be nothing attractive in life opening before Hawthorne. He could not endure the thought of either of the professions. From all the turmoil and agitations of business life he recoiled. The attempt to get a living by literature would not then have entered any one's mind. He went to Salem, his native place, where he spent several years in a seclusion which could scarcely have been surpassed by that of the cloistered monk.

I must now resort to rumor, for the minute accuracy of which I cannot vouch; but the main and important facts are certainly true. The Rev. George B. Cheever went to Salem as pastor of one of the churches there. He hunted up his old classmate, Hawthorne; and found him solitary, alone, forgotten in his chamber. He was sustained in his living burial by a small stipend, and the great flood of busy life rolled by him unheeded.

Mr. Cheever was not a man to shrink from grappling with the world in its sternest conflicts. He recalled to mind some of his classmate's eloquent themes in college, spoke to him words of cheer, and infused into Hawthorne's desponding spirit somewhat of the energies of his own brave heart. He urged Hawthorne to write for the press.

Thus roused and animated, he sent an article to Mr. Goodrich, the renowned "Peter Parley," who was then editing a periodical in Boston. Mr. Goodrich was delighted with the genius displayed and wrote for more. The new, laborious, brain-wearing life of authorship was commenced. Hawthorne rose slowly to fame. He was not popular with the masses; but the most cultivated scholars in the land read whatever came from his pen with the highest appreciation.

Hawthorne continued to live in the companionship of his own thoughts. He shunned all society and took long and lonely moonlight walks in the woods or along the seashore. His vivid imaginings and kindly feelings rendered him not unhappy in thus gratifying his peculiar tastes. He was not born to shine in society, but he was born to be contented and happy in solitude. His contributions to periodicals were collected and published in a volume, under the title of "Twice Told Tales." George William Curtis wrote of them:

"They are full of glancing wit, of tender satire, of exquisite natural description, of subtle and strange analysis of human life, darkly passionate and weird."

In subsequent years there came from his pen those wonderful volumes which have attracted the admiration of every scholarly mind in England and America. "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of Seven Gables," "The Marble Fawn," and the "Mosses from an Old Manse" have placed Mr. Hawthorne in the first ranks of the writers of the English language.

It is not my object to enter into the details of Hawthorne's life. That would require a volume. In 1843 he entered into perhaps as congenial a marriage union as was ever formed. In the silence of the venerable old town of Concord he found a home just suited to his tastes. The loneliness of the somewhat dilapidated "Old Manse" pleased him. Always meeting one with a pleasant smile, always ready to exchange a few affable words, he still avoided all society with the village people. He was, however, beloved by his neighbors, for there was not the slightest admixture of austerity or moroseness in the character of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In Ralph Waldo Emerson, Hawthorne found a congenial friend. One winter evening there was a tea-party there of distinguished guests gathered around the great wood-fire which blazed upon the hearth. Hawthorne delighted to be a silent participator in such a gathering. Mr. Curtis, who was present, gives the following account of the appearance of Mr. Hawthorne. It is so graphic and so precisely corresponds with scenes which I have often witnessed in the early youth of Mr. Hawthorne that I cannot refrain from transcribing it here, slightly abbreviated:

"I, who listened attentively to all the fine things which were said, was for some time scarcely aware of a man who sat upon the edge of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast and his bright eyes clearly burning under his black brow. This person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me as Webster might have looked had he been a poet.

"He rose and walked to the window, and stood quietly there for a long time, watching the dead, white landscape. No appeal was made to him, nobody looked after him. The conversation flowed as steadily on as if every one understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at the table. In vain the silent man imbibed æsthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips.

"But there was a light in his eye which assured me that nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence that it presently engrossed me, to the exclusion of everything else. There was brilliant discourse; but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers; but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair."

There was certainly something social in the silence of Hawthorne. It is seen by this description that his presence, in some nameless way, added to the enjoyment of the party. As Hawthorne retired, Mr. Emerson remarked, with a smile and in words somewhat characteristically obscure: "Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night."

Hawthorne's reputation was now established as the most classical of American novelists. Circumstances removed him from Concord to a beautiful cottage home in Lenox, amidst the mountains of Berkshire. Here he wrote "The House of Seven Gables." He finally returned to Concord for his permanent home. While these years were gliding away he had been for a short time a clerk in the custom-house at Boston and also surveyor of the port of Salem. During the four years of the administration of his friend, Franklin Pierce, he resided in Liverpool. Most of the business of his office of consul was conducted by his subordinates.

From Liverpool he returned with replenished resources—pecuniary as well as intellectual—to his home in Concord. Here he wrote the "Marble Fawn" and "Our Old Home." In the spring of 1864, as he had attained his sixtieth year, his health began to fail. Accompanied by his life-long friend, President Pierce, he undertook an excursion to the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Hawthorne seemed desponding, and expressed to his friend his conviction that his life-work was done. They reached Plymouth, and took rooms for the night at the Pemigewasset House.

Mr. Hawthorne had that day seemed unusually feeble, silent, and sad. President Pierce felt so anxious for his friend that in the middle of the night he rose and went softly into his room. Mr. Hawthorne was apparently sweetly sleeping. Mr. Pierce stepped quietly back to his bed. But the sleep of Hawthorne was that final, solemn sleep which has no earthly waking. In the morning he was found dead.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was not ashamed upon occasion to play nurse. It is recorded of him that he was often seen on pleasant summer afternoons in Salem trundling his baby in a baby carriage around the paths of the Common in solitary and sedate meditation. The novelist was always a recluse during his life in Salem, taking no interest in local affairs and not encouraging social approaches.

Boston Post. April 23. 1874

Julian Hawthorne, who saw the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, says there were but two men among the winning oarsmen who would be considered acquisitions to a good Harvard crew. He calls on the American colleges to send over another crew well practised in the English stroke, and bets his pile that they will show the Englishmen the shortest way yet from Putney to Mortlake.

Democrat and Chronicle.

Rochester, Feb. 11. 1880

LOCAL MATTERS

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

AMERICA'S GREATEST WRITER OF PROSE FICTION.

Professor Gilmore's Lecture at the Free Academy Last Evening—A Comparison of Hawthorne with Irving, Cooper and Poe—A Brief Biography of his Life—The Characteristics of his Genius—"A Romancer, Not a Novelist."

I propose to call your attention this evening to America's greatest writer of prose fiction, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

But in assigning Hawthorne this position, a comparison with Irving, Cooper and Poe is at once forced upon us.

Irving was the first American who was eminent in the field of pure literature, the first American to make literature a profession, the first American to acquire a foreign reputation. This is a good deal to say. But, would Irving have stood so high had he not been first? What estimate would be put upon his works were they given to the public to-day? Irving is attractive by his genial disposition and his unaffected manliness. He is, perhaps, our best pure humorist: his style is admirably chaste and simple. But he is thoroughly English in manner: often English, Dutch and Spanish in matter. He justly claims distinction as a biographer, a historian, an essayist. As a writer of fiction, he produced only sketches—no elaborate works; and is far superior in power to Hawthorne.

Cooper is sufficiently American—sometimes offensively so—though in manner an imitator of Scott. He lacks that subtle insight into men and things, which is the especial attribute of genius. He lacks, also, versatility. Lowell puts this point very well.

Between Cooper and Hawthorne there is certainly no comparison in any respect.

Poe is far more equally matched with Hawthorne. Indeed, there are some points of similarity—for example: analytic power; love of the weird and mysterous. Poe is inferior to Hawthorne, however, in style and finish. He gave us (owing to his unfortunate habits) only sketches—no finished work. And what he did give us lacks sobriety and substance. To compare Poe with Hawthorn is like comparing a torso with Apollo Belvidere. We must recognise Hawthorne as the founder of the latest and noblest school of fiction—that school which substitutes for the mere portrayal of external characteristics the subtle and minute analysis of character. Hawthorne was possibly indebted to an earlier American novelist—Charles Brockden Brown, author of "Arthur Mervyn" and "Edgar Huntley," and, to some extent, anticipated by Richard A. Dana in his "Paul Felton"—which, though a mere sketch, is a veritable prose "Lear." The psychologic school of fiction is, however, distinctively American; and Hawthorne was the first to make fiction of this nature a success.

Hawthorne is emphatically an American author. The scene of most of his stories is laid in New England, and they are literally true—in scenery, incident and characterization—to New England life. His novels are as thoroughly saturated with the old New England spirit as Whittier's poems. His "Scarlet Letter" represents the *regime* of the Mathers as truthfully as does Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" the age of Queen Anne. Holmes says, speaking of "The House of the Seven Gables," "The flavor of the sweet-fern and the bay-berry are not truer to the soil than the native sweetness of our little Phoebe. The Yankee mind has, for the most part, budded and flowered in pots of English earth, but you have fairly raised yours as a seedling in the natural soil."

Perhaps, all things considered, Hawthorne is our foremost prose author—the greatest genius that America has yet produced. But before attempting to justify this claim, let us glance at the events of his life and enumerate, at least, his different works.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. His ancestry were men of social standing and acknowledged ability in colonial times; but somewhat noted persecutors of Quakers and witches. One of them figures very unpleasantly in Longfellow's "New England Tragedies." Hawthorne's immediate ancestors were sea-captains, and the family seems to have lost some of its colonial importance and fallen into decay. His father died in Surinam when Nathaniel was only three years old.

He was by no means a precocious child. Among his favorite books were "The Newgate Calendar" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" and the influence of both—but especially the latter—on his literary career was marked. Some of you may recall Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad," and remember that Lowell called him "A John Bunyan Fouque, a Puritan Tieck."

Hawthorne's family removed to Raymond, Maine, on the shores of Sebago lake, in 1818, when he was only fourteen years old. Here he devoted himself largely to field sports, of which he was excessively fond, and began to write in a childish sort of way. Here, as he himself tells us, he "acquired his cursed habit of solitude," though his life seems to have been healthful and, at the expiration of a year, he returned to Salem to fit for college. Entered Bowdoin, 1821. Classmate of Longfellow, George R. Cheever and J. S. C. Abbott. Pierce in class above him. Not particularly studious. Fined for playing cards. Also for shirking essays. Graduated, 1825.

Fanshawe (which he endeavored, and very wisely, to suppress) was published in 1828. A novel—not, like his later works, a romance. A college novel, at that. Shows manifest traces of Scott's influence. Reveals little of the Hawthorne whom the world has agreed to honor. Would possibly interest those who don't like him.

Hawthorne idled away ten years after graduation at Salem—shunning the public gaze and even the society of his own household. During this period, Hawthorne did not write very much—nor read very widely nor very well, judging from the lists, given us by his son-in-law Lathrop, of books borrowed from the Salem library. He never owned many books, never cared much for them, or was much indebted to them. He hardly ever quotes anybody. Nobody in particular seems to have influenced his style.

In 1836 Hawthorne was engaged by S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") as editor of the American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, published at Boston. Engagement of short duration and not especially significant.

One volume of "Twice-Told Tales" (so called because previously published in various magazines), was given to the public in 1837. The volume is made up of quaint stories, sketches on the border-land of history and romance, rare bits of description, brief studies of nature and man, and evinces all the characteristics of his subsequent works, save their gloom and intensity. It sold slowly; but "A Rill from the Town Pump" was very popular, and "Wakefield" and "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" deserved to be. Hawthorne amusingly characterised the volume fourteen years later.

Hawthorne was a weigher and gauger in the Boston custom-house (confer Chaucer, Burns and Wadsworth) for two years, 1838-1840. At Brook Farm, near Boston, about (1840-41) where Ripley, Curtis and other literary men were endeavoring to establish an ideal community, supporting themselve by farm labor and devoting their leisure to philosophic thought. Here, according to Mr. Ripley, Hawthorne "worked like a dragon;" but, as Hawthorne himself intimates in his Blithedale Romance, he found farm-work incompatable not merely with literary labor, but with the maintenance of personal culture. Weary of the modern Arcadia—concerning which his anticipations were never very brilliant—he soon withdrew.

In 1842, Hawthorne married Miss Sophia Peabody (sister of the more famous Elizabeth Peabody) and went to reside in the old manse, the abode of many generations of ministers, at Concord, Mass.,—which was then the home of Emerson, Thorean and Alcott. He seems to have been in this Concord society, but hardly of it.

While residing in Concord (1845) Hawthorne published a second volume of Twice Told Tales; and (1846) his Mosses from an Old Manse, the introduction to which gives a charming sketch of his life at Concord and does much to vindicate the title which Longfellow and Tuckerman have given him, of "the prose-poet." These volumes are similar in their scope to the first volume of the Twice Told Tales, which I have already characterised; but since greater power and a stronger attraction towards the weird and mysterious. Some of the sketches as, for instance, "Young Goodman Brown" are positively painful.

From 1846 to 1849 Hawthorn was surveyor of the port of Salem, Mass., and, in the introduction to his "Scarlet Letter," he gives a sketch of his custom house experience which is amusing but simply outragous in the freedom with which it satrizes his fellow officials, the merchants with whom he had done business. Hawthorne was a reasonably efficient, but always an uncomfortable, office-holder; and ought, with his shy and sensitive nature, never to have accepted a position which brought him into immediate contact with such uncongenial spirits. But his literary attainments, his fealty to the Democratic party, and his intimacy with Franklin Pierce secured him the tender of official position again and again, and his pecuniary necessities impelled him to accept it.

"The Scarlet Letter" was published in 1850, and 5,000 copies were sold in ten days: but whether it was the popularity of the story or the unpopularity of the introduction that sold the edition is, to my mind, an open question. It is a terrible story of sin and retribution—the scene being laid in New England, during the old colonial times—and, though the most painful of all Hawthorne's works, is certainly inferior to none of them in weird power and in the absolute subjection of the minutest details to the author's central purpose. The morality of the book was severely criticised when it first appeared; but I know of no book, ancient or modern, which so emphatically sets forth the terrible consequences of sin: and that is, I take it, a highly moral lesson. Religiously, it is open to criticism from its failure to recognize the power of Him who has said: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." That is, it emphasises the modern idea of sin. Formerly, we were told that sin was a mere mistake, and of not much account anyway. Now we are told that it is something so ineradicable that not even divine power can interfere with it in any particular. Hawthorne, however, distinctly proclaims his contempt for "the novel with a purpose;" and certainly did not intend to invest his Scarlet Letter with any moral or religious significance.

Between 1850 and 1853 Hawthorne resided first at Lenox, among the Berkshire

hills, and then, for a second time at Concord, Mass. This was his period of greatest literature fecundity, and he gave to the world, in pretty rapid succession, the following works:

"The house of the seven gables" (1851) the scene of which is laid in Salem, Mass., and in the age of railways and daguerrean artists. Like the Scarlet letter, this story is a tale of sin and retribution (a favorite theme with Hawthorne): but it is far less painful than its immediate predecessor, and more likely to be appreciated by the average reader. It has more plot (which Hawthorne has been accused of lacking) than his other works; but they all (though less intricate and involved than the stories of many other writers) have quite plot enough to awaken and sustain interest. This story, too, "comes out well"—a matter to which Hawthorne is, as a rule, supremely indifferent, and, from his ruthless development of a single idea, necessarily indifferent. Its characters awaken more of human interest than those of Hawthorne's other romances. The author's central thought is relieved by touches of humor, which is so marked and so pleasing a characteristic of many of his shorter sketches, but of which not a single ray lights up the gloom of the "Scarlet Letter." On the whole, "The House of the Seven Gables" may be regarded as the most popular of our author's works; though, viewed from a critical standpoint, not the best. The chapter in which Judge Pyncheon sits dead in the deserted house is, however, as fine as anything that Hawthorne ever wrote; and the marvelous fidelity with which "The House of the Seven Gables" reproduces the queer, quaint spirit of sleepy old Salem, greatly enhances its value and significance.

"The Snow Image and Other Twice Told Tales appeared in 1851—the title story and "Great Stone Face" (which is included in this volume) being two of Hawthorne's most charming sketches.

In 1852 "The Blithedale Romance" appeared, in which Hawthorne worked up his "Brook Farm" experience; though his idealised "Brook Farm" is probably about as much like the actual brook farm as the conventionalised eagle of modern decorative art is like the bird of Jove. The story is the least significant and the least popular of all his works; though the character of Zenobia is magnificently drawn.

The Wonder. Book (published in 1851) and Tanglewood Tales (published in 1853) are charming modernisations of the old Greek and Roman myths, adapted to the capacity of children and showing us quite another Hawthorne from him who wrote the Scarlet Letter. To compare these books with Charles Kingsley's attempts in the same direction, is to obtain a sufficient vindication of Hawthorne's genius.

New Stories from History and Biography (at first known as Grandfather's Chair) was published in 1851, and is a book similar in scope to that just mentioned, and hardly less attractive—though it deals with New England characters and incidents.

In 1852, Hawthorne published A Campaign Life of Franklin Pierce, then a candidate for the presidency. For this act, which, upon Pierce's election, was followed by the reception of the most lucrative appointment at the disposal of the government, Hawthorne has been severely criticised. But Pierce was an old college friend—a very intimate friend—and Hawthorne could hardly refuse the service that was asked of him. Meanwhile he would, doubtless, have received of the incoming administration some fat office, had the campaign life never been written. And the Life of Pierce is not—as was witily but wickedly said when it appeared—Hawthorne's greatest triumph in the domain of fiction, but a manly and temperate vindication of a friend who, with all his faults, possessed many noble and endearing qualities. That some of Hawthorne's political opponents regarded the government appointment which followed the publication of his Life of Pierce with marked approval is seen from a letter addressed to Hawthorne by Charles Sumner.

Hawthorne was consul at Liverpool from 1853 to 1857, chafing, as usual, when in official position, at the routine duties and contact with all sorts of men thus forced upon him. On the accession of Buchanan to the presidency, Hawthorne resigned his office: but he remained abroad till 1860, residing in Italy and in England.

In 1860 he published his Marble Faun (called, in England, Transformation) the longest, most elaborate, and, many think, the best of his works; though Henry James, jr., pronounces it decidedly inferior to his other romances. His favorite idea of sin and retribution crops out again in this volume, but coupled with the notion that the act of sin, the process of retribution, may exert an ennobling spiritual influence on the sinner. The book is often charged with vagueness and incomprehensibility (Henry James, I see, is inclined to reiterate the charge); but Motley's vindication of it is certainly significant, if not altogether satisfactory.

All who have ever been at Rome, it must be said, admire the wonderful fidelity with which Hawthorne reproduces the spirit, both of the time-worn city and the cheerful artist life within its walls.

Hawthorne returned from England in 1860 and settled permanently at Concord, Mass., in the old house which he makes the residence of Septimius Felton, and which was painted a hideous yellow and finished with an ungainly tower that served Hawthorne as a study. Soon after his return, he published "Our Old Home"—a volume which offends me almost equally by its indiscriminate depreciation of everthing English and its grim attempts at wit. It was an unkindly act to publish such a book: but Hawthorne was, unfortunately, capable of such unkindly acts.

This was the last book of Hawthorne's that appeared during his life-time. He began, in the Atlantic Monthly, a serial entitled "The Dolliver Romance;" but his health failed him and it was left—like Dickens's "Edwin Drood," unfinished. After his death a commendable thriftiness gathered up and printed all that he left behind him in any condition to print. His boyish novel "Fanshawe," was unearthed and given to the public, and also "Septimius Felton," an unfinished romance which he had thrown aside, intending, apparently, to weave much of its material into "The Dolliver Romance." It is of interest as showing us one of Hawthorne's stories in process of construction, and evinces, in the rough, all the characteristics of his mighty genius.

Hawthorne's "American, English and Italian Note Books" were also given to the public—an act which might well have perturbed his shy and retiring spirit, whatever its abode. The "American Note Books" are of great interest to one who would study the man and mark the growth of his perceptive and analytic powers. They contain many germs, afterwards developed into stories, and much material that would doubtless have been used, had he lived. The "English Note Books" are characterished by an intensly American spirit and of a degree of ignorance, of what he might reasonably have expected to find in England, that is really amusing. I am reminded constantly, in reading them, of the remark attributed to Goldsmith: "Why! even the children in France speak French." Hawthorne's ignorance, however, was, to some extent, wilful and affected—the outgrowth of his intense individualism and intense Americanism. The "Italian Note Books" are guide-bookist sort of affairs, with no very especial significance in any direction.

Shortly after Hawthorne's return from Europe, our civil war broke out, and seemed utterly to shock and benumb his faculties. He was freely accused, at the time, of undue sympathy with the south, and his inborn tendencies and party application all point in that direction. His son-in-law has discovered, in Hawthorne's diary and correspondence, some expressions of patriotic devotion, however, and insists that he was as truly a martyr to his country as though he had died on the field of battle.

Be that as it may, his health gradually declined throughout our civil war, and he was found dead in his bed at Plymouth, N. H., (whither he had gone, in search of health, with his old friend, Pierce) on the 19th of May, 1864.

Hawthorne was, as has already been said, excessively shy and moody. He either affected the habits of a recluse, or was afflicted with a strain of insanity.

He was judged by superficial indications a heartless man; yet his friendship for Pierce and for Bridge, whose Journal of an African Cruiser he edited, would seem to prove the contrary.

He was excessively fastidious, and hence a slow producer. Or was he indolent? He was certainly a dreamer. Yet his ten unproductive years at Salem were hardly wasted. He said afterward, on revisiting the old homestead, "in this room fame was won," and probably he was right.

In attempting an analysis of Hawthorne's genius, I remark: 1. That he was a romancer, not a novelist—that is he depicts men and things as to an imaginative mind they might conceivably be, rather than as, to a keenly observant mind, they actually are.

We must, then, recognize the highly imaginative character of Hawthorne's productions—and also the necessity of an imaginative mind in order to appreciate them. This is one reason why he is not more universally popular.

2. He possessed rare analytic power—subtle insight into men and things: but was attracted to the study of that especially which is abnormal and exceptional. He may be called a morbid anatomist of men and nature—a psychologist of no mean power writing stories which deal chiefly with the deformed, the exaggerated and the unnatural. 3. His keen insight and his intense study of the abnormal and exceptional result in an originality the sense of which is heightened by the infrequency of his quotations from, or allusions to, the works of other authors.

4. Attracted as he is to the weird and grotesque, his imagination is weird and grotesque; but powerful in its workings and almost irresistible in its dominion over the mind of an appreciative reader. There is something Dantesque about him here.

5. This effect is heightened by the intensity of his passion; but while Hawthorne possesses to a high degree this element of effectiveness, he is deficient in pathos. In humor, however—which is, as a rule, the reverse side of pathos—Hawthorn excels, though his humor tends generally to run into satire, and is genial and playful only when dealing with the ideal world. 6. Hawthorne's style is nearly perfect—possessing, in a high degree, clearness, strength, vivacity and elegance.

Nothing can be farther from the truth than Longfellow's unfortunate characterisation of it. Hawthorne, according to Longfellow, "uses words merely as stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound his spirit crosses and re-crosses the rushing stream of thought." Quite to the contrary of all this, the most marked characteristic of Hawthorne's style is, to my mind, that it is, not a thing apart froom his thought, but that the two are so interwoven—so interpenetrate each other as to make absolutely one impression on the mind. The lightest phase of thought or feeling is infallibly embodied in expression which seems rather thought itself than the garb of thought.

This effect is the result of painstaking elaboration, and sometimes the elaboration is carried too far—sometimes the style is too good.

Hawthorne's works are sometimes marred, too, by an excessive minuteness of detail which renders them unsymmetrical and impedes the action. Minuteness of detail—endless multiplication of microscopic touches is the means by which Hawthorne produces his most striking effects, and sometimes he overdoes it.

It is to be noticed, also, that Hawthorne's native dignity and refinement forbids him to let his humble characters (e. g. Uncle Venner in the Seven Gables, the colored servants in

his Legends of the Province House) speak the dialect appropriate to their sphere; yet his marvelous genius so perfectly adjusts them to their sphere that we are hardly sensible of this defect.

Whatever flaws we may seem to detect in Hawthorn's manner, we must still insist that he is the greatest master of English prose whom the century has produced. More than that, he is a wonderful creative genius, wielding, with consumate grace and vigor, a wand which neither Scott, Dickens nor Thackery could so much as lift. He would have been greater, to my mind, had he been less morbid and misanthropic—if his rare powers of analysis had been attracted to the natural and healthful rather than to the abnormal and grotesque. Indeed he is, I have sometimes thought, seen at his best in his lighter sketches and in his stories for children. He is less morbid and unhealthful then, and almost equally imaginative. Fully to appreciate him, we must come to understand that *there were in reality two Hawthornes*—one gloomy and saturnine, the other sportive and fanciful—and that these two qualities of Hawthorne's mind do not always qualify and correct each other, as Mr. Stedman has fancied in his poem on Hawthorne.

Franklin Gazette 1877

REV. DR. COLLYER ON HAWTHORNE. "The raciest name in American letters is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne," said Rev. Robert Collyer to his congregation Sunday evening. Hawthorne was in the purest sense a man of genius, and by his writings he did more than any other man, except Emerson, to establish the claim of America to a distinctive and worthy literature. There is a vast difference between pure genius and mere talent. The work that Hawthorne did will always be fresh and delightful, while the efforts of mere talent will enjoy popularity for a while and will then be forgotten. The grandest book that Hawthorne ever wrote was his "Scarlet Letter." It was too bad, the speaker said, that a man of Hawthorne's great genius and proud, sensitive nature should have been obliged to float in and out with the tides of American politics. Such a man should have been above the necessity of being a camp follower of any political party. To the credit of Franklin Pierce it may be said that when he was President he did not forget his old schoolmate, but gave Hawthorne one of the best offices within his gift—that of consul at Liverpool.

Each one of Hawthorne's great stories is devoted to the development of some great principle. The "House of the Seven Gables," for instance, is devoted to the idea that evil deeds can be transmitted from age to age, corrupting and blemishing succeeding generations. The "Marble Faun" shows that after a sin, sudden and impulsive, a man may possibly reach a higher standard of moral excellence than he would have attained had he not transgressed. Hawthorne's genius endows his characters with peculiarly sympathetic and fascinating qualities. His humor, like his pathos, is of the keenest and most natural sort. No other man ever wrought such great works out of such scanty materials. In his "Notebook" he gives a most interesting revelation of his inner self—a revelation that no reader can peruse without admiration and pleasure. The brain of Hawthorne was as great as that of Daniel Webster, and his comprehension of nature was much more true. Readers find mystery and the lights and shades of nature in Hawthorne's books as they find them in the works of Shakespeare and George Eliot. Among all of the books that are called fiction, none can be found more suggestive of great principles or stronger in moral fibre than those of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Dr. Collyer said that he was proud to acknowledge his great love for the author of the "Scarlet Letter" and the pleasure that he derived from making Hawthorne's books the frequent companions of his leisure moments.

The Graves of the Hawthornes.

Marlboro Advertiser April 25, 1880

SLEEPY HOLLOW, AND KENSAL GREEN.

BY ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

There are many lovely and noted places in the quiet town of Concord, Mass., but not one lovlier, or more universally visited, than the peaceful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow.

People who were children in Concord twenty-five years ago remember it well as a long ridge of low hills covered with pines; where violets and anemones abounded in the spring, where birds and squirrels made merry in their season, and where they themselves ran wild Saturday afternoons, winter and summer. Even in those days there was a broad cart road through it, and footpaths in every direction, to Peter Robbins', to Deacon Brown's, to Bedford and to Carlisle. Adjacent on the village side stretched the youngest of the three graveyards of the ancient town. This graveyard, directly behind a little white school-house known in the Concord speech of those days as "Miss Hunt's school-house," was then called "the new graveyard," and was the favorite play place of the restless children. Consequently it was as familiar to them, as devoid of gloom, as their own door-yards; and it was not an infrequent thing to see the good-natured old sexton followed into an open tomb by rosy-cheeked boys and girls. Many were the famous visitors who honored "Miss Hunt's school-house:" the Hoars and the Ripleys, the Manns, and the Peabodys, and even Mr. Emerson himself, whom the children understood to be a very great man who had people from Europe to see him.

Oftentimes while the children were playing in the graveyard their noisy sports would be hushed suddenly by the sight of a funeral procession slowly winding its silent way through the narrow paths by their side, and some of them will never forget when they whispered to each other: "Martha is to be buried this afternoon." This Martha they knew well. It was not long since she sat on the benches they now occupied; their older sisters were her friends, and a couple of nights before she had been taken out of the sluggish Concord River by Nathaniel Hawthorne and Ellery Channing—drowned. But they little thought that tragic death would live forever in the wondrous pages of The Blithedale Romanc; for, word for word, the finding of Zenobia is but the finding of Martha, the daughter of the Concord farmer.

Years went by and the new graveyard became too strait for its tenants; then the town bought Sleepy Hollow. Gates were put up, but they are always left open, new paths have been cut, and lots that may be bought laid out, but it has not lost its old charm; it is still the play place for Saturday afternoons, the home of violets and anemones, squirrels and birds, the haunt of poet and philosopher, where lovers stroll, and where mourners half forget their sorrow.

Numerous are the noted graves of this secluded spot. Samuel Hoar, so renowned as a lawyer, so much more renowned as a Christian abolitionist, his sweet and gracious daughter Elizabeth, whose presence saved her intrepid father's life at Charleston, Mrs. Hoar, her mother, who was a granddaughter of Roger Sherman, Henry Thoreau and his gifted sisters, quaint old Dr. Bartlett, whose personality is so marked that it is easy to tell a book written by anybody who ever lived in Concord, for he is always in it in some shape—and scores more, any one of whom would have made any other town in the Commonwealth famous. But, over all, the grave of Nathaniel Hawthorne draws hither worshipers of genius and lovers of good books.

Sleepy Hollow was well known to him, and was his favorite walk when he lived in the "*Old* Manse" between 1843 and 1846. He had only to cross the highway opposite the Manse gates, strike into the woods, and thus down to the postoffice or Mr. Emerson's, so no figure was more familiar to the romping children than his tall, broad-shouldered, handsome one. His face they could not often see, as he usually looked down while he walked, and often it was muffled in a heavy cloak, but all were sure it was very handsome likewise, for was he not the author of Grandfather's Chair!

His hair was very noticeable as it hung in black gleaming masses round the averted face; and one of those children had for years no other ideal of the Prince who woke the Sleeping Beauty than Mr. Hawthorne. After he came back to Concord from Lenox, and bought the "Wayside" he still frequented Sleepy Hollow, and more than ever after he returned from the long sojourn in Europe, which bleached his raven hair to snowy white. So when they brought all that was mortal of him from Plymouth, in 1864, they well knew where he would be laid.

They made his grave on the highest point of a gently swelling ridge, near to many whom he cared for in life, but sufficiently remote to allow the feeling of freedom and isolation he so greatly prized. The lot, in which is no other grave, is large, but long rather than wide, while even the width it does possess is not uniform, and is absolutely in a state of nature. It is covered with short grass, vines and dwarf shrubs, and on its front is the low white stone no bigger than the foot-stone of its more ambitious neighbor, whose black letters say only "Hawthorne."

Looking at it, you feel there is but one in America worthy to lie beside its occupant, only one whose genius to conceive and power to portray equal his. And you know that to this very sleeping place loving hands will some day—God grant that it be not soon—bring that one; and as the Lake District of England is a shrine because of Wordsworth and Southey, so Sleepy Hollow will be regarded by succeeding generations, because of Hawthorne and Emerson.

Mrs. Hawthorne, whose devotion to,

and sympathy with, her gifted husband are everywhere known, has found a far different grave. Dying in London, she was buried in Kensal Green, the pleasantest of all the outlying cemeteries. About three miles to the northwest of the city, an omnibus taken on Oxford Street will leave you at the gates of the crowded burying ground. Instead of the holy quiet, the almost heavenly solitude, of Sleepy Hollow, you have all around you the hum of business which comes from the necessary care of such a city of the dead. It is said there are seventy thousand graves here, and so one must stop at the gate, and consult the map and plan of the ground, if a particular spot is desired.

The land rises from the gates, and on the top of the swell is a handsome chapel, attached to which is a row of cloisters, where are many inscriptions. The ground is divided into consecrated and unconsecrated: none dying outside the Church of England having any place in the former. Entering a huge ugly monument of the royal Duke of Sussex confronts you, but you soon cease to be annoyed by it, as your eye catches the grave of Hugh Littlejohn, the fortunate child for whom Sir Walter Scott wrote "The Tales of a Grandfather."

You have been told to keep to the right, but so many are the diverging paths, that only after many mistakes do you find that for which you are looking. Just a little below the summit of the hill, in a sunny spot sloping towards London, is the little green plot you have come so long a distance to see.

All about the grave is a low stone curbing, at its foot a small scroll, and at the head a very modest stone on which you read "Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne."

When I visited it first the grave was so covered with snow drops that there was no room for the bunch of flowers which, as her country-woman, I would fain have placed there. The next time fragrant hyacinths had taken the place of the frail, brief-lived snow drops, and a beautiful wreath of white immortelles encircled the foot-stone. She keeps illustrious company in that distant burying place. Tom Hood is close at hand, Allan Cunningham, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sidney Smith and Thackeray not far off, while her own countryman Motley is a near neighbor. It pleased me well that she, so rarely gifted herself, so rarely blest in the genius of husband and children, should take her long rest thus encompassed by the great of literature, but more distinctly than I saw their headstones, I always saw closest hers, that low mound on the Ridge Path in Sleepy Hollow where was no need to write any other word than "Hawthorne."

Andover, Mass.

HAWTHORNE.

An Interesting Sketch of His

Life at Bowdoin.

Sunday Herald: Jan 23. 1881

Who His Friends Were and His Classmates.

A Country College Sixty Years Ago.

In "A Virtuoso's Collection," Hawthorne commends a poet to remembrance because his voice is "scarcely heard among us by reason of its depth." Scarcely known was Hawthorne's life by reason of its depth. It is not surprising that his college days yield few incidents to suggest what manner of man he was in the years 1821–1825, when at Bowdoin College he partook of such a measure of sweetness and light as was vouchsafed an undergraduate of that day. This sketch, at best, can do no more than throw a few moments' sunshine on this period in Hawthorne's life, which time has folded long ago in her trailing mists. In the general catalogue of Bowdoin, Hawthorne's name stands a little apart from Longfellow's. A single line suffices:

Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mr., 1864. 60.

A master of arts dying in 1864 at the age of threescore; that is all the catalogue has to indicate concerning him. His classmate, Longfellow, requires much space for the record of his degrees from Cambridge, Oxford, Harvard, together with the list of his professorships and the record of his membership in various societies. The fulness of detail about Longfellow suggests that the main features of his life are familiar to those who care to know anything of the ways of authors, while the brief entry about Hawthorne is indicative of the unfruitfulness of records, early and late, touching his character and experience. The "Country College," as he calls it in the preface to "The Snow Image," remains within sound of the whispering pines, whose fragrance is sweet as in the days when Hawthorne stood beneath their far-murmuring branches. Bowdoin has not waked to find herself famous; but her good name and the honorable roll of her sons have shielded her from the criticism that happily sets a mark upon less high-minded mothers. The village of Brunswick—the seat of the college—is among the oldest of New England towns, and its annals have a flavor of romance. An ancient settlement was the setting for the jewel of learning which loving hands had borne to the "vague Orient, known as Down East." Less than 10 years after the Plymouth landing the first settler came to the region of the Androscoggin which now is occupied by the town of Brunswick. When

HAWTHORNE APPROACHED THE GATES

of the institution that was to enroll his name, he trod soil which had been for two centuries the abode of sturdy men, and women patient of privation—a circumstance that would attract his receptive mind. The shadows of 200 years were heavy enough to lend to the freshness of the scenes about him in the young college the soberness and dignity of great age. For nearly a century the recurring alarms and repeated massacres served to mark this region with scars of Indian warfare, which fancy even now can discern with tragic distinctness. The dullest observer feels a quickening of his imagination when surroundings like these are open to his vision. Hawthorne would disregard no such element of interest. When he betook himself to the falls which enrich the scenery along the banks of the Androscoggin, he would pass the site of the fort, which was a refuge from the storm for long years, and was as old as the early part of the 18th century. Over the street leading to the river side had marched those who were to share in the Louisburg expedition, or contend in the revolutionary forces for a liberty which, even now, is little understood. Hawthorne would enjoy what Wordsworth calls the harvest of a quiet eye in the environments of the unambitious college. By the "shadowy stream"—Mair brook—spoken of in the "Snow Image," he would make his way through the alders in pursuit of the discerning trout, which have lured many generations of students, and are wont to accept only the overtures of those who can take their life with graceful skill. Shooting gray squirrels, he tells us, was another pastime in the deep woods, odorous and profoundly quiet. Across the Androscoggin is a hill, a notable object in this level region, where one may look off to the outlines of the White mountains, or, seaward, to the islanded Casco bay. A two-mile tramp would bring him to the shore of the bay, from whence is visible the outer harbor and the ocean beyond, pensive with mist, or flashing beneath the unveiled midday radiance. When Hawthorne came to Bowdoin, Brunswick had a population of about 3000. In the immediate village there were 125 houses, though a recent representative of Bowdoin, in a much quoted book, gives the impression that the settlement was then akin to a "clearing," and the seat of learning not far removed from log cabins and divers beasts of prey. The temptation toward profuse expenditure was easily overcome. Only 20 stores, it would seem, displayed their fascinations. Five places of worship were open; the church on the hill, as it is called, being the

SPIRITUAL HOUSE OF THE FACULTY,

and most of the students, who were Orthodox-Congregationalist. Universalist ministers occasionally officiated in the town, and the Methodists essayed to establish themselves in the village; but, after preaching a few times, their leader, who had secured the use of a schoolhouse near the college, was repelled from the place and abandoned the undertaking. Many outsiders, including a number of students, came to hear the preacher, Melville B. Cox—a name in honor among the Methodists. Freshmen, who are alleged to be more susceptible to religious impressions than those of older classes, would be represented in the audience, and Hawthorne may have been a listener. At all events it is safe to conclude that his memory would be impressed with the circumstance that Mr. Cox was told by his host that it would not do for him to shelter a Methodist, and so the preacher shook off the dust of his feet and departed, after giving one more sermon in the town. It is probable that the lines graven in the faces of his Puritan characters would be the deeper by reason of his knowledge of this suggestion of earlier persecutions. Wheeler's "History of Brunswick" gives the account of this inhospitality, and records that, in 10 years from that time, Methodism was having free course in the town.

The taverns of the village were to the churches as two to one, when Hawthorne sojourned in Brunswick. The stores, not less than the inns, dealt in the liquors which New Englanders then consumed with zestful regularity. The first store in town where no liquor was sold was kept—in 182?—by a man who came from another part of the state. The local virtue, it would appear, was not sufficient for these things. A few years prior to this date the sales of intoxicants in the village amounted to nearly 9000 gallons; a record quite momentous in view of the population. The details of the traffic show that there was sold an intolerable degree of West India rum, and a little wine—potency being the prevailing preference, it is evident. One inn stood in the corner of the college yard. The landlord advertised that he had a "never-failing well," but the never-failing bar probably was the superior attraction. A year before Hawthorne entered college the proprietor committed suicide, an event which made the tavern a centre of morbid interest. The Falstaff was the alluring name of one of the inns, and the Pumpkin Tavern, two miles away, toward Bath (so called because its sign resembled that estimable vegetable), was yet another attraction. The town history gives a minute

RECORD OF THE HAPPENINGS

of these years, as of other periods, and the student evidently would find little to dispute the preëminent claim of his studies. One forenoon during Hawthorne's sophomore year, there was a shock of an earthquake, and the vibrations occurred at a felicitous moment—just as the recitation bell was to ring. It is to be hoped that the phenomenon gave the young men an "adjourn."

There should be mentioned, at this point, an event of parallel importance, the visit of a caravan; a novelty then so impressive as to merit a special remark in the town annals. This innovation was in Hawthorne's senior year. A Punch and Judy show, a quarter of a century before, was yet a subject of mention; but the variety entertainment now vouchsafed would eclipse the wonders of the former exhibition. A total of one earthquake and one caravan would seem to sum up the extraordinary amusements of those four college years of Hawthorne. A ventriloquist appears to have visited the academic shades, likewise, but his attractions are not worthy of mention as compared with the rockings and the roars indicated. During the senior year, furthermore, a course of lectures on "English Grammar" was given by a lady. The tickets were $3, the lectures 40 in number. Seven cents a lecture was a moderate charge, it must be admitted, but it is doubtful if Hawthorne heard the two-score expositions of the science of language, despite the diverting reasonable-

ness of the tickets. A Fourth of July celebration, the first in many years, occurred in 1822, a few weeks before his graduation—a festivity that must not be overlooked in this record. Within the college precincts Hawthorne would share in the labor and diversion pertaining to the bearing of arms. His

friend in the class above him, Franklin Pierce, was one of the officers of the organization, and Hawthorne confesses that Pierce "entered into the business or pastime with an earnestness with which I could not pretend to compete." "The only military service of my life was as a private soldier in a college company," Hawthorne affirms in his "Life of Franklin Pierce." With unsmiling and inaudible hilarity Private Hawthorne would view the official gravity of his intimate companion, and marvel at the devotion of Pierce which would stoop to acquire the minute

DETAILS OF THE DRILL,

so that in the crisis of march and manual no error should humiliate the commander of a section. Hawthorne's genial friend would display none of "the insolence of office," and, after the drama of military achievement was over, the two would resume their equality

without delay—no chill of real or fancied injustice—the private soldier's portion—lowering the temperature of their mutual regard! The literary society of Hawthorne's choice would furnish a modicum of amusement, together with the sober verities of culture. The Peucinian and Athenæan societies were the two organizations which foreshadowed the Greek letter fraternities of today in Bowdoin. Hawthorne characterizes them as "dividing the college between them, and typifying, respectively, and with singular accuracy of feature, the respectable Conservative and progressive or Democratic parties." The debates of his society would enlist his attention, if not his active participation. The seal of the Athenæum was a shield with a Latin motto, suggesting that science would smile on those who sedulously cultivated her. On the shield was depicted the Parthenon, and beneath, the figures 1817, the date of the founding of the society, indicated that the classic structure and Bowdoin College were somewhat apart in historic space. Hawthorne was one of the standing committee of the society—Pierce was chairman—and this position of trust shows that he was esteemed as a man of affairs. His special friend, Jonathan Cilley, whom he describes as "a person of very marked ability and great social influence;" Horatio Bridge, equally a congenial spirit, and William Pitt Fessenden, were in the same society. The rivalry was sharp between the fraternities, but Longfellow's membership in the Peucinian was no hindrance to Hawthorne's friendship for him, albeit many were put asunder by the contending alliances who naturally would be joined in sympathy. He was drawn to Pierce by being in the society, he assures us, but the charming traits in his friend would hold him to a deeper fellowship. Pierce's bright and cheerful aspect made sunshine, says Hawthorne, and "no shyness of disposition in his associates could well resist its influence." This obvious personal allusion is a pleasant surprise where so little is suffered to take on the form and hue of self-portrayal. The class of 1806, the first that graduated, had been at large but 15 years when Hawthorne entered. It was a young college; accommodations were limited. In his first year Hawthorne roomed in a house, now lost to sight, opposite the college campus, on the main street. "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Salem, Mass., Mrs. Adams'," is the entry in the catalogue of that date. His classmate, Alfred Mason of Portsmouth, N. H., a son of Jeremiah Mason, roomed at the same place. Two seniors, of whom one was William Smyth, the able incumbent for so many years of the mathematical chair of Bowdoin, and two juniors, were fellow-lodgers also. In his sophomore year, No. 19 Maine Hall was his residence, and Alfred Mason was his chum. The two years succeeding he roomed alone in a house opposite the residence of the late Prof. Parker Cleaveland—the father of American mineralogy, the title that has often been given him. The "not high standard of scholarship" and "the rather naked walls" of Bowdoin, likewise the assertion that it was not an "impressive seat of learning," are intimations lately phrased and published in the work before mentioned—the sketch of Hawthorne—and it leads one who

DISSENTS FROM THIS VIEW

of the alma mater of wise men, and mighty and noble men not a few, to beg the gentle reader to repair to the appointed room at Bowdoin in the early autumn morning of 1821, and listen to the examination of the youth, whose fame, exceeding broad, is yet in its youth in this year of grace—threescore years after the hour when the reputed trepidation of an entrance examination was fairly upon the famous class of 1825. Of the small board of instructors, the president, William Allen, and Prof. Parker Cleaveland were Harvard men; and, before Hawthorne's graduation, two other Cambridge men were among his teachers. The model of the young college was Harvard—a standard not in dispute at any period, easily first—and the earlier members of the faculty were almost exclusively graduates of that venerable and illustrious university. The usual time of the examination for admission was the day after commencement. Hawthorne was present, undoubtedly, at the graduating exercises in 1821, and would be duly impressed by the unwonted spectacle. The valedictory was by John Appleton, now chief justice of Maine. By the terms of admission, Hawthorne was required to write Latin grammatically; to be versed in "Walsh's Arithmetic," a treatise not of the number of the immortals in literature, evidently; to know geography; and to give a good account of himself in the usual works of Virgil, Cicero and kindred spirits, with a test in Greek not disproportionate to what is now demanded. Prof. A. S. Packard, who was then a tutor, and has since been a teacher in Bowdoin without intermission, was one of his examiners. The freshmen numbered 38, but what were those among 20 sophomores? It is to be presumed that the assurance which reaches its maximum in human experience early in the second year of college life outweighed the disparity in numbers, and the usual subjection was the lot, it is to be presumed, of that generation of freshmen. Prof. Calvin E. Stowe was one of the "grim" sophomores of that day. On the first Sunday evening of his college life, as ever thereafter during the four years, Hawthorne would be required to join the body of students and present himself for a biblical exercise. Livy, Xenophon, arithmetic and private declamations would engage his attention during the first term. After the freshman year, public exercises in elocution and English composition would diversify his pursuits.

THERE WERE NO ELECTIVES

in those days. Latin and Greek for three years were not absent from view. Paley and Butler, Blair's rhetoric, Stewart's philosophy, Hedge's logic, Henry's chemistry, Locke's essay—on these substantial things did he feed. The mathematics of Harvard the catalogue announces as a portion of the feast. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha of Maine, and this indicates that Hawthorne was not inattentive to these requirements; and that such demands were made points to a standard, of which "not high" is an inadequate description. Prof. Packard remembers Hawthorne's excellent Latin themes, and the bearing of the young man who sat on the front bench (Longfellow being two seats behind him) and did well in all his classics. His English compositions were so noticeable that Prof. Newman, an authority in rhetoric, was wont to summon the members of his family to hear the remarkable productions of him who was "but a youth and ruddy." One who often watched his retreating form, and would then steal into the study to add her childish criticism, still recalls the indefinable something that laid its spell upon the unformed mind of the young girl who was to delight in after years in his pictures laid in fair colors. The commencement programme of 1825 announces parts by 26 out of the class of 37, but Hawthorne's name is not among them. Longfellow had an "oration" on "Native Writers." Three had a "conference," of whom John S. C. Abbott was one, and discussed Byron, Scott and Irving, unconscious that he who sat and listened, himself bearing no share in the burden and heat of commencement day, was to equal the achievement, and outlive in repute, it may be, the three authors who were then subjected to the juvenile analysis and glowing eulogy of his classmates. Hawthorne's inclination, not a want of rank, served to place him among those not figuring as oracles and orators on that memorable day. The poetry of Hawthorne in his college days, whose merits the writer of this paper would not seek to disclose, is not a feature of that life at Bowdoin that is so unusual as to require comment. Years after, an edition of Bowdoin poets was prefaced with the regret that Hawthorne, among others, had declined to contribute to its pages. What man is he who graduates and has not made two verses of poetry bloom where only one bloomed before? This tendency to versify is not needed to show cause why a degree should issue, but the moral requirement of rhyming—for to that imperative does the custom approach—was fulfilled by Hawthorne as by others. The possibilities of prose were to be demonstrated by him, and so there ought to be little repining that his poetry was not a marvel. "Fanshawe" is supposed to light up the

SCENERY OF HIS COLLEGE DAYS,

but the simple details that are here rehearsed may be even more effective. The expense attending his college habitation was not onerous. Twenty-four dollars per year for tuition, $9 for room rent, while the usual price of board was $1.75 per week. This is the scale of prices. The "rather naked walls" sheltered him for a pittance, it may be affirmed, when later outlays are remembered by those who have fallen on less impecunious times, and the fine of 20 cents for neglecting a theme (an incident to which one of his "term bills" bears witness) was not "impressive," but it may have been enough to warn him. His playing cards for a quart of wine—a transaction which the president duly reported to his mother—was not a [illegible]adless contiguity of shade" to rest upon [illegible]oral character, though not to be free from [illegible]ension; and this mention is of itself [illegible]nce of the absence of irregularities in his college life, while, to many, the wine in college would seem a less evil than the fast-flowing West India rum of the village. A fine of 50 cents set the official seal of condemnation on this violation of the laws of the institution. This escapade indicates that he was not a recluse. One of his classmates speaks of the rare instances when he laughed outright (though his face evinced his delight in the jollity that might be abroad), and of his serenity unbroken when most would be demonstrative, but it is not a faithful inference to fancy the young man, whose tongue was tamed, as morose and repellent in his demeanor. The beauty of his smile lingers in the memory of those who knew him in his days at Bowdoin, and that were more than the immeasurable talk that distinguishes most college boys. Those who never beheld the illumination of his countenance read his works with a veil over their faces. The remembrance of that light relieves the sombreness of his gloomiest pages. The college library would seem an imposing array of works—known and unknown to fame—to him whose early opportunities had not been extended to many books. The masters of English had been his literary meat and drink in his boyhood, and before he was 14 it is said that he had been enamored of the Newgate calendar, while a few other unusual productions were under his notice. Bunyan was eminently suggestive to him, and it is an easy inference that the power and pathos of that dramatic dreamer moved Hawthorne profoundly.

James Bowdoin, dying in 1811, bequeathed to the college his library of exceptional excellence, numbering 4000 volumes, and containing works on the French and American revolutions and a choice selection of French and Spanish publications on the

LITERATURE OF THOSE NATIONALITIES;

while the insight of their countrymen touching science, so far as it had proceeded, was given to the world in the works which Mr. Bowdoin had secured. The modest collections of the literary societies, when added to the treasures of the college library (which, be it said, was not limited to the contribution of Mr. Bowdoin), would constitute altogether a rich and relatively exhaustless resource for the mind which was given to reading with singular devotion. Adjacent to this literary wealth, quite endless, doubtless, in Hawthorne's immature estimation, was the picture gallery which the beneficent gentleman just mentioned had included in his gift to Bowdoin. The collection was obtained when princes, whose purses were lean and hungry, were disposing of their art possessions with alacrity. Valuable paintings were within the limits of expenditure that Mr. Bowdoin had established for himself, and the college, consequently, has been favored with the repute of having a remarkable array of pictures. The eyes of Hawthorne would be refreshed with the fine copies (if they be not originals) to which certain high names were appended in token of authorship. Here, again, the perspective of the college is rendered more impressive. Quite above his capacity at that time were the treasures new and old in literature and art that the "country college" placed within Hawthorne's reach. The $24 of tuition money admitted him to what would charm his unfolding sensibilities to an unexpected extent. This outlay, almost pathetically small, opened to him the gates, and he entered in to find a large inheritance. A collection of minerals, arranged by Haily, was a further offering to the college from Mr. Bowdoin, and this was yet another token that the institution was intent on enlarging its facilities for a liberal education. Infantile now would seem the scientific resources of that day, but such as it had gave the government of the college to the sons who came from near and far. Remarkable young men were contemporaries with Hawthorne in the several classes. His own class, whose 50th reunion was commemorated by Longfellow in the exquisite verses of "Morituri Salutamus," was distinguished even then. Following the alphabetical suggestion, the class list, as now marked and inwardly digested, bears witness to the strength of the men. James W. Bradbury, United States senator from Maine when Webster and Clay and other great lights adorned the Senate chamber; George B. Cheever, known of many men and read of not a few; Jonathan Cilley, who, at 35, only 10 years after his commencement day, fell in a duel, offering the sacrifice of his life to a mistaken idea; Patrick Henry Greenleaf, an honored clergyman of the Episcopal Church; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Stephen Longfellow; Alfred Mason, Frederick Mellen and Edward Deering Preble, representatives of families of distinction, themselves full of promise and dying too early for its perfection; Samuel Page Benson and Cullen Sawtelle, members of Congress; John S. C. Abbott, the writer of many books, and others who would almost exhaust

THE ROLL OF THE CLASS,

from Horatio Bridge to Eugene Weld, both friends, in particular, of Hawthorne. In other classes, the period was eminently to be remarked, for within those few years Chief Justice Appleton, United States Senator James Bell, Prof. William Smyth, Dr. David Humphreys Storer, Dr. Luther V. Bell, William Pitt Fessenden, Franklin Pierce, Calvin E. Stowe and Sergeant Smith Prentiss were members of the college; nor would the names of their fellows be strange to many readers were they set in order in this paper.

The atmosphere was not heavy nor uninspiring when such as these were about the unobtrusive '25 man, for whom they eagerly made room in the high place where later they were thought worthy to stand. A turning to the region of sentiment is never unwelcome, even when the simplest sketch of a life is undertaken. That college and town which were estranged socially would be anomalies. The budding affections of freshman year, and the unkindly frosts of the graduating period, when the blighting effects of student departures, with pledges unsought, fall upon maidens who may have dreamed of a coöperative system which should include themselves and the youths who now "morrow to fresh fields and pastures new"—what analist can ignore this phase of college life? The class of '25 was rather famous for its gallantry, and the fair daughters of the town were in high spirits in those days; gayety was abundant, and there was no lack of young men whose bearing was fine, and whose disposition to avoid an excessive application to study was undisputed. But Hawthorne did not share in his classmates' watch and care over the maidens who congregated at commencement, and who, through the year, were not unmindful of the existence of the college. There is no tradition that he was an escort for any one in that "garden of girls." The library, the woods, the seclusion of his room, were stronger influences. It is even possible that, when his friends were engaged in an analysis of the affections, he was devoting himself to study of a more serious nature. The seniors in college were permitted to join the medical class in dissecting and hearing lectures. Hawthorne's name is on the list of those availing themselves of this privilege. Afterward he was to dissect the heart and conscience of his kind with unerring hand; now he makes the body the subject of his sympathetic and painstaking work. The reluctance many feel at participating in the process of resolving the human frame into its separate factors was not his portion, and his untroubled glance would rest as serenely upon the panorama of the human system drawn in veritable flesh as on some anatomical picture, which,

DISTILLED NO DEW OF BLOOD,

and knew not pangs at any period in its history.

"Idle lads" is the descriptive title Hawthorne bestows on Bridge and himself when he recalls their college days. "Gathering blueberries in study hours" is one count in the indictment he frames against their conduct; but he says this atrocity was perpetrated

"under those tall academic pines," so that conscience was only sleeping, seeing that they kept within sight of the recitation room. "Doing a hundred things that the faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us;" that is a generalizing of his which does not of necessity argue high degrees of criminality, while there is no evidence that waywardness and wanton departures from correctness were conspicuous or noticeable features of his college days. The love of letters was an anchor to Hawthorne, if one were needed for him more than for any other young man in college. The fleeting years glide away, and there is heard the "Alas!" which always sighs itself out upon the air when the diplomas are displayed, and a class is about to melt into the vagueness of the alumnus state. The boys of '25 hear their "*accendite hic*," and Hawthorne, Longfellow and the rest press forward to the stage where the president waits to deliver into their hands the token that they are now to go forth to be "brave, loyal and successful."

A few years obscure Hawthorne—in his solitude he is preparing to lead captive the world's intellect and stir profoundly its sensibilities—and then fame is no longer distant, but comes to him, and comes to stay. Vocal now is the reticence of his college days. His personality is felt in the scenes which he left years before with few of the insignia of greatness—though the man may not visit again, save rarely, the halls of alma mater. Seeing the fruit, it is easy to look back and discern the bud and blossom. The college mind is haunted by his presence as if the master of English were not far away. More a part of the college life is he than when he sat upon the benches and went in and out before them who little understood him. His reserve is gone. Every hour he utters his message, and they who remain of the number that saw him in his college days, and not less the long line of the sons of Bowdoin that have come after him, are delighted listeners, as he speaks in tones clear and moving, and is saluted by the world of literature as one whose thoughts, and their expression, yield proof that they were "born for immortality."

CONCORD CONVERSATIONS.

HAWTHORNE, THOREAU, MARGARET FULLER AND MRS HOWE.

Springfield Republican

An Eddy in the School of Philosophy—Biographic Conversations, and Feminine Ethics—Hawthorne's Day, and the Day of Learned Women—Mrs Howe and Miss Peabody—The Ideal Exchange.

From Our Special Correspondent. 1880

CONCORD, Monday, August 2.

While the stream of philosophy pours on through these elysian meadows, and while the echoes of scholastic debate reverberate from our "low hills in the broad intervale," there is a distinct and babbling eddy of literary history, setting in as a reaction from the deep flow of self-determination and the pure intellect into which last week Mrs Howe sent a rippling torrent of feminine ethics and woman's wit, which caused a sparkle and a commotion in the waters of the valley. No one was quite prepared for this accession to the attractions of Concord, and Mrs Howe, herself, accustomed to cold and criticising audiences as well as to the friendly gatherings in which her best words have been spoken, was surprised at the success of her essay on "Modern Society." The name well describes the paper, which occupied an hour and a quarter in reading and gave in that time, a cursory but inclusive and essentially just glimpse of that conglomerate of many nations and epochs of culture which constitutes society to-day. Foolish scribblers in the newspaper offices, galled and nettled by the garment of wit, with which Mrs Howe both covered, and discovered the sore spots of journalism, have spoken of her criticisms as "cynical," which is as wide of the mark as if one should accuse the Boston Journal of *persiflage*, or the Advertiser of telling "the whole news and the truth about it." Her arrows were barbed with wit, and feathered with graceful diction, so that where they hit they stuck,—but each cry of the wounded creature has more malice in it than the whole utterance of Mrs Howe. That the press in this country and in Europe has been "largely salaried by the enemies of freedom" is a fact as notorious as anything that journalists glory in, now that they are getting above the custom of taking pay for their opinions, which many editors seem to regard as the proper way to utilize a position of trust on a newspaper staff. To deny that editors have done this, as lawyers have, is silly, and that it is still done is much to be feared. They do not always march boldly up to the man or corporation that is to fee them, and hold out their hand for it,—but there are other ways quite as effective of persuading a journalist through his pocket that certain positions ought to be maintained in his newspaper. Nothing disguises from an editor the guilt of gambling in Rocky mountain mines so much as the ownership at cheap purchase of a little mining stock; nothing so enlightens a financial writer concerning the intricacies of the New York stock market as a few "puts and calls" from the great grab-bag of Jay Gould. In respect to the Jesuits and their Boston friends, Mrs Howe is quite capable of taking care of herself, and of imparting a little logic to her critics, who never seem to have heard of the boy and the mantle at King Arthur's court. That "kind courteous child that could much of wisdom" did great mischief with his pretty mantle that he pulled forth "between two nutshells."

"It shall never become that wife
That hath once done amiss;"
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Began to care for his.

Forth came dame Gnenever,
To the mantle she her hied;
The lady she was new fangle,
But yet she was afraid.

She had some reason to be, of course, and when she put on the mantle she felt toward that "courteous child" much as the Boston newspapers seem to feel toward Mrs Howe:—

She curst the weaver and the walker,
The clothe that had wrought,
And bade a vengeance on his crown
That hither had it brought.

"I had rather be in a wood,
Under a green tree,
Than in King Arthur's court
Shamed for to be."

Methinks I spy some prophecy of the Respectable Daily in another part of this "cynical" ballad:—

Forth came an old knight,
Pattering o'er a creed,—
For why this mantle might
Do his wife some need.

When she had ta'en the mantle
Of cloth that was made,
She had no more left on her
But a tassel and a thread.

As for The Republican, I take it to be the wife of Sir Cradock in this parable:—

Forth came Cradock's lady,
Shortly and anon;
But boldly to the mantle
Then is she gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle
And cast her about,
Up at her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt;
She said, "Bow down mantle!
And shame me not for nought.

"Once I did amiss,
I tell you certainly,
When I kist Cradock's mouth
Under a green tree;
When I kist Cradock's mouth
Before he married me."

When she had her shriven,
And her sins she had told,
The mantle stood about her
Right as she would,
Seemly of color,
Glittering of gold.

Whereupon the rest of the ladies began to slander and make faces at my Lady Cradock, after the cynical fashion of this world,—

"See you not yonder woman
That maketh herself so clean," etc.

These things are an allegory, Philip, and it is just as good now as it was in the old times of Arthur or Sesostris. But I am going far astray from the green trees of Concord, under which Mrs Howe held her conference, and did justice to the memory of Margaret Fuller.

This sibyl of Massachusetts is often commemorated in the Orchard House chapel, and there just occurs to me at this moment a passage in Mr Emerson's account of her truth-speaking, which the newspapers of to-day may as well bear in mind. "A truth-speaker," says Emerson, "is worth more than the best police, and more than the laws or governors; for these do not always know their own side, *but will back the crime for want of this very truth-speaker to expose them.* That is the theory of the newspaper,—to supersede official by intellectual influence. But, though the apostles establish the journal (the Boston Journal in not meant here) it usually happens that, by some strange oversight, Ananias slips into the editor's chair." Ananias, you will remember, was the inventor of the Credit Mobilier of America,—and was the first person who attempted to give the government a second instead of a first mortgage. The result was unfortunate for him, and he could not even settle the property on Mrs Ananias, so but that his creditors came in and took everything—even Sapphira herself. But this is a case not often cited in the railroad and mining literature of to-day. There was once an "Emma" mine, but who ever heard of a "Sapphira" mine? Let me recommend the name for Gen Grant's new company, which furnishes so good an opening for the journalistic Ananias and the stock-watering Sapphira, unless the moral heroism of Gen Grant (displayed to such advantage at Samana bay and amid the St Louis whisky-ring) shall keep the enterprise up to the apostolic standard. But whither am I wandering once more? What Mrs Howe said of Margaret Fuller was so true, both of her and of Boston, that it deserves the wide currency it is getting in the newspapers; and in the conversation that followed Mrs Howe's sister (in Margaret Fuller's time the wife of the Sculpter Crawford) bore her testimony to the womanly and motherly devotion of Margaret in the last year of her life in Italy. These conversations of reminescence and anecdote,—biographical conversations in fact—are the most charming part of the Concord festival, and that which is hardest to gather up and record. The reporters make some attempt at it, but only give shreds and patches without the effect of the whole. Thoreau's life was thus treated one evening in conversation at a private house, where many of the students of philosophy were present, and two days after the so-called "woman's day" at the school, Hawthorne had a morning, and Margaret Fuller an afternoon—at both which conversations Miss Peabody was the chief speaker, and gave most delightful and instructive reminescences of those two friends of her youth. Hawthorne, as you know, married Miss Peabody's sister, Sophia, and with Margaret Fuller Miss Peabody was associated in Mr Alcott's Temple school in the year 1836.

The Hawthorne conversation Saturday morning, took the place of a lecture by Prof Peirce of Cambridge, whose illness will prevent him from speaking at all in the Concord course. It opened with the reading of those exquisite passages from Ellery Channing, the poet, in which he describes Hawthorne as he was during the years of his early married life at the Old Manse, when Channing was his most intimate friend and companion. One of the passages read was written to celebrate another friend, whom Channing styles "Count Julian," but in it are strangely mixed traits of Hawthorne, and even features of his personal aspect such as these:—

"As in some stately grove of singing pines
One tree, more marked than all, decisive rears
Its grand aspiring figure to the sky,
Remote from those beneath, and o'er whose top
The first faint light of dawn familiar plays,—
So in Count Julian's face there was the soul
Of something deeper than the general heart,—
Some memory more near to other worlds,
Time's recollections and the storied Past.

"His pure slight form had a true Grecian charm,
Soft as the willow o'er the river swaying,
Yet sinewy and capable of action;
Such grace as in Apollo's figure lay,
When he was moving the still world with light.

. . . . . .

"Those soft, still hazel orbs Count Julian had,
Looked dream-like forth on the familiar day,
Yet eloquent, and full of luminous force,
Sweetly humane, that had no harshness known,—
Unbroken eyes where Love forever dwelt.
This art of nature which surrounded him,
This made Count Julian what he was to me,
Which neither time nor place, nor poet's pen,
Nor sculptor's chisel can e'er mold again."

In a later prose piece Channing speaks of a different aspect in which Hawthorne can be viewed, and indulges a little his own love of humor. "The Concord novelist," he says, "was a handsome, bulky character, with a soft, rolling gait. A wit said he seemed like a *boned pirate.* Shy and awkward, he dreaded the stranger in his gates. One of the things he most dreaded was to be looked at after he was dead. Lovely, amiable and charming, his absent-mindedness passed for unsocial, when he was hatching a new tragedy. As a writer, he loves the morbid and the lame. His characters are not drawn from life; his plots and thoughts are often dreary, as he himself was in some lights. Hawthorne, swallowed up in the wretchedness of life,—in that sardonic Puritan element that drips from the elms of his birth-place—thought it inexpressibly ridiculous that any one should notice man's miseries—these being his staple product. Thoreau looked upon it as equally nonsense,—because men had no miseries at all except those of indigestion and lazi-

ness, manufactured to their own order. The writer of fiction could not read the naturalist, probably; and Thoreau had no more love for fiction in books than in character. Yet in the stoical *fond* of their characters they were alike; and it is believed that Hawthorne truly admired Thoreau. A vein of humor had they both; and when they laughed, like Shelley, the operation was sufficient to split a pitcher." So far, Ellery Channing,—and these passages, with others, were read at the conversation Saturday, to serve as a text. Another Mr Channing, the poet's cousin, was present, and had much to say of the serious and noble side of Hawthorne's life,—his high sense of honor, his patriotism, his equity and generosity. Miss Peabody dwelt on his inward and domestic traits; some of which she ascribed to his ancestry and some to his early habits of life, in great seclusion, not even taking his meals with his mother, though living in the same house with her for many years. She secluded herself after the death of her husband, dressed in white, took her meals in her own room, and thus broke up every family arrangement; so that Hawthorne once said to Miss Peabody, "We don't *live* at our house,—we only vegetate." She quoted many other remarks of his,—"The reason I am a democrat is because the Salem people are whigs;"—"I am destitute of the malice that generally belongs to sensitive natures." Miss Peabody was struck with the remark, and asked, "Are sensitive natures malicious?" "Yes," replied Hawthorne, "they are wounded so easily that self-defense begins even in babyhood,—and in self-defense they use malice." Mr Channing said one of the most wonderful things in Hawthorne was his sympathetic heart, and his penetrating glance. There was no more keeping a secret from him than from an angel; he read you like a book. "But there was a singular tenderness also; so that James Freeman Clarke at his funeral spoke of him as the friend of sinners,"—which Miss Peabody said well described him. He had many remarkable confidences from sinful men, and he always respected their confidence. Respecting his admirable style: when Mr Channing asked him how he came by it, Hawthorne said, "It is the result of a great deal of practice, and of a desire to tell the simple truth as honestly and vividly as I can." Mr Alcott related anecdotes of Hawthorne and read his own tribute to his neighbor on the "Concord Days;" and Mr Lathrop, the son-in-law and biographer of Hawthorne also spoke to several points in the conversation, which continued for nearly three hours, and gave great pleasure to all who heard it.

Miss Peabody is one of the most interesting persons in the Concord school, which she attends twice a day, with unwearied devotion, and in which she often has the best thing to say. She is at her best in personal reminiscence,—and her memory retains firmly the exact situation and precise word of many years gone by. She misses dates sometimes, and may give the right speech to the wrong person, but that does not make her conversation less entertaining. Her strongest interest at present is in the kindergarten methods of education, and among the students of the school of philosophy are several "kindergartners," as she calls the teachers by this system, from different parts of the country,—from St Louis, from San Francisco, from Pittsburg, etc., drawn hither by the enthusiasm of Miss Peabody, or the fame of Prof Harris. Among them till lately has been Miss Blow of St Louis, who has managed fifty or sixty kindergartens there. The Concord school itself is an idealist's exchange, where poets, philosophers, teachers and literary men and women of all classes meet and part from day to day. Mr Calvert of Newport, Mr Stedman of New York, and many more have come or will come to the place of assembly. "Hail to thee, O man," says the Vendicad, "who hast come from the transitory place to the imperishable." Walt Whitman, now traveling in Canada, was invited hither, and might have come, had he not made an engagement to go down the St Lawrence and up the Saguenay, on a three-weeks' journey by boat, which will continue until the sessions of the school are closed, on the 14th of August.

New England has a large share of the volume. Her representative woman is Mrs. Samuel Ripley of Massachusetts. The biography of this lady, by Miss Elizabeth Hoar of Concord, is a wonderful story of great acquirements, noble work, small means and boundless, ardent love. Mrs. Ripley had no public position, and the letters and memoirs which make up the sketch of her are necessarily private, showing her daily life, her labors in housekeeping and teaching, her wide reading, her active and generous thinking, her entire unselfishness. It is a beautiful life to be offered as a type of Massachusetts women, and as a model for the generation now growing up. Yet it is a fair type in many ways. Perhaps in all New England Mrs. Ripley had no equal, among women, in scholarship, and in the extent of her powers; but all through country parishes were scattered women, often the wives and daughters of ministers, who had the same aspirations, who used their opportunities for education in art and literature as conscientiously as she did, who worked and taught and loved as she did, and who attained to the same elevation and purity of character. It is good to have a record of one such life, but many readers, who did not know Mrs. Ripley personally, will find in her life a picture, richer in tint it may be, but true in other respects, of lives that they have known, of women strong and noble and pure, and trained in poverty and sorrow, whose influence is still a "power that makes "for righteousness," but whose memoirs are hidden in quiet homes and reserved hearts.

I was reading in the last *Harper* an account of Concord—when I was a young man in college, over fifty years ago, I taught school there two winters—and all of a sudden I came to the picture of old Ezra Ripley, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was the very man who examined me and gave me a certificate—I have it at home—certifying that I was "of good moral character" (applause); certifying, too, that "I was qualified to teach a school in the town of Concord;" and he signed it in a sort of John Hancock style, "Ezra Ripley, minister," and *the* minister *par excellence* in the town of Concord.

If you will pardon me, I will tell you how he examined me. I went there in the evening with fear and trembling, and sat down and told him that I was the man he was to examine. He looked at me, and I trembled from head to foot, and he spelled me—"spelling matches" of that kind were rare—he even made me read, and examined my writing, and then put me through a course of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, vulgar fractions and that sort of thing; and said he, "I am satisfied with your attainments, but there is one thing, before I give you a certificate, I must require of you, and you must consent to do." I said "What is that, sir?" "You must open and close your school every day with prayer!" I said, "I am not a professor of religion, I never prayed out loud in my life, and I think it is unfair for you to require it of me." He said, "Young man, I want no arguing." (Laughter.) I said, "What do you want, Dr. Ripley?" He said, "I want you to pray;" and I said again I could not do it, and he said, "You cannot keep this school." (Laughter.) Well, now, I wanted to keep the school badly; it was my first attempt, and I thought to be set aside from any cause whatever would be a lasting disgrace. I thought it over; I thought very quick, and I said, "Will you allow me, Dr. Ripley, to write out the form of prayer on a piece of paper or a slate, and pray with one eye open until I get it by heart?" He said to me, "Any way you can fix it, young man; I am satisfied if you are." And I said, "I will keep the school." And, well, what do you think? He had to call his daughter Hannah—Hannah was there in a moment—he said, "Hannah, draw a mug of cider." (Laughter.) Well, we passed a very pleasant evening, the cider was very nice, and we parted good friends, and I didn't think he was so stern a man when I left, as when I came. Well, that illustrates, to a certain extent, the character of the clergy of that day—they were the "masters of the situation," (applause); their word was law.

Henry Thoreau. His figure was familiar in the village. He was a man of the ordinary height, always very plainly dressed, but without any oddity of costume. His habitual gait was rapid; and whether or not his known fondness for Indians affected the observer, his movements seemed not unlike that of an Indian. His features were large, the nose very prominent, and his complexion fair. He was not shy, and was always ready to talk: but he was serious, although wholly without melancholy, and had no small talk or twaddle. The personal impression that he made was that of entire composure and self-possession, with a frosty, grave cheerfulness, earnest, without affectation of devotion—a man with a serene, perpetual consciousness of the richness and beauty of life and nature. He seemed to need no relaxation of mind or body, sat upright in his chair, and, although with entire appreciation of humor, he made no jokes. It was the impression of this inflexibility, a rigidity without intention, which was inevitably, but unconsciously, a rebuke of frivolity, this constant but natural tension at concert pitch which made Hawthorne half impatiently call him "that cast-iron man." He was not indignant with conventional forms; he was merely unconscious of any force in them; yet he never offended good breeding. He evidently thought that civilization had so loaded life with artificial embarrassments that its freshness and vigor and enjoyment were lost, and the simplicity of the Indian and the easy satisfaction of his few wants seemed to him to offer to the educated man the opportunity of the real knowledge and pleasure that elaborate civilization made impracticable.

Yet there was not a touch of cynicism in his nature. He could not be disappointed or embittered. Swift would have been as strange to him as Rochester. The disembarrassment or the attempted disembarrassment of his life from the usages of society was instinctive. He made no fuss about it. He did not self-consciously and ostentatiously protest. To pay taxes was to support an unnecessary and cumbrous machinery, which, among other absurd and unjust things, undertook to return innocent persons to slavery. To get money to contribute to this unworthy purpose, time and labor must be spent that might be devoted to some useful end, to the acquisition of knowledge, to peaceful contemplation, and he therefore declined to do anything so ridiculous. The officers naturally enforced the law, and he went cheerfully to jail, and stayed there until a neighbor procured his release. If he had been asked how society could hold together if nobody should pay taxes, he would certainly have answered that he did not know, and still less did he know that it was desirable society should hold together for the purpose of doing injustice. But there would be no heat, no personal feeling of any kind, in the discussion, and he would unquestionably have mounted the scaffold with the same composure and good humor that he went to jail.

Thoreau's true life was in the observation and the suggestion of nature, and of these his books are the record. His distinction among observers is that while he had the eye of the naturalist, he had the mind of the poet. He had a healthy and refreshing delight in every detail of the spectacle of nature, and no less an exquisite perception of its infinite symbolism and correspondence. His eye and his mind are simultaneously busy. There is no such comprehensive observation as his recorded in literature, united with a style so racy, so incisive and so pictorial. [Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's.

[George William Curtis]

Henry D. Thoreau.

A correspondent, recently on a visit to Concord, Mass., writes about the author of "Walden," and his singular ways. In 1845, Mr. Thoreau conceived the idea of living alone in the country, reducing his expenses to the lowest point, and devoting all the time he could spare from work to the culture of his mind and communion with nature. Mr. Emerson told me he came to him and asked permission to build on a field of his ground, situated near a pond or lake, about half a mile from Concord. Emerson granted him leave, and he built a shingled and plastered house ten feet wide, by fifteen long, with a garret and a closet, a large window in each side, two trap doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite.

The exact cost of his house was $23.12¾. His living expenses were on the same economical scale, the following being his out-goes for food for eight months: Rice, $1.73; molasses, $1.73; rye meal, $1.04; Indian meal, 99 cts.; pork, 22 cts.; flour, 88 cts.; sugar, 80 cts.; lard, 65 cts.; apples, 25 cts.; dried apples, 22 cts.; sweet potatoes, 10 cts.; one pumpkin, 6 cts.; one watermelon, 2 cts.; salt, 3 cts. Total, $8.74. In the winter he would sometimes go hunting, though he had doubts as to the morality of that sport.

Sometimes he would fish in the lake. His clothing for eight months cost him $8.40. He cultivated a little patch of land, the produce of which he sold for $23 44; besides this he occasionally worked at surveying, a business at which he was an adept. He used to say it was only necessary for him to work six or eight weeks in the year in order to meet all his expenses. What would some of you hard working merchants and lawyers think of that? The furniture of his house consisted of a bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass three inches in diameter, a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet and a frying-pan, a dipper, a wash-bowl, two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses and a japanned lamp. When we say that Thoreau lived thus simply in order that he might do as little work as possible, have time to read, study and meditate, we have given his "object of life," as the popular phrase is.

He had many peculiarities—in fact, may be said to have been a bundle of eccentricities. He seldom ate flesh, and believed man could subsist on as simple food as the animals. He did not attend church. He had few friends. He loved solitude, and was very learned in oriental literature. He did not believe in reading the newspapers, his argument being that after reading one accident, murder or other piece of news, you had read a hundred thousand. After a thing had been read once it had lost its charms. He was once in the business of manufacturing lead pencils. After making the best American pencil in use, he left the business, saying he had exhausted it. He gave little in aid of philanthropic objects, believing that the giving of money did not always serve to relieve men's wants.

One of the wealthiest ladies of this place, it is said, fell in love with him, and proposed for his hand, but Thoreau refused it, preferring his solitary life. The following estimate of Thoreau's experiment was written by James Russell Lowell, some years since:

His shanty life was a mere impossibility, so far as its own conception of [illegible] entire dependency of mankind. The [illegible] Diogenes had a sounder bottom. Thoreau's experiment actually pre-supposed all that complicated civilization which it theoretically abjured. He squatted on another man's land; he borrows an axe; his boards, his nails, his bricks, his mortar, his books, his lamps, his fish-hooks, his plow, his hoe, all [illegible] evidence against him as an accomplice in [illegible] that artificial civilization which rendered it impossible that such a person as Henry D. Thoreau should exist at all. His aim was a noble and useful one, in the direction of "plain living and high thinking." It was a practical sermon on Emerson's text that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind," an attempt to solve Carlyle's problem of "lessening your denominator." His whole life was a rebuke of the waste and [illegible] of our American luxury, which is an abject enslavement to tawdry upholstery.

Colonel Higginson, who had personal knowledge of H. D. Thoreau, declares that both Channing and Lowell have done the quaint New Englander injustice in emphasizing his eccentricities and not placing sufficient stress on his vigor, good sense and clear perceptions. Colonel Higginson says that as a companion he was essentially sincere, wholesome and enjoyable. Though more or less a humorist, nursing his own whims, and capable of being tiresome when they came uppermost, he was easily led away from them to the vast domains of literature and nature, and then poured forth endless streams of the most interesting talk. His home life was thoroughly affectionate and faithful—he never made his whims an excuse for mere selfishness. His lifelong celibacy, the colonel says, was due to the noblest unselfishness—an early act of lofty self-abnegation toward his own brother, whose love had taken the same direction with his own.

Cheap persons will stand upon ceremony, because there is no other ground; but to the great of the earth we need no introduction, nor do they need any to us. [Thoreau.

THOREAU'S HERMITAGE.

A Visit to the Waters Fit for Baptisms—Thoreau's First Essays in Literature—His Hut and his Way of Life—The Grave where he Lies Buried, among the Tall, Arrowy Pines.

Amanda B. Harris

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

WARNER, N. H., January 1, 1877.

The beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, where Hawthorne is buried, has just received a new occupant—the sister of Henry Thoreau, the last representative of the name in this country except a maiden aunt well advanced in years. It is always melancholy to contemplate the utter extinction of a family, and especially so in the case of this one—the Thoreaus were so quick, bright spirits, and in all the aspects and manifestations of the outward world they took so keen a delight.

THOREAU'S FIRST ESSAYS.

It is now thirty-four years since, in the July number of that remarkable periodical the *Dial*, of which Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller were supposed to be the editors, and which numbered among its contributors Hedge, the scholar, and Cranch, the poet and artist, George Ripley and Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke and William Ellery Channing, John S. Dwight and "Orphic" Alcott, there appeared a charming article, having for its subject the "Natural History of Massachusetts." It was prefaced by a few words from one of the editors, evidently Emerson, who says he had begged of the friend who wrote it "to lay down the oar and fishing-line, which none can handle better, and assume the pen, that Izaak Walton and White of Selborne" may not want a successor, nor "the fair meadows to which we also have owed a home and the happiness of many years their poet." This was about the first (if not quite the first) of Thoreau's articles on Nature. He was then a young man of perhaps twenty-five years. How well he fulfilled the implied prophecy, becoming a more faithful, if possible a more loving, and certainly a finer and more subtle, interpreter of out-of-door life than even the patient and painstaking White, his readers well know.

Thoreau may assuredly be called the chief in this country of those close observers of Nature of whom our literature is numbering more and more. His influence constantly affects those writers of the present day whose favorite pursuits make them familiar with wood-craft. If the reading of his books has not inspired and encouraged such essayists as John Burroughs and Joel Benton and others of that ilk, sure I am that in the poet-naturalist they have found genial companionship and a comrade to love and lean upon.

THE POND IN THE WOODS.

It is not every lover of sylvan life, however, who would obey the impulse to take up a dwelling-place for two years and two months, or even a small part of that time, in a hermitage; not though the spot was as lovely as the cove on the banks of Walden, and one could avail himself of the culture of Concord at will, or have for an occasional hour such a royal guest as Emerson. But the instinct exists oftener than we suspect; and every man with tastes kindred to those of Thoreau, having the born love of wild things, must have seen in himself the possibility of doing just such an unconventional thing as that. The tameness of common ways becomes unsatisfying; there is an irksomeness about indoor life which makes the vagabondage and freedom of open-air living at times greatly to be desired.

That limpid sheet of water, which is destined to immortality in literature, is a mile and a half below the historic village of Concord, in the midst of woods, and not a house can be seen from any part of its shore. The railroad embankment is in sight for a few rods at the lower end, and many trains pass daily; and near the track are a grove and landing-place much frequented through the summer by picnic parties; but all the rest is left to its lovely loneliness. And probably but few of the festive folk ever take the trouble to find out the spot where the poet lived.

The pond set in this green wilderness is a picture of delight. Its waters are wonderfully limpid, and you look down as through pale green crystal at the sandy bottom. "Never," says Hawthorne, "was there such transparent water as this. I threw sticks into it, and saw them float suspended on an almost invisible medium. It seemed as if the pure air was beneath them as well as above. It is fit for baptisms; but one would not wish it to be polluted by having sins washed into it. None but angels should bathe in it; but blessed babies might be dipped into its bosom." A belt of pebbly beach rims it round; and on the side where Thoreau's hut stood there is a path along the bank—a winding path, over fallen pine needles and gnarled roots, and under a bowery roof through whose chinks the sunbeams find a way and flicker over the rust-tinted sod. It is a sweet, tranquil place, the haunt of many birds, and abounding with wild flowers in their season even to the water's edge.

THE HILLSIDE HUT.

In a little opening on high ground—the "pleasant hillside," he calls it—a mile from any neighbor, he built his hut. The cellar, a shallow one, was where the woodchucks had burrowed, preparing the way, breaking ground for him; the house was ten feet by fifteen, and eight feet high; it had a garret, a closet, a large window on each side, an open fireplace, and a door opposite. He had a shelf for his books—such books as he loved, the elder poets, best of company to him; and a few articles of furniture. When his house needed sweeping, he said, he set his goods all outside, and swept and washed and sanded it. That was primitive living. His door and one window looked across the pond toward the sunrise; the others into the green wood, which was not dense enough to be oppressive, but open, cheerful, friendly. It was lovely as Arcadia to one who had the spirit to find in it an Arcadia.

The simple hut is gone now; paternal trees, fellows of the "tall, arrowy pines," shelter the place; the opening is not overgrown; the path is still distinct. A little cross stands on the site of the hut, in the midst of a heap of stones. We sought long in the wood for one to add to the cairn before it occurred to us to go where he did for the stones for his chimney—to the pond, from

which he carried two cartloads up the hill in his arms.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

All the members of the family now lie in Sleepy Hollow—Sophia, the last sister, completes the number. They are buried on the brow of the ridge, just across the path from Hawthorne's grave. A simple brown stone stands for the poet, with this inscription in a circular sunken panel: "Henry D. Thoreau, born July 12, 1817; died May 6, 1862." No spot could be more appropriate, more in consonance with his tastes and feelings. The cemetery is a beautiful one; there is no dimness or dampness about it, nothing gloomy or depressing. Over him the soft pines wave; the ground, when we were there, was covered with cones and the fallen needles, and bright autumn flowers were in bloom along the path. It was a place where bee and bird and butterfly came, were squirrels were at home.

A. B. H.

Of Henry D. Thoreau Mr. Robert Collyer says that when he saw him in 1861, that charming writer was over forty, but looked no more than thirty-five. He was a rather slender man, but of a fine mould, and with a presence which touched you with the feeling of perfect purity, as newly-opened roses do. And it was a clear, rose-tinted face he turned to you, delicate to look at as the face of a girl, and great gray eyes, the seer's eyes, full of quiet sunshine. It was a strong face, too, and the nose was especially notable; and his voice was low, but still sweet of tone, though the organs were all in revolt just then, while his words were as distinct and true to the ear as those of a great singer. I noticed, also, that he never went back on his tracks to pick up the fallen loops of a sentence, as commonplace talkers do. He would hesitate sometimes just an instant for the right word, or to master the trouble in the chest, perhaps; but when he was through the sentence was perfect.

Alex H. Japp

THOREAU'S PITY

July 1880

From a Letter to The Spectator.

The following anecdote, given by a gentleman who had been introduced to Thoreau by Emerson, may, or may not, be taken to illustrate Mr. R. L. S.'s statement, in the too exhaustive, but also too neat and final, essay in *The Cornhill* of June, that "there is no trace of pity in Thoreau"; but your words in criticising the said article encourage me to send it:

"When I went next morning, I found them all (Thoreau was then living in his father's house) in a state of excitement, by reason of the arrival of a fugitive negro from the South, who had come fainting to their door about daybreak, and thrown himself on their mercy. Thoreau took me in to see the poor wretch, whom I found to be a man with whose face, as that of a slave in the South, I was familiar. The negro was much terrified at seeing me, supposing I was one of his pursuers. Having quieted his fears by the assurance that I, too, though in a different sense, was a refugee from the bondage he was escaping, and at the same time being able to attest the negro's genuineness, I sat and watched the singularly tender and lowly devotion of the scholar to the slave. He must be fed, his swollen feet bathed, and he must think of nothing but rest. Again and again this coolest and calmest of men drew near to the trembling negro, and soothed him and bade him feel at home, and have no fear that any power should again wrong him. Thoreau could not walk with me that day, as had been agreed, but must mount guard over the fugitive, for slave-hunters were not extinct in these days; and so I went away after a while, much impressed by many little traits that I had seen, as they had appeared in this emergency."

An abolitionist of this kind cannot be without pity.

THOREAU'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND THE THOREAUS—DISCOVERY OF MANY VOLUMES OF THE UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Several years since I made my first visit to Concord. The hours which I spent there that day were hours of satisfaction and enjoyment. I called upon Ralph Waldo Emerson, and had the pleasure of hearing him converse upon literary matters, and of ancient and modern poets and poetry in a manner so charming that it surpassed his writings. The intellectual power of Emerson cannot be estimated by his books alone. His conversation shows that the man is greater than any work that he has produced. He is such a master of conversation that I judge his influence in Massachusetts is owing to that, rather than to the fact that he is a distinguished author. Whether conversing or writing, he is a man in word and deed, and honors America by his simple, scholarly life as he has honored American literature by the work of his pen.

I spoke to him of Thoreau. He told me several characteristic traits of that sturdy young writer, whose brief life was long enough to add several fascinating books to American literature. These were described so graphically that I had at once a much better idea of the man Thoreau than many pages of description would have given me. When he found that I admired the books of Thoreau, and wished that he had written more, he advised me to call upon the mother and sister of Thoreau, who lived at that time in Concord. These ladies received me very courteously. A crayon portrait of Thoreau, drawn by his sister, was in the little parlor. Some of the most interesting books of his library were shown to me, as well as valuable presents from friends in England, who had invited him to make them a visit. At last the old lady, who felt pleased at the admiration which I expressed for her son's abilities and my regret that he died so early, asked her daughter to bring in some of the journals of David. I opened one of some 13 volumes, as I remember, which Thoreau had written, containing his observations and criticisms of many years. Turning to the diary of a day in April, I read of birds, the appearance of the forest and fields, in Thoreau's handwriting, and in his inimitable style. What a treasure was here, I thought. Certainly the materials of half a dozen more books could be gleaned from these journals. The sister did not feel competent for the task. Mr. Higginson had looked over them, but had not proposed to do anything toward publishing a selection. And, as far as I know, no one has yet proposed to make such a selection. Is there not here something which, if judiciously used by a proper person, would add to our literature more pages of the charming and original writer who has given us "Maine Woods" and "Cape Cod?" Is it right to allow these volumes of the thoughts and observations of such a rare thinker and observer as Thoreau to remain concealed, or, if their discovery is announced, to let it pass by as of little value?

These questions asked in THE TRIBUNE may do much to bring more of Thoreau's writings to the press and the public.

E. R. WISWELL.

New-York, June 24, 1874.

Home Journal

THOREAU AND SOLITUDE.

Aug. 26, 1850

THOREAU counted institutions, the home, the vote, the school as of no value except as they helped the individual to lead a worthy life. Instead of giving himself to some profession or business whereby he might earn those superfluities which men have agreed to call a living, instead of thus earning a position in society and so acting upon it, instead of trying to see how the town, the State, the country might be better governed, so that future generations might come nearer to the ideal life, he proposed to lead that life at once himself, as far as possible. "Life is so short," he said, "that it is not wise to take roundabout ways, nor can we spend much time in waiting. Is it absolutely necessary then that we should do as we are doing. Are we chiefly under obligations to the devil, like Tom Walker? Though it is late to leave off this wrong way, it will seem early the moment we begin in the right way; instead of the afternoon it will be only morning with us. We have not got half-way to dawn yet. I know what is said as to the falseness of such a course, that the only true way is to assume the complex burdens of society and lead an ideal life in the midst of them. People are ready enough to pursue this course, and we see everywhere with what results to the individual; we know by experience and observation how commonly the fountains of life are choked by a devotion to instrumentalities. It might have been pain in Martha to lead the ideal life while careful and troubled about many things, but it was a wise person, who said that Mary had chosen the better part." As Thoreau puts it:—"It is not easy to make our lives respectable by any course of activity. We must repeatedly withdraw into our shells of thought somewhat helplessly; yet there is more than philosophy in that."

I am glad that he felt called upon to turn aside from the common path and devote himself mainly, not to institutions, but to the end which these have in view, to simple living, to thought, intercourse with nature, and the highest human society, whether in persons or books. The fruits of this course we find in his writings, and I think they amply justify it. I should not dare to run the risk of losing them for any help he might have given us as an active and useful member of society in the common sense. These writings abounding in what is of deepest concern to us all, uttered with a strength of conviction to which his whole life bore witness, make it plain that Thoreau had chosen the right path for himself as few men do, that in no other way could he have served humanity so well. He described his position in the lines:

I had but few companions on the shore;
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

We could have assured him that his best would be answered, and the forces he mastered. Fear not, then drummer of the

night, we, too, will be there. And still he drummed on in silence and the dark. This stray sound from a far-off sfere came to our ears from time to time, far, sweet, and significant, and we listened with such an unprejudiced sense as if for the first time we heard at all. No doubt he was an insignificant drummer enough, but his music afforded us a prime and leisure hour and we felt that we were in season wholly. These simple sounds related us to the stars. Aye, there was a logic in them so convincing that the combined sense of mankind could never make me doubt their conclusions.

* * * * *

Then idle Time ran gadding by,
And left me with Eternity alone.

I see, smell, taste, hear, feel, that everlasting something to which we are allied, at once our maker, our abode, our destiny, our very selves.

* * * * *

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life.
I will not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,
Which wooed me young and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

It was the light shining through such passages as these which guided Thoreau's life, regulating all its details. This was his society in nature and solitude, and he could only find society in other persons so far as the same light was present in them. Compared with this all things else seemed trivial. Into the "fire" of this "ideal," to quote the language of another, not originally applied to him, he "threw everything, the incumbrances of society and pleasure, the frivolous amusements, the small talk and idling, the clique feelings and constraints, the conveniences that make our life a curse, the ornaments that dress us in a weight to crush us to the dust." It was a perception of this profound, all-pervading faith in Thoreau which made his life supremely interesting to me. So that I count it an inestimable privilege to have known him.—*H. G. O. Blake, at the Concord School of Filosofy.*

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

Though Thoreau took no active part in society, he was far from being a misanthrope, one of those who rail at men and find little peace in solitude, who, to adopt his language somewhat altered, are unfit to be the companions of themselves because they have not the element of companionship with others, and whose lives breathe discontent and discouragement. He had his weaker hours and is ready to confess them, though by principle he speaks rather from his strength than his weakness, and his words are full of health and courage. It was from an insatiable, persistent thirst for true society that he avoided the false

—the false society of men
For earthly greatness
All heavenly comforts rarefies to air.

On this matter let me quote his own words, for I shall despair of describing his position so well:—"As for the dispute about solitude and society, any comparison is impertinent. It is an idling down on the plain at the base of a mountain, instead of climbing steadily to its top. Of course you will be glad of all the society you can get to go up with. Will you go to glory with me? is the burden of the song. I love society so much that I swallowed it all at a gulp, that is, all that came in my way. It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar, and when we do soar the company grows thinner and thinner till there is none at all. It is either the 'Tribune' on the plain, a sermon on the mount, or a very private ecstacy still higher up. We are not the less to aim at the summits, though the multitude does not ascend them. Use all the society that will abet you."

Here as everywhere in Thoreau's writings we see the end for which he lived. My own account of it has been so inadequate that I am anxious to quote his own published words further on the subject. "He alone," he says, "is the truly enterprising or practical man who succeeds in *maintaining* his soul here. Have we not our everlasting life to get? and is not that the only excuse at last for eating, drinking, sleeping, or even carrying an umbrella when it rains? A man might as well devote himself to raising pork, as to fattening the bodies, or temporal part merely, of the whole human family. If we made the true distinction we should almost all of us be seen to be in the almshouse for souls." Again, "Suppose a man were to sell the hue, the least amount of coloring matter in the superficies of his thought, for a farm—were to exchange an absolute and infinit value for a relative and finite one, to gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

What he aimed at, and how successfully, is implied again when he says while living at Walden:—"I have never felt lonesome or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinit and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosfere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificent, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a vil-

Thoreau and Literature.

Thoreau's art was literature; and it was one of which he had conceived most ambitiously. He loved and believed in good books. He said well, "Life is not habitually seen from any common platform so truly and unexaggerated as in the light of literature." But the literature he loved was of the heroic order. "Books, not which afford us a cowering enjoyment, but in which each thought is of unusual daring; such as an idle man cannot read, and a timid one would not be entertained by; which even make us dangerous to existing institutions—such I call good books." He did not think them easy to be read. "The heroic books," he says, "even if printed in the character of our mother tongue, will always be in a language dead to degenerate times; and we must laboriously seek the meaning of each word and line, conjecturing a larger sense than common us permits out of what wisdom and valor and generosity we have." Nor does he suppose that such books are easily written. "Great prose, of equal elevation, commands our respect more than great verse," says he, "since it implies a more permanent and level height, a life more pervaded with the grandeur of the thought. The poet often only makes an irruption, like the Parthian, and is off again, shooting while he retreats; but the prose-writer has conquered like a Roman and settled colonies." We may ask ourselves, almost with dismay, whether such works exist at all but in the imagination of the student. For the bulk of the best of books is apt to be made up with ballast; and those in which energy of thought is combined with any stateliness of utterance may be almost counted on the fingers. Looking round in English for a book that should answer Thoreau's two demands of a style like poetry and sense that shall be both original and inspiriting, I come to Milton's "Areopagitica," and can name no other instance for the moment. Two things at least are plain: that if a man will condescend to nothing more commonplace in the way of reading, he must not look to have a large library; and that if he proposes himself to write in a similar vein, he will find his work cut out for him.—*Cornhill.*

THOREAU.—Thoreau's thin, penetrating, big-nosed face, even in a bad wood cut, conveys some hint of the limitations of his mind and character. With his almost acid sharpness of insight, with his almost animal dexterity in act, there went none of that large, unconscious geniality of the world's heroes. He was not easy, not ample, not urbane, not even kind; his enjoyment was hardly smiling, or the smile was not broad enough to be convincing; he had no waste lands nor kitchen midden in his nature, but was all improved and sharpened to a point. "He was bred to no profession," says Emerson; "he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. When asked at dinner what dish he preferred, he answered, 'the nearest.'" So many negative superiorities begin to smack a little of the prig. From his later works he was in the habit of cutting out the humorous passages, under the impression that they were beneath the dignity of his moral muse; and there we see the prig stand, public and confessed. It was "much easier" says Emerson acutely, much easier for Thoreau to say "no" than "yes;" and that is a characteristic which depicts the man. It is a useful accomplishment to be able to say "no," but surely it is the essence of amiability to prefer to say "yes," where it is possible. There is something wanting in the man who does not hate himself whenever he is constrained to say no. And there was a good deal wanting in this born dissenter. He was almost shockingly devoid of weaknesses; he had not enough of them to be polar with humanity; whether you call him demi-god or demi-man, he was, at least, not altogether one of us, for he was not touched with a feeling of our infirmities. The world's heroes have room for all positive

qualities, even those which are disreputable, in the capacious theater of their dispositions. Such can live many lives; while a Thoreau can live but one, and that only with perpetual foresight.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

AMONG THE ALCOTTS.

Miss S. Bredo—— 1874

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF LIFE AND SCENES IN A REMARKABLE HOUSEHOLD.

"Orphic Alcott" the Father—The Literary Wife—The Authoress Daughter—The Artist Daughter—The Hawthorne Family.

Not far from Mr. Emerson's hemlock grove—writes a pilgrim of the *Inter-Ocean*—is the picturesque home of the Alcotts. It is the queerest little cottage in the world. It stands at the foot of the hill which the British soldiers crossed the morning, nearly a hundred years ago, when they marched up from Lexington. The house is a dull brown color, with peaked roof and many a gable end, in one of which, hooded by the jutting roof and festooned by some airy sprays of woodbine, is the window whence "Aunt Joe" looks out on the sunny meadows. On each side of the front walk there is a huge elm, with rustic seat built around its roots, and among the branches tame squirrels hold high revelry. Yonder a hammock swings under some apple trees, and around the whole runs a rustic fence, built by Mr. Alcott himself. It is made entirely of pine boughs, knotted, gnarled and twisted into every conceivable shape. No two pieces are alike; the gates are wonderful, and they alone would make credible the story that he spent years collecting the branches.

Mr. Alcott, the "Orphic Alcott," as Curtis calls him, is one of the Concord philosophers, and has his "ism," of course. Vegetables and conversation are his forte, and he reared his family on a diet of both, apparently with great success, judging from appearances. He ate weeds, and talked and built summer houses, whose chief use was to be targets for George William Curtis' wit. Once he kept a young ladies' school in Boston, where books were discarded and teaching done entirely by conversation. He was also a member of those extraordinary assemblages, practicable in Boston alone, over which Margaret Fuller presided, and it must have been a rare sight to see how these two inexhaustible talkers managed to tolerate each other. For it is said that Mr. Alcott's conversations are very much like the Irishman's treaty—the reciprocity is all on one side; or, as a Western host described him one in his invitations to some friends, "Come up this evening; I have a philosopher on tap."

It is all well enough to joke about Mr. Alcott till you see him. Then to come face to face with this white-haired, benign, gracious old man, makes levity seem irreverent. He is over six feet tall, but a good deal stooped. His long, gray hair falls scantily around a face beautified by the placidity and dignity of old age. He is a perfect counterpart of the pictures of venerable curés one sees in French story books. His manners are very simple and unaffected, and it is his great delight to gather some of his daughters' young friends in his cosey, crimson-lined study and chat with them. Mr. Emerson esteems him highly, but his books seem to be less appreciated by his own people than they are abroad, a fate common to prophets if not philosophers. His most valuable work is a journal faithfully kept for fifty years, carefully bound, indexed, and with letters and other valuable papers ranged on his library shelves. This taste for minute detail, his orderly arrangement, his distinguished associates and the number of years covered by the record will make these volumes priceless to historians or biographers. If in Emerson's study perpetual twilight reigns in Alcott's it is always noon. The great sun shines in it all day long, the great fireplace roars, and the warm crimson hangings temper the sunlight and reflect the firelight. Quaint mottoes and pictures hang on the walls. The most noticeable picture is a photograph of Carlyle. It is what is called a "Cameron photograph." An Englishwoman of rank takes these photographs of distinguished men just for her own amusement. The camera is set out of focus, the heads nearly life size, and the general effect is singular—interesting if nothing else. All you can see against a black background is in the indistinct outlines of a shaggy white head and beard and sharp features. With all deference to Mr. Carlyle, we must say that he looks like an old beggar.

Miss May Alcott, a fine looking, stylish woman, is an artist whom the critic of critics, Ruskin, has declared to be the only successful copyist of Turner. She surely has one attribute not usually allied to her profession—the most generous interest in other artists—not only by word of mouth, but with substantial endeavor. She brought some with her several English water colors, for whose artists she is trying to find American patrons. She herself paints in oil and water colors, and sketches in crayons, charcoal, sepia, ink and pencil, and is one of the most popular Boston teachers. Her studio at home, a most cobwebby, disorderly, fascinating little den, is frescoed with profiles of her acquaintances—that is the toll cheerfully paid by her visitors—they must be drawn on the wall. She is known to the general reading public through her illustrations of "Little Women," in which she fell far short of her usual ability. She and Louise planned subsequently a charming little book called "Concord Sketches," which it is a great pity was never made public. Beside painting, Miss May models in clay sometimes. A head of Mercury and all sorts of pretty little sketches from her hand adorn her home, which is made a still sunnier remembrance to all visitors by her brightness and cordiality.

Louisa Alcott, the elder of the two, the darling of all American nurseries, is something of an invalid. She is amiable and interesting, and, like her sister, sociable, unless you unluckily approach her in her character of author, and then she porcupine bristles. There is no favor to be curried with her or "Gail Hamilton" by talking "shop." "Little Women" is drawn chiefly from Miss Alcott's own home life. Amy, the golden-haired, is May; Demmie and Demmie are her two little nephews, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh her father and mother; she herself is Jo, of course. When the book was first published children used to come by the dozen from all parts of the country to see "Jo." To the calls of these little pilgrims she always presented herself cheerfully, though she used to be infinitely amused at the unmistakable disappointment of her young admirers when they saw this delicate, practical looking lady, slightly stooped, for their rollicking, romping, nimble Jo. Miss Alcott struck a rich vein of popularity and more subtantial reward in her juvenile books, though she herself considers "Hospital Sketches" the best of her writings.

Some four or five years ago she went into a Boston bookstore to leave an order, which the clerk told her could not be attended to, "because," said he, not knowing to whom he spoke, "we shall be busy all day packing books for a Western firm. Two weeks ago we sent ten thousand copies of 'Little Women' out there and to-day comes an order for twenty thousand more." As soon as they got out of the store her companion turned to her with some congratulatory expression.

"Ah!" said Miss Alcott, drawing a long breath, "I have waited for fifteen years for this day."

The other day, in Boston, a young man courteously helped her over a muddy gutter; then, though an entire stranger, he took off his hat, and said, "Miss Alcott, does the fire of genius burn?"

She thanked him for his attention and walked on in serene indifference to his inquiry.

She is as much of a Bostonian as a Concordian in residence. Her winters are spent at the Bellevue House in this city. That house is a rendezvous for *litterateurs* and writers. Miss Preston and Miss Alcott live there, Miss May Alcott has her studio there and other Boston artists are of the company. The house is kept by Dio Lewis, one of those Boston gentlemen that has "ideas."

Mrs. Alcott is a beautiful old lady, herself something of a writer, or, as one of her daughters lovingly says, "the brightest one of the family."

To have one notability to a household is more than we wayfarers often meet, but to come upon a whole family of celebrities is wonderful even for Concord.

Directly next to "Apple Stump," as Miss Alcott has named her home, is the house in which Hawthorne lived during his second residence in Concord. It is connected with his neighbor's by an avenue of graceful larches, and the house itself, in its leafy seclusion, typifies perfectly the retirement its master loved so well. Even to his friends Hawthorne was more of a phantom than a mortal. His shyness was almost an insanity; publicity, notice, strangers, caused him absolute suffering. An intimate associate declares he never saw Hawthorne away from home but four times—once at Mr. Emerson's, once at Mr. Alcott's, once at his own house and once at the post office. When obliged to go to Boston, he would drive to the depot in a close carriage. His favorite haunt was a little pine sheltered path through an unfrequented meadow, leading from the front of his house to a brook, still called "Hawthorne's Walk." The hill behind his house, where Septimius Felton's red flower grew, was another resort. In fact, Concord afforded a good many hints to Hawthorne. His son, Julian, has laid the scene of "Bressant" here, and borrowed some of his old friends for his novel. Every one remembers "The Blythedale Romance," of course, and how strenuously Hawthorne denied modeling it from the brief but memorable experiment of Brook Farm. Whether he did or not, it will always be taken as a record of that wonderful community till something more authoritative shall appear. As might be expected Concord was generously represented in that Bohemian Utopia—Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Charles A. Dana, George William Curtis and others then or since famous. The farmer who was to supply the leaven of common sense for this metaphysical loaf—a herculean task it must have been—lives in Concord now, a sort of second Thoreau in his taste for and knowledge of nature. Zenobia, of the "Blythedale Romance," was always supposed to be Margaret Fuller, and the heroine's tragic death was simply a recital of the suicide of a Concord girl. Precilla, in the same book, is Mrs. Hawthorne. Notwithstanding his extreme sensitiveness Hawthorne was cheerful enough in his own home, which was always a happy one. His wife's gentle devotion to him was fully reciprocated. Though without much depth of character she was a woman of refined tastes and accomplishments. One or two of her drawings are in Mr. Emerson's house, and she was Miss Alcott's teacher. The two daughters and son are the survivors of the family. One daughter is married and lives near Boston. Una, the other, is in America now, but she will soon return to Europe, where her brother is, and where she has spent several years in organizing some charitable institution, in which work Browning, Carlyle and other friends of her father have assisted. Hawthorne's house is now the "Wayside" boarding school for young ladies and budding misses, where, with whatever "smell of bread and butter" clings to the girls of the period, they con their lessons in the little towering study in which Hawthorne, in his chair firmly planted on the trap-door, dreamed his dreams unmolested. His grave is in the cemetery—Sleepy Hollow it's name is; one might fancy he had named it. He lies entirely desolate, forgotten and neglected. The evergreen hedge is blighted, the grass dead, the hawthorn bushes planted at each corner have entirely disappeared but one; that stands dead and ghostly. There is nothing but a long mound and a white stone marked "Hawthorne."

We looked at each other when we saw it and said, "How soon we are forgotten when we are gone!"

Mr. Hawthorne once wrote a pleasant letter introducing H. D. Thoreau to Mr. Epes Sargent, and Mr. Sargent has just communicated this letter to Harper's Weekly. "There is a gentleman in the town of the name of Thoreau," says Hawthorne, "a graduate of Cambridge, and a fine scholar, especially in old English literature, but withal a wild, irregular, Indian-like sort of fellow, who can find no occupation in life that suits him. He writes, and sometimes—often for aught I know—very well indeed. * * * In the Dial for July there is an article on the natural history of this part of the country, which will give you an idea of him as a genuine and exquisite observer of nature—a character almost as rare as that of a true poet. He writes poetry also—for instance, 'To the Maiden in the East,' 'The Summer Rain,' and other pieces in the Dial for October, which seem to be very careless and imperfect, but as true as bird notes."

J. R. Osgood & Co. are about to publish a new edition of Mrs. Horace Mann's "Flower People," with illustrations by Mrs. G. P. Lathrop. "Flower People" was first issued in 1862, and I wonder if the book-buyers of to-day quite know how charming a little volume it is. The stories are not only most graceful and engaging, but they are lessons in botany, so adroitly given that the small readers are instructed without knowing it. Mrs. G. P. Lathrop, as perhaps everybody may not be aware, was Rose Hawthorne, daughter of the great romancist, and was the wife of a very industrious young man of letters, whose contributions are in almost every number of *The Atlantic*. Mrs. Lathrop has made some extremely pretty illustrations for "Flower People." They are pre-Raphaelite in their sincerity and simplicity. They are as often out of drawing as were the pictures of Fra Angelico, and his brethren of the real pre-Raphaelite days; but one scarcely stops to criticise an arm too long, or an elbow that does not bend in the right place, where the general effect is so sweetly tender. The faces, for instance, in the picture that illus-

trates the story of "The Anemones," are "So innocent-arch; so cunning-simple," that you are sure the hand that drew them has found its fitting task. They say, sometimes, that there is no law of inheritance for genius; but the Hawthorne family seems to be an exception to the rule; each one of them has inherited some touch of grace or power which must make the world remember their parentage. 1874. L. C. M.

A DAY IN CONCORD. 1874

"OUR CLUB" GOES TO SEE MR. ALCOTT.

THE "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL"—PICTURES AND A PAINTER —"LITTLE MEN" FOR PAGES—DR. BARTOL ABOUT THE "PERSONALITY OF SHAKESPEARE"—THE LAST HOUSE HAWTHORNE LIVED IN—THE HILL WHERE HE WALKED WITH HIS VISIONS.

[FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BOSTON, June 5.—This world is not all a vale of tears, since it contains Concord. I went there yesterday, and saw its pleasant ways for myself. There is a new club called "Our Club," of which Mr. Alcott is guide, philosopher, and friend, and he invited us to meet with him yesterday at Concord. We were to picnic in his grounds, had the weather been fine; as it wasn't, we passed most of the day in his house. Carriages awaited us at the depot, and we drove through the peaceful, pretty town, green with the fresh verdure of June, and white and fragrant with fruit trees in blossom. We passed the new library, which is the pride of the place. The literature of Concord is, no doubt, its religion; so, very appropriately, the library is built like a church—quasi-Gothic, and with an ambitious spire. Indeed some one exclaimed, "What a pretty church!" but our smiling and gratified driver said, proudly and sententiously, "No, ma'm, that's the library." We passed also Mr. Emerson's large, unpretending, yet most comfortable and delightful house, which has been rebuilt to look precisely as of old, before the envious flames devoured it. At last—driving along that road over which the British regulars marched in the sunshine, a hundred years ago—we stopped before Mr. Alcott's gate. This rustic fence, at which we all look curiously, is sacred, because the hands of the philosopher himself cut and arranged every stick. It is fashioned of graceful boughs, and quaint, gnarled trunks of trees. It shuts in a great green yard, and some wonderful elms, that must be hundreds of years old. It was in this house that Robert Hagburn lived—the early lover and at last the husband of Rose Garfield, in "Septimius Felton." [Hawthorne speaks of the retreating hill behind; the great elms; and the old house, "which the magic hand of Alcott has improved by the touch that throws grace, amiableness, and natural beauty over scenes that have little pretension in themselves."

Can you guess the delight of being welcomed at such a gate, to such a home, by a revered and beloved man, whose face is a benediction, whose silver hair is a crown of glory, and whose mild, persuasive voice never spoke, as I truly believe, one harsh or ungenerous word in all the many years he has spoken to his fellows? Behind him came his two tall and slender daughters—Louisa, who has told the story of herself and her three sisters in "Little Women" to the largest public that ever read any juvenile book, and May, of whose artistic gifts I have more to say hereafter. There are welcomes and welcomes. There is the polite welcome, of which you cannot complain, but which does not set you at your ease, and there is the cordial welcome which makes you glad you have come. The one we received was of the latter order. The barometer had been falling—we had been doubtful whether to go, or to stay at home—but, at sight of these three friendly faces, we were sure that we had not made a mistake, whatever were the weather.

We went in and rambled like explorers over the rooms, finding new attractions everywhere. I wish I could tell you how pretty and how peculiar it all was. The house has been built between one and two hundred years. When it came into Mr. Alcott's possession, some sixteen years ago, he was told he would have to pull it down and put up a new dwelling on the old site if he wanted to live there. But he sent for experts to examine it, and they assured him that no builder of to-day would pretend to put up so strong a superstructure. The great beams were of solid oak and the nails of wrought iron, and there was no weakness anywhere to keep it from standing for centuries more. So, instead of pulling down, he repaired and beautified. He kept all the quaint, old-fashioned peculiarities, and made each one serve some purpose of adornment. Miss Louisa said, laughingly, that her father made gothic brackets to set tin pans on; and, indeed, I did not see a single corner in the whole house that had not some artistic charm. Here was a quaintly-shaped jug; there a curious carving; yonder a vase of flowers, and everywhere pictures. This brings me back to Miss May Alcott, a pleasant person to return to, by the way.

She was born an artist. The walls of her own room were covered with her childish sketches, and the house was full of the more finished work of her later years. To look at her copies of Turner almost made you believe in the transmigration of souls. Others have copied form and color; but she had not alone rendered these external features, but had infused into them the very soul of the original, till I should think Turner's ghost must find it hard to tell which were his own and which were hers. I was not surprised to learn that John Ruskin—Turner's prophet and idolater—had taken Miss May to his heart—(need I explain to a censorious world that I do not mean this literally?)—and considers her to be the one person who has a right to copy the works of his idol. These copies of Turner are so full of wonderful color that they would make bright the darkest day, and almost warm the coldest one.

Then there were lovely flower pictures—originals, these—painted on black panel, as is the pretty fashion of the present hour. This fashion has been scarcely introduced abroad as yet—give America credit for one novel idea in art—so that there is both an English and a French demand for these pictures, which Miss Alcott sends abroad, receiving foreign gold in return. Is not this an era, when America is exporting works of art to delight the "effete civilizations," &c., &c.?

What with flowers and pictures, and philosophy, we were happy till lunch time, and then we had a new pleasure in being served with our coffee and sandwiches by the very "Little Men" of Miss Alcott's charming book. They are Mr. Alcott's grandchildren, such grave, courteous, sweet-faced, gentle and gentlemanly little men as a philosopher's grandsons ought to be.

After lunch we waited for Mr. Emerson, who was to join us and hear Dr. Bartol's paper; for to read a paper, you know, is the one thing without which a Boston club couldn't meet, even in Concord where all the birds were singing and all the trees in bloom. As we waited, we talked; how wisely and how well I will leave you to conjecture. At last came Mr. Emerson, his wife, and some guests; and we went into the library. Fancy a cosy room with crimson carpet, and all the deep-seated, comfortable chairs and lounges covered with crimson likewise; with crimson cloth on the great table; with books wherever there were not pictures, and pictures wherever there were not books, and the odd spaces full of flowers. A cheerful fire burned in the chimney, by way of recognition of the cloudy day, but all the windows were open, and all the merry birds tried to outsing Dr. Bartol, and pretend that they knew more about Shakespeare than he did. For his subject was "Shakespeare's Personality in his Poetry." There have been many commentators on Shakespeare's works, but few of them have ever so intimately divined from the works the man.

Said Papillon, an accomplished French critic, lately deceased, "It is reported that an English cotemporary, sending his groom across the way to call his friend Shakespeare, was asked by the servant how he should know which was Shakespeare. 'You will know him perfectly well,' was the answer. 'He alone looks like a man. All the rest are animals.'" But it is very singular how little we do know of this representative man—this man of might, whose kingly nature included and comprehended all other men. Our American essayist, Mr. Emerson, was once, after a glowing tribute of praise to the great dramatist which no one has ever surpassed, constrained to add that, after all, Shakespeare must go into history with a more than doubtful reputation, having led an obscure and profane life, a mere master of the revels, and fit subject thus for Mohammed's reproach, in the name of the gods, to such as turn existence into merry-making—"Think ye we have made the heavens and earth for sport?" With this notion of Shakespeare as but a master of the revels, Dr. Bartol gently took issue.

Not that a mighty master of revels need be a poor object; but, if that were all of Shakespeare, he would not have written the plays that bear his name; for their author must have been a historian, philosopher, lawyer, archæologist, physiologist, acquiring many things, and divining more. But no doubt Shakespeare was a player in the very essence of his nature. No doubt, too, he loved men of all kinds. The Master was blamed for associating with publicans and sinners. Socrates, too, consorted with the disreputable. Shakespeare had illustrious precedent for finding his lesson-book in all humanity, and not simply among the genteel. Not from the genealogy or the history of his associates shall we learn the nature of the man Shakespeare; but out of his own mouth, as it were, will we approve or condemn him. What has he taught us to admire—what to shun? Are the wicked glorified by him, or is nobility of soul the one thing needful? Have you an opinion of Iago, Othello, Shylock, Richard III., and do you think that he, their creator, had none?

The millions of flesh and blood die and pass away—Henry and Elizabeth, and Buckingham and Wolsey, and Philip and John had faded out of mind long ago, but for the bard's strange embalming, beyond the art of the Egyptians; while out of the realm of imagination he summons Hamlet and Lear and Imogen and Desdemona, and, oh royal giver, confers upon them immortality. Shakespeare was a painter—human nature sat to him, and the world was his studio. No pleasure-lover or debauchee could he have been. From what but an immense sobriety could these works of his which we call plays have come? Through what big, chaste, well-ordered apartments must the characters from his ever-conceiving, restless imagination have trooped? The puritanic conscience cross-questions Shakespeare's piety, and doubts if he were a religious man. But shall we not find his faith, too, in his works? Behold in his poetry his personality. Himself—what constitutes his power and informs his life—is all in his work, and cannot help being found there by every discerning eye.

And thus inviting us to hear the king of men and of poets bear testimony of himself, the Doctor, for an enchanted hour, read to us selections from the different plays and sonnets—extracts full of revelation, showing to us a man of devout faith, of lofty ambition, of sad sagacity, of a heart strong to love, generous to forgive, and full of sympathy for all the world, a man whose genius was no greater than his trust and his justice. Between these extracts Dr. Bartol sandwiched the subtlest comments of his own, revealing, like the sudden flash of a bright light, much that had been dark before.

When the discourse was over, Mr. Emerson said that he believed he had not missed a word; thus, at last, was

a portrait of Shakespeare worthy to be painted—done by aid of all the telescopes. Indeed, the Doctor had carried with him all our sympathies. We forgot that any spots of petty last-testament, or curse on him who should disturb his bones, had ever dimmed the brightness of this glorious sun on which we had been invited to gaze. We offered at this shrine our silent, full-hearted worship; and then the talk fell, as was natural in such presence, into the familiar discussion of the noblest themes—of poets and poetry, and thought, and metaphysics, of "life and death, and the vast forever."

At last Mr. Alcott said—"And you, lover of Hawthorne, would you like to see his house—the last home he had in this world?" My hat was on in a moment. The house is the next one to Mr. Alcott's; but not very near. A true inhabitant of Concord brooks no neighbor under his windows. This Hawthorne House is the one where "Septimius Felton" lived—at that time, as Hawthorne himself described it—" a two-story house, gabled before, but with only two rooms on a floor, crowded upon by the hill behind—a house of thick walls, as though the projector had that sturdy feeling of permanence in life which incites people to make strong their earthly habitations, as if deluding themselves with the idea that they could forever inhabit them."

As we walked, Mr. Alcott told me that a man really used to live in that house who fancied he was going to remain alive forever; and Hawthorne's romance had this much foundation. The house is now used as a girl's school. "Would you like to go in?" asked my indulgent guide. Oh, would I not! And so we rang the bell. A kindly lady came to speak to us, and seated us in Hawthorne's down-stairs study; the room whence, at the undesired approach of a visitor, he used to escape so rapidly, and climb by steep and narrow stairs to the square tower-room which he had built himself as a refuge from intruders. Could we visit that room also? Yes, certainly, but two of the young ladies now occupied it. She would see if they were there. In a moment she came back to us with permission; and we climbed the stairs the dead magician had climbed so often, and stood, at last, in the very holy of holies, where dwelt this genius, sad as a tear and subtile as a flame. I looked from the windows whence he had looked. I leaned on the desk at which he had stood and written. I seemed to be sharing the place with a mighty ghost, and I was almost glad to go down again into the light of common day.

Then we climbed the hill where "Septimius," in the romance, was wont to pace to and fro; where he found the strange flower growing on the grave, and where he met the strange white maiden. The path here was worn by Hawthorne's own feet; for day after day, Summer and Winter, he used to walk there, dreaming his strange dreams, seeing visions such as no mortal ever saw before, sad, shy, sagacious cynic that he was. The day suited his memory. It was cloudy and gray, with now and then some sudden flash of light which faded as quickly as it came. I gathered a sprig or two of green from a tree on the summit of this hill, and went down. The cheerful beauty and cordial hospitality of the Alcotts' home gave me a strange sense of contrast. I fain would have stayed there, in the cheerful fire-glow, among the flowers and the pictures, companioned by those who had been the "Little Women" once, and drinking unlimited cups of coffee handed about by the "Little Men;" but railroad trains wait for no sentiment, and I found by an inexorable time-table that my "Day in Concord" must needs be over. L. C. M.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Chicago Times. May 29, 1875

The Transcendental Philosopher of Concord in Roaring Broadway---He Should Have Lived in Ancient Athens.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 27.—Only a little while ago, as I was walking in Broadway, I descried in the surging crowd of humanity, amid the tumult, roar, and confusion of the great thoroughfare, the slight figure and venerable face of Amos Bronson Alcott, the transcendental philosopher of Concord. That street is always full of contrasts; but it contained no greater contrast than the one between him and itself. He hardly looks like an American with his tawny complexion, dark eyes, entirely serene face, and silvery white hair. There is nothing of the nineteenth century, nothing typical of the country, in or about him. He reminds me of an ideal Egyptian, in the era before Christianity, or rather of an old Greek of the days of Plato or Pericles, when the cultured Athenians wandered about the beautiful streets of their artistic city and discoursed philosophy to whosoever would listen.

Alcott would have been

ENTIRELY AT HOME IN ATHENS

in 328 or 469 B. C. He would have been delighted to converse the live-long day with Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Gorgias, Æschines, Alcibrades, Antisthenes, all the academicians, sophists, stoics, orators, statesmen, artists, and intellectual leaders of that full-flowering period. How much more would he have been at home than in this feverish, clashing, chaotic, money-getting age. The Aeropolis, the Pyrtaneum would have been his place, not Broadway nor Wall street. His birth was a blunder of chronology. He came upon this planet 2,300 or 2,400 years too late, and he has done his best to get back to his natural spot by intellectual processes. If ever a man has kept himself

UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD,

at least in this century, that man is Bronson Alcott. He is a model of purity, integrity, and unpracticality. While everybody who knows him respects and reveres him, few would be willing to be, and fewer still could be, in any way like him. The many would call him an intellectual simpleton, despite his superabundant worth. They who are in sympathy with and understand him know him to be an idealist who lives according to and is governed by his ideals. His belief and behavior, his principles and practice completely and unvaryingly harmonize.

HAS HE LIVED FOREVER?

Alcott will be seventy-five the 29th of next November. One would not think him so old; for he is quite hale and vigorous. Yet to look at his face, into the depth of his mild eye, he impresses you as having lived forever, as, indeed, he believes he has. He was born at Wolcott, Conn.; but he has resided for nearly forty years past at Concord, Mass.; whence his name, the philosopher of Concord. The son of a poor farmer, he found so little to do in his native hamlet, and bread-winning being necessary, that he readily accepted the offer of a rustic tradesman to take a lot of miscellaneous goods and go south with a view of selling them.

A QUEER PEDDLER.

In plain English, he set out, while a mere boy, as a peddler; going in a vessel from Boston to Norfolk with a box of merchandise whose entire value could not have been over $500. He was signally disqualified for business. He had not a particle of the Yankee shrewdness we hear so much of. Anybody could defraud him, or so prevail upon his sympathies that he would part with his last penny, while he should be deriving sharp bargains, or, as the phrase is, cheating his customers out of their eye-teeth.

He wandered diligently from plantation to plantation in Virginia; but he seldom sold anything, unless somebody insisted on buying. He preferred to ask questions, to talk, to gather information; for he had, in a large degree, the characteristic of children and genius—inquisitiveness. The youth was so entirely different from the traditional Yankee, from the peddlers usually seen in the south, that the planters and their families were interested in him, and frequently purchased his wares out of sympathy. He must have been a strange peddler.

IMAGINE HAMLET ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE, Romeo in a Chatham street pawnbroker's, Mercutio in a Water street junk-shop, and you may have some idea of Bronson Alcott, aged eighteen, as a nomadic peddler, pack on back, in agricultural Virginia. His experience was beneficial to him mentally, if not financially. The planters, perceiving his intelligence, invited him into their libraries, where he spent hours in reading instead of plying his trade. They enjoyed talking with him, so fresh were his views, so singular his opinions.

SLAVERY NOT AN EXCITING TOPIC.

In that day the subject of slavery had not become inflammable. It was calmly discussed in the border and cotton states, as a matter of policy, and Alcott's objections to the institution on moral and economical grounds were patiently and earnestly listened to. His reading stimulated his love of knowledge, and decided him to be a teacher. Still he had no desire to leave the south (he saw none of the enormities of slavery) where his life, as he afterward said, was well-nigh idyllic. How long he might have tarried there may not be conjectured, had not his employer, by no means satisfied with his agent's accounts, recalled him peremptorily to the north. He went unwillingly, and soon after reaching Connecticut put into practice his notions about teaching. Peddling, or commercial life of any sort, he concluded was not his vocation. At least his employer concluded so for him, and predicted that Bronson would end his days in the county poor-house.

SUCCESS AS A TEACHER.

Alcott's first success was with an infant school conducted on an original and excellent plan.

At twenty-nine he removed to Boston, and enlarged his sphere of usefulness as an instructor. He had a large class of children from five to seven years of age, and was getting on bravely with them until Elizabeth Peabody printed the "Records of a School" (Alcott's), which was severely criticised, and the method censured. The children belonged to some of the best families in the city. They were treated sympathetically; their individuality was fathomed and respected: they were brought into perfect relation with their teacher. He claimed that he could perceive the distinct properties of their minds, their congenital biases, their temperamental tendencies, what it was that would make one of them a reformer, another a conservative, a third a Calvinist, a fourth a Unitarian, a fifth a Roman Catholic. This was

COMING TOO NEAR NATURE;

the plan was too direct and sensible. There never had been a school on so good and desirable a foundation. Consequently the parents, particularly the mothers of the pupils, became alarmed and took the little creatures away to put them in the old ruts, where they could learn little and forget everything. They declared that the children's immortal souls were being tampered with, and as this had no real meaning it was vastly effective in extinguishing the school. Nothing is so operative as a phrase or set of phrases which none understand, which have no actual significance. The press, on that occasion, made an ass of itself, as it so frequently does, condemning Alcott's admirable system as one that must do irreparable harm to the individual and the state.

COMPELLED TO SURRENDER.

The worthy and sagacious teacher, having no pupils, was obliged to abandon his earnest purpose. Notwithstanding his large charity and equanimity, he was, I surmise, a little disgusted with Boston. At any rate, he quitted it, and took up his abode in Concord, where he has since remained most of the time, devoting himself to study, particularly natural theology and reformatory measures appertaining to diet, education, and social and civil polity.

IN ENGLAND.

James P. Greaves, a fellow-laborer with Pestalozzi in the cause of education, invited Alcott to London in 1842. He went, and though Greaves died before he reached England, Greaves' friends received him very kindly, and made his stay of five months exceedingly pleasant. They named their school at Ham (near London) after him, and introduced him to many of the leading reformers, to whom he gave, and from whom he received, much valuable information.

COMING BACK TO THE UNITED STATES,

two of his British intimates, Charles Lane and H. G. Wright, accompanied him, with a view of establishing in this country a model community in harmony with their notions. They purchased a farm (they christened it Fruitlands) at Harvard, Mass., and the three, with a number of others, went there to live on ideal principles.

The principles were very good, but somehow they could not be reduced to practice. The result was Lane and Wright returned to England, the farm was sold, and Alcott went back to Concord to study, to think, to talk, to tell people how to live, without mastering, practically, the secret himself.

CONVERSATIONS.

For the last five-and-twenty years the educational philosopher has been holding conversations, as he styles them, on humanity, divinity, ethics, dietetics,—the philosophy of everything regarded from the point of transcendentalism. He goes wherever he is invited, and delivers these conversations—they are essentially informal lectures with the privilege of interruption—to such audiences as choose to pay to hear them. They are chiefly monologues, and while they are instructive and entertaining often, they are, on the whole, disappointing and unsatisfactory. His favorite subjects are Fate, Love, Ideals, Sympathy, Beauty, Poetry, Experience, Aspiration, Freedom, Intuition, Nature, and the like.

No regular advertisement is published, though an announcement is generally made in the newspapers of the town he visits. The attendance is naturally limited. The philosopher sits, and at the appointed hour begins in a low, pleasant, measured, monotonous voice, with frequent jerks, and without any special connection. He invites any one or all of the audience to take part, though it rarely does, save by an occasional question, to which he responds in a mildly dogmatic manner, as if he had in his keeping the oracles of wisdom. He impresses you as a gentle, amiable, thoughtful, dreamy enthusiast, who is mainly introspective, and has never been, to any extent, influenced by the world he forms an abstract unit of.

HIS STYLE AND MANNER.

He seldom talks beyond sixty minutes—his watch lies open on the desk or table before him, and when the time is nearly consumed, he is apt to say something akin to this: "Conversation has not flowed this evening. Many fine things might have been said. But fine things must come of themselves; they are born of the soul; they can not be coerced. All true conversation demands to be free, to be spontaneous. There is inspiration in it only when it rises like the breath of the morning, like the hymn of the trees. When the gods are near, conversation is eloquent, genuine, truthful. When they retreat, it is a sign of adverse influences. They flee from the uncongenial who have no fear of foe human or divine. Nature must be perpetually revered. From her shrine come all intuitions, which are the essence of all wisdom. There is no finitude. The circle of being involves and permeates the universe." And then he ends as suddenly as he began. The conversation is over.

One might think, inasmuch as Alcott has announced his theme; has discoursed upon it often, and does the bulk of the talking himself, that it would not be necessary to wait for the gods, for inspiration or for the circle of being. It is, however, absolutely necessary, as Alcott ceaselessly affirms; and being a transcendentalist of the most pronounced order, he ought to know.

DOES HE TALK TO PECUNIARY PURPOSE?

Does the peripatetic make anything by his conversations? asks some practical reader. I confess I have often put the question to myself. I suppose he must make something, though barely enough, I should judge, to pay expenses. I have attended a number of his conversations in different parts of the country. I have never known him to have an audience of more than a hundred or so, which at 50 cents each would be little enough. His wants are few and simple, to be sure; but for railway fares and other necessities there must be an equivalent in cash, even from transcendental philosophers. He has so many admirers and friends that they rarely allow him to escape their hospitality. He is really a delightful old fellow to have in one's house, and I am not surprised he is liked by persons having the good fortune of his acquaintance.

THE POOR-HOUSE QUESTION.

When the Wolcott tradesman predicted that Alcott would die in the poor-house, he had more basis for his prediction than most self-conceited vaticinators have. The philosopher is eminently one of the men who, one would say—judging by all the facts obtainable—must inevitably starve to death. People don't starve in this land; it is not a custom of the country. If it were, Bronson Alcott would have been one of the men to do it, since he has been from childhood completely incapable of providing materially for himself and his family. Not incapable, perhaps, but unwilling to concern his mind with the prosaic question of earning and spending of dollars and cents. In place of taking care of his family, his family has taken care of him. Its members have looked after him vigilantly; have prevented him from going to pieces on every contiguous breaker. Sometimes he has insisted upon wrecking himself in the smoothest sea.

ENTIRE UNWORLDLINESS.

This is an instance. A number of years since, by some circumstance or series of circumstances, never satisfactorily explained, the illustrious Conversh had come into possession of $20—more money, it is said, than he had ever had before at any one time in his whole existence. A wretched tramp knocked at his door; told a pitiful story of the stereotyped kind; appealed to the good and innocent soul; and lo! the good and innocent soul thrust his hand into his pocket and gave away the $20.

When his wife and four daughters (they happened to be off guard on that occasion) were apprised of his bounty, they were vexed enough; for they had already appropriated the money to a hundred different purposes. He replied to their scoldings that the poor fellow was really needy; that it was our duty to help one another; that he was happy to have had the opportunity. "It will all come right," added the idealist and optimist, "A good deed never long goes unrewarded." The next day, the tramp (there's something good in human nature, after all), hearing whom he had imposed upon, returned the money; and the generous idealist was justified. Alcott has always been

ONE OF THE BEST OF MORTALS,

literally almost too good for this world. Strange to say, too, he is not orthodox, not even a Christian, in the ordinary sense. He is, on the contrary, a positive pagan, but still a humanitarian, a thorough Platonist, an ardent lover of his kind. He has hardly ever committed what might be deemed a sin, except against himself. If all men were like him, this globe would be what he tries to make it by his pure teachings—another Eden, a paradise of sympathy and charity. Wonderful that any human creature can be so noble, so excellent, and yet reject the Thirty-nine Articles!

EMERSON'S OPINION OF HIM.

The philosopher has written little; but what he has written is meritorious and peculiar. "Concord Ways" is his latest production, and Louisa M. Alcott his best. Though not learned, he is very thoughtful and suggestive, and many of his expressions are pearls of intellect. Minds superior to, at least more renowned than, his, acknowledge their great indebtedness to him; Emerson among others. The author of "Representative Men" has even proclaimed him Master, and is a spendthrift of praise in his behalf. Emerson's admirers think him over-appreciative. They aver Alcott visits his friend (they live near by) in the morning. They talk. Emerson gives out many subtle, sage thoughts are he is intellectually awake, without knowing what he has really said. Alcott returns in the afternoon, remembering the things his ardent admirer has told him; repeats them, and Emerson not recognizing them as his own, exclaims, "Wonderful is Alcott!"

PERSIMO.

An appreciative critic writes to the publishers of St Nicholas concerning Louisa Alcott's serial as follows: "Jack and Jill" is decidedly the best story she has written, hardly excepting that first book which led her in triumph into the very heart of American and English home-life. Indeed it closely resembles "Little Women" in spirit though it has a wider scope in action and treatment. It seems to me the strongest and tenderest current child-story in the language, full of rolicksome heartiness and beautiful sympathies, a story in which the girl-readers are honestly and safely delighted to meet live, manly boys; and boy-readers actually find themselves capable of being as interested in a home-scene as in a tiger-hunt, in a bright-faced, noble girl as in a gorilla.

LITERARY NOTES.

HOW TO PASS OUR VACATIONS—LONG JOURNEYS AND SHORT PURSES—THE MARITIME PROVINCES OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—THE EARLY DAYS OF A. BRONSON ALCOTT—A REMARKABLE PEDDLER—THE MANNERS OF A GREAT PEER.

[FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BOSTON, June 21.

There be scoffers who have considered the State of Connecticut as more anxious for gain than for glory, but the town of Wolcott has proved itself an exception. It is soon to have published a history, containing sketches of the distinguished men and women who have been born there. One of these sketches, that of A. Bronson Alcott, written by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, has just come into my hands in proof sheets. It is brief but comprehensive. Mr. Alcott is so intimately associated with Massachusetts, and especially with Concord, that it seldom occurs to any one to remember that he was a native of Connecticut. He was born in Wolcott in 1799; think how long ago that was, and how many changes he has seen since then. He was the eldest of eight children, and there seems to have been no superabundance of money in his early home, but he was well descended. His father was a skillful farmer—a man of unblemished integrity, and of a thoughtful, retiring, conscientious nature. His mother deserves especial mention, because she gave him his early religious training, and he seems to have inherited from her the general turn of his mind. She was the daughter of Capt. Amos Bronson of Plymouth, a man of property, influence, and decided theological opinions, very unlike those of most Connecticut farmers of his day. She was the sister of Dr. Tillotson Bronson, for some years at the head of the Episcopal Academy in Cheshire, and previously rector of St. John's Church at Waterbury. She herself was an Episcopalian, and her son, Amos Bronson, was early baptized in the Episcopal Church. I note these circumstances particularly because they seem to me to explain a difference I have long observed between Mr. Alcott and some of his brother radicals. To some of them the very mention of Christianity seems like Spanish flies to the skin—it makes them break out at once in a violent eruption. But Mr. Alcott remembers the sweetness of his mother's heart and life, and has not forgotten the old prayers of the old faith which he said at her knee. He is always ready to believe that a Christian may really and truly be as good a man as a Jew or even a Mohammedan.

From Mr. Alcott's earliest years he was fond of books, and eagerly read all he could find. He went to the district school until he was 13; and at 12 he had already begun to keep a diary, a habit which he has maintained ever since. At the age of 14 he worked for a while at clock-making at Plymouth, Conn., and the same year went on an excursion into Northern Connecticut and Western Massachusetts, selling a few articles as he went, to meet the expenses of his journey. Indeed peddling seems to have been a resource for him in his early years. He was confirmed at 15, in Waterbury; after which he and his cousin, the late Dr. Alcott, used to read the church-service on Sundays at a school-house in his neighborhood. These two cousins seem to have been mutually devoted to the highest improvement. They together founded a small library, and a few years later visited Virginia and the Carolinas, on one of those peddling pilgrimages which were so romantic a feature of Mr. Alcott's early life.

I presume he made little money peddling, for surely no other peddler was ever half so honest. But he used to buy a stock of small wares, and sell them again to the Virginians at a good profit. In this way he made his entrance into some of the best descended families of the Old Dominion, where he found large and choice libraries, which they willingly permitted the young man from Connecticut to explore. Biography was his favorite reading; then poems and tales, and he was also very fond of metaphysics. He had been bred in all the simplicity of an old-fashioned farming household, and the courtly and elegant life of the wealthy Virginians was a graceful and impressive revelation to him. An English gentleman, hearing the story of Mr. Alcott's early years—his farm life, and his progress as a peddler—could scarcely believe it to be true. "Why," said he, "your friend has the most distinguished manners, the manners of a very great peer." But some of this polish may have been acquired by contact during those early years with a class then esteemed the first gentlemen in America.

These peddling excursions continued until 1823, when Mr. Alcott began his career as a teacher, to which calling he devoted the next fifteen or sixteen years. For the last 30 years and more he has stood forth as an ideal reformer, and the representative of a school of thought and ethics, of which he was one of the founders in New-England. In 1841, when he had ceased to teach, and was supporting himself by manual labor in Concord, Dr. Channing wrote of him: "Mr. Alcott little suspects how my heart goes out to him. One of my dearest idea and hopes is the union of labor and culture. I wish to see labor honored and united with the free development of the intellect and the heart. Mr. Alcott bring himself out for day labor, and at the same time living in a region of high thought, is, perhaps, the most interesting object in our Commonwealth. I do not care much for Orpheus in 'The Dial'; but Orpheus at the plow is after my own heart. There he teaches a grand lesson; more than most of us teach by the pen."

Mr. Alcott has been teaching grand lessons ever since; but on the events of the last half of his life I have now no time to dwell. In the few details Mr. Sanborn has given of his early culture and experiences, when but a farm boy in Connecticut, I am sure all the reading world must be interested. L. C. M.

The Schoolmaster's Conquest.

Bronson Alcott, of Boston, once told Joseph Cook, and Joseph Cook told everybody he met, that he made it a regulation in his school that, if a pupil violated a rule, "the master should substitute his own voluntary sacrificial chastisement for that pupil's punishment; and this regulation almost Christianized his school." "One day," Mr. Alcott said, "I called up before me a pupil who had violated an important rule. All the school was looking on, and knew the rule and the penalty. I put the ruler into the offender's hand; I extended my own hand; I told him to strike. Instantly I saw a struggle begin in his face. A new light sprung up in his countenance. A new set of shuttles seemed to be weaving a new nature within him. I kept my hand extended, and the school was in tears. The boy struck once, and burst into tears. He seemed to be in a bath of fire which was giving him a new nature. He seemed transformed by the idea that I should suffer chastisement in place of his punishment, and ever after was the most docile pupil in the school, though he had at first been the rudest."

Now, this is very affecting and reasonable and striking. No one can read the incident and very readily forget it; and it contains a lesson that every school-teacher can certainly read with profit. The incident came to the knowledge of Willis K. Stoddard, who for some years past has been teaching a district school in Flint river township, in Iowa. He read this extract from one of Joseph Cook's lectures, and never forgot the great moral it conveyed. And, indeed, he privately informed a clergyman who called upon him during a critical period in his career, and with whom he was very intimate, that he didn't think he ever would forget it. Young Mr. Stoddard had some few pretty hard boys in his school. They were big and noisy and rough and turbulent. He had reasoned with them; he had expostulated: he had begged and wept. He had whipped them until his arms ached, and the directors had threatened to dismiss him for unnecessary severity and absolute cruelty; and the boys grew worse every day. But when he was at his wit's end, and was seriously thinking of running away and losing all his back salary, rather than stay at the school another day, he read this incident, and it gave his troubled mind new light. He treasured it up, and thought it might help him.

He had treasured it up probably half a day, when, one bright June afternoon, Samuel Johnson, the biggest and strongest and worst of all the big bad boys, violated all the rules of the school, one after another, as fast as he could think of them, and wound up by tearing seven leaves out of his geography. These he crammed into his mouth, and, when he had chewed them into a pulp, he took the "wad" into his hand, and propelled the whole mass with great violence into the ear of Ellis Haskell, who, although also big and bad—a little bad—was not possessed of sufficient presence of mind to look calm and unconscious under this avalanche merely because the eye of his teacher was upon him, and he accordingly signified his very unnatural dismay and astonishment by a tremendous howl.

And all the school howled in responsive chorus. Not only because the scholars were delighted to see Ellis Haskell with his larboard ear full of paper mache, as though he were going to take a cast out of it for the physiology class, but also because they knew the teacher would promptly and without further ceremony or formality, give "Tecumseh" Johnson a benefit—to wit, a most awful and dreadful "lickin'." And this being a pleasant change from the monotonous routine of study and recitation, was always hailed with demonstration of great joy by the pupils.

Mr. Stoddard called Samuel Johnson up to his desk, and more calmly than was his custom under such circumstances, told him to go out and bring in a switch. The pupils noticed there was something unusually gentle in the teacher's manner, and it struck Samuel Johnson very forcibly that it was certainly very much out of the ordinary method of procedure for the culprit to be accorded the privilege of cutting his own switch But he was not the boy who would fail to appreciate and make the best use of his privileges and opportunities. So he did not idly waste his time, but presently returned with a very peaceful looking switch in deed—a switch apparently far gone in the last stages of consumption—the sickest switch!

"Now," said Mr. Stoddard, with a gentle, compassionate intonation, "strike me."

Samuel Johnson, who had already begun to unbutton his own jacket, opened his mouth wide, and the whole school stared in speechless amazement. Mr. Stoddard calmly repeated his order. He thought he could see the "new set of shuttles beginning the work." "Some one," he said—and a woman could not have spoken more tenderly—"some one must suffer the infraction of the rules. I do not punish any of you for any pleasure it gives me to see you suffer. I do it because justice demands it. Some one must be punished and I will suffer chastisement in your stead." The teacher saw a "new light spring up" in Samuel Johnson's countenance. The boy looked at his teacher and then at his switch. The teacher could "see a struggle begin in the face." Presently the tears sprang to Samuel Johnson's eyes, and he said in a voice confused with anxiety, "Hadn't I better go out and get a bigger switch"

The teacher softly told him he might do so if he wished, and Samuel Johnson went out and was gone ten minutes—ten long, anxious, quiet, wondering minutes. When he returned the school smiled. He carried in his hand a switch that looked like a Russian peace commissioner. He had cut it out of an Osage hedge, and, when he held it where the sunlight could fall upon it, it looked wickeder than John Morrissey's faro parlors. It was about seven feet long, an inch and three quarters thick at the butt, and was limber and twisted, and had knots and knobs clear down to the point. The boy's face shone with a bright glow of conscientious satisfaction as he balanced this switch and drew it through his hard, muscular hands.

Mr. Stoddard stood up and folded his arms. Then he said, with a sad, sweet look at the culprit. "Now strike me." The school just sat still and held its breath.

BOSTON LITERARY MATTERS.

N.Y. Graphic ——— Sept. 25. 1876

"EIGHT COUSINS"—MR. ALCOTT'S LATEST—THE STORY OF HER LITERARY SUCCESS—THE "FLAMENG DECAMERON"—ORIGIN OF LONGFELLOW'S "HANGING OF THE CRANE."

[REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC.]

BOSTON, September 22.—In a few days hence Messrs. Roberts Brothers will have ready a new book by Miss L. M. Alcott, entitled "Eight Cousins," a story, of course, for children and for all older people who have young hearts. As many readers already know, the story has been appearing for the last twelve months in *St. Nicholas*, where it has attracted wide notice.

I do not purpose to give any analysis of this charming story, for as everybody reads whatever comes from Miss Alcott's pen, so everybody might, perhaps, be tempted to find fault if I were to unveil the good things which are said and done by the young people who dwell beneath the two bright covers of the book.

I may say, however, that "Eight Cousins" adds another to that admirable series of domestic histories which has won fame for the author and made thousands of homes brighter and better. In this story Miss Alcott convinces us again that she has lost none of those powers which made all of her former writings so attractive. She is still the same pleasing, winning, and forcible artist of home scenes and doings as ever before; she may still count a legion of admirers, and she still has the full confidence of the children and their parents.

The question has often been put, Why is it that Miss Alcott has such a hold on the public? Some twenty odd years ago, while yet unknown beyond the immediate circle of her own friends, she experienced, like many another young lady well trained and educated, the *cacoethes scribendi*—the desire to write something for the amusement or the instruction of the vast public, whichever it might prove.

She ventured one day to step into the editorial office of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* with a small package neatly tied up. This package contained her first manuscript story. The editor read it, admired it, and published it, and the author received for its publication her first literary compensation.

Such was the beginning of a career whose end may not be, we all hope, for many years to come. She continued to write essays, sketches, and stories, which were received and published by other journals of the day.

Her fame may be said to have been established, however, on the day when "Little Women" was given to the world. She had previously printed her "Hospital Sketches," which, for some reason or other, fell dead from the press. They had in them every element of popularity, goodness, and success. But the author was only a school-mistress, with limited reputation, and, like most school-mistresses, her works as such were better known than herself.

Everybody knows how, when Miss Alcott presented the manuscript of "Little Women" to a former publisher in this city, it was returned to her with the fatherly admonition that she had better stick to her school-teaching and give up authorship. This puppet prophecy of the Dickens worshipper, worded somewhat indefinitely, to be sure, reads a little strange nowadays, and will read still more so, I fear, when he who gave it utterance shall have been laid to rest with the other great lights of English literature.

Fortunately, Miss Alcott is a woman of the irrepressible sort. You can grieve her heart but you cannot kill her energy. She believed that "Little Women" was as readable as thousands of other books that had been published, but she did not think that it was perfect in its way, or would yield much more than the cost of its publication.

On a lucky date she carried the manuscript to Roberts Brothers, who, after having read a few pages of it, determined at once to put it into print. Into print it went; it was published, and on the following Christmas Day she received her first check.

All the world knows what a perfect success it proved. It was sold in every State of the Union; it was devoured almost by old and young. I found a copy of it six or seven years ago in one of the log cabins of Colorado, and when I inquired how it ever came there I was told that the colporteur had left it there with the recommendation that it be read by the whole family, and then be sent to other cabins in the Territory. Like the great bright sun over our heads, it was taking its way westward from house to house bringing good cheer and comfort, and making homes happier and hearts lighter as it passed along.

And then came the "Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Little Men" and "Work," which, with "Little Women," are without doubt four of the most popular works of the time, their combined sale in the United States alone having already exceeded two hundred thousand copies, to say nothing of the large sales in England, France, Germany, and Holland.

"Eight Cousins" is the latest and in many respects the best book that the author has written. I shall not prophesy how large will be its sale. In June, 1871, 38,000 copies of "Little Men" were sold. So far more copies of "An Old-Fashioned Girl" have been disposed of than of any of her other works. Of course then, it has proved the most popular.

If I repeat the question, Why is it that these books are so sought after? I can find no answer unless it be in the assertion that they are so brimful of homely simplicity, of domestic affection, of Christian charity, and all the kindred graces that make one heart dear to another. Her boys and girls are the boys and girls which figure around our own firesides. They are of the good, bad, and indifferent sort, and we like them because they are so much what we used to be, what our children are now, and what children will always be, if we can all have our own way in bringing them up.

And yet if you were to ask Miss Alcott which of her books she thinks of the most highly she would say "Hospital Sketches." It was her idol, in a literary sense, when she first saw it between covers; it is her idol to-day. It is a mystery to her why this book sells so slowly, and why her other books, which she thinks little of, sell so rapidly. "Why is it that people like my books?" she has often asked. She has as yet found no answer more substantial than that expressed in the hundreds of letters which she is constantly receiving from mothers everywhere—"because they are so good." And such generous approval as this is enough to cheer any writer's heart.

Miss Alcott has received from her writings upwards of sixty thousand dollars already; and if the days were longer she could double this sum in a very short time.

Samuel Johnson did not act in greedy and unseemly haste, as though he were meanly and wickedly glad to have this opportunity of hitting his dear teacher. He conducted himself like a boy who has a painful duty to perform, but is impelled by conscientious motives to perform it thoroughly. He pulled off his jacket; he rolled up his sleeves; he spat on his hands, and took a two-handed grasp on the switch. Twice he changed the position of his feet to get a better brace. Then he drew a long, deep breath, raised his arms, and the switch just shrieked through the air like a wild, mad, living thing. * * * * Old Mr Hargis, the senior director, who lives only a mile and a half away from the school house, says he was out in his field ploughing, and when Mr. Stoddard let off his first yell the old man's first impression was that the school house had been struck by lightning. The clear sky, however, disproved the theory; and the next time the teacher shouted the director was convinced that a steamboat had gone astray and was whistling for a landing somewhere up the creek. While he was trying to hold his terrified horses, another volley of sound came sweeping over the land like a vocal cyclone, and old Mr. Nosongale, who had been deaf twenty-three years, came running over saying he believed they were fighting down at the quarries. By this time they were joined by the rest of the neighbors, and the excited population went thronging on toward the school house.

In accepting Mr. Stoddard's resignation, the directors considerately allowed his pay for the full term, and in a series of complimentary resolutions spoke of his efficiency in the highest terms, although it transpired that the board was privately agreed, after all the facts had been laid before it.

A Letter of Sympathy.

A good old lady of Amsterdam has written the following letter, in her best English, to Miss Olcott:

"Dear Louisa: I am so fond of reading your books that I say to my daughter, 'If I was able to write a good English letter, I should write to that Lady Louisa.' I ask her when I write a Dutch letter to translate it for me, but she advises me to write English as good as I can, and so I will try it. My mother's mother was an English lady from the Isle of Wight, so I was learning English in my childhood; later, when my eldest son married an English lady, I was again speaking it a little, and reading very simple stories, but I like more to read the translations from my daughters. The last time the translations of the stories written by you have given me such a great pleasure, they fill very often my eyes with tears, and make me laugh so heartily that I must tell it you, and thank you that you have written them. But so I feel such a deep sympathy with you, I should so much like to make your acquaintance and know some mere of your childhood and life, if you could find the time to write me something of yourself and your experience; you should oblige very much an old lady, and certainly also her children and grandchildren, who all are also fond of you, because the nice and useful things you have written. One of my daughters is translating your 'Work,' and sends me every proof sheet that is ready. I am near the end of that delicious book, and I read it twice, with the same pleasure, before it is finished, and very often I read aloud the passages that go to my heart, to my daughter who lives with me. I hope you shall be able to write much such stories again; certainly they will do much good! God bless you, my dear Louisa, and spare your life that is used for the good sake! I hope you can read this lines, and will send some answer to your

"Affectionate friend, MRS. B."

THE FRIEND OF LITTLE WOMEN AND OF LITTLE MEN.

Concord Freeman 1878

BY F. B. S.

Would the readers of St. Nicholas, who are all admirers of Miss Louisa Alcott, like to hear more than they now know about this kind friend of theirs, who has been giving them so much pleasure by her stories, and never writes so well as when she writes for boys and girls? Then, let me tell you something about her own family and childhood, and how she became the well-known writer that she is. She not only tells you pleasant stories about "little women" and "old-fashioned girls," "eight cousins," and children "under the lilacs," — but she shows you how good it is to be generous and kind, to love others and not to be always caring and working for yourselves. And the way she can do this is by first being noble and unselfish herself. "Look into thine own heart and write," said a wise man to one who had asked how to make a book. And it is because Miss Alcott looks into her own heart and finds such kindly and beautiful wishes there that she has been able to write so many beautiful books. They tell the story of her life; but they tell many other stories also. So let me give you a few events and scenes in her life, by themselves.

Miss Alcott's father was the son of a farmer in Connecticut, and her mother was the daughter of a merchant in Boston. After growing up in a pretty, rural town, among hardy people who worked all day in the fields or the woods, and were not very rich, Mr. Alcott went down into Virginia and wandered about among the rich planters and the poor slaves who then lived there; selling the gentlemen and ladies such fine things as they would buy from his boxes,—for he was a traveling merchant, or peddler,—staying in their mansions sometimes, and sometimes in the cabins of the poor; reading all the books he could find in the great houses, and learning all he could in other ways. Then, he went back to Connecticut and became a schoolmaster. So fond was he of children, and so well did he understand them, that his school soon became large and famous, and he was sent for to go and teach poor children in Boston. Miss May, the mother of Miss Alcott, was then a young lady in that city. She, too, was full of kind thoughts for children, the poor and the rich, and when she saw how well the young school-master understood his work, how much good he was seeking to do, and how well he loved her, why, Miss May consented to marry Mr. Alcott, and then they went away to Philadelphia together, where Mr. Alcott taught another shool.

Close by Philadelphia, and now a part of that great city, is Germantown, a quiet and lovely village then, which had been settled many years before by Germans, for whom it was named, and by Quakers, such as came to Philadelphia with William Penn. Here Louisa May Alcott was born, and she spent the first two years of her life in Germantown, Philadelphia. Then, her father and mother went back to Boston, where Mr. Alcott taught a celebrated school in a fine large building called the Temple, close by Boston Common, and about this school an interesting book has been written, which, perhaps, you will some day read. The little Louisa did not go to it at first, because she was not old enough, but her father and mother taught her at home the same beautiful things which the older children learned in the Temple school. By and by people began to complain that Mr. Alcott was too gentle with his scholars, that he read to them from the New Testament too much, and talked with them about Jesus, when he should have been making them say their multiplication-table. So his school became unpopular, and all the more so because he would not refuse to teach a poor colored boy who wanted to be his pupil. The fathers and mothers of the white children were not willing to have a colored child in the same school with their darlings. So they took away their children, one after another, until, when Louisa Alcott was between six and seven years old, her father was left with only five pupils, Louisa and her two sisters ("Jo," "Beth" and "Meg"), one white boy, and the colored boy whom he would not send away. Mr. Alcott had depended far his support on the money which his pupils paid him, and now he became poor, and gave up his school.

There was a friend of Mr. Alcott's then living in Concord, not far from Boston,—a man of great wisdom and goodness, who had been very sad to see the noble Connecticut school-master so shabbily treated in Boston,—and he invited his friend to come and live in Concord. So Louisa went to that old country town with her father and mother when she was eight years old, and lived with them in a little cottage, where her father worked in the garden, or cut wood in the forest, while her mother kept the house and did the work of the cottage, aided by her three little girls. They were very poor, and worked hard; but they never forgot those who needed their help, and if a poor traveler came to the cottage door hungry, they gave him what they had, and cheered him on his journey. By and by, when Louisa was ten years old, they went to another country town not far off, named Harvard, where some friends of Mr. Alcott had bought a farm on which they were all to live together, in a religious community, working with their hands, and not eating the flesh of slaughtered animals, but living on vegetable food, for this practice, they thought, made people more virtuous. Miss Alcott has written an amusing story about this, which she calls "Transcendental Wild Oats." When Louisa was twelve years old, and had a third sister ("Amy"), the family returned to Concord, and for three years occupied the house in which Mr. Hawthorne, who wrote the fine romances, afterward lived. There Mr. Alcott planted a fair garden, and built a summer-house near a brook for his children, where they spent many happy hours, and where, as I have heard, Miss Alcott first began to compose stories to amuse her sisters and other children of the neighborhood.

When she was almost sixteen, the family returned to Boston, and there Miss Alcott began to teach boys and girls their lessons. She had not been at school much herself, but she had been instructed by her father and mother. She had seen so much that was generous and good done by them that she had learned it is far better to have a kind heart and to do unselfish acts than to have riches or learning or fine clothes. So, mothers were glad to send her their children to be taught, and she earned money in this way for her own support.

But she did not like to teach so well as her father did, and thought that perhaps she could write stories and be paid for them and earn more money in that way. So she began to write stories. At first nobody would pay her any money for them, but

she kept patiently at work, making better and better what she wrote, until in a few years she could earn a good sum by her pen. Then the civil war came on, and Miss Alcott, like the rest of the people, wished to do something for her country. So she went to Washington as a nurse, and for some time she took care of the poor soldiers who came into the hospital wounded or sick, and she has written a little book about these soldiers which you may have read. But soon she grew ill herself from the labor and anxiety she had in the hospital, and almost died of typhoid fever; since when she has never been the robust, healthy young lady she was before, but was more or less an invalid while writing all those cheerful and entertaing books. And yet to that illness all her success as an author might perhaps be traced. Her "Hospital Sketches," first published in a Boston newspaper, became very popular, and made her name known all over the North. Then she wrote other books, encouraged by the reception given to this, and finally, in 1868, five years after she left the hospital in Washington, she published the first volume of "Little Women." From that day to this she has been constantly gaining in the public esteem, and now perhaps no lady in all the land stands higher. Several hundred thousand volumes of her books have been sold in this country, and probably as many more in England and other European countries.

Twenty years ago, Miss Alcott returned to Concord with her family, who have ever since resided there. It was there that most of her books were written, and many of her stories take that town for a starting point. It was in Concord that "Beth" died, and there the "Little Men" now live. Miss Alcott herself has been two or three years in Europe since 1865, and has spent several winters in Boston or New York, but her summers are usually passed in Concord, where she lives in a picturesque old house, under a warm hill-side, with an orchard around it and a pine-wood on the hill-top behind. Two aged trees stand in front of the house, and in the rear is the studio of Miss May Alcott ("Amy"), who has become an artist of renown, and had a painting exhibited last spring in the great exhibition of pictures at Paris. Close by is another house, under the same hill-side, where Mr. Hatwhorne lived and wrote several of his famous books, and it was along the old Lexington road in front of these ancient houses that the British Grenadiers marched and retreated on the day of the battle of Concord in April, 1775. Instead of soldiers marching with their plumed hats you might have seen there last summer great plumes of asparagus waving in the field; instead of bayonets, the poles of grape-vines in ranks upon the hill; while loads of hay, of strawberries, pears and apples went jolting along the highway between hill and meadow.

The engraving shows you how Miss Alcott looks,—only you must recollect that it does not flatter her; and if you should see her, you would like her face much better than the picture of it. She has large, dark-blue eyes, brown clustering hair, a firm but smiling mouth, a noble head, and a tall and stately presence, as becomes one who is descended from the Mays, Quincys and Sewalls, of Massachusetts, and the Alcotts and Bronsons of Connecticut. From them she has inherited the best New England traits, — courage and independence without pride, a just and compassionate spirit, strongly domestic habits, good sense, and a warm heart. In her books you percive these qualities, do you not? and notice, too, the vigor of her fancy, the flowing humor that makes her stories now droll and now pathetic, a keen eye for character, and the most cheerful tone of mind. From the hard experiences of life she has drawn lessons of patience and love, and now with her, as the apostle says, "abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." There have been men, and some women too, who could practice well the heavenly virtue of charity toward the world at large, and with a general atmospheric effect, but could not always bring it down to earth, and train it in the homely, crooked paths of household care. But those who have seen Miss Alcott at home know that such is not her practice. In the last summer, as for years before, the citizen or the visitor who walked the Concord streets might have seen this admired woman doing errands for her father, mother, sister or nephews, and as attentive to the comfort of her family as if she were only their housekeeper. In the sick-room she has been their nurse, in the excursion their guide, in the evening amusements their companion and entertainer. Her good fortune has been theirs, and she has denied herself other pleasures for the satisfaction of giving comfort and pleasure to them.

"So did she travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet her heart
The lowest duties on herself did lay."

—[*St. Nicholas.*

LETTER FROM LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Woman's Journal — Apr. 3, 1880

EDITORS JOURNAL:—As other towns report their first experience of women at the polls, Concord should be heard from, especially as she has distinguished herself by an unusually well conducted and successful town meeting.

Twenty-eight women intended to vote, but owing to the omission of some formality several names could not be put upon the lists. Three or four were detained at home by family cares and did not neglect their domestic duties to rush to the polls as has been predicted. Twenty, however, were there, some few coming alone, but mostly with husbands, fathers or brothers as they should; all in good spirits and not in the least daunted by the awful deed about to be done.

Our town meetings I am told are always orderly and decent, this one certainly was; and we found it very like a lyceum lecture only rather more tedious than most, except when gentlemen disagreed and enlivened the scene with occasional lapses into bad temper or manners, which amused but did not dismay the women-folk, while it initiated them into the forms and courtesies of parliamentary debate.

Voting for school committee did not come till about three, and as the meeting began at one, we had ample time to learn how the mystic rite was performed, so, when at last our tickets were passed to us we were quite prepared to follow our leader without fear.

Mr. Alcott with a fatherly desire to make the new step as easy as possible for us, privately asked the moderator when the women were to vote, and on being told that they could take their chance with the men or come later, proposed that they should come first as a proper token of respect and for the credit of the town. One of the selectmen said "By all means;" and proved himself a tower of strength by seconding the philosopher on this momentous occasion.

The moderator (who is also the registrar and has most kindly and faithfully done his duty to the women in spite of his own difference of opinion) then announced that the ladies would prepare their votes and deposit them before the men did. No one objected, we were ready, and filed out in good order, dropping our votes and passing back to our seats as quickly and quietly as possible, while the assembled gentlemen watched us in solemn silence.

No bolt fell on our audacious heads, no earthquake shook the town, but a pleasing surprise created a general outbreak of laughter and applause, for, scarcely were we seated when Judge Hoar rose and proposed that the polls be closed. The motion was carried before the laugh subsided, and the polls were closed without a man's voting; a perfectly fair proceeding we thought since we were allowed no voice on any other question.

The superintendent of schools expressed a hope that the whole town would vote, but was gracefully informed that it made no difference as the women had all voted as the men would.

Not quite a correct statement by the way, as many men would probably have voted for other candidates, as tickets were prepared and some persons looked disturbed at being deprived of their rights. It was too late, however, for the joke became sober earnest, and the women elected the school committee for the coming year, feeling satisfied, with one or two exceptions, that they had secured persons whose past services proved their fitness for the office.

The business of the meeting went on, and the women remained to hear the discussion of ways and means, and see officers elected with neatness and dispatch by the few who appeared to run the town pretty much as they pleased.

At five the housewives retired to get tea for the exhausted gentlemen, some of whom certainly looked as if they would need refreshment of some sort after their labors. It was curious to observe as the women went out how the faces which had regarded them with disapproval, derision or doubt when they went in now smiled affably, while several men hoped the ladies would come again, asked how they liked it, and assured them that there had not been so orderly a meeting for years.

One of the pleasant sights to my eyes was a flock of school-boys watching with great interest their mothers, aunts and sisters, who were showing them how to vote when their own emancipation day came. Another was the spectacle of women sitting

beside their husbands, who greatly enjoyed the affair though many of them differed in opinion and had their doubts about the Suffrage question.

Among the new voters were descendents of Major Buttrick of Concord, fight renown, two of Hancock and Quincy, and others whose grandfathers or great grandfathers had been among the first settlers of the town. A goodly array of dignified and earnest women, though some of the "first families" of the historic town were conspicuous by their absence.

But the ice is broken, and I predict that next year our ranks will be fuller, for it is the first step that counts, and when the timid or indifferent, several of whom came to look on, see that we still live, they will venture to express publicly the opinions they held or have lately learned to respect and believe.

L. M. A.

Concord, March 30, 1880.

Springfield Republ. Mar. 5, 1875

The type-writer is willing to render Miss May Alcott, the younger sister of Miss Alcott the novelist, her proper share of renown. Half the time her name is printed "Mary," and again, as in my letter last week, the first name is omitted and her existence is confounded with that of her literary sister, who neither draws nor paints. Miss *May Alcott*, as perhaps I have said before, takes her mother's maiden name of May for a Christian name, and, though she sometimes writes in a lively manner, is chiefly known as an artist. For the last year or two she has devoted herself very much to copying Turner's pictures—the small ones and the large—and many of her copies have been sold in Boston and its neighborhood, where an original Turner was almost never seen. The children of men distinguished in New England literature and philosophy seem to take to art, either theoretically as critics, or practically as painters. Mr Longfellow's son paints pictures, and so does Mr Alcott's daughter. Mr Charles Norton, son of the Cambridge Professor Norton, is an accomplished art critic, as well as man of letters. And now we hear that Mr D. A. Wasson's son, a youth of 19, who has been studying art in Germany, is a very promising painter. Mr Wasson himself is about leaving Germany, and expects to be in Boston sometime in May. He will, probably, publish in this country and, perhaps, also in England, his book on the early political history of the United States, which he has worked upon for years. He will furnish a paper on "Church and State in Germany" for the Detroit meeting of the American Social Science association, in May.

Memorial of F. B. Sanborn to the Senate of the United States.

Our Washington correspondent has forwarded us the following copy of the memorial of F. B. Sanborn of Concord to the Senate of the United States, which was presented yesterday by Mr Sumner: 1860

To the Honorable the Senate of the United States:

Respectfully represents F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass., that while he, as he believes, has rightly refused to obey the summons of the "Select Committee" of the Senate, and has desired in a legal and a proper manner to contest his rights as a citizen, of which he has before this informed the Senate, by his memorial of Feb. 16, 1860, submitted to them on the 27th of Feb., 1860, other persons, claiming to act under the authority of the Senate, have unwarrantably usurped power and disgraced themselves by their acts and doings; that on the night of the 3d of April, instant, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock P. M., he was called to the door of his own house by a young man who handed him a fraudulent letter, and that while in the act of taking this, he was seized by another man; that to his often repeated demands for the names and authority of these men, he could get no sufficient or definite answer, and that in his refusing to go with them unless he could see the precept under which they were acting, or know its nature or contents, he was held and handcuffed, and then without hat or shoes was dragged by these men, and three others who had been called by a whistle from them, from his house into the road, and there violently pushed, lifted and shoved to and upon a carriage which was standing in front of his house; that by great efforts on his own part, assisted by those of his sister, he succeeded in preventing these men from placing him in the carriage, and the alarm being given to his friends and neighbors, he was soon surrounded by them, when on the repeated demands of himself and others, the ruffians finally gave their names as Silas Carlton, —— Freeman, —— Tarlton, —— Coolidge and —— Foss, and for their authority read a precept purporting to be directed to Dunning R. McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms of the U. S. Senate, and to be signed by the Vice President of the U. S., commanding the arrest and bringing before the Senate by the said McNair of the body of your memorialist; that no person named McNair appeared to arrest him, but that attached to the said precept was a clause by which the said McNair professed to depute his authority to Silas Carlton and to no other; and that none of the men holding him were known to your memorialist, or to any of his neighbors then present, and had no badge of authority or indications of their being officers; that upon the arrival of your memorialist's counsel, who had been sent for, they refused to take him back into the house, there to remain until a writ of Habeas Corpus could be obtained to test their power and his rights, but continued to hold him in the condition in which he was, without hat or shoes, in the cold night air and upon the damp ground for an hour or thereabouts; and that when a writ of Habeas Corpus, issued by a Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth had been brought and duly served on them by a Deputy Sheriff of the County, they refused to obey the command and compelled the officer to use force and the power of "*posse comitatus*" to take your memorialist out of their hands to the great risk of his life and limb, and the serious injury of his arms and wrists, which were still manacled; that all this was done by the said Carlton and the others named upon a precept which appears to have been in their hands for more than 6 weeks, during nearly all which time your memorialist has been openly engaged in his usual avocations, and about the town in which he resides, freely and without any disguise or concealment, and that there was no sort of reason or excuse for the secrecy, fraud, violence and ruffianism used in making the arrest; and that since his discharge by the full bench of the Supreme Judicial Court, for want of authority in said Carlton to make such an arrest after a full hearing of the case, he finds that said Carlton and those employed by him are men having no property, or responsibility, holding no official position, and possessing no such character as that they ought to be entrusted with the most delicate and dangerous power of arresting and forcibly carrying away *free citizens*; that their manner of exercising it was so improper, disgraceful and offensive, that it has lowered the dignity of your precept, and tended to impair the proper authority of your honorable body in the eyes of all good citizens, without distinction of party, sect or belief; and further, that your memorialist conceives his own right to have been grievously outraged, and prays redress of your honorable body, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, April 5th, 1860.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

County of Middlesex, ss.

CONCORD, April 6, 1860.

Then personally appeared the above-named F. B. Sanborn, and made oath that the facts contained in the above memorial are true according to his best knowledge and belief.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal notarial this sixth day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty.

NATHAN BROOKS, Notary Public.

The proceedings of the Senate upon the presentation of the memorial can be found upon the fourth page.

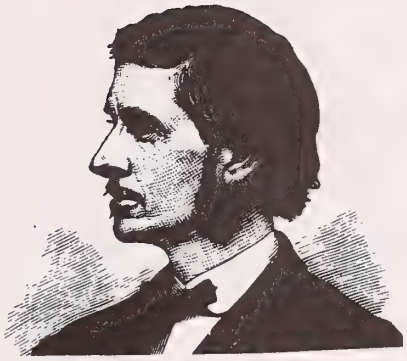
MR. SANBORN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN ARREST.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Some account of the events attending my seizure on the night of April 3, having appeared in your paper, I wish to furnish you with a fuller and more correct statement, which you may use at your discretion. I have already published brief accounts in the Boston papers, and have sent a memorial to the Massachusetts Legislature, and to the U. S. Senate, setting forth the facts. Here, perhaps, I can be more detailed in what I say, and writing more at leisure, will try to insert all the important particulars. My previous position is known to your readers from my memorial to the Senate, printed in THE TRIBUNE of Feb. 22. I deny utterly the power of the Senate to compel my attendance in any such way as they propose; but when I wrote that memorial, I had no conception that an attempt so flagitious would be made to enforce the tyrannical mandate of the Senate. I supposed Mr. McNair would come in person, would put me under a nominal arrest, and then wait and see the question tried in our Supreme Court. This, I had understood, was his wish and purpose, though I had had no communication with him Nor do I now believe that either he or Mr. Mason, or Mr. Breckenridge knew of Carlton's intentions, or will sanction his proceedings. My impression is that a conspiracy was formed in the Marshal's office at Boston, to which my kidnappers and some others were partners, and that the motives for my seizure were two-fold—a wish to serve the despotism of the Slave Power, and to divide among a half dozen confederates the fees for my arrest and transportation to Washington. My reasons for this belief are these: The warrant in the ruffians' hands bears date the 16th of February; ever since which time Holbrook and two or three other men of his kidney, living here, have intimated that I was to be seized by some persons in Boston, to whom I have reason to believe Holbrook communicated all he knew of my habits and mode of life, which he might easily do, being a near neighbor, and passing my house every day on his way to the cars, which take him to his Custom-House duties in Boston. On Friday, the 16th of March, the fellow Carlton was hanging about the Post-Office, and viewing my house and premises, though then his name was unknown to me or my neighbors, and, as he asserts, to the Postmaster. On another day, as I believe, the same fellow was seen by myself, walking past my house and eyeing me and the premises, though at that time I had no knowledge of his name or business.

On the night of the kidnapping, there is good evidence to show that some of the ruffians were concealed in an old barn near my house, and that Holbrook was there with them. I cannot vouch for this, and should be sorry to do injustice to any man; but my fixed belief is that this last statement is true. All these facts go to show a conspiracy to seize me at a favorable time, which they supposed they had chosen. The fees for my arrest, if delivered in Washington, I am told would have been $400 or $500, and perhaps much more; a sufficient inducement to most of my kidnappers, who were mostly bailiffs and discharged policemen, so far as I can learn. They may have supposed that they had authority to justify them, but what I shall now relate does not look as if they thought so.

They prowled about my house for more than an



hour, while I was making calls about the village, and, as I am informed, had their carriage stationed in a place where it would not excite attention. Freeman came to my door when no one was in but Julia Leary, my faithful domestic, who bearing a noise down stairs, went and found a man in the entry, the door being unlocked, who said he had a letter for me, and wished for a situation. She offered to give me the letter when I came in, but the man told her he must see me, and would call again. This was before I came in, and I was told of it, but it made no impression on my mind, except that I supposed some parent wished to see me about a scholar, or some poor person in want of aid. A little past 9 o'clock I came in, and having to arrange my classes for the several teachers in my school, pulled off my boots and sat down to my desk to write. Very soon I heard a knock, and supposing that the same person had again called, I went down to the door, unlocked and opened it. A small man, since known to me as Freeman, son of the U. S. Marshal, entered, and

gave me a letter, saying, "Does Mr. Sanborn live here?" "That is my name," said I, taking the letter; "walk up stairs, and I will attend to you," or something like that. The words were not fairly out of my mouth, when the gray-haired ruffian, now known to be Carlton, entered, and coming behind me, as I stood half turned away from the door, laid his hand on me, and said, "Mr. Sanborn, I arrest you." "By what authority," said I, facing him, "what is your name?" He gave no name, but said, "we are from the Marshal's office," or something of the sort. I think one or two more men appeared at the door; and when I called for their warrant, one of the party said, "We have a warrant." "Show it to me—read it!" said I. There was some demur at this, but one man said, "Let him hear it." By this time my sister had brought a light to the head of the stairs, and saw what was doing. By the light, Freeman, standing at the foot of the stairs, and stooping over to catch the light, began to read a paper which, I believe, he took from his own pocket. I stooped over to see what it was, but he would not let me see it. My sister came down the stairs and spoke to them, and then ran to the door and cried "murder!" I said to her, "No, don't cry that, but run to Col. Whiting's, and tell him I am in the hands of men who will not give their names or show me their warrant." Freeman began to read again, but had got only through a few lines, when Carlton, hearing my sister still shouting on the piazza, drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and put them on my wrists, I remonstrating and resisting as I could. Here the reading stopped, and I knew neither the names nor authority of the ruffians. I think the name of the Senate was not mentioned as yet, and it was less than two minutes from my first opening the door to the putting on of the handcuffs. I then said, "I will never go with you in this condition if I can help it." A whistle was given, and I was dragged out by four, and, as I think, five men. My sister had gone to rouse the neighbors, and I was alone in their hands. As soon as I saw their carriage in the street, as they dragged me down the stone steps, I cried "Murder!" at the top of my voice, which never sounded so loud to me before. I think I was heard a mile. I was bareheaded, and in thin slippers and cotton stockings. I asked to have my hat and boots brought down. "No," said some one; "we will give you a hat and boots. Come along." It is about forty feet from my house to the road, and I think I could not have made much resistance till they tried to lift me into the carriage. My hands were fast, but with my feet I braced myself against the side of the carriage, and held them back till that gave way. Then I caught my left foot on the other side of the carriage door, and that gave way; but still they could not get me in. I think it was then that my sister came back and seized Coolidge by his beard. He dropped me and turned upon her, but did not strike her. They lifted me again and were about to put me in, when my sister caught the whip and struck the horses, who jumped forward, and left me and my kidnappers behind. They brought me on again, and again my sister whipped up the horses. The driver (Foes) came at her as if to strike her, but did not. She threw back the whip, and the next moment, catching up a strip of wood, returned to the horses.

Just then, as I believe, my near neighbor, Mr. Francis E. Bigelow, a blacksmith, came running up and seized my handcuffs. He was dragged about by the three men who then had me in their power, but kept his hold. They tried again to put me in the carriage, but again they failed, and I was pushed into the middle of the street, without my slippers, which had been lost in the scuffle. Mr. George Whittemore, my assistant teacher, now ran up, and soon other neighbors appeared, both men and women, amongst them Col. Whiting, who is an old gentleman, upward of 70, and Miss Ann Whiting, his daughter. The Colonel beat the horses with his cane, and Miss Whiting sprang into the carriage, which she refused to leave, although the driver caught her by the throat and tried to drag her out. My neighbors now collected fast, and my kidnappers soon saw they could do no more toward their original plan of taking me away unbeknown. I kept calling or them to give their names read their warrant, but it was not till some thirty or forty had collected about them and compelled them to read it, that the same Freeman took a paper from his own pocket, and by the light of a lantern read it. I was not allowed to examine it, nor did I see any signatures nor seals so as to identify them. It purported to be an order of the United States Senate for my arrest, directed to McNair, the Sergeant-at-Arms Annexed was a clause bearing even date with the order (Feb. 16, 1860), purporting to be signed by McNair, and empowering Silas Carlton to act as his deputy. "Which of you is Carlton?" said I; but none would answer. At last the gray-headed ruffian at my right shoulder avowed that he was the man. Freeman had already given his name, and about this time, which was full fifteen minutes after their first appearance, Coolidge and Tarlton gave their names.

Soon after, among the crowd of neighbors, friends, and pupils, appeared my counsel, the Hon. John S. Keyes, who demanded to see the warrant and to have it read again. This was refused, but he was allowed to see the clause in which Carlton's name appeared. He proposed instantly a writ of habeas corpus, and asked them to take me into the house and guard me there till one could be taken out. They refused, and kept me still in the street in my thin stockings. Some one had put Mr. Bigelow's hat on my head, and others now brought me a pair of shoes, which I tried to put on, without success. My boots were brought, and I succeeded in drawing them on with my manacled hands. About this time appeared my neighbor, the Hon. Nathan Brooks, a white-haired gentleman of more than seventy; Mr. R. W. Emerson, Mr. George Heywood, the Town Clerk; and Mr. E. W. Ball, Chairman of the Selectmen, with other well-known citizens, old and young. Mr. Brooks put his hand on one of the ruffians, who threw it off, crying "Take care what you do!" "I warn you to take care what you do," replied my venerable friend. Mr. Emerson rushed up to Carlton and said, "Who are you, Sir? By what right do you hold this man?" Carlton muttered something about the Sergeant-at-Arms. "Are you the Sergeant-at-Arms?" said Mr. Emerson. "No." "Is he here?" "No," reluctantly answered Carlton, or some one else of the band. Everything now began to look badly for the ruffians. The bells were ringing, the people rushing up faster and faster, and it was declared that no officer of the Senate was present. Threats of violence were made, and I felt one of my guard tremble violently as he held my arm.

In the mean time, Mr. Keyes had applied to Judge Hoar, who lives but about thirty rods from me, for a writ of habeas corpus. This was instantly granted, and an officer sent for to serve it. This was Mr. John B. Moore, a Deputy Sheriff of Middlesex County, a tall, stout, and resolute townsman of mine. He soon arrived, and read his writ. Carlton listened, but refused to give me up, saying he must have a copy, and that he would himself take me before the Court. "No," said Sheriff Moore, "I shall take him there." When the writ was read, the crowd cheered, and now they began to grow dangerous to the kidnappers. I urged them to spare Freeman, especially, and not to abuse any; but, at the same time, I turned on Carlton, and said, "You miserable gray-haired scoundrel, take off these irons." Coolidge and Tarlton still held my arms. Then the Sheriff, throwing himself back, cried, "I command all good citizens here assembled, in the name of the Commonwealth, to assist me in serving this precept." He laid his hands on Carlton, and in a moment he was forced away from my shoulder, and carried a rod or two by the crowd. Others fell upon Coolidge and Tarlton, who still held me, and I was for some seconds in danger of having my wrists broken; but I soon saw one of them down in the gutter, and Freeman, a little way beyond him, in the same plight, while I was free, except my hands. I went back to my house; Mr. Keyes brought Carlton's key and unlocked the handcuffs, and I prepared to go to bed.

But the crowd, which now numbered 200 or 300, including most of the people of the village, pursued the ruffians as they drove off their shattered carriage toward Lexington, and could hardly be restrained from killing them. They waited for a while at the Middlesex Hotel, and then drove out of town, followed by many of the people. This was about 10½ o'clock. Soon after I swore a complaint against them before Justice Ball, and Sheriff Moore was sent to arrest them, but when he reached Lexington about midnight, they had just gone. The next day he arrested them in Boston.

In my own house I was surrounded by friends, who asked, "Where will you sleep to-night?" a question in which Sheriff Moore joined, for I was his prisoner. I said, "If some one will lend me a pistol, I will sleep here; I have no arms in the house." This was true; and it is also true that I have never owned a pistol, or other weapon, more dangerous than a jackknife. Last October, when *The N. Y. Herald* was spreading all sorts of absurd falsehoods about myself and others, my brother, alarmed for my safety in a house with two women, and no weapons, borrowed a revolver, and brought it to me. Respecting the fears of my sister and the domestic, I kept it in the house, or about my person, till March 28, when, happening to see the owner, I returned it, and do not now possess any weapon. My family has usually consisted of but three persons, and, for several reasons, my doors have usually been locked at night; but it is not true that I have avoided going to the door when at home. My sister wished me to do so, but I had no fears of such an outrage as has really happened, and disregarded her wishes.

I think my escape from whatever fate these ruffians meant for me, is owing to her quick wit and courage. But for her I should have been thrust into the carriage, then, perhaps, into a revenue cutter, and conveyed to Washington or Virginia by sea. I hope before a Massachusetts Jury to find out more fully the plans of Carlton, and his fellow-conspirators.

I was persuaded to sleep that night in a friend's house, half a mile off, and one of our town magistrates lent me a pistol, which I cocked and laid by my bedside; but I have since slept every night at home, and mean to do so for the future, when I am in Concord. Nor do I apprehend a renewal of this outrage, or that the Senate will insist on its usurped power.

To my neighbors and townsmen generally I owe my thanks, for their sympathy and assistance; and to all my friends elsewhere who have aided or offered to aid me. One casualty connected with the affair I profoundly lament; the death of Mr. Hosmer. He was a good friend of mine, and would have died, I doubt not, in my defence. His death was occasioned by the excitement, and lies at the door of Carlton and his fellow conspirators. He was far from wealthy, though an ingenious mechanic; and his widow and children will miss his industrious care for their support and comfort, while they mourn the loss of a husband and father.

My story has already been so much prolonged that I will add nothing further. People of the United States! make what application you may of my experience.

Concord, Mass., April 7, 1860. F. B. SANBORN.

Henry D. Thoreau. By F. B. Sanborn. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) This book is a good example of that kind of literary work which is born of sympathy and a flexible culture but has no real gift behind it. Half a century ago to live in Concord was a piece of good fortune to the literary man; now and henceforth, however, fortunate is he who is born elsewhere. The atmosphere has become somewhat rarefied, the echoes of the past a little resonant, for genuine, original work. The truest homage to great men is discriminating study, and at Concord the attitude of erect and self-respecting approach to great minds is evidently difficult to hold. That Transcendentalism was not long ago a stimulating and commanding influence in our literature no one will deny; but that singular lack of warmth and vigor which became evident early in its literary development becomes more and more pronounced as we recede from the fountain-heads of its inspiration. This is a readable book, but it is also an unsatisfactory book; it is full of information and yet it does not tell us what we want to know. Its pages give abundance of facts concerning Thoreau, but they nowhere let us into the secret of his genius. The characterization is vague and bloodless, although it is undoubtedly conscientious and careful. There is no lack of preparation and knowledge but a lack of grasp upon life. It gives us, as do all the recent utterances at and from Concord, fine glimpses into the mysteries, but glimpses that are occasional, desultory and inconsequential; there is no comprehensive grasp upon the totality of human relations, no wide outlook upon the divergent lines of feeling and activity, no warmth of emotion suffusing and vivifying the hard and fast lines of daily life. The defects of this biography on its critical side can best be seen by comparing its characterizations of Thoreau's mental habit and equipment with Mr. Burroughs's article in the "Century" for July. Mr. Sanborn has, however, made a valuable addition to this excellent series by presenting a goodly array of facts concerning the early history of Concord; and if he has failed to write an ideal biography he has, nevertheless, prepared a very careful and trustworthy account of the life of one of the most original American men of letters.

MISS LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

[*See Portrait on Title-page.*] Jan. 16, 1875

The author of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," and "Little Men" needs but few words of introduction where the English language is spoken or read. Her genial nature shines through her admirable pictures of New England home life, many scenes of which depict some of her own life experiences. Her books are intensely American in character and sentiment, yet, in all probability, they have won as many readers in England as they have in her own country. Miss Alcott is a daughter of the well-known author, A. Bronson Alcott, and her life has been passed chiefly in the midst of the brilliant circle of writers and thinkers who have given the old town of Concord a peculiar literary charm. She was born in Germantown, Pa., in 1832, but has resided since early childhood in Massachusetts, the Alcott family having latterly passed their summers in Concord and their winters in Boston. Although her fame as a writer has been the growth of comparatively few years, she began her career quite early in life. She wrote fairy tales for Boston publications while yet in her teens, and her first volume, "Flower Fables," was printed as early as 1855. She continued writing newspaper stories, chiefly for Boston weeklies, but these productions are for the most part forgotten, although a few of them have been reprinted in some of her later volumes. The first work from her pen which attracted general attention was her "Hospital Sketches." These sketches were originally letters written to her mother and sisters from the hospitals at Washington and her sick-room in that city in the winter of 1862-3, when she became one of the noble band of volunteer nurses who went out from the North to take care of our sick and wounded soldiers. Her exertions in the hospitals brought on a fever, from the effects of which she was long recovering, if, indeed, she may be said to have ever fully regained her health. During her convalescence she revised her letters and they were printed in the Boston *Commonwealth*. They became at once very popular, and were afterwards printed in book-form under the more extended title of "Hospital Sketches and Camp and Fireside Stories." Miss Alcott was now sought as a contributor to the *Atlantic* and other magazines, and in 1863-4 several stories appeared from her pen. In 1865 her first novel, "Moods," was published. It was intended to embody the author's idea of love and marriage, but did so imperfectly, and failed to take the position in literature her talents justified, and which her subsequent works have naturally assumed. Miss Alcott has twice visited Europe, once in 1866 and again in 1870, and her return was in each case followed by seasons of great activity. It was on her return from her first visit to Europe, in 1867, that she began "Little Women," the story from which her greatest fame has been derived, but before she completed the first volume her overtaxed strength gave out and she again became an invalid. It was from the effects of this attack of illness that she sought rest and recreation in her second visit to Europe, which she undertook in company with her artist sister, Miss May Alcott, and a Boston lady friend. "Little Women" appeared in the interim between her first and second visits abroad, and was followed by "An Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Little Men," each of which awakened fresh interest and extended her reputation. In later years she has written "My Boys," &c., "Shawl-Straps," and "Cupid and Chow-Chow;" these three books forming successive volumes of the "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag" series. Her other printed books are "Proverb Stories," one of her earlier productions, and "Work, a Story of Experience." Some idea of Miss Alcott's popularity in her own country may be formed when it is known that up to the present time her American publishers have sold no less than 104,000 of "Little Women," 55,000 of "The Old-Fashioned Girl," and 51,000 of "Little Men." In England there has also been a very large sale for her works, which have successively appeared either in authorized editions, or through other channels in the shape of cheap publications.

Of Miss Alcott's personal traits it has truthfully been written: "Few women more intensely American than Miss Alcott can be found. The daughter of a New England transcendentalist, Mr. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, and descended on her mother's side from the Mays, Sewalls, and Quincys of Boston, she is by birth and training a Protestant of Protestants, an enthusiast for freedom, nature, and the ideal life. Her humor, her tastes, her aspirations, her piety are all American as well as her style and her opinions, which her books sufficiently exhibit. It is this which makes their charm; for though she writes, it is rather for what she says than for her manner of saying it that the world reads her novels. 'Little Women' is a natural picture of life in Eastern Massachusetts, in which her own family and friends appear under a slight disguise. In 'An Old-Fashioned Girl' the same method is pursued; the characters are drawn from life, and are full of the buoyant, free, hopeful New England spirit, beyond constraint and above vulgarity, which makes them so fascinating."

AN EDUCATOR,

And the Public Appreciation of His Work.

An Interesting Scene Which Occurred Last Night.

Republican, St. Louis, June 27, 1880

The Public Presentations to Mr. Wm. T. Harris.

About the 1st of last May, when it was ascertained that Mr. William T. Harris was positively going to resign from the position of superintendent of the public schools of St. Louis, a number of prominent citizens of St. Louis who had been intimately acquainted with Mr. Harris for twenty or more years in the city suggested a testimonial on the part of the citizens. The suggestion met with favor, and Messrs. James E. Yeatman, Henry Hitchcock, John W. Noble, William G. Eliot, James Richardson, Morris J. Lippman, Thomas Richeson, Samuel Cupples and Charles F. Meyer were appointed a committee to arrange for the testimonial, a gold medal and a letter of credit. The committee sent out privately invitations to the oldest and wealthiest citizens who were known to be friendly to Mr. Harris, and who were known to appreciate his services in the educational cause of St. Louis.

Responses were received from nearly all the gentlemen addressed, and every one contributed to the necessary fund, and also gave written statements of their appreciation of Mr. Harris and his intellectual labors. Several gentlemen residents of other cities, and who had incidentally heard of the St. Louis movement in the testimonial matter, contributed nearly $100, and also letters of approval of Mr. Harris' educational plan. Not more than one-half of the contributors were personally acquainted with Mr. Harris, but all had known of his influence on the educational system of the city and of the United States. The amount of about $1,400 was raised and placed in the hands of Mr. Yeatman as treasurer. The committee decided to appropriate nearly $400 for the medal and $1,000 for a foreign letter of credit.

THOSE PRESENT.

In response to an invitation the following gentlemen met last evening at the St. Louis club: Rev. William G. Eliot, Hon. Albert Todd, Henry Hitchcock, James Michael Yeatman, Thomas Richeson, James E. Lynch, Isaac Sturgeon, John D. Perry, John H. Fisse, John H. Lightner, John Jackson, Henry Block, Dr. D. V. Dean, D. P. Dyer, Henry F. Harrington, H. M. Jones, Hon. John C. Orrick, Adolphus Meier, Carlos Greeley, Morris J. Lippman, Charles F. Meyer, John W. Noble, L. E. Holden, W. H. Pulsifer, Ralph Sellew, Bernard Singer, W. S. Pope, James M. Corbett, Charles S. Russell, Theodore G. Meyer, W. C. Jamison, Fred M. Crunden, Wm. Patrick, D. M. Houser, Henry L. Newman, John J. McCann, Charles Speck, Goodman King, Alex. Cameron, G. Ostrander, Julius Pitzman, John C. Davis, Frank N. Judson, Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, John M. Dutro, A. F. Shapleigh and others. Mr. Harris was also invited and was present.

These gentlemen assembled in the parlors of the club-house, and Mr. Yeatman suggested that Rev. Dr. Eliot preside over the social meeting. The suggestion was adopted. On Rev. Dr. Eliot taking the chair he called upon Mr. Yeatman to state the object of inviting the gentlemen to be present.

Mr. Yeatman said that Mr. Orrick had been selected as the orator of the committee and would explain the cause of meeting.

Hon. John C. Orrick then came and addressing Mr. Harris, stated that a committee of citizens had been appointed to suggest a testimonial to be given to him as a token of the appreciation he was held in by his fellow-citizens. The testimonial, the gold medal, was described, and afterwards, Mr. Orrick stated that the citizens thus gave recognition of the results of Mr. Harris' efforts for the people of St. Louis, as education is the cause dear to the people and lies at the base of all true progress and gives stability to

the state. He claimed that education was the handmaid to civilization and a message of peace, and has been an influence in shaping the conduct of governmental affairs. He stated that Mr. Harris had brought fidelity of purpose to bear on the educational work, and was deserving of success and honor especially when the pupilage in the public schools during his administration had increased in a greater ratio than the population. When Mr. Harris began as assistant superintendent in 1857, there were 17,000 pupils enrolled, and when he left the schools a few weeks ago there were 55,000 pupils enrolled. This increase of pupilage the speaker credited to Mr. Harris' efforts to broaden and popularize the system of education and combining all nationalities, and placing the system on a sure and safe foundation in St. Louis. Mr. Orrick said it was with pride that the citizens saw that Mr. Harris was recognized at home and abroad as an educator, a writer and a philosopher of high rank, and it was with deep regret that they realized that they would have to part with him as the custodian of their educational interests, but in this parting it was not felt that Mr. Harris would make any other place than St. Louis his home. In closing his address Mr. Orrick handed Mr. Harris the medal and said that he had the good wishes and hopes for success in his new field of labor from all the gentlemen present and many other citizens.

THE MEDAL

Was made by Mermod, Jaccard & Co. of chemically pure gold, 24 carats fine, three inches in diameter, one-quarter of an inch thick and 12 ounces in weight. The medal was designed by Prof. Carl Gutherz of Washington university, and was described as follows: A circle flat disc of gold with the edge and engraving in bold relief on both sides of the medal. One side contained an allegorical representation of education, surrounded by the names of several of the leading educators of the classical and modern times. The representation was a female figure seated on a bench, with opened books on her lap, and closed ones piled up at the end of the bench. In front of her were two children receiving instruction, and back of her were two children walking towards her, as though anxious to receive instruction. Under this representation was engraved in Roman capital letters the word "Education." Encircling the representation in Roman capital letters the names Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Pestalozzi, Hegel, Froebel, Arnold and Mann, they being considered the characteristic educators in different times and in different countries. On the reverse side of the medal was a laurel wreath, encircling an engraved inscription containing the following proclamation:

From Citizens of St. Louis to
WILLIAM T. HARRIS,
In grateful recognition of twenty-three years of faithful and distinguished service as teacher, principal, assistant superintendent and superintendent of St. Louis public schools.
1857-1880.

MR. HARRIS,

On receiving the medal, stood fixed and motionless for a few seconds, and then began in a trembling manner to respond to the address and to acknowledge the recognition. The substance of his response was about as follows:

The language chosen in addressing him on this occasion and the extraordinary reception given him were of so an impressive character that he could not command language more than to express profound gratitude, because he felt he was not deserving of the honor and of the tribute. He considered the token more of an expression of deep feeling by citizens for the substantiality of education, than an act to honor so humble and unworthy a person as himself. The act shows how heartily the sympathies and expressions of the citizens are for community education of the people. It shows the conviction that mankind in a community forms one solid whole, and that the average mind of the community rules, and therefore the average intelligence should be provided with a means of elevation to higher intelligence for the good of the government. In Europe the rulers are learning what America has learned, that educated people bring natural wealth into the country. The ideal of humanity, taught in the United States constitution, was the highest principle of education, and was teaching the development of man in the image of the Creator. This development should have its progress by education in the public schools, and means should be organized for bringing the people when young into the schools, and education in St. Louis is designed to be presented in the most captivating manner, the best classes not suffering by contact with the lower classes, but the lower are elevated and the highest are strengthened. He closed by stating that the system was not perfect yet in St. Louis, and he had spent many bitter hours in the consciousness of his shortcomings and deficiencies in his work, and therefore felt the more surprised and astonished at meeting so many of his honorable friends and in being so honored on this occasion. The response of Mr. Harris was received with applause, and when he took his seat, Rev. Dr. Eliot arose and addressed him.

REV. DR. ELLIOT

Stated that there was an additional recognition yet to be made to Mr. Harris, which came from the suggestion to have Mr. Harris visit Scotland, Germany, England and France and thoroughly investigate and study the entire system of education adopted in those countries, and to prepare his deductions and recommendations applicable to the United States in such a manner as to present them in a series of lectures under the auspices of Washington university. The suggestion was so well received by a large number of citizens, that it has been resolved into the purchase of a letter of credit of $1,000 for Mr. Harris to use in visiting Europe for the purpose of making the investigation, and this letter is presented to him partly in recognition of past services to the city, partly as a token of respect, partly to secure special regard for St. Louisans interested in public education, and to get him to retain his home in St. Louis and his professional relations with Washington university.

Mr. Harris, on receiving the letter, said he did not know what to say, as the unexpected kindness of his friends embarrassed him. One thing he could say was that he never had contemplated removing permanently from St. Louis, as it had been his home ever since he was twenty-one years old, and he had all of his interests here. He was proud that he was so appreciated and trusted by his fellow-citizens. During the next two or three years he intended to spend a portion of each year in Europe, in educational investigations, as suggested by Rev. Dr. Eliot, and the rest of the time he would live or have his home in St. Louis. When Mr. Harris had finished his remarks, the gentlemen applauded him, and then surrounded him and shook hands with him and gave individual expressions of their respect for him and his cause. In the midst of his receiving the personal congratulations, Mr. Yeatman stepped up to Mr. Harris and presented him with a beautifully bound scrap-book containing the

NAMES OF THE CONTRIBUTORS

To the testimonial fund, and about fifty letters, originals, received with the contributions from the contributors.

In the conversational reception which followed these presentations, Mr. Harris informed his friends that he would leave for Europe about the middle of August. The reception continued for about an hour, and then the gentlemen bade Mr. Harris farewell and departed.

FROM THE TEACHERS.

Mr. Cook, principal of the Douglas school, and as delegated representative of the school teachers, yesterday afternoon presented Mr. Harris with a copy of the resolutions adopted by the teachers in reference to him as the retiring superintendent of the schools. The presentation was in an informal manner and was accepted with expressions of love and gratitude by Mr. Harris. The particulars of the movement of the teachers in regard to Mr. Harris and the wording of the resolutions were published at length in yesterday's REPUBLICAN.

Some day next week the resolutions respecting Mr. Harris, which were adopted by the school directors in a meeting held May 11, will be presented to him in an engrossed form. The resolutions are beautifully engrossed on a sheet of fine card-board nineteen inches wide and twenty-five inches long, richly framed. A duplicate and similarly engrossed copy of the resolutions has been prepared for a gift to the Public School library, to be placed on the pedestal that is to hold the marble bust of Mr. Harris, to be presented, to the library by the school teachers.

WILLIAM TORREY HARRIS.

An American Philosopher and Teacher.

Sunday Herald. Aug 1. 1880

A Review of His Methods and Aims.

The Wonderful Growth of a Wonderful Man.

Any one dropping in at the Summer School of Philosophy now in session at Concord will see on certain days a square-shouldered gentleman, with a somewhat pale and very earnest face, lecturing to the company assembled there, partly from manuscript and in part extemporaneously. He wears spectacles, has a high forehead and thin, dark hair, a short, slightly grizzled beard, and speaks with remarkable clearness and precision in a pleasant, not very loud, voice, the modulations of which express great patience and amiability. His whole aspect denotes intense intellectual activity; the broad chest and shoulders indicating the strong physical basis which has enabled him to sustain that activity. This gentleman is William T. Harris, distinguished as the most eminent speculative philosopher in this country, with a reputation that extends to Europe, and also as one of the most successful public school superintendents in the United States.

This double reputation should be noted, as showing the union in one mind of the highest theoretical and practical powers, which are commonly thought to be widely sundered. With some persons the question arises whether their union in Mr. Harris is anything more than an accident. "Do you find that your philosophical studies have been of use to you in your work with the schools?" asked the writer of this.

"Yes," said Mr. Harris, "they have been of great practical value. When we speak of philosophic speculation and its results, the example of the Germans is usually brought up, as showing that it

PARALYZES THE PRACTICAL ENERGIES.

If a man or a nation remains too long in reflection, the practical activities will be restrained by being made uncertain.

'The flighty purpose never is overtook
Unless the deed goes with it.'

Now the English, on the other hand, are a people distinguished for acting from the will, with great force; while the Germans have been reflective. The man of will has momentum. If he wants to jump across a brook, he runs and clears it at a bound. The purely reflective man will run, but just as he gets to the edge, he stops to measure the brook and wonder how wide it is, and so, in jump, he lands in the middle. That is by way of illustration. The English haven't felt the need of anything more than will, and they act from a totality of it. The man of will acting out his desires according to traditional methods, without stopping to consider possible new methods, accomplishes a great deal, and reaches by experience a wisdom like that which comes from reflection. With the Germans, reflection came first, and they were therefore an uncertain, unstable people. You can trace it in their history, civil and religious. They passed to reflect as much that they were slow in action. What they needed was a totality of thought which would include and swallow up minor reflections. Before Kant's time they had, to be sure, the philosophy of Leibnitz, which was applied to all branches of knowledge and taught in their schools; but it was insufficient. When Hegel had come and developed his philosophy with a self-conscious identity as the first principle, carrying it then through history and the arts, they began to reach the totality they needed. You see now—in the Franco-Prussian war for example—how the Germans have elaborated their reflectiveness into a well-organized system, by which they are able to move with almost complete certainty in the direction they wish to take. They made sure beforehand of every detail of information which they might require in any possible emergency, without waiting for the emergency to arise and make them hesitate while reflecting what to do. That marks the difference between them and a great French military genius like Napoleon, who lost the battle of Waterloo because he couldn't get his artillery out till 11 o'clock in the day on account of a muddy road. Von Moltke would have known in advance that the road was liable to become very muddy in wet weather, and would have had his army supplied with sucking enough to throw into the road all the way up to Hougomont, if necessary. So, you see, that, for reflective minds, a system based on reflection and carried out in a great unity

IS OF THE UTMOST USE.

I, myself, was formerly so reflective that I was continually hesitating, not knowing how to seize the governing principle among various considerations. A sentence from Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister' first opened to me the true relation of philosophic thinking to action. It was this: 'I thought enlarge; action narrows.' This led me to apply reflection systematically to practical affairs. I acquired the ability to analyze, to set in order, what I had to do for each day in advance, and throw it against a background of its fundamental principles.

This abstract of Mr. Harris' answer, which has been given as literally as may be without being taken down at the moment, is a fair illustration of his mode of thinking in regard to practical matters. When any subject of any significance is touched, his mind instantly takes in all its relations, even the wide-t and most distant; and it runs through the whole philosophy of the theme, glancing, by the way, at illustrations in history, art or litera-

ture. It should not be inferred from this that he is roundabout or p olix. On the contrary, he is extraordinarily quick and keen. But where many men would look at a subject from only one point of view, with great clearness, he looks at it with equal clearness from many points of view, all lying, however, in one circuit, which represents the underlying unity of the subject. This circuit his trained intelligence takes in at a flash. His conversation, therefore, is something wonderful. The number of topics he has considered is surprising, and the bearing of each on the other or on the general system of thought which includes them all is so familiar to him that he leads his listener on from one thought or phase to another with stimulating ease and luminousness. Another g eat charm about it is his generosity in discussing with any one who shows interest enough to draw him out, and the ever-present modesty which prevents this readiness to talk from assuming anything like an egotistic aspect. As he conversed on this and other subjects in his library at Orchard House (owned by Mr. Alcott), where he now lives, he would go to his bookcases when he mentioned a particular book, take it down, and bring it out for examination, often turning to the page or paragraph that illustrated his meaning. Of the

VARIED AND PROFOUND KNOWLEDGE

which he has at command, it is evident that there is little, if any, lying unregarded in corners thrown. It is all systematized and ready for instant use. This library in which Mr. Harris is now installed, by the way, is stamped with the characteristics of its occupant's mental career. The walls, as well as those of an adjoining smaller room, are concealed by row upon row of books, some thousands of volumes, beside pamphlets loose and in covers, all conveniently stowed in box shelves, which can be taken up and transported with the contents undisturbed. Over the mantelpiece stands a plaster bust of the Juno Ludovisi, and near it hang photographs from portrait statues of Pericles and Aspasia; Mr. Harris, it may be said here, having a theory of his own that the Juno in question was slightly idealized from the actual Aspasia. But the room (which is the same in which the sessions of the school were held last year) is essentially a working room, and but little ornament finds a place there. At one side stands a huge easy chair, but even this is provided with a book rest, as if the owner had no time to lose, even when resting. In the centre of the apartment an immense writing desk and a typewriter with a large tray attached, form a sort of intrenchment, within which the

teacher in the public schools, but did not receive his appointment till the following spring. In the meanwhile he maintained himself by teaching phonographic short hand, among his pupils being McCullough, since editor of the Globe-Democrat, who soon, as Mr. Harris says, surpassed his teacher in rapid writing. A large collection of books on phonography and stenography, illustrating its whole development, is still among Mr. Harris' possessions. From teacher he rose to be principal, then assistant superintendent, and for the last 12 years has been superintendent of the St. Louis public schools. When he resigned last May, to

ESTABLISH A NEW HOME IN CONCORD

and to travel abroad, the citizens and school officials of St. Louis overwhelmed him with expressions of their appreciation, presenting him with a commemorative gold medal which cost $400, a letter of credit for $1000 and a series of resolutions. What they thought of his services to the city and the cause of education may be seen in the following passage from the resolutions: "Entering on his duties as superintendent, when the schools were just recovering from the demoralization of civil war, with an enrollment of 15,000 pupils, he leaves them with an enrollment of 50,000, in the full enjoyment of prosperous growth, which has surpassed that of the city itself."

Mr. Harris modestly attributes his success in part to the coöperation of a remarkably good school board, and to the fact that this board was not subject to the whims of a city council, which, by withholding appropriations at critical times through a false economy, might undo the careful work of years, as has happened in some other cities. But it is clear from his repeated reëlection to office by the board that the head of the system was, after all, the source of its vitality. It must be borne in mind, too, that when Mr. Harris took charge, there was a widespread prejudice in St. Louis against what were called the "free schools," as being inferior to private ones, and deteriorating in their influence on the manners and morals of children; and not the least of the services which he performed was the dissipating of this prejudice. Instead of it, he roused in the public mind an enthusiasm for the public institutions of education, which was based on the solid fact that in them the best, most liberal and comprehensive, courses of instruction could be found under his management. A few details of

THE SYSTEM WHICH HE INAUGURATED

will not be out of place here. One of the most important changes introduced by him was the classification and grading of the schools on a new method. The old fashion was for the superintendent to examine the children each year, giving them their places according to their standing at that examination and waiting till the next year before allowing any one of them to pass into a new class. The differences of the pupils in health, temperament and quickness at learning produce, as every one knows, great inequalities in every class; yet, in spite of these inequalities, they were yoked together for an entire year, the slow ones holding the bright ones back. By a sort of "skimming" process, and holding more frequent examinations, Mr. Harris selected the more advanced members of lower classes and joined them with the lagging members of the next higher, thus making an intermediate stage. As fast as the highest classes thin out by these means, they are consolidated, and, four times a year, they are given an opportunity to enter the central school or branch high school, so that those who are really qualified for it need not waste several months in waiting for others to catch up with them. In this way, too, smaller classes are made, and the instruction becomes more direct and personal. Formerly there would be 150 children in a school, all at the same point. Now they are divided into as many groups as practicable, 20 or 30 forming a class, and in the primary grades 15 or 16. This process of re-adjustment or "skimming" has been in use since 1870. A second important reform is the "information studies." These are carried on without text books, two of them being pursued at once by a class, and are meant to familiarize young pupils with important practical subjects in an easy way. For example, history and natural science are taken up by the primary grades, and for three years the classes go repeatedly over the same ground, each time more elaborately

AND ON A HIGHER PLANE,

by what is called a "spiral" system. First, the subject is sketched in outline, and the next year, in going over with it, the teacher fills in with more details, and, in the third year, with still more detail. A third achievement of great usefulness is the organization of all the schools into supervising principalships. Sixteen able men are employed, at $2000 a year each, as supervising principals, their entire work being to inspect constantly the schools of their district, and, where they find a teacher doing poorly, give him or her assistance in acquiring better methods. Even sincere teachers cannot all do equally well, and it has been found that, by this system, a supervising principal can often, in two weeks, "straighten out" and set going on a better plan a teacher who would otherwise go on muddling her work for a year without the cause of the difficulty being discovered. Each instructor is thus continually aided, encouraged and kept up to the mark. "Before this plan was tried," says Mr. Harris, "I had been 10 years in the schools, and had never known of a principal's getting good work out of a poor teacher, until we happened to find one who had that a t; and from him the whole system was developed." It has had the effect of keeping the schoolrooms quieter and neater, abolishing petulance and loudness on the part of the teachers, putting the children at ease, and establishing pleasant relations and habits of eager attention to classroom work on both sides. Under Mr. Harris' régime, too, the cases of corporal punishment have been reduced from 500 per week in every 700 pupils to 2 per week for the same number; a ratio of 250 times less. Another measure very beneficial in its results has been that of "suspending" refractory pupils instead of violently punishing or expelling them. When a boy is suspended, he can, on application to the superintendent, be restored to another school, but not to the one he has left. Thus the old causes of irritation are not renewed, and the parents, by having to come to the superintendent, get a chance to talk the case over impartially, and are led to reflect on their duty as citizens to assist the harmonious working of the schools. How well Supt. Harris succeeded

IN CARRYING OUT NEW MEASURES

may be judged from the fact that, while Boston has been unable to sustain a single public kindergarten, he has established 55 flourishing ones in St. Louis, with an attendance of 6000 children. They are cheap, too, costing less proportionally than primary schools. This is effected partly by a semi-Lancasterian system of employing partially trained teachers at low salaries, under the monitorship of experienced kindergartens. All these things have not been accomplished without opposition, at times very active, but Mr. Harris has had grit, insight and tact enough to overcome it with, and a marvellous organizing ability as well. The depth with which he has treated educational problems is shown by his annual reports, stout volumes written in the clearest style and crammed with facts, suggestions and a penetrating practical philosophy of the subject. Of late he has undertaken the preparation of Appleton's School Readers, which are being rapidly adopted in different parts of the country.

On the side of speculative philosophy, Mr. Harris' activity has been quite as remarkable as in education. A philosophic thinker at the age of 16, 20 years ago he began those studies which, carried on by Americans and German-Americans through the St. Louis Philosophical Club and Kant Club, have given that city such reputation as a centre of philosophic interest. His work, accomplished in the intervals of exacting toil as school superintendent, has been nothing less than the independent examination of the great philosophers from Aristotle down, including Thomas Aquinas, with other scholastics, the mystics and the German masters, so as to comprehend fully the unifying view of Hegel, and to obtain fresh insights of his own. As a result of this wide study, he has become the ablest expositor of Hegel in America, and has even penetrated farther into that great writer's meaning than some of the recent German disciples like Kuno Fischer and Erdmann. "Philosophy is found in the history of philosophy" is his principle, and nothing less than a total view establishing the logical succession or substantial unity of Kant and Fichte with Plato and Aristotle satisfies him. In this view he finds the principles of an absolute ideality informing the universe, the freedom and moral responsibility of man, the basis for religion, the state, and healthful art forms, and the necessity for education as a preparation of the

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL MANUFACTURE.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

On reading over an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, of April, 1878, entitled "How Lead Pencils are Made," it has occurred to me that some account of their earliest manufacture in this country might be of sufficient interest to justify publication in your valuable journal, where one expects to find the records of all inventions and discoveries, both past and present.

The article in *Scribner's* might lead the reader to suppose that Mr. Dixon, in his experiments in Salem, in 1830, was the pioneer, or the first maker of pencils in America. Mr. Dixon probably made no such claims, for he must have known that there was, at that time, at least one manufacturer of the article in Massachusetts, whose name and reputation were well known by every school boy and girl in the country. Wm. Monroe's pencils, or "Monroe's pencils," as they were universally called, were as familiar to the public as "Faber's pencils" are at present. But to the early history:

At the commencement of the war of 1812, Wm. Monroe was a young cabinetmaker in Concord, Massachusetts. Non-intercourse, non-importation, and the embargo laws had depressed nearly all kinds of business, among others that in which Mr. Monroe was engaged. The demand for articles that hitherto had only been made abroad was, however, an exception; for those non-importation created a scarcity, consequently invention in that direction was encouraged and rewarded. This, then, was his field. Seeing what a high price had to be paid for a lead pencil, and that the article could hardly be procured at all, he determined to see what he could do toward making them.

He acted on the idea at once, and procured a few lumps of black lead. This he pulverized with a hammer, and separated the finer portions by their suspension in water in a tumbler. From this he made his first experimental mixture in a spoon, and from this was his first attempt to make a pencil. The result was not very encouraging. He continued his cabinet work, making a few cabinetmakers' squares (an article previous to that time not made in this country), but his mind was principally occupied for two or three months in devising ways of making pencils, having access to no information that could assist him, fearing to consult his friends on the subject, and sometimes discouraged by repeated failures. But, finally, securing some better lead, and picking up a little cedar wood from the neighboring hills, he was able, on the 2d of July, 1812, to proceed to Boston with a modest sample of about thirty lead pencils, the first of American make, and naturally of not very good quality. These he sold to Benjamin Andrews, a hardware dealer in Union street, to whom he had sold the cabinetmakers' squares. Mr. Andrews was an active, enterprising man, who encouraged all such novelties, and he advised going on with lead pencils. This advice suited his intentions, and on the 14th of July he went to Boston with three gross of pencils. These also were readily taken by Andrews, who then made a contract, agreeing to take all that should be made up to a certain time at a certain price.

All the mixing of the lead and putting it into pencils was done entirely by his own hands, in a small room of his dwelling house, thoroughly protected from curious eyes, no one but his wife being permitted to know anything of his secret methods.

He continued pencil making for about eighteen months, when, owing to the great difficulty of obtaining black lead, it had to be set aside.

Looking about for something else worthy his attention, he commenced the making of tooth brushes and watchmakers' brushes, which were also, I believe, the first made in America.

At the close of the war, being again able to procure the necessary materials, he made a few lead pencils, but the importation of a better article seriously interfered with him, and he began to think he should make nothing further in that business. He did not, however, forget nor neglect the subject, but with greater facilities of obtaining information, and by continued experiments, he continued occasionally to make a few pencils for sale in addition to his cabinetmaking business. This continued till 1819, when, having prepared himself with better experimental results, and obtaining better materials, he abandoned all other business, and devoted himself solely to the manufacture of lead pencils.

It was not without a struggle that his reputation as a manufacturer was established and recognized, and not till after more than ten years of persistency and study in improving their quality that he was able to say that purchasers were a length as ready to seek him as he had hitherto been to seek them.

From that time, so long as he was in business, he stood before the public as the best and principal maker of lead pencils in this country, as he had been the first, supplying a large part of the demand for that article.

The popularity of Monroe's pencils induced several unprincipled men to counterfeit his stamps and labels, and at least two small manufactures in Massachusetts were guilty of ascertaining and appropriating by unworthy means his secrets of manufacturing. One merchant in New York imported a large lot of German pencils with W. Monroe's name boldly stamped upon them. For this smart operation one of Mr. Monroe's sons compelled a confiscation and destruction of the pencils, and a fine of five hundred dollars.

Mr. Monroe's method of making pencils was quite different from that adopted at present. The lead was mixed with other ingredients (which were his secret) into a sort of paste, and in this soft state was worked into the grooved board, and when dry manipulated into a proper degree of solidity, and then the pencils were finished.

In addition to pencils, Mr. Monroe manufactured also quite extensively ever-pointed-pencil leads, which were as popular in their way as were his pencils.

A VISIT TO CONCORD, MASS.

Scenes Immortalized by Men of Genius.

Correspondence of The Hartford Times.

BOSTON, June 19, 1880.

Not many miles from here, in fact, almost under the shadow of our Puritan city, lies the historical old town of Concord. Perhaps no town in New England has so many literary associations as Concord, although until within a few years it was better known as the place where the first Revolutionary battles were fought. Ubiquitous as it is natural for us American people to be, it has never been my pleasure to visit the place until within a short time since, and I chose the beautiful month of buds and blossoms. The day dawned with great banks of leaden sky, from which the rain came down in fitful plashes against the window panes, as if so out of sorts with itself that it must seek revenge by tearing each rain-drop up into shreds; but with firmly-set teeth we defied the weather, and left the Fitchburg dépôt on the 11 o'clock train. A ride of one hour brought us to our destination; we had ordered a carriage the day before to take us about the place, but instead of the humble vehicle which we had expected, a dashing turn-out drove up to the busy railway station, drawn by two fine-looking horses, the driver in a light drab livery, with several rows of little capes, quite imposing to look upon; and before we had recovered from our astonishment we were dashing off at a rapid speed. The clouds by this time had shaken off their outside wrap of dampness, and had taken on a glimmer of sunshine,

"painting the distant sky,
And o'er their airy tops the faint clouds driven,
So softly blending that the cheated eye
Now questions which is earth and which is heaven."

The good old town wore a dress of freshness and the odor of the flowers hung heavy in the air, making a sort of palpitation of color more felt than seen. The birds piped forth their joyous songs, for it must be a bird with no music in his heart who would not sing on such an occasion as this.

A short drive brought us to the home of

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Approaching the house from the distance, we saw only here and there little white specks glinting through the trees, it is so enshrouded with pines and horse chestnuts. The farm buildings adjoining all wear the same clean, wholesome appearance that characterizes the plain, square white house in which, for the past thirty years, this great poet and philosopher has lived in his quiet, unostentatious way. We were told in answer to our summons that Mr. Emerson was at home. We took our seats in the parlor, which is directly back of the study on the first floor, and in a few moments he entered the room, still holding my card in his hand, and extended to us a very cordial welcome, conversing freely in his mild, deliberate way so familiar to all who have listened to him on the rostrum. The conversation was very interesting during our short call, and we felt the magnitude of the moment to be allowed this visit with so great and learned a man, and we felt, too, that it would be our only opportunity. Mr. Emerson is past the meridian of life, having reached the ripe age of 77 years. He shows, to the visitor, no particular evidence of the failing force we hear of; his manner was cheerful; though any thing but self-asserting, and his eye twinkled as merrily as in boyhood, while his thin gray locks outlined plainly his intellectual and rather sharp-featured face. His mind seems as clear and fresh as of old. When we arose to go, he followed us out and down the long stone walk to the gate, bidding us good day with a friendly shake of the hand. Emerson's evening of life comes as gently and beautiful as a summer sunset.

We next drove to the home of the Alcotts, and upon alightning at the front gate, were met and ushered into a medium-sized room, on the right of the front hall. The room was furnished with crimson carpet, draperies, and furniture all in keeping. On one side was a large fire-place, whose close companions were a pair of brass andirons; a grand piano stood invitingly open on the opposite side of the room, while all around were busts, books, pictures, and many things cheerful. On the opposite side of the hall is Mr. Bronson Alcott's study. In one corner of the room, stands a table which is Mr. Alcott's study table, and at which he sat, his gray hair brushed carefully back from his high open forehead, making entries in his omniverous journal, which he has so assiduously kept these many years. His present home was once the home of Thoreau, that strange naturalist, recluse, and literary man; and his dining-room, directly in the rear of the study, is the room in which Thoreau died. We were denied the pleasure of an interview with Miss Louise Alcott, as she is suffering from ill health, brought on by overwork; and her mourning over the death of her sister, Mrs. Niercker, who recently died abroad, completely unfits her for any social life, consequently she seldom sees visitors.

We drove next to the former home of Mr. Alcott, a plain little brown cottage unoccupied at present. The trees and vines about the house were in their handsomest dress, Nature having with artistic skill wrought them in living colors of beauty. We could not but think with what delight *their* eyes had gazed from the windows of this little house, and lost themselves in the poetic vision from the distant avenues and grove surrounding the place.

A short way beyond is the old Hawthorne home, a small wooden structure, painted yellow, and standing on an elevated spot. It was on this house that the great author added the famous tower in which he could seclude himself when he wished to be free from mankind, and hold communion with his own thoughts. The house is now used as a select school for young ladies, called the "Wayside School." It seems a fit place to engage in "classic love" where every room, every board and shingle, bears in itself some Hawthorne or Alcott legend.

A short turn in the road, and we paused before the "old oaken bucket" by the roadside, and instinctively left the carriage to drink of the same sparkling water from whose spring the British soldiers drank, as they beat their hasty retreat from Concord, more than a hundred years ago.

THE "OLD MANSE" AND THE RIVER.

Through the long shaded avenues, skirted on either side with majestic elms, whose arching branches met in a fond embrace overhead, we were driven to the "Old Manse," occupied for three years before he went to Europe by Nathaniel Hawthorne. It was from under this roof that he wrote the exquisite "Mosses from an Old Manse." Here, too, Mr. Emerson lived in his earlier manhood, and from this house he sent his "Nature" out to the world, while his brother continually upbraided him because he did nothing but write. This is probably one of the oldest houses in the place. Its antiquated walls, and gable roof, bear witness to a lifetime longer than that which its first illustrious occupant is likely to reach. The towering chimneys, unpainted exterior, and small window-panes, all show marks of age, yet withal are wonderfully well preserved. To the stranger it is one of the most interesting objects in the town. "The old well-sweep" in the yard, the "two stone gate posts" at the entrance, the "row of trees on either side of the grassy walk" leading to the front entrance, all of which the author refers to so sweetly in his story of the "Old Manse," are objects of vivid interest.

In this quiet little corner of the town, with

its sloping meadows stretching away to the distance on one side, and on the other the river—that now almost classic stream, whose sluggish tide is freighted, like the musing mind of King Arthur's last surviving knight, left alone on the shore, with "many memories." It has been glorified by Thoreau, by Hawthorne, and by Emerson. It is the stream of which Emerson speaks, in his singularly perfect memorial hymn for the battle monument, 1836, and again in his exquisite "Dirge" to the days that are no more, where he says—

"The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood."

Here Thoreau wondered at "his own sweet will," going far up in the woods along its romantic affluent with the Indian name—and up that stream, too, Hawthorne and his friends (few and choice) went rowing in their boat—idle and happy as the painted dragon-fly that shimmered on the lolling lily-pads, and bound for an outing in the long June days, or in the serene and golden autumn time. It is of the Concord that Hawthorne wrote so exquisitely in that first chapter of the "Mosses"—and the entire chapter is a piece of felicitous word-handling second to no other production in the English language, not excepting Tennyson's song, "Come into the garden, Maud." The Concord river and the Old Manse are objects of eager interest to all appreciative readers of Concord's two most famous authors, when they visit this pretty town.

As we entered the unpretending doorway, guarded by unpapered walls and an ancient stairway, the place seemed haunted yet by the presence of the mortal and the immortal. Away in a remote part of the house, under the eaves, far from the observation of a busy world, we touched with reverence the very table that was used as a writing-table by these two men. This, and a chair, and a few other relics, have been well preserved through these long years.

Just around the corner, to the rear of the house, through an archway of pines, spanning the river, is the rustic bridge, at the head of which stands the granite monument bearing on its top the bronze statue of the farmer, and a tablet with the following verse from Emerson's hymn:

"By this rude bridge that spans the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurl'd,
Here once th' embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

This is truly a lovely spot, and Nature had added her loveliest colors to beautify the scene, on that sunshiny afternoon; there was a wonderful power over the whole, this record of the far-gone times, this testimony of what it is, these thoughts of what it has been. We stood spell-bound on the very same ground where on the 19th of April, 1775, the British and the embattled farmers met and poured out their blood in battle. None now remain to "shoulder the crutch, and show how fields were won." The British were astounded at the reception—but the farmers, aroused as they were by the midnight ride of Paul Revere, left their quiet homes, and with musket and sword met at the "rude bridge," and amid volleys of whistling bullets drove back the enemy, down through the town to Lexington, where a reinforcement was met by General Howe. The infant soil of Concord was bathed in human blood, but the victory of the farmers was complete, and the homes of our brave countrymen were saved.

WALDEN POND

lies hidden in the woods on the outskirts of this pleasant town. On the edge of its placid water, more than thirty years ago, Thoreau built himself a hut, which he occupied alone for eighteen months, and, strange as it may seem, for the purpose of getting acquainted with himself. The loons and the woodchucks were subordinate considerations. The hut has long since gone to decay; but a sort of cairn marks the spot, built, it is said, by a lady from the west, an ardent admirer of Thoreau's works; visitors add stones to the pile, until it has grown to quite a respectable size, and will long remain a monument to the memory of one of America's strangest men of genius.

In the little graveyard of the town rest the remains of Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the wife of Mr. Alcott. A drive through the short avenue of "the city of the dead," and we had paid our silent respects to their graves, each marked by a plain slab of marble. As we turned to leave the place the birds continued singing gaily among the trees, the very songs they used to sing to Hawthorne and Thoreau, who loved them just as tenderly as we do.

Our pleasant afternoon dream was over; and our man of many capes informed us that there was no time to lose if we wished to take the last train back to Boston.

"The day is done, the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell."

JULIA.

Marlboro Times May 13 1890

He Was No Spider.

Samuel Hoar, of Concord, tells a good tramp story at the expense of Frank B. Sanborn, or rather a story which rather militates, so to speak, against that gentleman's legs. He says that a while ago, one of the genus tramp called at the residence of Mr. Sanborn, in that burg, and, as a matter of course, wanted food and clothing Mrs. Sanborn, who met him at the door, undertook to hunt up some of her husband's cast-off clothing, and presently brought forth a bundle and gave it to the suppliant, who at once made off with it.

Now, the tramp was built on the model of a Philadelphia market woman. He was short of statue and very broad-shouldered below the surcingle. Mr. Sanborn, on the contrary, as everybody who knows the biographer of John Brown well knows, is endowed with a very attenuated understanding—physically, we mean, because we know nothing about his mental equipment further than that he wears a number 6 1 2 hat. He is particularly well up on legs, as the horsemen would say, and has a good deal of daylight under him, so that he might not be inaptly likened to a circumambulatory pair of tongs. The tramp had been gone, with his bundle of clothing, something like twenty minutes, when there came another and a furious ring at the door-bell. Mrs. Sanborn hied her to the door, where stood Mr. Tramp holding up a pair of her husband's cast-off trousers, and who greeted her with the startling query: "Did ye be aither thinkin' I was a spidher?"

Springfield Union June 4, 1880

William T. Harris, formerly of St Louis, has purchased a house at Concord, where he will reside permanently. This gives color to the report that the Concord school of philosophy may, in time, have Winter as well as Summer sessions. A building is now erecting for the use of the school. It is a plain wooden building, with accommodations when finished for about 100 persons sitting on chairs and settees. It is not finished yet, the floor being unlaid and the roof unfinished. It will be left in the rough wood-work this year, and finished hereafter. At the west end has been built a chimney, so the room can be warmed if need be. A recess on the north side will obtain the sofa where the lecturer will sit; before it will be a desk. At the side will be a private door for the use of the lecturer, and at the other side of the recess will be a window, furnishing good light. A stairway at the southeast corner will be for the use of the students in general. Pictures like "The School of Athens"—a few of them—will be hung near the desk. Wide windows will furnish abundant light. The cost of the building is to be about $500, though a recent gift will permit the cost to go to $700. It is hoped to establish several thousand-dollar scholarships in connection with the school, and a benevolent woman of large income—not a resident of Concord—has already given $1000 to establish the school more firmly. At present, everything bids well for a prosperous season, exceeding that of last year.

Hartford Courant, Apr. 29, 1880

EMERSON AND NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISM.

In his lecture on Emerson, delivered before the High School Alumnia Association, Friday evening Prof. Beers said :—His essay on *Immortality* published in *Letters and Social Aims*, 1876, was greeted in some quarters as a final acceptance of the Christian doctrine of personal immortality. But it is impossible to see how its language can bear such construction. To be sure Emerson never dogmatizes. He neither asserts nor denies personal immortality, and he even argues hopefully of the soul's destinies. But he comes no nearer a conclusion than this:— "I confess that everything connected with our personality fails. Nature never spares the individual. No property is promised to *that*. We have our indentity only in the success of that to which we belong. *That* is immortal and we only through that. The soul stipulates for no private good." And he takes refuge in a high stoical faith "I think all sound minds rest on a certain preliminary conviction, namely:—That if it be best that conscious, personal life shall continue, it will continue, if not best then it will not; and we if we saw the whole, should of course see that it was better so."

It is the confidence expressed in this last passage which gives to Emerson's page that serenity and elevation—the confidence, viz., that the good will ultimately prevail. To doubt it is, he says, "The only skepticism." He would believe with Milton that

"—if this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble."

And when I say that Emerson seems to be a pantheist, I do not mean by pantheism the doctrine that the first principle is matter or force or any unconscious thing. Emerson's whole view is intensely spiritual. His idealism resolves matter into spirit. I will not attempt a definition of personality or affirm that he attributes personality to God. But if it includes only will and intelligence I should say that he did and that his pantheism differs from theism mainly in this, that he declines to separate his idea of God from his manifestation in nature and his presence in the human soul. He would doubtless accept this passage in Matthew Arnold's *Empedocles on Etna* as a fair statement of his position:—

"All things the world which fill
Of but one stuff are spun,
That we who rail are still,
With what we rail at one;
One with the o'er-labored Power that through the breadth and length
Of earth, and air and sea,
In men, and plants, and stones,
Hath toil perpetually,
And travails, pants and moans;
Fain would do all things well, but sometimes fails in strength."

Or if it be objected that this denies the divine omnipotence, then perhaps Wordsworth has given a nearer expression to Emerson's conception in the oft-quoted lines written near Tinturn Abbey:—

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air
And the blue sky and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Space is wanting within the limits of this paper, to illustrate fully the direction which Emerson's philosophy has given to his poetry and general literary production. A few of the more obvious effects may be briefly indicated. An ever present sense of the ideality of material things subordinates nature unduly. This thought will visit all high poetic souls, but it must not come to stay. Shakspere does not forget that this world will one day vanish "like the baseless fabric of a vision," or that we ourselves "are such stuff as dreams are made of, "and Milton speaks of the world's "vain masque." But this is not the mood in which they dwell. The poet belongs to the cheerful world of phenomena. He is most the poet to whom existence is most real—who *realizes* most intensely that experience of the soul which we call nature and human life. In Emerson's *World Soul* occur the following lines:—

"And what if trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad,
With railways ironed o'er?
They are but sailing foam-bells
Along thought's causing stream,
And take their shape and sun color
From him that sends the dream."

Is this the attitude of the poet, or of the philosopher? This disturbing influence of idealism will continue in spite of our confidence that the order of phenomena is constant. "God plays no tricks with the soul," says Emerson, recalling Descartes' assertion that external nature must exist because of the truthfulness of God.

As with nature, so with humanity and history. The ethics of transcendentalism postpone all social duties to the needs of the private soul and proposes self-culture as the highest aim. So in like manner its literature is unsocial. Emerson's theme is the soul standing over against the unions and discerning in itself God. The varieties of individual fates and passions do not touch him closely. With him the type is important—the common element. "Persons are supplementary to the primary teaching of the soul," he says. "In youth we are made for persons. But the larger experience of man discovers the identical nature appearing through them all all." His religion is aristocratic: "How ill agrees the majestic immortality of our religion with the frivolous populations!" But it is these same populations that swarm the pages of the great creative singers who express the general only through the concrete. In Shakespere and Goethe how infinite the multitude of forms! It is for the poet to distinguish the manifold in unity; for the philosopher to detect the uniform in variety. It is manifest on which of these sides Mr. Emerson's sympathies fall. Read his essay on *Plato*. "The same—the same: friend and foe are of one stuff; the plowman, the plow and the furrow are of one stuff." And this is the thought in *Brahma:*

"They reckon ill who leave me out:
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sin."

There have been poets—Dante for instance—whose poetry has risen on occasion into the region of pure thought, while still keeping close in the main to the shape of this actual life. There have been philosophers who have apprehended truth with such warmth of feeling and imagination, that they have been forced to give poetic expression to a system of high abstractions. To this latter class Emerson belongs. His genius is interpretive rather than constructive. He remains, after all, a preacher—

"Child of an age that lectures, not creates."

He is one of a class of minds of which the rarest English example is Sir Thomas Browne.

Let it not be supposed that any divorce is here attempted between Beauty and Truth; nor that in this classification no account is made of the exquisite poetic quality in Emerson's thought and style. The substance of his writing is philosophy, but the expression is poetry. It is not the purpose of this essay to take his measure as a poet, but to point out the direction which his philosophical notions have inevitably given to his poetry and prose. It would be instructive, but it is unnecessary to trace the presence of these same notions in the writings of the other New England transcendentalists. Among these Thoreau unquestionably holds the highest place. In one respect he has been more fortunate than Mr. Emerson; his subject, New England nature, is more concrete and will assure him, it is probable, a wider public. The most distinctive note in Thoreau is his inhumanity. "Man," he wrote, "is only the point on which I stand." Almost equally interesting is Margaret Fuller, who indicated more than she performed, and whose personality had more influence than her work.

Among writers who held aloof from the movement, Mr. Lowell's earlier poems have much that is transcendental in expression and none has made more splendid acknowledgment of the impulse which the great lecturer gave his hearers. His tributes recall the fond reminiscences of Wordsworth and Coleridge, touching the days of their joyous youthful radicalism.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

William Ellery Channing, Jr., will also have a permanent place in the history of transcendental poetry, if by nothing else than by virtue of the line "If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea." Hawthorne was naturally an idealist, but he tells us himself that he came too late to Concord to fall decidedly under Emerson's influence. He would have run little danger of that had he come earlier. The shy independence of his genius took alarm at the too close approach of an alien mind. In his Brook Farm reminiscences he speaks with a certain resentment of Margaret Fuller and her "transcendental heifer."

In conclusion, whatever may have been the ethical and religious efforts of the transcendental movement, it certainly helped New England literature. All the young writers within its reach struck their roots deeper into the loosened and freshened soil.

KNICKERBOCKER GOSSIP.

FACTS AND FANCIES FROM THE METROPOLIS.

1880

Ralph Waldo Emerson's Birthday—Some of the Great Actresses of the World—New Yorkers Turning Their Attention to Summer Amusements—Imaginary Troubles.

Special Correspondence to the Cincinnati Gazette.

NEW YORK, May 27.—The seventy-seventh anniversary of Ralph Waldo Emerson's birth has attracted attention—but how many other distinguished characters has May given the world, some of whom have a far greater claim on public gratitude! Reader, here is a partial list, and you may judge which commands the highest admiration:

Joseph Addison, born May 1, 1672.
John J. Audubon, born May 4, 1780.
William Prescott, born May 4, 1796.
Le Sage (author of Gil Blas), born May 8, 1668.
Jared Sparks, born May 10, 1789.
Robert C. Sands, born May 11, 1799.
Maria Theresa, born May 13, 1717.
Ninon L'Enclos, born May 15, 1715.
William H. Seward, born May 16, 1801.
John Wilson (Christopher North), born May 19, 1785.
Nathaniel Greene, born May 20, 1742.
Alexander Pope, born May 21, 1688.
Samuel Warren (author of Ten Thousand a Year), born May 23, 1807.
Thomas Hood, born May 23, 1798.
Margaret Fuller Ossoli, born May 23, 1810.
Queen Victoria, born May 24, 1819.
Silas Wright, born May 24, 17—.
Ralph Waldo Emerson, born May 25, 1803.

PERSONAL FACTS.

Emerson has ceased to be a lecturer, but those who remember him in this role will recall that silvery sweetness of voice which rendered him so fascinating. He read his MSS. closely, and yet in an easy manner, which added much to the general effect. He made lecturing and literature highly profitable, and is said to be the heaviest taxpayer in Concord. I well remember hearing him lecture in this city thirty years ago, and the very next day I met him in Wall street. This, in his case, seemed a very natural connection. He was not so much a trancendentalist, but he knew how to invest money. One secret of Emerson's popularity was his incomprehensibility. Few could tell what he meant, and this gave a peculiar interest to his writings among a class of would be philosophers. It is doubtful whether Emerson himself understood what he wrote. This was by no means essential. Modern philosophy means that you say strange things, but whether you understand them or not is a very difficult matter. Emerson is now but little read, and in ten additional years will be comparatively unknown. He has made more money out of nonsense than any other man of his day.

HIS MATE.

There never was but one woman who could match Emerson, and that was Margaret Fuller, who was five years younger. She too was a May bird, as will be seen by the above statement. It is said that this couple once attended one of Fanny Ellsler's dancing exhibitions, on which occasion the philosopher was so carried away by the scene that he exclaimed, "Margaret, this is poetry!" "Ralph," was the reply, "it is more—it is religion!" Margaret Fuller was certainly a very remarkable woman. This is proved by the power which she exercised over Greeley. Had he not been a married man at the time of their acquaintance, it would no doubt have ripened into a match.

She came from Boston and became a member of his family, and was also a paid contributor to the Tribune. The latter was then (1845) struggling for existence, and her "star" papers gave it marked assistance. Beecher imitated her in the use of the asterisk as a nom de plume. She was always a prodigy. At six she began Latin and at eight read Shakespeare. This rapid progress continued for many years. When Emerson met this remarkable woman he said "there was something pagan about her." Being himself so complete a pagan, it made her highly attractive. No American woman had so great a knowledge of European literature and philosophy. Hence it is not surprising that (as was then remarked) "the men thought she carried too many guns, while the women did not like one who despised them." Margaret Fuller, however, had a heart as well as an intellect. Her affections were not awakened by any American admirer, but when she visited Italy she was readily won by Count Ossoli, with whom she lived harmoniously to the last. Returning to America in the summer of 1850 with her husband and infant son, the vessel was wrecked on the Long Island beach, and this entire family was included among the victims of the disaster.

N.Y. Observer may 6 1880

WITHOUT GOD.

Unlovely, nay, frightful, is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world. To wander all day in the sunlight among the tribes of animals, unrelated to anything better; to behold the horse, cow, and bird, and to foresee an equal and speedy end to him and them; no, the bird, as it hurried by with its bold and perfect flight, would disclaim his sympathy, and declare him an outcast. To see men pursuing in faith their varied action, warm-hearted, providing for their children, loving their friends, performing their promises,—what are they to this chill, houseless, fatherless, aimless Cain, the man who hears only the sound of his own footsteps in God's resplendent creation? To him, it is no creation; to him, these fair creatures are hapless spectres: he knows not what to make of it. To him, heaven and earth have lost their beauty. How gloomy is the day, and upon yonder shining pond what melancholy light! I cannot keep the sun in heaven, if you take away the purpose that animates him. The ball, indeed, is there, but his power to cheer, to illuminate the heart as well as the atmosphere, is gone forever. It is a lampwick for meanest uses. The words, *great*, *venerable*, have lost their meaning; every thought loses all its depth, and has become mere surface.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

The Literary World.

BOSTON, MAY 22, 1880.

Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just the perfect shape.
— MILTON: *Paradise Regained.*

Emerson.

MAY 25, 1880.

The Mount of Vision.

A SONNET

For the 77th Birthday of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Oh, Prophet, standing on thy Nebo height,
Wrapped in thy rare, unworldly atmosphere,
With senses purged, with aspect large and clear,
Thy long-sought life's Ideal looms in sight:
Here, Jordan at thy feet, — there, Hermon white,
And all between, the realm of promised cheer, —
Wine, olives, milk and honey — now appear
Stretched vast before thee in the evening light.

What seeth the Seer, as from the Mount of God
He gazes o'er the desert-travel back,
Or sweeps the horizon's far infinity?
A cloud-led, vatic pathway bravely trod, —
A Bethlehem brightness o'er the forward track,
That gleams, glows, broadens to the 'Hinder Sea'!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Lexington, Va.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Man.

AN artist, with a quiet sitter in a chair for a portrait, has no doubt of the willingness of his living subject; and how everybody presumes, for his or her own pleasure, to draw that likeness which art is also often summoned to take of the dead! In whose mind are not many distinguished deceased persons — Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, Moses, Jesus, and Paul — more or less faithfully sketched? But there is, in pictures in print of surviving men, a presumption which, however common, only friendship and some fair and decent hitting of the features can excuse. For venturing to draw the traits of Emerson, nearly a half-century's acquaintance of love and honor is my only plea. I cannot do it on a large canvas, and scarce in miniature or cabinet size. I have but to say he is only partially given in any or all the representations I have yet seen. He is called a Transcendentalist; a name which he never adopted, submits to, if at all, with ingenuous surprise, and certainly does not affect or give color to in his sensuous style. He is considered an enthusiast; a term which for him, so sober and often silent, is, in its common acceptation, even less fit. He is regarded as a Mystic; in part so indeed he is. But the spiritual haze, clinging like fog to a hillside, of this determinate character, how few of his usually so clear-cut, breezy, and sunny sentences will hint or bear out. Yet to wonder in this world he has never ceased. He is held to be a saint; and all that is implied in the virtue of sanctity is comprised in his life, expressed in his face, intoned in his voice, and radiant in his manners, so alike genial and pure. In my earliest knowledge of him I saw this, after an utterance of authentic prayer, a shining as from the Real Presence, or a reflection from other worlds with that indescribable heavenly ecstasy which we notice sometimes, though rarely, in a human eye. But any classification among saints, as elect and favorite of the Lord, none more firmly than he would resist. "A communicant in regular standing" is the last sort of person he would like to be. That something of the style of each and every disposition and description to which I have referred marks or mingles in the composition of this man's simple yet manifold frame, I will not deny. In and above all his traits he is a poet; not dramatic, but lyric — the singer or song-bird of our New England clime.

But, being challenged, in however poor fashion, to set him forth, I shall denominate him an observer; to be which originally and indeed was, in his friend, Louis Agassiz's estimation, of all mental merits the crown, although Emerson's observation be mainly in a different from the great naturalist's sphere. Bifrontal in his aspect, while in his perfect simplicity never two-faced, he is open — even an openness, unobstructed by any private will, both ways to Nature and to the Over-Soul. There is a perfect balance in him of musing and of sturdy sense. A more wondrous telescope is his than that in the Cambridge observatory, whose weight of many tons will turn at a child's touch; and his look through it is, like a child's, disinterested and clear. "I am a transparent eye-ball: I am nothing, I see all;" has he not, as do experts with the pencil and brush, in these words painted himself? He never gets into his instrument to obscure the object-glass with that mote of egotism which is an eclipse of the stars, although some suspect it is "the cold light of stars" he is watching, and that light occasionally gets the better of life; while with Father Taylor, that other friend of his, the process was reversed, the life abounding and the light perhaps for moments choked.

Emerson is an intellectual priest. He beholds and reports all, be it secular or sacred, in his field of view. If Shakspeare or Goethe be the Mont Blanc, he is a neighboring Aiguille, of lesser breadth but well-nigh equal height. Yet the scant justice he at first did to society, and to institutions once, spreads into a wider comprehension now. There was an aggressive period with him, as there was a seasonable place for the sword, which the good soldier does not always hold in his hand, and which our brave fighter against conventions for the inspiration of the private breast has willingly sheathed. In his present posture is naught narrow or thin; nor did he ever enlist save in a holy war. He is peaceful and poised, off at no tangent, but centripetal; from extreme radicals he recoils, can be used by no party to become a partisan, thinks that to drop the Christian is to drop all, and has his name on the regular parish-list in a Congregational way, in the village where he lives. The highest exercise of our nature, with him, is prayer, and he holds that life is unlovely without God. He is for tenderness a woman; but how virile, to fertilize this whole American land and make it blossom with a new people, his genius has been! He is nothing if not independent; but, as I am summoned to the witness-stand, I will testify that I know not whether he be most faithful or free. He is obedient to the oracles, serves the Muses, runs on every errand, delivers like the telegraph his message, and abides by what he says.

The beauty of integrity is his. He is whole. With nothing inconsistent or contradictory in his career, only in its accent has Mr. Emerson's teaching changed, and his last emphasis is his best. But it is not less ideal in being more warm. A true preacher, he wears no robe. Not eloquent so much as penetrating and memorable is his word. His tongue is an incarnate temperance, and a prophecy is in his pen. He impresses without raising his voice. As genuine a reformer as Martin Luther, he remains loyal, as Luther was reabsorbed into the civil and religious commonwealth whose corruptions he would cure and lay its errors bare. But he reverts only to resume and proceed. If he has not discovered the secret of the universe, yet this perceiver or apperceiver tells frankly what he finds, and is himself in harmony with the Most High. He speculates little; he adores much. He withdraws now from the arena of strife. He does not longer contend or challenge; but he rests, with a repose which no man has better earned, and on laurels that will never fade. RALPH WALDO EMERSON is a name which this country will cherish as worth more than any crown-jewel or Koh-i-noor diamond, grateful for virtues as well as gifts which are not surpassed.

Of so much power where is the hiding-place? In Mr. Emerson's head and face the lines signify more than the mass. The nose shows a long and bony strength, seconded by the ample hand and foot that serve his tall, slender, angular, yet supple body, which seems Indian, Persian, and Yankee by turns. A friend, gazing on his countenance in sleep, so felt a strange organic force and swiftness in his form and look, that he was afraid to wake him up, not knowing what he would do! But only by yielding himself an instrument of the Spirit has he done what both he and It meant.

In the slightest draught which may stand to any one for the figure of a person too noble to lift a finger or say a word for himself, how hazardous and responsible is every stroke! I feel moved not to exhibit my portrait, but turn it to the wall, as not just

to my own idea, far less equal to the truth. But should its subject, as do those who sit for a likeness in color or in light and shade, turn for a moment to glance at it, he will pardon it; for he is one who forgives all. What a step or stride, of fifty years, from the day when his own church declined to hear him, to an audience which not Boston, New England or Old England, only the civilized world, can contain! It is an arch of beauty with which, for millions to walk after him as on a bridge, he has spanned the gulf of time. C. A. BARTOL.

Emerson as the Founder of a Literature.

SYDNEY SMITH wrote to Lord Grey, in 1818, "There does not appear to be in America, at this time, one man of any considerable talents." So far as the pursuits of literature were concerned, there was certainly some ground for the remark. In 1818, there had been but one professional author, properly so called, in the United States, and he — Charles Brockden Brown — had died in obscurity. In 1818, the largest public library in this country, that of Harvard College, contained less than twenty-five thousand volumes; the *North American Review* was but three years old; Channing had published only a sermon, Bancroft had just left college, Emerson was a sophomore, Hawthorne and Longfellow were school-boys. Bryant published "Thanatopsis" in 1817; Irving his *Sketch-Book* in 1818–20; Cooper his *Spy* in 1822. The short-lived "Knickerbocker school" rose and fell, about that time, in New York; and Goodrich, who in those days edited the *Token*, says of the five years beginning in 1820: "During this period we began to have confidence in American genius, and to dream of literary ambition." But the dream was not at once fulfilled. Even where the themes chosen were American, the treatment was apt to be timid and conventional; if a writer spoke of song-birds, he usually meant the lark and the nightingale, which he had never heard; if he alluded to flowers, it was to the foxglove and heather, which he had never seen. When this early literature attracted European attention, it was mainly as an interesting phenomenon; and Irving accounted for his own popularity in England by saying that the English were amazed to find an American holding a quill in his fingers instead of wearing it on his head.

Nearly twenty years passed, after the profane remark of Sydney Smith, before any new impulse was distinctly recognizable in American literature. In 1836, however, the impulse came, in the publication of Emerson's *Nature*; it took twelve years, to be sure, to sell an edition of five hundred copies, yet the new and guiding force was there. It was a conscious and deliberate force, moreover; there was no disguise about it; those ninety pages were a challenge, from beginning to end. In the opening words we find the author complaining that our age is too retrospective, and writes biographies alone. "Why should not we enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition?" Thus the book begins, and on the very last pages it ends "Build, therefore, your own world"; and, accordingly, the author went on to build it.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From the forthcoming *Concord Guide-Book*. By permission of D. Lothrop & Co.

In four years more the *Dial* was established, and in the very second number (October, 1840) we find the bold attempt resumed, in the form of "Thoughts on Modern Literature." Goethe was then the object of especial enthusiasm, for all cultivated persons; but Emerson, in this essay, tries him and finds him wanting.

He was content to fall into the track of vulgar poets, and spend on common aims his splendid endowments, and has declined the office proffered to now and then a man in many centuries, in the power of his genius, of a redeemer of the human mind. . . . Let him pass. Humanity must wait for his physician yet.

And again:

He who doubts whether this age or this country can yield any contribution to the literature of the world, only betrays his blindness to the necessities of the human soul. . . . What shall hinder the Genius of the time from speaking its thought? It cannot be silent, if it would. It will write in a higher spirit, and a wider knowledge, and with a grander practical aim than ever yet guided the pen of poet.

And again, having made this prediction, he proceeded to take personal part in the fulfilment.

It is not necessary, now that the intellectual movement thus introduced has had its course, to criticize too closely the result. All that is necessary to say is that the food then offered was heroic diet, and was greatly needed. Those who, like myself, grew up just in time to see the so-called "Transcendental" movement in its afterglow can perhaps do it more complete justice than those who came earlier or later — than those who actually had part in it, or those to whom it was but a piece of history. For one, I shall always be grateful to have seen the heavens and the earth made more tender and beauteous by that receding light. Happening, as this movement did — if it was merely a happening — to coincide in time with the great anti-slavery agitation, it certainly gave us a group of men and women whom no contemporary nation could surpass. "To make habitually a new estimate," says Emerson, "that is elevation," and of this elevation he was personally the most complete and satisfying example.

There is no doubt that this attitude, this impulse, this tendency, formed the great gift of Emerson to his country and to the world. It was a greater contribution than if he had given it a system; and it left him a poet instead of a philosopher. Besides this provocative impulse, he has made mankind his debtor for a thousand aphorisms, a thousand well-defined crystallizations of thought. Not the founder, in a strict sense, of any school, he has furnished the foundation stones for many schools. But, after all, his great service was in setting an example of intellectual self-reliance. Plutarch says that when Cicero, as a young man, visited the oracle at Delphi, the advice given him was to make his own genius, not the opinions of others, the guide of his life; and Niebuhr thinks that, if so, this is one of the answers which might in-

duce us to believe in the actual inspiration of the priestess. Emerson received and transmitted this same oracle, and though it undoubtedly led to some follies, it is certain that it gave us a fresh and creative period. He and his compeers accomplished their work because they had faith in their period and their place and themselves; they did not waste time in discussing the philosophy of environment, or in moaning over provincialism, but were content to accept the conditions they found, and to make their provincialism classic. If what they did was out of all proportion to their apparent opportunities, so much the better; it was even so with those Greeks whose epitaph Keats has so succinctly written:

> Bards who died content on pleasant sward
> Leaving great verse unto a little clan.

All the remarkable prose-writers of that period, in America — Emerson in his serene calms, Hawthorne in his lonely dreams, Poe amid his excesses, Thoreau in his asceticism — belonged essentially to the same intellectual impulse, however far they seemed removed from one another. All employed the material that lay around them, whatever it was; all followed the wise counsel of the spectator in the prologue to *Faust:* "Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one lives it; to not many is it known; and seize it where you will, it is interesting." Under their influence literature itself assumed a new aspect of wealth and vigor, making the smooth Irving suddenly seem shallow, and the purely ethical treatment of Channing appear colorless and inadequate. Europe at once receded, and a new world was born. It is difficult to say in case of Emerson,— as it is hard with every conspicuous man, — how far he is the creator of the phase he represents, and how far he is its mere index and exponent. The gratitude of the world usually gives the leader the benefit of this doubt. Thus much is certain, that in American literature there was a priceless impulse of new hope and life, forty years ago, and that the glory of that impulse will always be inseparable from the name of Emerson.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

R. W. E.

> Doors hast thou opened for us, thinker, seer,
> Bars let down into pastures measureless;
> The air we breathe to-day, through thee, is freer
> Than, buoyant with its freshness, we can guess.
>
> Thy footstep toward the unrisen morning set,—
> Nature and life faced with their own calm gaze,—
> No human thought inhospitably met,—
> Thou beckonest onward, as in earlier days: —
>
> A voice that wandered toward us, like a breeze,
> From great expanses beyond time and space,
> With hints of unexplored eternities
> Stirring the sluggish soul new paths to trace: —
>
> A word that gave us lightness, as of wings;
> Home, welcome, freedom in the Everywhere! —
> The mention of thy name, like Nature's, brings
> A sense of widening worlds and ampler air.

LUCY LARCOM.

Emerson the Philosopher and the Poet.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Emerson extends through a period of more than fifty years, and — but that one shrinks from public exposition of a living personality — I would like to speak of his personal qualities, of the Man as I have known him in the intercourse of friendship and private life. But the Author belongs to the public, and may be discussed, even during his lifetime, without reserve.

Let me say, then, that Emerson, in my judgment, stands at the head of American literature in two of its most important functions: as philosophical essayist, and as lyric poet.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

As philosophical essayist he is marked by absolute sincerity, independent judgment, and the freshness of original thought. His aim is not to set forth in conventional phrase the prevailing sentiment of his time, not to voice the accepted doctrine of "good society," but to face the primary fact, and to state in terms of his own what "the brooding soul" has revealed to him of the aspects and meaning of life. An original observer of nature's plan and of human ongoings, he does not strain or strive to see and understand; he does not worry to detect the truth of things, but trustingly accepts what comes to the open sense and the waiting mind. "Stand aside and let God think" — his own memorable saying — expresses the mental process by which he gained his insight and reached his conclusions. Not a thinker, as that term is applied to analytic philosophers, but a seer, he reminds the reader of *Faust* of what Goethe there says of science:

> Und wer nicht denkt
> Dem wird sie geschenkt,
> Der hat sie ohne Sorgen.

It was not love of singularity, as hostile critics alleged, but plain sincerity, that made his views and his writing so unconventional, and that here and there shocked propriety with some startling contradiction. It might be his misfortune, but was not his fault, that he could not see things as others saw them. He must state them as he saw them himself. And the different view took on, as nearest his meaning, the unwonted phrase.

No writer among us has incurred more ridicule and encountered more abuse than this, our joy and our pride, in his earlier utterances. "What will this babbler say?" His speech was characterized as "the most amazing nonsense"; as the raving of one who could "not put two ideas together"; as sheer "blasphemy" by the Areopagites of the day, the self-constituted guardians of right thinking and good taste. The angry invectives launched against him by his censors might grieve one who prized as dearly as another the good will of his kind, but they could not turn him from his orbit, nor baffle his serene self-possession, nor extort one syllable of wrath in reply. "Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure?" "I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can travel but to take counsel of his own bosom." With such sentiments as these he steeled himself against the shafts of his adversaries, and steered "right onward."

And now, what a change! Who names him but to praise? He has created his own public. He has formed, as Wordsworth did, the taste by which he is enjoyed. Did he write: "Greatness, once and forever, has done with opinion"? He has conquered opinion. So truly he prophesied: "Let a man plant himself indomitably on his own instincts and there abide, and the huge world will come round to him."

Two streams of tendency appear in his essays. As a philosopher he is both Platonist and Stoic. A Platonist in his contemplation of nature, a Stoic in his practical view of life. Locke still held sway when he began his career. The *Essay on the Understanding* was the text-book of philosophy in his academic years; but the whole being of the youth inclined in the opposite direction, and though not directly, and at first hand, conversant with the new German philosophy, he welcomed the first breathings of its spirit, which saluted him through Coleridge, and he found the fundamental principles of "transcendentalism" in his own mind. And, on the other hand, in relation to the conduct of life, as the "Meditations" of Antoninus were the favorite study of his youth, so he echoes and reproduces that imperial strain in his ethic. What more Antoninian than this: "To find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom. . . . Let us be poised and wise and our own to-day. I settle myself ever firmer in the creed that we should not postpone and refer and wish, but do broad justice where we are."

A Stoic he is in the emphasis with which he affirms right to be the absolute good, right for its own sake, not for any foreign benefit. "There is no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence without any comparative." "In a virtuous action I properly *am*."

And what a triumphant optimism in his view of human nature! "Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth. There is no pure lie, no pure malignity in nature. The entertainment of the proposition of depravity is the last profligacy and profanation. Could it be received into the common belief, suicide would unpeople the planet."

No writer is so quotable. Scarcely a page, especially of the earlier essays, but supplies some terse and pregnant saying, worthy to be inscribed in a golden treasury of portable wisdom. And this is the signal merit of his philosophy; it gives us results instead of processes, sharp statements of weighty truths instead of long disquisitions. One pungent saying, one compact axiom that proves *itself*, is better than pages of laborious demonstration. Demonstrations we forget, but wise and witty sayings we remember; they score themselves in the brain. Force of statement, the surprise of fitness, the hitting of the nail on the head, is of Emerson's writing the distinguishing trait. No moral teacher has been so instructive to his generation.

THE POET.

I place Emerson at the head of the lyric poets of America. In this judgment I anticipate wide dissent; but the dissent, I think, will be less when I explain the sense in which the affirmation is intended. I do not mean that Mr. Emerson excels his competitors in poetic art. On the contrary, the want of art in his poetry may once for all be conceded. The verses often halt, the conclusion sometimes flags, and metrical propriety is recklessly violated. But this defect is closely connected with the characteristic merit of the poet, and springs from the same root — his utter spontaneity. And this spontaneity is perhaps but a mode of that sincerity which I have noted in his prose. More than those of any of his contemporaries his poems for the most part are inspirations. They are not made, but given; they come of themselves. They are not meditated, but burst from the soul with an irrepressible necessity of utterance — sometimes with a rush which defies the shaping intellect. What a burst, like the going up of a rocket, in the opening stanza of "The World-Soul":

Thanks to the morning light,
Thanks to the foaming sea,
To the uplands of New Hampshire,
To the green-haired forest free;
Thanks to each man of courage,
To the maids of holy mind,
To the boy with his games undaunted
Who never looks behind.

The inspiration is not always continuous or equal throughout; often the beginning of the poem is better than what follows. It seems as if it were not the man himself that speaks, but a power behind—call it Dæmon or Muse. Where the muse flags it is her fault, not his; he is not going to help her out with willful elaboration or emendation. There is no trace, as in most poetry, of joiner-work, and no mark of the file.

I think our other best poets, our Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and the rest, whatever else they may blame, will concede to their great brother this boldness of wing, this splendid daring. They will concede to him the fullest measure of the lyric soul.

I am speaking only of those of his poems which are most characteristic, most truly Emersonian. What I have said is not true of all. It is not true of the three poems made to order—the Hymn at the completion of the Concord Monument, the Ode sung in the Town Hall, and the Boston Hymn. In these we miss the inspiration and detect the labor. And still, even here, the master shows himself in that one line of the first:

And fired the shot heard round the world,

and in the opening stanza of the second:

O! tenderly the haughty day, . . .

It is noticeable that the earliest of Emerson's poems, "The Rhodora," "Each and All," "Good-bye," and "The Humble-Bee," have less of this lyric quality than those of his riper years. But they have a peculiar charm of their own, and are, perhaps—especially "The Humble-Bee" and "The Rhodora"—among the most popular things he has written. One purely descriptive poem, "The Snow-Storm," exhibits an unsurpassed power in that kind.

The most quiet, the least inspired of the poems, those which display the least poetic talent, have yet a subtle something which absolves them from the charge of commonplace, and stamps them as original.

Wholly unique, and transcending all contemporary verse in grandeur of style, is the piece entitled "The Problem." When first it appeared in the *Dial*, forty years ago come July, I said: "There has been nothing done in English rhyme like this since Milton." All between it and Milton seemed tame in comparison. Some of its verses have been found worthy of a place in Westminster Abbey, the spirit of whose architecture and that of kindred temples they so fitly express.

What was said of Emerson's prose is equally true of his poetry; it is eminently quotable. More than those of any other poet of our time his lines establish themselves in the memory.

Our author is not voluminous, considering the length of his literary life. But much has flowed from his pen which is not contained in his published volumes, as appears from the fact that he read this year his hundredth lecture to the Concord Lyceum. From the mass of his MSS. that have not yet seen the light, selections will be made which a competent editor will one day give to the world.

F. H. HEDGE.

Upon the Hight.

Serene, upon the highest hight,
To thee so easeful of ascending,
Thou standest, haloed by a light
That shines from far beyond our sight,
Life's grand emprise superbly ending!

In youth, as to that lofty peak,
From off the plain, thy footsteps wended,
Philosophy did quick bespeak
To be thy guide,—as quickly, eke
Fair Poesy,—and both attended;

Content this compromise to make:—
That thou shouldst follow each at pleasure;
But that, for their and mankind's sake,
Thy song should key from Wisdom take,
Thy speech be set to rhythmic measure.

Thus thou didst pass from hight to hight,
New opened pathways broadly blazing,—
That who would follow, follow might,—
Thy step assured, in open sight
Of Gods and men, nor feared their gazing!

On all thy way, no backward pace!
Not once thy poise or purpose losing,
Thou hast not needed to retrace,
Nor of thy steps need'st now efface
One print, on pathway of thy choosing.

But from each newly mounted peak,
To those who toiled below thee turning,
Thou wast considerate to speak
New words of strength unto the weak,
And wisdom of thy new discerning.

Now we, whose guide thou wast and art,
O songful sage! sagacious singer!
Preceptor of both head and heart!
In cloister, forum, field, and mart,
On high and low and mid-lands linger,

Till thou, of mysteries manifold
Interpreter the truest, boldest,
As thou ascending didst of old,
From hight of cultured age hast told,
By song or speech, what thou beholdest;

But thou art silent on the hight!
Dost thou, a higher still beholding,
Invisible to lower sight,
Attainless save by heavenward flight,
Await the wings for thee unfolding?

Or art thou, with amazement filled
At wonders that transcend thy showing,—
Thy subtle sense, erewhile so skilled,
Abashed and awed,—subdued and stilled,
Approached so near the perfect knowing?

Howe'er it be, full sure, afar
Thou hearest, rising and descending,
From all lands where Truth's allies are
And from thy waiting destined star,
Acclaims to thee, harmonious blending!

WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF.

Springfield, Mass., May, 1880.

Emerson's Books, (the Shadows of Them.)

IN the regions we call Nature, towering beyond all measurement, with infinite spread, infinite depth and height—in those vast regions, including Man, socially and historically, with his moral-emotional influences—how small a part, (it came in my mind to-day,) has Literature really depicted—even summing up all of it, all ages. Seems at its best but some little fleet of boats, hugging the shores of a boundless sea, and never venturing, exploring the unmapp'd—never, Columbus-like, sailing out for New Worlds, and to complete the orb's rondure. Emerson writes frequently in the atmosphere of this thought, and his books report one or two things from that very ocean and air, and more legibly address'd to our age and American polity than by any man yet.

But I will begin by scarifying him—thus proving that I am not insensible to his deepest lessons. I will consider his books from a Democratic and western point of view. I will specify the shadows on these sunny expanses. Somebody has said of heroic character that "wherever the tallest peaks are present must inevitably be deep chasms and valleys." Mine be the ungracious task (for reasons) of leaving unmentioned both sunny expanses and sky-reaching heights, to dwell on the bare spots and darknesses. I have a theory that no artist or work of the very first class may be or can be without them.

First, then, these pages are perhaps too perfect—too concentrated. (How good, for instance, is good butter, good sugar. But to be eating nothing but sugar and butter all the time! even if ever so good.) And though the author has much to say of freedom and wildness and simplicity and spontaneity, no performance was ever more based on artificial scholarships and decorums at third or fourth removes, (he calls it culture,) and built up from them. It is always a *make*, never an unconscious *growth*. It is the porcelain figure or statuette of lion, or stag, or Indian hunter—and a very choice statuette too—appropriate for the rosewood or marble bracket of parlor or library; never the animal itself, or the hunter himself. Indeed who wants the real animal or hunter? What would that do amid astral and bric-a-brac and tapestry, and ladies and gentlemen talking in subdued tones of Browning and Longfellow and art? The least suspicion of such actual bull, or Indian, or of Nature carrying out itself, would put all those good people to instant terror and flight.

Emerson, in my opinion, is not most eminent as poet or artist or teacher, though valuable in all those. He is best as Critic, or Diagnoser. Not passion or imagination or warp or weakness, or any pronounced cause or specialty, dominates him. Cold and bloodless intellectuality dominates him. (I know the fires, emotions, love, egotisms, glow deep, perennial, as in all New Englanders—but the façade hides them well—they give no sign.) He does not see or take one side, one presentation only or mainly, (as all the poets, or most of the fine writers anyhow,)—he sees all sides. His final influence is to make his students cease to worship anything—almost cease to believe in anything, outside of themselves. These books will fill, and well fill, certain stretches of life, certain stages of development—are (like the tenets or theology the author of them preached when a young man,) unspeakably serviceable and precious as a stage. But in old or nervous or solemnest or dying hours, when one needs the impalpably soothing and vitalizing influences of abysmic Nature, or its affinities in literature or human society, and the Soul resents the keenest mere intellection, they will not be sought for.

For a philosopher Emerson possesses a singularly dandified theory of Manners. He seems to have no notion at all that manners are simply the signs by which the chemist or metallurgist knows his metals. To the profound scientist, all metals are profound, as they really are. The little one, like the conventional world, will make much of gold and silver only. Then to the real artist in humanity, what are call'd bad manners are often the most picturesque and significant of all.

Suppose these books becoming absorbed, the

permanent chyle of American general and particular character — what a well-washed and grammatical, but bloodless and helpless, race we should turn out! No, no, dear friend; though The States want scholars, undoubtedly, and perhaps want ladies and gentlemen who use the bath frequently, and never laugh loud, or talk wrong, they don't want scholars, or ladies and gentlemen, at the expense of all the rest. They want good farmers, sailors, mechanics, clerks, citizens — perfect business and social relations — perfect fathers and mothers. If we could only have these, or their approximations, plenty of them, fine and large and sane and generous and patriotic, they might make their verbs disagree from their nominatives, and laugh like volleys of musketeers, if they should please. Of course these are not all America wants, but they are first of all to be provided for, and on a large scale. And, with tremendous errors and escapades, this, substantially, is what The States seem to have an intuition of, and to be mainly aiming at. The plan of a select class, superrefined, the plan of Old World lands and literatures, is not so objectionable in itself, but because it chokes the true plan for us, and indeed is death to it. As to such special class, The United States can never produce any equal to the splendid show, (far, far beyond comparison or competition here,) of the principal European nations, both in the past and at the present day. But the production of an immense and distinctive Commonalty over our vast and varied area, West and East, South and North, — in fact, for the first time in history, a great, aggregated, real PEOPLE, worthy the name, and made of developed, heroic individuals, both sexes — is America's principal, perhaps only, reason for being. If ever accomplished, it will be at least as much, (I lately think, doubly as much,) the result of fitting and Democratic Sociologies, Literatures and Arts — if we ever get them — as of our Democratic politics.

At times it has been doubtful to me if Emerson really knows or feels what Poetry is at its highest, as in the Bible, for instance, or Homer or Shakspere. I see he covertly or plainly likes best superb verbal polish, or something old or odd — Waller's "Go, lovely rose," or Lovelace's lines "To Lucusta" — the quaint conceits of the old French bards, and the like. Of *power* he seems to have a gentleman's admiration — but in his inmost heart the grandest attribute of God and Poets is always subordinated to the octaves, conceits, polite kinks, and verbs.

The reminiscence that years ago I began like most youngsters to have a touch (though it came late, and was only on the surface) of Emerson-on-the-brain — that I read his writings reverently, and address'd him in print as "Master," and for a month or so thought of him as such — I retain not only with composure, but positive satisfaction. I have noticed that most young people of eager minds pass through this stage of exercise.

The best part of Emersonianism is, it breeds the giant that destroys itself. Who wants to be any man's mere follower? lurks behind every page. No teacher ever taught, that has so provided for his pupil's setting up independently — no truer evolutionist. Democracy (like Christianity) is not served best by its own most brawling advocates, but often far, far better, finally, by those who are outside its ranks. I should say that such men as Carlyle and Emerson and Tennyson — to say nothing of Shakspere or Walter Scott — have done more for popular political and social progress and liberalization, and for individuality and freedom, than all the pronounced democrats one could name.

The foregoing assumptions on Emerson and his books may seem — perhaps are — paradoxical; but, as before intimated, is not every first-class artist, himself, and are not all real works of art, themselves, paradoxical? and is not the world itself so? As also intimated in the beginning, I have written my criticism in the unflinching spirit of the man's own inner teachings. As I understand him, the truest honor you can pay him is to try his own rules, his own heroic treatment, on the greatest themes, even his own works.

It remains to be distinctly avowed by me that Emerson's books form the tallest and finest growth yet of the literature of the New World. They bring, with miraculous opportuneness, exactly what America needs, to begin at the head, to radically sever her (not too apparently at first) from the fossilism and feudalism of Europe.

WALT WHITMAN.

R. W. E.

There is a tall grey cliff before mine eyes,
  The haughty trees, wind-swept, bow down to it;
  Its crest is with the coming day-time lit,
But at its foot the nestling wild-flower lies;
All forest breaths below like incense rise,
  And the shy birds around it sing and flit.
So standeth he 'mid men, supremely wise,
  Strong, and uplifted, yet aware of all
That Nature hides from common mortal eyes:
  The chariest bloom, the moss most fair and small,
  The sun-born insect that with night must fall,
The majesty of days that set and rise,
And that deep thought that in the human breast
Holds him for lifelong friend who knows and brings it rest.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Mr. Emerson and the "Dial."

To speak of the *Dial* is to recall one of those products of the "transcendental" epoch which seem to those who look back upon them like

golden exhalations of the dawn.

Brook Farm, the *Dial*, the active interest in German literature and philosophy and music, Theodore Parker's preaching, were all signs then as they are traditions now, of the general moral and intellectual revival to which also the impetus of the Anti-Slavery crusade and of the Woman's Rights agitation belongs. The *Dial*, while not an organ of any particular movement, was the literary gazette of the "new spirit," and its natural editor was Mr. Emerson, whose serene genius and temperament, with his commanding and poetic public discourses, and the dignity, simplicity, and purity of his life, had made him the peculiar representative of "Transcendentalism." It was his only service as an editor, in the usual sense, and the labor was not exclusively his. It was understood that Mr. Emerson and Miss Margaret Fuller were the editorial council, and in the opening address of "The editors to the Reader" Mr. Emerson speaks modestly of "those who have immediately acted in editing the present number," in a tone which implies that it was wholly a labor of love.

The first number of the *Dial* was issued forty years ago in July, 1840, and it is still a most interesting and remarkable publication. There had been nothing like it in this country, and if Schiller's *Horen* may have aimed as high there were not the same favoring circumstances, so that the *Dial* remains unique in periodical literature. Its purpose was the most various expression of the best, the most cultivated, and the freest thought of the time, and was addressed to those only who were able to find "entertainment" in such literature. There were no baits for popularity. In the modern familiar phrase each number was a symposium of the most accomplished minds in the country. But its circle both of contributors and of readers was local and small. The first number was made up of papers by Mr. Emerson and Miss Fuller, Theodore Parker, George Ripley, William H. Channing, John S. Dwight, A. Bronson Alcott, and Dr. Hedge — I believe, — with passages from the journal of Charles Chauncey Emerson, to whose memory Dr. Holmes paid so beautiful a tribute in his *Metrical Essay*. The poetry of the number was supplied by Mr. Emerson, Mr. Cranch, Miss Fuller, Mr. Dwight, Edward Emerson, Henry Thoreau, and Mrs. Hooper. It was almost wholly a "Boston book," but it is a part of our literature. Among its memorable contributions was Mr. Emerson's poem "The Problem," with its line which is now, like Shakespeare's famous lines, a universal expression,

He builded better than he knew;

and his exquisite song,

Oh, fair and stately maid!

to which may be fitly applied his own words in the next number of the *Dial* when speaking of Ellery Channing's poetry, that it "is of such extreme beauty that we do not remember anything more perfect of its kind. Had the poet been looking over a book of Raffaelle's drawings, or perchance the villas and temples of Palladio, with the maiden to whom it was addressed?"

The *Dial* was published for three or four years, and it truly marked the transcendental time of day. It is the memorial of an intellectual impulse which the national life has never lost. "Many readers," as Mr. Emerson said in his preface to the first edition of Carlyle's collected essays, "will here find pages which in the scattered anonymous sheets of the ——— magazine spoke to their youthful mind with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep."

The influence of its editor has been noiseless but extraordinary. Many of the most popular and immediately effective American writers and orators seem to have been middlemen between Mr. Emerson and the great public. To the young men of the last generation he spoke with the same deep power with which Dr. Channing affected Mr. Emerson's own younger generation, and that power he has never lost because he has always reverenced the dreams of his youth. Those who have felt throughout their lives this purifying and elevating and liberalizing power, and who have seen in his inspiring career the perfect sanity of true genius, can never think without affectionate reverence of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MRS. HORACE MANN, in a letter to Mrs. Dora Brigham, daughter of Father Taylor, writes:

Ralph Waldo Emerson was settled over the North Society; and all through that experience

of his which ended in his leaving the parish and the settled ministry, your father understood him when so many maligned him. Some one used the expression that Mr. Emerson was insane. Your father did not agree with his view of the Lord's Supper—that it was a thing of the past, and no longer appropriate; for he gave great significance and value to it. But he would not let that suggestion pass; he said, "Mr. Emerson might think this or that, but he was more like Jesus Christ than any one he had ever known. He had seen him when his religion was tested, and it bore the test."—*Life of Father Taylor*, p. 330.

To Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Upon the mountain-summits of thy thought,
Along the brink of philosophic deeps,
Are flowers like those that light thy natal month,
And the fresh cadences of May-time birds.
As free thou art, as unconstrained, as true
To Nature's simple ways, but deep, great heart,
As though her very hand, moved by thy love,
Had given expression of her secret soul
Unto thy page, and bid thee name it thine.
The beauty of the Greek is for the Greek;—
Would that an Attic splendor could be shed
Upon the tribute of a date like this.
For him who dwells with Nature, Nature's breath;
Would it were breathed from Saadi's land and soul
To stir the air with beauty's odorous life.
This speech of mine, how poor, how cold it seems!
Nay, let it be the bough that held the snows
And then seemed dead—now let it glow with green
And blossom into riches—latent once.

Thou hast wherewith, in thy philosophy,
The amplest mind of man to occupy,
But hast, besides, such simple sentences,
So full of strong, direct, and wholesome thought,
That young and narrow-flighted souls may draw
Strength for life's labor, taking them for food.
Among thy words, are also some so dear,
In time of loss, that Sorrow uses them
Nor asks, though priest and Church be watching her,
What creed prepared the healing for her hurt!
In this, how like the Hebrew prophets, thou;
How like the ancient Greek philosophers,
Whose thought, while towering up to all the need
Of minds that touch upon the infinite,
Is largest, surest, simplest at the base
Which little children find accessible.
If here and there upon the obelisk,
Are hieroglyphs that no man yet reads clear,
Hereafter some Champollion shall arise
Deciphering the mystery aright.

But what marks both thy character and works
Is that they show no hint of hollowness;
Built not of secret doubt whited with faith,
But of conviction solid as the hills.
And such thy singleness of search for light,
If it should fall from God, and like a bolt
Rend all the structure, showing thee a flaw,
Thou wouldst not flinch before the eye of man,
Nor feel or fear or shame, since facing Truth.
Such is thy love of it, that even now
Should once thy soul but find itself assured
Of having scattered error, then thy voice,
Swift as the Tigris flows, would run abroad
Telling the world thou hadst been in the wrong;
Not for a single day allowing it—
Since trusting so thy large sincerity—
To think *that* true which thou hadst once proved false.
So long hast thou been loyal to thyself,
So long hast thou been loyal to the world,
So long hast thou been loyal to thy God,
That howso men may look upon thy faith,
Thy face looks at them tranquil with its truth.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

Emerson and His Friends.

IT would be a strange omission not to mention, in any account of Emerson, his noble capacity for friendship, and the host of friends who, in his long life, have gathered about him, and have never fallen away from him, except by death. It was the defeated Brutus of Shakespeare who cried:

> My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
> I found no man but he was true to me,

and so the successful and serene poet of Concord can say. Tennyson applauds the famous conqueror of Napoleon for a lesser piece of good fortune:

> This is England's greatest son—
> He that gained a hundred fights,
> Nor ever lost an English gun.

For surely, to have brought off all your friends from the battle of life is more glorious than to have saved your flags and cannon. As it is written of one in this band of friends by another:

He meant friendship, and meant nothing else, and stood by it without the slightest abatement; not veering with each shift of a friend's fortune, or like those who bury their early friendships in order to make room for fresh corpses. Those who loved him had never the least reason to regret it.

But, in truth, here as on other themes, Emerson has himself uttered the best thing, in those verses which are a precious oracle from the Sibylline books of friendship:

> A ruddy drop of manly blood
> The surging sea outweighs;
> The world, uncertain, comes and goes,
> The lover rooted stays.
> I fancied he was fled,—
> And, after many a year,
> Glowed unexhausted kindliness
> Like daily sunrise there.
> My careful heart was free again,—
> O friend! my bosom said,
> Through thee alone the sky is arched,
> Through thee the rose is red;
> All things through thee take nobler form,
> And look beyond the earth;
> The mill-round of our fate appears
> A sun-path in thy worth.
> *Me too thy nobleness has taught*
> *To master my despair;*
> *The fountains of my hidden life*
> *Are through thy friendship fair.*

A man's first friends are those of his own family, and in this also the youthful Waldo Emerson was fortunate. His father died too early to become his friend, but that place was taken by his father's sister, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, a remarkable person, who, more than all others, influenced her nephew's intellectual growth. His brothers came next in time, but first in his love; for I doubt that the full tide of Emerson's affection ever flowed out afterward as it did in childhood and youth toward his brothers Edward and Charles. After their death within a few years of each other, the delicate lay of the Concord bird gave a new pang to his sorrow:

> "Go, lonely man," it saith;
> "They loved thee from their birth;
> Their hands were pure, and pure their faith—
> There are no such hearts on earth."

The first of Emerson's literary friendships, outside of his own family, was with Carlyle, whom he sought out in his Scotch banishment at Craigenputtock, in the autumn of 1833. The visit is briefly described in *English Traits*, but no mention is made there of the keen delight which it gave to Carlyle himself. Two years after, when the poet Longfellow called on Carlyle in Chelsea, with a letter of introduction from Emerson, the Scotch cynic told him that the interview at Craigenputtock was to him "like the visit of an angel." The friendship of the two men has continued without break or flaw for nearly fifty years; and their correspondence has been at times frequent and copious. It was to Emerson that Carlyle wrote his famous description of Webster, whom he met in England in 1839; and it was Emerson who a little earlier had introduced Charles Sumner to Carlyle. Sumner was eight years younger than Emerson, but I remember that once in 1854, when talking with Emerson about Sumner's age, he said: "I have the trick of believing every man I talk with as old as myself,—so I warn you, young men." He added that he could not quite understand why youth was so soon left behind, and, turning to his friend Bronson Alcott, who sat near him, said: "This man here used to tell us, what experience is every day disproving, that the beauty of youth turned inward."

Emerson's friendship with Mr. Alcott began in the days of the Temple School, in Boston, about 1835, and has continued unbroken. In 1837, when the Boston newspapers and Boston society denounced Mr. Alcott, his Concord friend regretted that his power to help him stem the tide of abuse was so small. "A knowing and efficient friend," said Emerson then, "can do a man with a mob a better service than he himself. But I was created a seeing eye, and not a useful hand." "My regard," he said on another occasion, "is for the institution of Mr. Alcott, which I trust will stand, quite independent of the concert or the indifference of his contemporaries." I was once talking with Emerson about Carlyle's lack of appreciation for Mr. Alcott. He said it was a fault in Carlyle, and Browning, and the rest; and added that when Mr. Alcott was walking with Carlyle in London, in 1842, Carlyle called his attention to the splendor of Piccadilly, and said: "Here, now, this Piccadilly has existed for ages, and will continue to exist long after your potato-gospel has gone to the dogs."

It was not until after Thoreau left college, in 1837, that he became acquainted with his townsman, Emerson, who first grew interested in the young poet-naturalist by reading some of his verses, afterward published in the *Dial*. He has himself described Thoreau better than any writer except his more intimate friend, Ellery Channing; but to me Emerson once said: "There was no *bow* in Thoreau; he never sought to please his hearers or his friends"; and quoted, with a smile, the remark of Thoreau's mother: "Mr. Emerson has been so much with Henry that he has learnt Henry's way of thinking and talking." In fact, neither borrowed of the other, though both learned much, and the younger friend most, from their close intimacy.

But none of his friends—either those I have named, or Ellery Channing, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Henry James, Theodore Parker, or the hundreds of less distinguished persons who have been honored with his regard—ever failed to learn from Emerson more than they could impart of the high lore of friendship. For the picture of "Vernon," drawn by one of these friends, Emerson may not have sat, but the traits are his:

> So Vernon lived,
> Considerate to his kind. His love bestowed
> Was not a thing of fractions, half-way done,
> But with a mellow goodness, like the sun,
> He shone o'er mortal hearts, and brought their buds
> To blossoms early, thence to fruit and seed.
> Forbearing too much counsel, yet with blows
> In pleasing reason urged, he took their thoughts
> As with a mild surprise, and they were good—
> Nor once suspected that from Vernon's heart
> That warm, o'ercircling heart, their impulse flowed.

F. B. SANBORN.

The Genius of Emerson.

PURE literatures are personal inspirations, springing fresh from the Genius of a people. They are original. Their first fruits bring verses, essays, tales, biographies, — productions oftentimes of obscure as of illustrious persons. And such, so far as we have one, is ours. Of the rest, how much is foreign both in substance and style, and might have been produced elsewhere? . . . Am I extravagant in believing that our people are more indebted to his teaching than to any other person who has spoken or written on his themes during the last twenty years, — are more indebted than they know, and becoming still more so? We characterize and class him with the moralists who surprise us with an accidental wisdom, strokes of wit, felicities of phrase, — as Plutarch, Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, Saadi, Montaigne, Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Goethe, Coleridge; with whose delightful essays, notwithstanding all the pleasure they give us, we still plead our disappointment at not having been admitted to the closer intimacy which these loyal leaves had with their owner's mind before torn from his note-books, jealous, even, at not having been taken into his confidence in the editing itself. — A. B. Alcott's *Emerson.*

To Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Of all who in these latter days the stage
Of life have trod, O loved and honored, none
A purer, fairer fame than thine have won,
In "singing robes" or in the stole of sage!
With thought's keen sword, too, thou, from youth to age,
Conscious of strength, the unwavering champion
Hast been of Truth eternal, Emerson,
Smiling at Error when she threw the gage.
Long as shall bloom the "fresh Rhodora;" long
As men shall love "a prophet of the soul;"
Long as shall hum the "burly humble-bee,"
And long as right be right and wrong be wrong,
Freedom be prized, and Concord's waters roll,
The world will owe a debt of thanks to thee.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

Kalorama Woods, D.C., May 5, 1880.

Emerson's College Days.

AT Harvard, fifty years ago, when the president was the foster-father of a little band of youthful students, rather than, as now, the head of a great university, the "president's freshman" was a person of some importance. His room was directly beneath the president's study, and, whenever he heard a signal tap upon the floor overhead, he hastened to that awful sanctum, to carry thence the message of good or evil that awaited the college world. Many an old graduate remembers the anxiety with which he watched the course of the "president's freshman" through the college yard upon such errands, and trembled with fear that the message might be for him; or the eagerness of the classes as they gathered on the steps before the recitation rooms, to hear from the same source the names of the fortunate ones who were to have exhibition parts. Now, the president's study has been given over to other occupants and uses, and the "president's freshman" is a tradition of white-haired men.

In 1817, when good Dr. Kirkland was president, the "president's freshman" was a slender, delicate youth, younger than most of his classmates, and of a sensitive, retiring nature. His mother was the widow of a Boston clergyman, and his name was Ralph Waldo Emerson. Although he had a brother in the senior class to introduce him to the ways of college life, he became acquainted with his companions slowly. The noisy ways of those jolly fellows who first hail new-comers were distasteful to him, and the proximity of his room to the president's study was equally distasteful to them. By degrees, however, the more studious members of his class began to seek him out. They found him to be unusually thoughtful and well-read; knowing, perhaps, less than they about text-books, but far more about literature. He had studied the early English dramatists and poets, pored over Montaigne, and knew Shakespeare almost by heart. His love for the great dramatist kindled a corresponding fondness in the minds of some of his classmates to whom Shakespeare had been little more than a name. In his sophomore year he became the leading spirit in a little book club, of which Edward Kent, afterwards governor of Maine, Charles W. Upham, of Salem, and Dr. D. W. Gorham, of Exeter, N. H., were also members. The club purchased the English reviews, the *North American*, — then just struggling into life, — and, in general, the literature of the day which they could not find in the college library. The member with the longest purse bought the book, and then, especially if it were one of Scott's novels, it was read aloud at a meeting of the club, so that all might enjoy it as soon as possible. We can imagine how the evening hours sped by over *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, until the tallow candles burned low, and visions of "screws" in recitations on the morrow forced the readers unwillingly to lay aside the fascinating pages. When they were reading *Rob Roy*, Emerson noticed how well adapted for declamation is the passage where Roy's wife condemns the spy, Morris, to death; and accordingly he spoke it at one of the regular college exercises. The piece, from its freshness and the passion he threw into it, especially into the death-sentence, "You shall die, base dog! and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun," made quite a sensation among his hearers, and some of them remember it to this day. He was an excellent declaimer, and gained a Boylston prize by his skill.

The results of his reading and thought showed themselves in his compositions, which were of marked excellence. In his junior year he received a Bowdoin prize for an essay on "The Character of Socrates," and in his senior year he again gained a prize, his subject this time being "The Present State of Ethical Philosophy." His classmate, Josiah Quincy, carried off the first prize in this second instance, and, years after, used jestingly to boast that he had fairly surpassed Emerson as a writer. In poetry, too, Emerson showed some skill, and was always ready to turn off squibs on college matters, or songs for festive occasions. He was chosen the poet for Class Day, and his poem was pronounced "superior to the general expectation" — a compliment which seems rather doubtful until we remember that the general expectation was high enough to secure for him the office. In the recitation room he did fairly well. His renderings of the Greek and Latin authors — especially the Greek — were always neat, and sometimes very happy; but in philosophy he did poorly, and mathematics was his utter despair. Besides, as we have seen, he anticipated the present elective system, and spent much of his time in special courses of private work in the library. His class numbered fifty-nine, and he stood high enough in it to have one of twenty-nine Commencement parts. He was assigned "John Knox" in a "Conference on the Characters of John Knox, William Penn, and John Wesley." He was not elected into the "Phi Beta Kappa," a post-graduate society composed of the best scholars in each class, until some years after graduation.

At the close of his freshman year, Emerson was obliged, of course, to leave his room beneath the president's study, and accordingly removed to No. 5 Hollis Hall. The room still remains with little change; a corner room, up one flight of stairs. It is broad and low, with a huge fireplace, little closets, and wide window-seats from which one looks out upon the Cambridge Common, the old burying-ground, and, nearer by, the "class tree," where the seniors meet for their farewell song. His room-mate was William B. Dorr, of Roxbury; a waggish fellow, who cared little for books, but was a favorite with the class on account of his wit, his genial disposition, and his undoubted talent. In his junior year, No. 15 Hollis was given to Emerson, in accordance with the college rule that the upper classes should have the best rooms. Here he roomed with John G. K. Gourdin, of South Carolina; a classmate of gentlemanly manners, quiet nature, and average scholarship. In his senior year he was in No. 9 Hollis, with his younger brother, Edward, who was then a member of the freshman class.

While he was pursuing his college course his mother moved to Cambridge, and some of the students boarded at her table. So he was boarding at home in his sophomore year, when his class had a fight with the freshmen at supper in Commons Hall — a fight described in the mock-heroic poem, "The Rebelliad." Some of the sophomores were expelled for their share in the disturbance, and thereupon the whole class indignantly withdrew from college. Emerson remained at home until his class came to terms with the authorities. This trouble had the result of binding the class closely together, and creating a warm sympathy which after years could not chill. On their return from banishment, Alden, the wag of the class, established the Conventicle Club; a convivial club, of which Kingsbury was archbishop, Alden, bishop, and John B. Hill, parson. The club had no formal organization, but held its meetings at the pleasure of these self-appointed officers, and disbanded at the end of the senior year; it was composed of a set of intimate friends, and Emerson was one of the number. Although his quiet nature kept him out of most of the convivial societies, he was always genial, fond of hearing or telling a good story, and ready to do his share towards an evening's entertainment.

Emerson was well liked both by classmates and teachers. Among his teachers was Edward Everett, who had just returned from Europe to fill the chair in Greek. For him Emerson had a most enthusiastic admiration, so great as to subject him to the ridicule of his more prosy classmates. His mind was unusually mature and independent. His letters and conversation already displayed something of originality; and if his two Bowdoin essays were published, I feel sure we should find in them many characteristic turns of thought and expression. The occupation to which he looked immediately forward was teaching. His older brother had a school in Boston; and after graduation, Emerson began to teach with him, and, I may add, found the work by no means to his taste. Whether he looked forward to making ultimately another in

the long line of ministers his family boasted, I cannot say. Religious matters were little discussed by his class. In their college course they were given a few lessons in Griesbach's *Greek Testament;* but these amounted to little, and were suspected to be chiefly to promote the sale of the text-book, which was printed by friends of the college. Each member of the college was left to private freedom in his religious views.

The class of 1821 held for fifty years its annual reunion at Cambridge. As Emerson lived near, he was one of the most faithful attendants of these pleasant gatherings, and to him fell a large share of the task of looking after the unfortunate members, and soliciting aid for them from the more prosperous. At length, in 1871, the class formally disbanded, and now there remain but twelve of its number against whose names the fatal asterisk is not set.

WM. BANCROFT HILL.

Emerson.

"I do esteeme him a deepe, sincere soule; one that seemeth ever to be travailling after the Infinite!" — SIR THOS. BROWNE.

Ah! what to Him *our* trivial praise, or blame,
Who through long years hath raised half-mournful eyes
Yearning to mark some heaven-descended flame
Light his soul's Altar, rife with sacrifice? —

The offering of far thoughts, profound as prayer,
And starry dreams, still rhythmical of youth, —
With travail of Brain that pants for loftier air,
To the veiled Mystery of immaculate Truth: —

No Orient Seer, — wild woodlands 'round him furled, —
Building his Shrine 'mid virginal vales apart, —
E'er watched and waited in the antique world,
For Fire Divine, with more ethereal heart!

Can life's supreme oblations still remain
All undiscerned? — or hath some marvellous levin
Hallowed his gift, and down his rifted pain
Flashed the white splendor of God's grace from Heaven?

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Emerson's Literary Methods.

[From a forthcoming *Study of Emerson*]

IT has been Emerson's habit to spend the forenoon in his study, with constant regularity. He has not waited for moods, but caught them as they came, and used their results in each day's work. It has been his wont to jot down his thoughts at all hours and places. The suggestions that result from his readings, conversations, and meditations are immediately transferred to the note-book he always carries with him. In his walks, many a gem of thought is in this way preserved. All the results of his thinking are thus stored up, to be made use of when required.

After his note-books are filled, he transcribes their contents to a large commonplace-book. When a fresh subject possesses his mind, he brings together the jottings he finds he has written down concerning it, fusing them into a connected whole with additional material suggested at the time. His essays are then very slowly elaborated, wrought out through days and months, and even years, of patient thought.

A curious evidence of this method of constructing his essays may be found, by the attentive reader, in the repetition of the same phrases in different essays; showing that a lapse of memory sometimes permits him to draw out the same sentences and ideas more than once. One of the most striking instances of this may be found in the essays on "Farming" and "Perpetual Forces," where the analogies from the convertibility of forces run almost parallel with each other; showing the use of the same materials from his note-books in their composition.

His essays are all carefully revised, again and again; corrected, wrought over, portions dropped, new matter added, or the paragraphs arranged in a new order. He is unsparing in his corrections, striking out sentence after sentence; and paragraphs disappear from time to time. His manuscript is everywhere filled with erasures and emendations; scarcely a page appears that is not covered with these evidences of his diligent revision. An illustration of this may be seen in the first paragraph of the essay on "Plato," in *Representative Men*, which, when first read as a lecture, stood as follows:

The work of Plato is that writing, which, in the history of civilization, is entitled to Omar's account of the Koran, when he said, "Burn the libraries; for, if they contain anything good, it is contained in this book." These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are the corner-stone of schools; these are the fountain-head of literatures. Nothing but God can give invention. Everything else, one would say, the study of Plato would give. A discipline it is in logic, arithmetic, taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, ontology, morals, or practical wisdom. There never was such range of speculation. Buonaparte was nicknamed *centmille*. Plato, by his breadth, deserves the name, and much more. Out of him come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought.

In the essay on "Shakspere" an eloquent passage has been stricken out in preparing it for the press. The paragraph ending at the top of page 211 continued with these words in the manuscript:

There is nothing in literature compared to Shakspere's expression, for strength and for delivery. Men have existed who affirmed that they heard the language of celestial angels talked with them, but that, when they returned into the natural world, though they preserved the memory of those conversations, they found it impossible to transmute the things that had been said into human thoughts and words. But Shakspere is like one who had been rapt into some purer state of sensation and existence, had learned the secret of finer diction, and when he returned to this world retained the finer organ which had been opened above.

Almost everything Emerson has written was prepared for the lecture platform. Even *English Traits*, apparently an exception, is not entirely so, for he gave several lectures on that subject before the book was published. He has always been mindful of his audience, though no man could accept its dictation less. Some hint of the lecture is to be found in all his essays; and the literary form he has adopted has been determined by the fact that for half a century he has been a peripatetic preacher. He has not been primarily a book maker, as Carlyle has been, but an unsettled preacher, or a university lecturer on morals, not occupying a professor's chair. The books have been an after-thought, printed after the exigencies of the platform demanded new topics.

This method of composition has led to a wonderful power of condensation, and to a marvelous compactness of expression. His concentrated sentences are doubtless wrought out, one by one, in his lonely walks or in the quiet of his study, and worked over in his mind until the words perfectly fit the idea expressed. In no other writer are there so many sentences which complete the subject, and which will stand, unsupported and alone, as vindications of the author's thought.

Emerson has always refused to produce any arguments, to offer reasons. He delights to tell what he thinks, to say how it appears to him; but he is helpless to give the wherefore of any opinion. He perceives the present aspect of truth, and he announces what he perceives; that is all. His intuitions are enough for him; he cannot reason from what is thus given to its rejection as phenomenal or to its acceptance as divine. He does not care to trace it to a shadow or to show that it is a divine announcement. Relying on the integrity of nature, he only cares to state what is, and the impression made on him. When he has intuitively anatomized one subject, or a special phase of any subject, the next is in the same manner penetrated, and its very depths brought before us in strong light. Why one picture he draws for us follows another is not explained; that we learn for ourselves as we come slowly to the full meaning of each interpreted truth in proper succession.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

His Heirs.

"I give and I bequeath" — so runs
The record wherewith men devise;
The rich leave mainly to the rich,
The wise leave only to the wise.

Or rich, or wise, or weak and poor,
Our poet makes us all his heirs;
The thrifty income of his realm
The proudest needs, the humblest shares.

HIRAM RICH.

Mr. Emerson's Home.

[From the forthcoming *Concord Guide-Book*, by G. B. Bartlett. In press of D. Lothrop & Co.]

THE home of Ralph Waldo Emerson is a plain, square, wooden house, standing in a grove of pine trees, which conceal the front and side from the gaze of passers. Tall chestnut trees ornament the old-fashioned yard, through which a road leads to the plain yellow barn in the rear. A garden fills half an acre at the back, and has for years been famous for its roses; and also has a rare collection of hollyhocks, the flowers that Wordsworth loved, and most of the old-time annuals and shrubs. From the road a gate, which is always open, leads over marble flagstones to the broad, low step before the hospitable door. A long hall divides the center of the house, with two large square rooms on each side. A plain, solid table stands at the right of this entry, over which is an old picture of Diana.

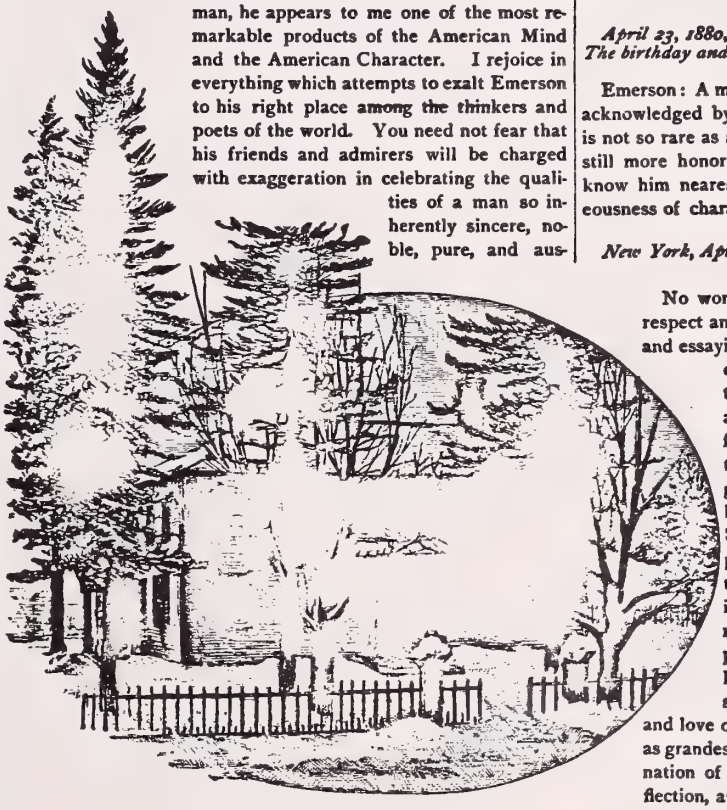
The first door on the right leads to the study, a plain square room, lined on two sides with simple wooden shelves, filled with choice books; a large mahogany table stands in the middle, covered with books, and by the morocco writing-pad lies the pen which has had so great an influence for twenty-five years on the thoughts of two continents. A large fireplace, with high brass andirons, occupies the lower end, over which hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's "Fates," the faces of the strong-minded women frowning upon all who would disturb with idle tongues this haunt of solemn thought. On the mantel-shelf are busts and statuettes of men prominent in the great reforms of the age, and a quaint, rough idol, brought from the Nile. A few choice engravings hang upon the wall, and the pine trees brush against the windows.

Two doors, one on each side of the great fireplace, lead into the large parlor, which fills the southern quarter of the house. This room is hung with curtains of crimson, and carpeted with a warm color; and when a bright fire is blazing on the broad hearth, reflected in the large mirror opposite, the effect is cheerful in the extreme. A beautiful portrait of one of the daughters of the house is hung in this pleasant and homelike room, whose home circle seems to reach around the world; for almost every person of note who has visited this country has enjoyed its genial hospitality, and listened with attention to the words of wisdom from the kindly master of the house — the most modest and most gifted writer and deepest thinker of the age. Years ago the chatty little Frederika Bremer paid a long visit here; a brisk old lady, as restless as her tongue and pen. Here Margaret Fuller and the other bright figures of the *Dial* met for conversation. Thoreau was a daily visitor, and his "Wood-notes" might have been unuttered but for the kind encouragement he found here. The Alcotts, father and daughter, were near neighbors, and it was in this room that Mr. Alcott's earliest Conversations were held, now so well known. Here, too, old John Brown was often to be met; a plain, poorly dressed old farmer, seeming out of place, and absorbed in his own plans until some allusion or chance remark would fire his soul and light up his rugged features.

But a dozen volumes would not give space enough to mention in full the many guests from foreign lands who have been entertained at this house, which is also a favorite place for the villagers to visit. The school children of Concord are entertained here every year with merry games and dances, and they look forward with great interest to the eventful occasion.

The house was partially destroyed by fire in the spring of 1873, and was rebuilt as nearly as possible like the former. During the building, a portion of the family found shelter in the Old Manse, the home of Mr. Emerson's grandfather, while Mr. Emerson himself visited Europe. Upon his return, an impromptu reception took place; the citizens gathered at the depot in crowds, and the school children were drawn up in two smiling rows, through which he passed, greeted by enthusiastic cheers and songs of welcome. All followed his carriage to the house, and sung "Home, sweet home" to the music of the band. A few days afterward, he invited all his fellow-citizens to call and see him in his new home, and nearly all the inhabitants availed themselves of the opportunity.

A general invitation is now very often extended to old and young to assemble on Sunday evenings in the pleasant parlor for conversation. Many of these talks have been led by Mr. Alcott, as before mentioned. Some have been of a religious nature; especially those led by the Rev. Mr. Channing, and by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, the pastor of the Unitarian Church. The house stands on an old country road, up which the British marched on the memorable 19th of April, 1775.



MR. EMERSON'S HOME.

From the forthcoming *Concord Guide-Book*. By permission of D. Lothrop & Co.

Tribute.

Mr. Emerson, in genius and character, appears to me the leading author of the United States. Indeed, he is now acknowledged the representative Author, or Man of Letters, of the country. Nothing that could do honor to him would fail to excite sympathy in me. I have known him for the past thirty-five years. From the first I have wondered that his original — may I say, his aboriginal? — genius has not more impressed his countrymen. As a thinker and as a man, he appears to me one of the most remarkable products of the American Mind and the American Character. I rejoice in everything which attempts to exalt Emerson to his right place among the thinkers and poets of the world. You need not fear that his friends and admirers will be charged with exaggeration in celebrating the qualities of a man so inherently sincere, noble, pure, and austerely just in his nature, and so suggestive, beautiful, and creative in his genius. All who read his volumes with a tolerant and discerning mind must feel — however much they may disagree with some of his opinions — that he comes to them as a mental Emancipator. The phrase is clumsy, but I can, at the moment, hit upon nothing more expressive to indicate the indebtedness of thinkers and scholars to Emerson's grand audacity and wonderful insight.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

Boston, April 21.

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7 Norham Gardens, Oxford,
19th April, 1880.

The translator of the Upanishads, Mokshamûla-Ra, sends greetings and best wishes to his American Guru, Amarasûnu, on his seventy-seventh birthday, and encloses an extract from an Upanishad, lately discovered:

Old age and decay lay hold of the body, the senses, the memory, the mind — never of the Self, the looker on.

The Self never grows tired — the body grows tired of supporting the Self.

The Self never grows blind — the windows of the senses become darkened with dust and rain.

The Self never forgets — the inscriptions on the memory fade, and it is well that much should be forgotten.

The Self never errs — the many wheels of our own small watches grow rusty, but we look up to the eternal dial in the heavens above which remains right forever.

[MAX MULLER.]

Deanery, Westminster.

Long may Ralph Waldo Emerson enjoy the influence which superiority gives over mediocrity, and calm reason over fleeting passion.

[DEAN STANLEY.]

April 23, 1880,
The birthday and deathday of Shakespeare.

Emerson: A man whose commanding genius is acknowledged by men of genius in all countries is not so rare as a man who, with such genius, is still more honored and revered by those who know him nearest for spotless purity and righteousness of character.

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

New York, April 23, 1880.

No words of mine can overstate my respect and admiration for the great poet and essayist whose seventy-seventh birthday the *Literary World* does well to honor. Standing as he does at the head of our literature, and foremost among the philosophical thinkers of our age, it needs no gift of prophecy to foresee that his reputation will lose nothing by the lapse of time. No living poet of the English-speaking tongue has written verses bearing more distinctly than his the mark of immortality. In his prose works all must recognize his keen insight, wisdom, fine sense of humor, large tolerance, and love of nature in her simplest as well as grandest aspects — an inimitable combination of practical sagacity, profound reflection, and mystical intuition. May his days be long in the land!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our land possesses now a group of men whose old age is a matter of wide and deep regret. This regret does not come from any painful decline of power, but from the thought that they must pass away. We so love them as poets, or historians, or philosophers, that we are saddened at the thought that they are mortal. Could all the scholars and students of our continent touch Nature by a perfect harmony of prayer, this group of great souls would have their days amazingly extended on these shores. They have lived wisely; they have lived usefully; they have lived beautifully; they have combined great genius and morals; learning has not led them away from simplicity; nor has fame of the highest order developed in them traces of vanity. No age, ancient or modern, can point to nobler sons. In this illustrious

company, high as the highest, as grand as the grandest, stands Ralph Waldo Emerson.

DAVID SWING.

Emerson and Carlyle Compared.

There are persons, mole blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,
Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer;
He sees fewer objects, but clearlier, truelier,
If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar;
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson;
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,—
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,
Where the one's most abounding, the other's to seek;
C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass,—
E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;
C. gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mystical hues,—
E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common-sense;
C. shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,—
While E., in a plain preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every day;
C. draws all his characters quite *à la* Fuseli,—
He don't sketch their bundles of muscles and thews illy,
But he paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,
They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and thews;
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines straight and severe,
And a colorless outline, but full, round and clear;—
To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
The design of a white marble statue in words.
C. labors to get at the centre, and then
Take a reckoning from there of his actions and men;
E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
And, given himself, has whatever is wanted.

— LOWELL: *Fable for Critics.*

Table Talk.

. . . I am not much acquainted with Emerson's works, though such ideas as I have got from him in a limited acquaintance have the faculty of staying by. Thus, when I hear the world talking of the latest novel, and find myself somewhat in the shade for not having read it for lack of time, I console myself with Emerson's rule not to read a book until it is a year old. And I have often been contented to extend my knowledge of the classics through good translations when I thought of his saying that he would not swim Charles River when he could reach Boston over the bridge. With no knowledge of Mr. Emerson personally, I believe one of the most lovable things about him must be his smile, which comes as near to that which must have rested on the Saviour's countenance when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," as is possible for the human face divine. I seem to see it now as he moved among the crowds of Commencement, a pure and heavenly influence amid the bustle and hilarity of that day. B.

. . . Mr. S. C. Hall, speaking of Emerson's visit to and description of Wordsworth, says:

It is clear that Wordsworth excited no reverence in the mind of Emerson. If that clear-sighted and cold-reasoning man had hero-worship, it was not for the poet.—*Memories*, by S. C. Hall, p. 294. 1871.

. . . Mr. Richard Holt Hutton tells us that Mr. Emerson used to narrate the following anecdote of Goethe, "not without keen sympathy for the oppressed lion":

A fanatical admirer burst into the bedroom of an inn where Goethe was undressing, and, throwing himself ecstatically at his feet, poured forth at the same time a set speech of adoration. Goethe blew out the candle, and jumped into bed.—*Essays on Literary Criticism*, p. 30.

. . . I wonder if Mr. Emerson has anywhere written about a New England peddler I once heard him tell about in conversation, who seemed fully to justify Wordsworth's peddler, in the "Excursion"; a theorist who disapproved of money and did business without it, and philosophized wherever he went. MC'K.

On Emerson's Imitators.

There comes ——, for instance; to see him's rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's tracks with legs painfully short;
How he jumps, how he strains, and gets red in the face,
To keep step with the mystagogue's natural pace!
He follows as close as a stick to a rocket,
His fingers exploring the prophet's each pocket.
Fie, for shame, brother bard; with good fruit of your own,
Can't you let neighbor Emerson's orchards alone?
Besides, 'tis no use, you'll not find e'en a core—
—— has picked up all the windfalls before!
They might strip every tree, and E. never would catch 'em,
His Hesperides have no rude dragon to watch 'em;
When they send him a dishfull, and ask him to try 'em,
He never suspects how the sly rogues came by 'em;
He wonders why 'tis there are none such his trees on,
And thinks 'em the best he has tasted this season.

—LOWELL: *Fable for Critics.*

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Thoughts on Modern Literature.	"	" 2.
New Poetry.	"	" 2.
Woodnotes. Poems.	"	" 2.
The Sphinx. A poem.	"	" 3.
Thoughts on Art.	"	" 3.
Man the Reformer.	"	" 4.
Painting and Sculpture, Fate.	Vol. II.	" 2.
Walter Savage Landor.	"	" 2.
The Senses and the Soul.	"	" 3.
Lectures on the Times.	Vol. III.	" 1.
Tact, Holidays. Poems.	"	" 1.
Prayers.	"	" 1.
Fourierism and the Socialists.	"	" 1.
Chardon Street and Bible Convention.	"	" 1.
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English Reformers.	"	" 2.
Saadi. A poem.	"	" 2.
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The Comic.	"	" 2.
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III.

Forthcoming Works relating to Emerson.

A Study of Emerson—of his life, works, character, and influence—is in course of preparation by the Rev. George W. Cooke, of Indianapolis, Ind., and will probably be ready for publication the coming fall. While called a "Study," it is also biographical to some extent, giving a much fuller account of Mr. Emerson's life than has yet appeared. It will treat quite fully of the Divinity School Address and its consequences, the *Dial*, and Mr. Emerson's relations to the transcendental movement; and there will be two chapters devoted to his relations to the anti-slavery movement before and during the war, with ample quotations from his addresses on that subject. We have given elsewhere the substance of one chapter. The table of contents in full is as follows: The Nature of Mr. Emerson's Genius, The Sources of His Culture, Ancestry, Early Life, Ministry, Concord, Transcendentalism, Stating the New Faith, Social Relations, Lectures and Essays, Growing Fame, Relations to the Anti-Slavery Movement, In War Time, Recent Years, Home Life, Literary Methods, Literary Opinions, What the Critics Say, Poetry, As a Lecturer, Place among Thinkers, Theory of Ethics, Moral Conclusions, Views of God, Views of Man, Views of Immortality, Present Attitude towards Religion, The Tendencies of Thought.

A Concord Guide-Book, to answer the thousand and one questions which strangers and visitors have to ask about the town, has been written by Mr. G. B. Bartlett, one of its citizens, and is in press for immediate publication by D. Lothrop & Co., of this city. The book is very tastefully designed and prettily illustrated, and will be both attractive and interesting, giving the reader a view of the town and of the localities which have become famous through association, and reciting the particulars of what may be called its literary history. Its picture of Mr. Emerson's home we have transferred to these columns. The following is an outline of the contents: A Glance at the History of the Town; The First Church and the Pastors; The Old Graveyard and its Curious Inscriptions; Sleepy Hollow; The Graves of Hawthorne, Thoreau, and others, on the Ridge; Epitaph written by Judge Hoar and his Brother, etc.; The Battle Ground, and Accounts of the Fight, by Rev. W. Emerson, Dr. Ripley, and Lemuel Shattuck; Houses of Historical Interest which were Built before 1775; Houses of Literary Interest—Emerson's, Hawthorne's, the Manse where both lived, with Sketches of Dr. Ripley and Rev. Wm. Emerson; Alcott's House and Family; Thoreau's, Channing's, and Miss Peabody's; F. B. Sanborn's, G. P. Lathrop's, W. W. Wheildon's, Rev. G. Reynolds's, Lieut.-Gov. Brown's, Sec. French's, Frederic Hudson's, William Munroe's; The Library; The Monuments; Various Organizations and their Founders; The Concord Grape; The Clubs; French's Studio, and his Bust of Emerson; Walden Pond; The Museum of Antique Curiosities; The Rivers and their Surroundings; The School of Philosophy; etc., etc. The pictures include views of most of these scenes.

We may add that Mr. E. P. Whipple has been engaged, for a year past, upon an extended review of Emerson as a poet, and of his position among the poets of the century, whether English or American. The essay is as yet incomplete, but is certain of being a most important contribution to the literature of Emerson.

CARLYLE, EMERSON, WORDSWORTH.

Springfield Republican, Feb. 11. 1881

The Three Upheavers—Carlyle in Youth and in Age—His Relation to Emerson—Sumner's and Theodore Parker's Anecdotes of Carlyle.

From Our Special Correspondent.

BOSTON, Tuesday, February 8.

When Thoreau gave one of his radical lectures in the basement of an orthodox meeting-house somewhere in New Hampshire, he expressed in his diary the hope that "he had contributed something to upheave and demolish the structure above." The three great upheavers in English and American thought during the century now passing away were Carlyle, the mighty Scotchman, lying dead in London, Emerson, his American friend, and Wordsworth, who preceded them both in years, but has chiefly supplemented and reinforced their work in remodeling the substance of thought among English-speaking men. Wordsworth was 25 years older than Carlyle, and Carlyle seven or eight years older than Emerson, but their rays converged to a focus about the same time, though traveling from such unequal distances. They wrought like elemental forces,—Carlyle in the thunder and lightning manner,—Emerson with the irresistible potency of sunlight, and Wordsworth like a fresh mountain wind, steadily and monotonously murmuring, but bringing health and freshness wherever it was felt at all, and making itself felt everywhere at last. Wordsworth once talked to Emerson for an hour or two, and in course of that time said that he thought Carlyle sometimes insane; abused Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" heartily, as being "full of all manner of fornication, like the crossing of flies in the air"; but promised to look at Carlyle's translation of it again, when Emerson defended the better parts of it. This was in 1833, when Carlyle was little known, but was writing "Sartor Resartus," at Craigenputtock, 16 miles from Dumfries, in a solitary house "amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart,"—and where Emerson had just paid him a visit, which was to Carlyle like the coming of an angel. The two were friends from the moment they saw each other, like Wordsworth and Coleridge. They went out to walk over the long hills, and "looked down into Wordsworth's country"; then they sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul, Carlyle, says Emerson, "was honest and true, and cognizant of the subtile links that bind ages together; he saw how every event affects all the future. 'Christ died on the tree; that built Dunscore kirk yonder; that brought you and me together.'" At Stonehenge, 15 years later, they were together again, and again talked of high themes. "The old times of England impress Carlyle much; he reads little, he says in these last years but *Acta Sanctorum*, and finds all English history therein. He can see, as he reads, the old saint of Iona sitting there and writing, a man to men. These 'Acts of the Saints' show plainly that the men of those times believed in God, and in the immortality of the soul. Now even the puritanism is all gone; London is pagan. He fancied that greater men had lived in England than any of her writers." Yet he stood up stoutly for England as contrasted with America, when Emerson frankly told him: "I surely know that, as soon as I return to Massachusetts, I shall lapse at once into the feeling which the geography of America inevitably inspires, that we play the game with immense advantage; that there and not here is the seat and center of the British race; and that England, an old and exhausted island, must one day be contented, like other parents, to be strong only in her children." This was nothing that Carlyle could understand, who was habitually and willfully blind to America, and hence will hardly pass among us now for the great man he truly was. He told Charles Sumner in 1838 that "the strangest thing in the history of literature was his recent receipt of £50 from America, on account of his 'French Revolution,' which had never yielded him a farthing in Europe, and probably never would." Nor did "Sartor Resartus" attract much notice in England until it had been republished in Boston, and been much admired here, in the early transcendental days.

The current statement that Carlyle and his wife visited Germany together, early in his literary career, is mistaken. He corresponded with Goethe, who died in 1831, but never went to see him, and wrote "Sartor Resartus" with its apparently minute knowledge of German life, from the notes taken in Germany by his brother, Dr John Carlyle, who had lived for a while in

that country. Later, Carlyle and his wife were prepared to visit Germany, as the story goes, when the publisher sent him word that "Sartor" did not sell, and their income was not then large enough to warrant such a journey under those circumstances. Even so late as 1848 Carlyle lived in a very plain way at Chelsea, keeping but one domestic, which in England indicates much simplicity of household life. A friend who then visited him, said that he should never have suspected this domestic unitarianism, so well was everything managed in the house, but when he wanted to make some presents to the servants, and asked the chambermaid where the cook was, behold she was cook, chambermaid, table-girl and all, in one. Mrs Carlyle was in these matters, as in all others, the best of wives, without whose sympathy and thousand cares not half her husband's work in life could have been done. Carlyle made her acquaintance when he and Edward Irving were teaching school at Kirkcaldy and Dysart, on the frith of Forth, where they used to walk on the beach together at evening. Dr Welch,—a descendant of John Knox's daughter who married Patrick Welch, the minister,—was living not far off, with his daughter Jane, to whom both these young men of genius offered themselves. She accepted Carlyle, but against Dr Welch's wishes, and the young couple were sent away to live in a sort of exile at Craigenputtock. This story has been told before, but it may be new to some of your readers.

So, too, may this anecdote be which Sumner used to tell, and which I copy from James Redpath's note-book. Sumner said he was once at breakfast in London with Sydney Smith and perhaps a dozen others, among them Monckton Milnes, when Smith asked the young Bostonian how English literary reputations stood in America. "We sometimes," said Sumner (in 1838-9) "presume to rejudge your judgments, to refuse a reputation where you give one,—to give a name where you withhold it." "An example! an example!" cried Smith in his careering style. I said at once, related Sumner, "Carlyle." "Carlyle? we don't know him here,—what have you got to say for Carlyle?" "He seems to me," said Sumner, "to write as if by flashes of lightning,"—a declaration which seemed to surprise all the company except Milnes, who came and gave his card to Sumner, saying, "I am the only man here who values Carlyle." "My remark," Sumner added, "was reported to Carlyle, and I do not think it displeased him." In the same year, or a little earlier (June 1, 1838) George Ticknor "found time to make a visit to Carlyle, and to hear one of his lectures," and described him as "a small, spare, ugly Scotchman, with a strong accent, which I should think he takes no pains to mitigate. His manners are plain and simple, but not polished, and his conversation much of the same sort. He is now lecturing for subsistence to about a hundred persons, who pay him, I believe, two guineas each. He spoke, as he commonly does, without notes, and, therefore, as nearly extempore as a man can, who prepares himself carefully, as it was plain he had done." The half-contemptuous tone in which Ticknor spoke contrasts well with the warm admiration of Sumner. Ten years later Carlyle had many friends among the London gentry, who were ready to do him all manner of services, which he mostly declined. He was a proud man, knew his own worth, and did not toady those above him,—as it is to be feared the lofty Ticknor sometimes did. "Carlyle bows to a lord," said Emerson once, "because he thinks a lord should have a bow,—but nobody could possibly *pocket the bow*."

In this trait, as in most things, Carlyle has been the complement of Emerson,—what one had the other lacked—yet they started from the same center and moved by the same impulse. Both have led their generations to the fountain of light and truth,—but while Carlyle has gone backward to find it, and pointed us to strong and willful men who embodied noble traits, Emerson has moved forward, and sought for the highest human qualities, as Wordsworth did, in simple and obscure men and women. In the "Sartor Resartus," and in "Heroes and Hero-Worship," they came nearest together,—since then their paths have been divergent, without estranging them from the friendship with which their acquaintance began. Carlyle has magnified his Cromwells, Mirabeaus, Fredericks—while Emerson has steadily declared that "none shall rule but the humble." Their treatment of the slavery question marked this contrast in the strongest manner. In 1844, when Theodore Parker called on Carlyle and found him drinking whisky punch one Sunday afternoon with his brother John, Carlyle began to rail at poor Quashee with his sugar-cane and his pumpkin, and to take sides with the planter against him. Parker, of course, took the other side. "But, mon," said Carlyle, "your friend Emerson over there in Concord, thinks just as I do." "On the contrary," said Parker, and proceeded to quote to him what Emerson had said in 1843 on the anniversary of West India emancipation. A year later, Parker might have sent Carlyle (and perhaps did) what Emerson said in a speech at Waltham, in 1845:—

"The Persians have a proverb: 'Beware of the orphan; for when the orphan sets a crying, the throne of Almighty God is shaken from side to side.' It is certain that if it should come to question, all just men must take the part of the black against the white man. Then, I say, never is the planter safe; his house is a den; a just man cannot go there except to tell him so. Whatever may appear at the moment, however contrasted the fortunes of the black and the white; though the one live in his hereditary mansion-house, and the other in a shed; though one rides an Arabian horse, and the other is hunted by blood-hounds; though one eats and the other sweats, one strikes and the other dies,—yet is the planter's an unsafe and unblest condition. Nature fights on the other side; and as power is always stealing from the idle to the busy hand, it seems inevitable that a revolution is preparing, at no distant day, to set these disjointed matters right." And when the predicted revolution came, the American seer was found on the right side, while Carlyle was giving aid and comfort to the other. Notwithstanding all this, we owe a vast debt of gratitude to Carlyle, who first emancipated the age from its bondage to shams, and made sincerity and seriousness attractive in literature, as Wordsworth had done before him. Neither were recognized at first; both swerved toward might as against right, when they grew old and famous; but they could not undo their own work, and the age went forward in the path their early enthusiasm had worked out.

EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson reached his seventy-seventh birthday on Tuesday. He came into town with his daughter (he seldom comes alone now) to attend one of the meetings. You have seen the article in the *Literary World* of this city in tribute to the occasion. Mr. Emerson's bodily health appears to be good, and, with the exception of his failure in the remembrance of names and faces, his mind is unimpaired. He is still interested in the doings of the great world, and it is hoped that he will continue to be seen in it for several years, though the chances are that his days of public addresses are over. There has for a considerable time appeared to be an absence of full concentration upon what he was saying in public, except under an obvious effort. He has earned the right to rest, for Emerson has been longer on the platform as a speaker than any public man now living with us. The period when he began to speak is long before my own recollection. I first heard him in his "Representative Men" course, thirty-five years ago. He was then generally voted a transcendentalist, difficult to understand, and not quite definite in his own purpose. Few essays are clearer or more picturesque than those he then gave on Shakespeare and Napoleon. This whole course was intensely interesting as originally delivered. Emerson used to be talked of then as the American Carlyle. There is now an end of saying this about him in intelligent quarters. The wonder is that it was ever said. The only resemblance of the men is that both proceed after original methods. It is but fair, however, to say that Carlyle is not at all now the Carlyle that he was when the comparison was first made; the change has been radical in his spirit and manner. The tributes sent to Emerson do not seem to me to be of the happiest character, as a rule; they have too much the aspect of being worked up as part of a publisher's enterprise. The entirely satisfactory word about Emerson is yet to be written. When we do have it, it will place him first of all Americans intellectually, and this not alone as a philosopher and a man of original thought. As a poet, his writing has been much more limited than that of the men more distinctively recognized as American poets; but no one of them has equaled his more characteristic pieces.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

AN AUTHORITATIVE DENIAL OF HIS CONVERSION BY REV. JOSEPH COOK TO ORTHODOXY.

[The following letter from a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson in answer to a letter written by a gentleman of Indianapolis to the Concord philosopher will explain the tenuity of foundation upon which rest a number of paragraphs floating through the papers asserting the conversion of Mr. Emerson by Rev. Joseph Cook. The next thing in order is an explanation from Mr. Cook.]

CONCORD, Feb. 17.

Dear Sir:—Some weeks ago my father received a letter from you inquiring if a statement made to you by a friend in Boston with regard to him was true. The statement was that under the influence of Rev. Joseph Cook he had changed his religious beliefs, and accepted the doctrines of the Orthodox Congregationalists. My father receives many letters, but now very seldom writes one.

More than once before letters have been received by him from persons in the West asking almost the same question that you ask, one gentleman stating that at Minneapolis Rev. Joseph Cook had stated in a public lecture that Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott had publicly renounced their early religious beliefs, accepted Jesus as their Saviour, the Bible as divine, and joined the Orthodox church. Paragraphs have lately appeared in the newspapers stating essentially the same thing. Therefore, it seems to me fair that persons who have been perhaps led out of the old paths by Mr. Emerson's teachings, and are now told that he has admitted that he went astray and has returned to even a stricter fold than that from which he went forth, should know the truth. I therefore asked and received leave from my father to answer your note.

The statement is, in every respect, incorrect. Mr. Emerson is acquainted with Rev. Mr. Cook, who has called upon him, when he has exchanged with the Orthodox clergyman of Concord, and, by invitation of the latter gentleman, Mr. Emerson went on one or two occasions, several years since, to hear Mr. Cook preach in this town. Except on these occasions Mr. Emerson has never had any relations with Mr. Cook. He never reads his lectures. He has not joined any church, nor has he retracted any views expressed in his writings after his withdrawal from the ministry. His last words given to the public on matters of morals and religion may be found in his paper in the *North American Review* for June, 1878, on the "Sovereignty of Ethics," and in his lecture entitled "The Preacher," delivered to the divinity students at Harvard University less than a year ago, and now printed in the *Unitarian Review* for January, 1880.

Mr. Emerson's friends and readers can judge for themselves whether these papers confirm the truth of the tale that is going about as to his conversion to Orthodoxy.—Truly yours,

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON.

A little Boston boy got lost in the White Mountains the other day, and when they found him he was quoting Emerson and yelling alternately. [New York Mail.—But unfortunately there being only New York people around, the quotations from the sage of Concord met with as little appreciation as would pearls distaminated in the pathway of certain an'mals condemned of Moses.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The seventy-seventh birth-day of a man so eminent and beloved as Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson could hardly be permitted to pass without a distinct recognition of some distinguished kind. To the reverence due to clear and exalted thinking, we join the universal respect paid to old age. As the years of survival grow naturally fewer, we grudge them diminution and rate them as costlier and costlier. It is customary to say that the dominant literary taste is insufficient and of dubious accuracy. Carpers urge, sometimes with show of reason, that we are living in an age of loose thinking, which is perhaps worse than no thinking at all. In a time of rank and efflorescent production, the eye may be beguiled into keeping at a low angle while sturdier and statelier growths are neglected. The phenomenon is that, maugre our shallowness and merely manufactured letters, a thinker like Emerson should get such hold of the public heart and head. A writer is not to be fairly estimated by what his literary fellows say of him. Their tribute is partly a matter of good breeding; partly it is extorted by a professional sense of veracious criticism, and through fealty to the guild. *The Literary World* has taken the pains, upon this anniversary occasion, to evoke from various well-known persons their estimate of Mr. Emerson. We prefer to think rather of the fealty of those who are not distinguished. The praise of the academy is worth having, but not less the praise of the factory, the farm and the workshop. And, after all, if we consider the nature and conditions of literary fame, we shall find that its gist is not so much in the approval of the select few as in the plaudits of the many. The great reputations are won from the masses of book-readers and not from the thin ranks of the book-makers. The immortalities come of universal suffrage.

Mr. Emerson's books are popular in the best sense of the word. They are not accepted through the bullying of a conventional hurrah. Each reader who loves them does so in a private personal way, and would not abate a jot of his adirmation, though all the rest of mankind should conclude to read them no more. He has given bonds to sincerity. He is safe from indiscriminate acceptance. He would not be afraid to discard whole chapters, if they did not recommend themselves to his conscientious approval. He is not dismayed if he encounters that which he does not easily comprehend, or cannot comprehend at all. The obscurity of this paragraph is to be pardoned for the lucidity of that which follows it. A fresh charm, a new grace smiles a welcome as each successive page is turned. There is music if, at the moment, there be no point-blank meaning; and there is the swiftly recurring epigram which tells us everything in a breath, and, having done its errand, makes room for the next one. Then, too, strangely mingling with recondite speculation and with those ornamental illustrations which the imagination of the writer supplies, there is a pervading and almost homely common-sense; while the expression which had been a little enigmatic becomes plain to simplicity. The difficulty of perusing Emerson intelligently has been strangely exaggerated, and we have gone on talking of it, because we talked of it in the beginning. He who has long read him has little or no embarrassment in finding out what the philosopher and poet would be at. There are no mysteries of character to puzzle those who have long been friends; and respectful familiarity accustoms us to the nomenclature and methods of books which have won a household place with us. The perfect veracity of Emerson makes all equal with his otherwise unequal moods. If he rises into a rarefied atmosphere of subtle discrimination, we go with him; but with all his love of the superterrestrial, his speech is often like the speech of rustics, and has a Doric flavor of the fresh-ploughed earth. If he loves Nature as the mother of all beauty, he loves her not less as the source of all utility, as the original force of all the economies of life, as the producer of that which we eat and drink and are clothed withal. So it is with his estimates of man and of society. He has few words to waste upon folly, but for all wisdom, in every possible form of speech or deed, a smiling respect which cheers us and makes us think less meanly of the soul.

We are not afraid of the future of a people which has called for many editions, luxurious or plain, of Emerson's works. The trash which is printed is infinite in bulk and meets a certain mean and diseased appetite, or the caterers would not supply it. But let us not dwell too apprehensively upon this depravity of relish! For more than forty years one of our wisest men has not failed to find an audience, and has grown larger and larger in the eyes of the thoughtful and sincere; until now, become a patriarch, he can say nothing to which a great troop is not willing to listen. He has won our hearts by a sweeter amiability than ever philosopher before attained; he has reconciled us to the accidents of life by showing how impotent they are to disturb the equilibrium of the wise; he has corrected our sense of the proportions of things, of events, of fortunes; and if he has touched our foibles it has been with a tender finger, and implied apologies which made reproof easy to bear. Lastly, he furnishes us with the rare example of a serene and beautiful old age. He gives us no more books, but does he not give us something better?

Of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson a correspondent of *The Hartford Courant* writes: "The vigor of that wonderful intellect remains superior to the ravages of accumulating years, but the evidences of decay nevertheless manifest themselves sadly enough in that disease of old age, the inability to recall words, which is technically named aphasia. The simplest combinations fail him, but he bears his pain gently, calmly, grandly. When in doubt he turns quietly to his daughter and inquires of her. She answers him, and then he proceeds by the help of her suggestion as he had begun. On the particular occasion of which my informant told me occurred two remarkable instances of his failing. The first was his inability to recall the word which would describe his son's profession. It was not a mere hesitating for a word. It was an absolute inability even to form it. He waited for a moment and then he said, 'Daughter, what is your brother's profession?' 'He is a doctor, father,' she answered. 'Yes, doctor,' he said, and then resumed the conversation. The next time he was unable to think of the word which would tell his own age. In like manner he turned again and asked, 'Daughter, how old am I?' and when she told him he assented, and seemed not at all disconcerted at his need of making so peculiar an inquiry."

Herman Grimm, the author of "The Life and Times of Goethe," in a letter complimenting Mrs. Sarah Holland Adams on the excellence of her translation of his book, says: "I am very much indebted to America. I can indeed say that no author with whose writings I have lately become acquainted has had such an influence upon me as Emerson. The manner of writing of this man, whom I hold to be the greatest of all living authors, has revealed to me a new way of expressing thought. Although I grew up in the study of Goethe, and had had much intercourse with those who have known him personally, I am indebted to Emerson for the historical view of Goethe which taught me to regard him as the great phenomenon in the universal development of mankind. In this sense I have sought to represent him in these lectures. Should you give this letter a place in the introduction to your translation, permit me to add a few words which are addressed to my countrymen in America. I have been told that many Germans in America undervalue their own language and read only English books. Without doubt it is right and necessary to speak the language in which the fortunes of the country are decided, where one lives and which one calls his fatherland. But how much would he lose who would thereby forget his own language! Should my book, as an English translation, enter the household of such a German, it may be that he and his family will learn what a man Goethe was, and what an inestimable benefit it is to be able to read his works in his own language. May this book help to draw still nearer together the two nations of the earth that have before them the most glorious future."

A DAY AT CONCORD.

By the Rev. Jabez De Witt Miller.

ONE who visits the village of Concord for the first time will be impressed not only with the typical New England thrift that is everywhere apparent, but with the evidence that in the bestowment of this world's goods Providence has been both impartial and generous. About almost every home there seems to linger an air of luxury and elegant refinement. Directly opposite the Middlesex Hotel, which stands upon one side of a kind of public square, is the town hall, and to the right of that building, deep set in the front of an old graveyard, is a Roman Catholic church. It may seem surprising that Rome should have set up its shrine in a primitive country town, that has not a manufactory in all its borders and which is far removed from anything like the bustle and excitement of the world, but if the visitor takes pains, as I did, to inquire the reason, he will be told that all the people thereabouts are well-to-do and have servants, and it is they who make up the membership. The congregation also includes a number of farmers and people in comfortable circumstances. One of the persons, indeed, with whom I spoke told me that hitherto he had gone to the Liberal church, but that the service was so poorly attended he had concluded to go where the gospel was more highly appreciated, and so had thrown in his lot with the Roman Catholics.

Not the least interesting spot in the village is the graveyard in which both Hawthorne and Thoreau are interred, the grave of the former being on the summit

of a wooded knoll marked only by an unpretending slab upon which is cut in plain letters the name,

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The day of my visit was wintry. The cemetery seemed to wear its mantle of snow as an oriental mourning garment, and more distinctly if possible than did Longfellow on that May day of 1864—"that one bright day in the long week of rain"—when they buried him, standing on "the hill top hearsed with pines," I seemed to

> "Only hear above his place of rest
> Their tender undertone,
> The infinite longings of a troubled breast;
> Their voice so like his own."

To the right of Hawthorne's plot is the burial-place of the Alcotts. Long may it remain untenanted by the gray-haired sire whose wife and some of whose children are here awaiting him. Below Hawthorne's grave, looking toward the cemetery entrance, peacefully reposes the eccentric genius of Walden Pond—Henry D. Thoreau. The members of his father's family are all about him, refusing him in death what was to him in life an inestimable pleasure—that of being utterly alone.

Keeping to the right of the town hall, and passing a tle distance out of the village, one is confronted by a sign telling that a short way down the well-kept lane at the entrance to which it stands is "the rude bridge" and the scene of the Concord fight. This side of the stream, and fronting the entrance to the bridge, stands a weather-beaten monument, bearing the following inscription, one would judge from the hand of Emerson:

> "Here on the 15th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia. Here stood the invading army, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the War of that Revolution which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God in the love of freedom this monument was erected A.D. 1836."

Standing in the same relation to the bridge on the further side of the stream is the Minute-man, the granite base that lifts him aloft bearing Emerson's familiar stanza:

> "Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

Hawthorne's old home, "The Wayside," is the present residence of his son-in-law, Mr. G. P. Lathrop. The place has been out of the hands of the family until last spring, when it was purchased by Mr. Lathrop from a farmer who lives just opposite. It is contemplated to restore it so far as possible to its original aspect and condition, though as yet comparatively little has been done. At my desire, though quite against the rule which Mr. Lathrop has established while it remains in its present unsettled state, Mr. Lathrop took me to Hawthorne's den, the tower at the top of the house. The window to the front affords a view of the river in the distance, and is suggestive of the perpetual quiet that Hawthorne so dearly loved. Near this window is a rude desk, made by screwing a slanting piece of board to the wall and sustaining it by a prop reaching to the floor, at which he often stood and wrote. The room is much larger than one would think it to be looking at the tower from the street, and is well lighted and in every way cheerful. Hawthorne's name and the date of his death have been painted upon one of the walls. There is a popular tradition that Hawthorne used to withdraw to this room and let down a huge trapdoor over the entrance, the more effectually to shut himself in from the outer world. Mr. Lathrop assured me that there was no truth whatever in the story. It had, as he understood, been invented by Mr. Alcott, who thus sought to pleasantly satirize Hawthorne's chronic habit of seclusion.

Coming from The Wayside I passed the old home of Mr. Alcott, who was Hawthorne's next door and nearest neighbor. The house was tenantless and gloomy, no foot had passed to it from the street since the last snow had fallen, and the orchard of gnarled old apple trees looked as though it might not live to afford grateful shade to many more midsummer schools of philosophy. Mr. Alcott moved some two or three years since to a comfortable modern massion in the main village street.

Nearer the village, and standing close by the fork of the roads, is Mr. Emerson's. A plain fence comes well into the street and not many feet back stands the large, square-built house. To the left of the house is an overgrown wood-pile, that speaks of long winters and untold comfort in front of cheery fire-places. I mount the porch, and ring, and the servant ushers me into a roomy hallway and thence into Mr. Emerson's room at the right, a most pleasant apartment, not too large, but just large enough. To the left as I enter stands a bookcase stretching from the floor to the ceiling. Upon one of the lower shelves are the five volumes which Mr. Emerson has given to the world. The furnishing of the room is plain to homeliness. In the center stands a square-built mahogany table and at its side an old fashioned "Boston rocker." Upon the table are a few books, a pen-and-inkstand, and a much worn portfolio. Between the two windows looking to the street is a square-built lounge. A chest of drawers is at the right of the lounge and the windowsills toward the village are full of newspapers. A conch shell, such as our grandmothers used to think so highly ornamental, occupies an honored place upon the shelf over the fire-place. A few portraits are scattered upon the walls and a fair bust of Charles Sumner is given a conspicuous position.

Presently Mr. Emerson enters. His thin, white hair is carefully combed over his bald crown, and his old-fashioned turn-over collar barely conceals the edge of his black silk neckerchief. He is dressed in a Prince Albert coat, black vest and light pantaloons, and dangles his "eyes," as he calls them, in his left hand. He eagerly and persistently asks questions about the busy world outside, and seems to look upon his visitor as a messenger come to give him glimpses of that grosser existence the slightest noise of whose tireless life scarcely reaches him. It has been said of late that Mr. Emerson was growing old very fast, and was losing, in some respect, the use of his faculties. I found, in the two hours I remained with him, the only indication of this to be that matters of contemporaneous worldly importance are apt to be forgotten, and that very often he finds it difficult to recall the word that he wishes to use; but his intellect when turned to the illumination of the themes in the contemplation of which his life has been spent is as clear, as grasping, as unapproached and unapproachable as ever. When asked if he had undergone a change of religious belief, he replied that he had seen no reason whatever for modifying the views he had held for so many years. He accompanied me to the door as I took my departure, putting me under additional obligations for his kindness by saying that he was "an old man, and saw very few visitors," and I left him whose genius as a philosopher is unrivaled save by his virtues as a man.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE BIRTHDAY OF EMERSON.

The friends of Ralph Waldo Emerson have been contributing each in his own way to a memorial number of the Boston Literary World, commemorating his career, and celebrating his 77th birthday anniversary, which occurred Tuesday. The thought was a happy one—although, of all literary men, Mr Emerson has the smallest liking for tributes of this kind. He does not willingly think or speak of himself directly, in connection with what he has done in literature,—and in an age when almost all men and women, from Miss Penthesilea with her little poem to Mr Gladstone with his broad-ax, seek to advertise themselves somehow,—Mr Emerson has resolutely kept himself in the background and gone about his work without flourish of trumpets. This "Emerson number" of the Boston newspaper will be as great a surprise to him as to anybody,—whether he reads it all or not.

It may not seem to a modest man like Mr Emerson worth while to read all that Mr Abbott has brought together concerning him in the Literary World, but the general reader will find much that is new and suggestive, as well as something familiar in this collection of articles and copious bibliography of the subject. Pains have not been spared to collect the material for a fair judgment of the New England seer, and we find here separate papers—all brief—concerning "Emerson as a Man," (by Dr Bartol); "Emerson as a Philosopher and Poet;" "Emerson as the Founder of Literature;" "Emerson's Books"—with a fairly complete list of all that he has printed and notices of many reviews of his books during the past forty years; "Emerson's Literary Methods;" "Emerson's College Days;" "Emerson and His Friends;" "Emerson's Concord Home;" and several other topics. Among the authors of these papers, will be found some of the men who have the best right to speak of Emerson and his position in literature,—while others, like Mr Alcott and Ellery Channing, who were invited to write, have for various reasons declined. In the absence of Mr Channing's contribution let us draw a strophe and antistrophe from his ode of 1846 to his friend, then but little known compared with his present fame:—

"In city's street how often shall we hear
It is a period
Deprived of every God,—
A time of indecision—and doom's near!
When foolish altercation
Threatens to break the nation;
All men turned talkers and much good forgot,—
With scores of curious troubles we know not.

"We never heard thee babble in this wise,
Thou age-creator
And clear debater
Of that which this good Present underlies:
Thy course is better kept
Than where the dreamers slept;
Thy sure meridian taken by the sun,
Thy compass pointing true as waters run."

Nor was this the earliest recognition of Emerson. In 1843-6, when Edgar Quinet, in company with his elder friend, Michelet, was "fighting the battle for the soul's freedom in France against the Jesuits," as was then said, he delivered and published a volume of lectures on "Christianity and the French Revolution." In one of these lectures, on "America and the Reformation," Quinet thus spoke of Emerson, then known only as a transcendentalist lecturer, and scarcely heard of in Europe at all:—

"In this North America, which is pictured to us as so materialistic, I find the most ideal writer of our times. Contrast the formulas of German philosophy (too often copied from Alexandria) with the inspiration, the initiative, the moral *élan* of Emerson! A new philosophy might be expected to come forth from those virgin forests, sooner or later; and already it begins to raise its head. The author I have just named (Emerson) is proof enough that bold pioneers are at work, in America, pursuing the quest of truth in the moral world. What we announce in Europe, from the summit of a ruined past, he also announces in the germinating solitude of a world absolutely new. What mean these voices, these spiritual presences, which meet us, by surprise, across the ocean? Although we have abandoned the past, neither here nor there have we lost ourselves in the labyrinth of a desert island. On the virgin sand of the new world behold the footsteps of a man,—and a man who is moving toward the future by the same road that we are going."

In quoting this passage to his correspondent, Mrs Ripley of Concord, Dr Francis wrote in 1846: "So you see Quinet adopts Emerson into 'the family of the world's true seers, the goodly 'fellowship of the prophets. It is delightful to 'see truth and greatness which seem to us so 'domestic to ourselves (because we know the 'man,) reaching across the ocean, and awakening 'such a response from one of the most upward 'and earnest spirits of the old world." Hardly had these words been written when Quinet, on account of these very lectures, was suspended from his professorship in Paris,—but he was restored in 1848, under the government of his friend, Lamartine. In 1852, after the coup d'état, he was banished by Louis Napoleon, and remained an exile till 1870, when the new republic restored him to France, and he became a radical deputy in the national Assembly, of which he was still a member at his death in 1875. He was three months older than Emerson, and began authorship about the same time—from 1833 to 1838. But to Quinet was assigned a stormy existence in the fluctuations of French politics, while Emerson, his contemporary, has spent a serene life, overlooking the results of revolution and civil war in America. Long may that life continue, and may his increasing years bring no loss of peace, while adding to his well-earned fame!

Ralph Waldo Emerson's Birthday.

From the New York Herald, May 25.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is seventy-seven years old to-day. His father was a Unitarian clergyman. He was born in Boston, and he graduated at Harvard. He himself was ordained a minister, but retired to Concord to devote his time to literature and the study of nature. He is a LL.D. The Athenæum recently said that it is not easy to imagine an Emerson anterior to Carlyle; but, as the Springfield Republican neatly replies, Emerson is the perfect poet—Carlyle is the absolute satirist. The story used to be told of Emerson, told probably of a score of others, that when one of his admirers asked him for the meaning of one of his sentences he replied that he must have known it before the ink was dry. Emerson will receive many compliments on this his birthday, but none will be greater than that of Edgar Quinet, who some thirty-five years ago said: "What we announce in Europe from the summit of a ruined post be also announces in the germinating solitude of a world absolutely new." The paragraphers have recently reprinted throughout the country the story that Emerson milks his own two cows, and accommodates his neighbors with milk; and the anecdote used to be circulated that he had an income of about $900 a year.

ELWELL'S ALCOTT

Kansas City —— Journal

BEAUTIFUL BUST TO BE UNVEILED AT LAWRENCE.

Dec. 7, 1900.

THE PRESENTATION TO-DAY

SCULPTOR'S TRIBUTE TO A NOBLE AMERICAN WOMAN.

Frank Edwin Elwell, in Remembrance of the Goodness of Louisa Alcott, Presents a Bust of the Authoress to University of Kansas.

LAWRENCE, KAS., Dec. 6.—A bust of Miss Louisa M. Alcott will be unveiled to-morrow morning in the Spooner library, University of Kansas. It is the gift as well as the work of Frank Edwin Elwell, the distinguished American sculptor, and is presented as a loving tribute to the memory of a grand woman whose friendship was

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
Bust Modeled and to be Presented To-day to University of Kansas by Frank Edwin Elwell.

so helpful to him and whose writings have tended to ennoble and elevate the lives of thousands of American boys and girls. It is an exquisite piece of work, one of the most meritorious of the many grand things that Mr. Elwell has executed. In technique and treatment it is almost perfect. And besides Mr. Elwell knew Miss Alcott well; she was his friend, his teacher, his adviser, and he knew the soul and heart that breathed life into "Little Men" and "Little Women" that they might make the world a better and sweeter place in which to live. It was this that he caught and this that he put into the face of the statue. There could be no higher tribute to his work.

With Mr. Elwell it was purely a matter of sentiment. "The Greeks," he said, "regarded ingratitude as the most hienous of crime; there must be some Greek in me for I could not be ungrateful.

"Miss Alcott was so much my friend and had so much to do in forming my character that I would have been most ungrateful had I not sought to honor her memory when the opportunity was given, as it came in an invitation to [illegible] a

It was due, perhaps, to Miss Alcott more than to any other person that Mr. Elwell has developed his character along individual lines and made the success that he has of his professional life. "Frank," she once said to him, "you will find that there is nothing in fiction as beautiful and interesting as that which can be found in life." That was the keynote of his artistic career. She made him the original of "Ralph Evans" in "Jack and Jill."

Last May Franklin B. Sanborn, a writer of note and a prominent citizen of Massachusetts, who has held many positions of trust in the state, stopped over at Lawrence on his way home from the meeting of the National Association of Charities and Corrections at Topeka. He stopped as the guest of Alfred Whitman. The two

FRANK EDWIN ELWELL.
From Photograph Taken Yesterday by Mettner, Lawrence, Kas.

gentlemen in their younger days had been together at Concord; Mr. Whitman as a pupil, Mr. Sanford as a teacher.

They had both imbibed philosophy and ethics in that community under the guidance of such men as Emerson and Alcott. They had known the families of each. They had taken parts in the Concord Dramatic Union, which had as other members the three Alcott girls—Anna, Louisa and May; Edith and Edward Emerson, George B. Bartlett and others who have since become noted. They saw the romance that led to the marriage of Anna Alcott and John Pratt. Mr. Whitman was himself one of the boys from which Miss Alcott drew the character of Laurie in "Little Women"—the authoress herself wrote him this in the correspondence that they carried on for years. The two men talked all this over and then Mr. Whitman, with the pride of a Kansan, took his guest to see the university. It was a revelation to Mr. Sanborn. He did not know that in the state there was such an institution.

"Why not have here in the library some recognition of the woman that we both admired and who had helped mold the characters of so many men and women that gave the state its strength?" he asked. "A woman, too, who had fought for glory of freedom and who was associated with some men who made the early history of the state.

"Long before the world knew her as a fanciful, affectionate and pathetic writer, she had joined that small band of anti-slavery men and women in which her parents enrolled themselves before she was born. She was not 3 years old when they visited Garrison in his Boston prison, whither the courtly mayor had sent him to save his life from the broadcloth mob of October, 1835; and, a few years later Mr. Alcott's Boston school had to be given up because he had taken as a pupil a child from a respectable colored family to be taught beside his own daughters.

"The younger Alcotts, therefore, took to anti-slavery as naturally as to the mother tongue; and when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was enacted, and the South, aided and urged on by an unworthy administration at Washington, was striving to "assimilate" Kansas to the "benevolence" of negro slavery, Louisa joined with young and old in resisting the outrage. Few traces of this appear in her books; but such I know to have been the fact. However, she was too much occupied with her own duties, and in the summer of 1856, with the care of her invalid sisters, who had taken scarlet fever from a poor family Mrs. Alcott was nursing near their then home in New Hampshire, to do much for the relief of [illegible] on the Kansas [illegible] in those

ested herself, as her whole family did, in the care and education of Brown's daughters at my Concord school, where, for a time, May Alcott, the artist sister, taught a class in drawing. Then followed her months of nursing in the army hospital at Washington, where she took the fever which nearly destroyed her life, and from the effects of which she never fully recovered, though thirty-four years more remained to her on earth. I mention these facts to show how properly, on political grounds alone, Louisa Alcott is entitled to honor in Kansas."

Then Mr. Sanborn wrote to Mr. Elwell asking him to present to the library a copy of the bust of Miss Alcott that he had made for the library at Concord. Mr. Elwell, after consideration, decided to present not a copy but a new and original work. The new bust that he made was of the period of the gifted woman's life when she was in the height of her power as an authoress the days when she was writing the story of the "Little Women." He put much faithful and conscientious labor upon the bust and as a result obtained a work of most distinguished merit. He aimed not only to reproduce the lines of the figure, but to give to the work the character and mind of her whom he loved when she was in her happiest and best days.

Mr. Elwell came with his finished work to Lawrence. It was viewed by the regents and met in every respect their approval. Mr. Griffith, of the art department, yesterday placed it in position over the librarian's desk, where to-morrow it will be unveiled. At the presentation exercises a letter will be read from Mr. Sanborn in which he will review the career of Miss Alcott and speak of the merit of her work as a writer, her power as a friend and counselor of the youth and her noble life as a woman.

This letter will be read by Mr. Whitman, who will supplement it with reminiscences of the Alcotts and his remembrance of days spent in the classical, philosophical shades of old Concord. The bust will be accepted by Professor E. M. Hopkins, of the department of English. In his presentation speech Mr. Elwell will recall incidents in the life of Miss Alcott as he remembers them and will speak of her life and work.

Mr. Ewell began his art life in the little school at Concord presided over by Miss May Alcott. This excellent instructor, it may be added, not only started out as a sculptor Mr. Elwell, but she also was the inspiration of the earlier work of D. C. French, whose statues have stood in such high favor among his countrymen. Mr. Elwell worked in a studio for a time with Mr. French, and then went to Paris and through the influence of St. Gaudens and Levi P. Morton entered Ecale des Beaux Arts. He took honors in his school and was an exhibitor at the Paris salons, Royal academy, London, and the Royal academy of Brussels. His first important statue, "The Death of Strength," is now in the garden of the old cathedral at Edam, Holland. This was the first statue ever made by a native-born American to be erected in Europe. His famous statue, "Egypt Awakening," is now owned by Gabriel Couplilat, the well known art connoisseur. Mr. Elwell also made a bronze bust of the former lord provost of Aberdeen, Scotland, and the Edwin Booth bas relief at Mount Auburn. The largest equestrian statue in America was made by him; it is the statue of General Hancock, which stands on the battlefield at Gettysburg. His "Dickens and Little Nell" received the medal at the Columbian exposition, Chicago, along with his other work, "Diana and the Lion," and is now in the gallery of modern masters at Chicago.

Mr. Elwell is perhaps best known for his attempt to be an idealist in this nineteenth century. No one can see his "New Life," at Lowell, Mass., without being struck with the feeling that the sculptor has made a sincere effort to produce a work of highest merit. This was made without a commission and, perhaps, is the only ideal statue that ever sold in clay in America. A gentleman came into Mr. Elwell's studio when the work was in progress and after looking it over made an offer of $10,000 for it. One of his ideal statues that has much interested the public is the dancing figure owned by Theodore Starr, of New York. Mr. Elwell's latest ideal statue is "Intelligence," which has just been finished. The statue is a seated figure which, standing, would be fourteen feet high. In the left hand is a perfect sphere, symbol of divine intelligence, and out of which is springing a small statue of an archaic man with arms extended making the sign of the cross. In the lap of Intelligence lies a large book, which represents material intelligence, such as the sciences and history; under the feet on the bottom of the stool are swine's hoofs, representing the lowest form of man's intelligence. The figure is seated in a beautiful Greek chair designed by Harry Bacon, one of Mr. McKim's gifted pupils.

The arms of the chair are two great winged lions which are supposed to carry intelligence all over the universe. The head is the highest type of the American woman [illegible] work

George Cary's beautiful marble state building at Buffalo. Mr. Elwell has just finished the fountains Kronos and Ceres for the Pan-American exposition, and also a bust of Vice President Hobart for the senate chamber, Washington. This is the second bust he has of a vice president in the senate chamber, the other being Vice President Morton. Mr. Elwell is most hopeful of the progress of art in the middle West. From this section, he thinks, will come some of the best things of the country, for the lines are unfixed and unconventional. From its geographical position it offers opportunities for the proper distribution of art, such as is not possible in the extreme East or extreme West. In substantiation of this statement Mr. Elwell cites that Mr. Halcey C. Ives, of St. Louis, presented at the Chicago exposition a display of art unequaled in late years. The great art museums and art influences of future America, he says, are likely to be centered at St. Louis or Kansas City.

SCULPTOR'S GIFT

Kansas City Journal.

BUST OF MISS ALCOTT FOR UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

Dec. 8, 1900.

INTERESTING PRESENTATION

LETTER FROM FRANK B. SANBORN, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Review of the Career and Writings of This Famous Authoress—Some of Her Expressions Regarding Events of Slave Day Struggles.

LAWRENCE, KAS., Dec. 7.—Mr. Frank E. Elwell's bust of Louisa M. Alcott, which is to be placed in the Spooner library, was unveiled in the chapel of the University of Kansas this morning.

Mr. Alfred Whitman opened the presentation exercises with the story of Franklin B. Sanborn's visit to the university last May, of his letter to the artist asking for a reproduction of his bust of Louisa Alcott in the Concord library, and of Mr. Elwell's very generous response. Mr. Whitman read a letter that he had received from Miss Alcott in which she referred to the attempt at kidnaping Mr. Sanborn after the Harper's Ferry raid, of which he was an instigator. "Aren't you sorry that you and I weren't there?" she wrote. "There would have been a perfect Waterloo, with two Wellingtons in the field."

Miss Carrie Watson, librarian, read Mr. Sanborn's letter to Mr. Whitman. It was, in part, as follows:

To-day I am to speak of one who, when both of us were young, and before most of those who hear me were born, joined with me and many more in New England in opposing the enemies and encouraging the friends of freedom in Kansas. Louisa Alcott, in 1854, was but 21 years old, and, though she had been writing verse and prose from early childhood, and in that year printed her first book, she had as yet no fame among authors. Her progress to success in authorship, like that of Kansas toward statehood, was slow, toilsome, and beset with difficulties; like Kansas, she gained her first wide recognition in our civil war; but it was not till 1868 that she can be said to have finally established her claim to high rank among American writers of fiction. It was my good fortune to have known her during those trial years; for I made her acquaintance and that of her illustrious father and self-sacrificing mother, while Louisa was in her 20th and I in my 21st year. It was in an humble dwelling of Boston—one of those many mansions from which the family were so frequently removing, that Mrs. Alcott told me, when afterward they were occupying the historic Orchard house, in Concord, "I have been married twenty-nine years, and have 'moved' twenty-seven times."

Louisa was then a dark and silent maiden, sewing industriously in Bronson Alcott's library, which was the family sitting room, while her father talked philosophy to the Harvard student and Mrs. Alcott threw in occasionally one of her pungent comments on men and things—as, doubtless, Louisa also did—when the restricted [illegible] of a formal call by a stranger [illegible] removed [illegible] before the world knew he [illegible] and pathetic writer, [illegible] and of [illegible] every [illegible]

of young womanhood, for which even the artists may seek long and not find. A pathetic incident is related of the child and her father. When the statue was finished the father expressed a desire to see it and to bring his daughter. An appointment was made to meet at the studio on the following Monday. On Sunday evening the father died and his daughter has steadfastly refused to look on the bronze face that will carry her features down the ages

old when they visited Garrison in his Boston prison, whither the courtly mayor had sent him, to save his life from the broadcloth mob of October, 1835; and, a few years later, Mr. Alcott's Boston school had to be given up because he had taken as a pupil a child from a respectable colored family to be taught beside his own daughters.

The younger Alcotts, therefore, took to anti-slavery as naturally as to the mother tongue, and when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was enacted and the South aided and urged on by an unworthy administration at Washington, was striving to "assimilate" Kansas to the "benevolence" of negro slavery, Louisa joined with young and old in resisting the outrage. Few traces of this appear in her books, but such I know to have been the fact. However, she was too much occupied with her own duties, and in the summer of 1856, with the care of her invalid sisters, who had taken scarlet fever from a poor family Mrs. Alcott was nursing near their then home in New Hampshire, to do much for the relief of misery on the Kansas prairies in those years of suffering and doubt, from 1856 to 1859.

In the latter year she made the acquaintance of John Brown, the Kansas hero, on his last visit to me in Concord, and in the two following years she interested herself, as her whole family did, in the care and education of Brown's daughters at my Concord school, where, for a time, May Alcott, the artist sister, taught a class in drawing. Then followed her months of nursing in the army hospital at Washington, where she took the fever which nearly destroyed her life and from the effects of which she never fully recovered, though thirty-four years more remained to her on earth. I mention these facts to show how properly, on political grounds alone, Louisa Alcott is entitled to honor in Kansas; but, of course, the interest of your people in this popular novelist comes from quite other causes. She has opened to girls and boys on these prairies, as to others among the hills of New England, the stores of imagination and romance, which are the real world of child hood. She has shown to those of riper years and to these same children as they grew older, how much there is of attraction in the domestic history of a single family and its connections, what graces there are in self-denial, what pleasures in a simple life, what nobility may exist in the midst of lowly fortunes and the defeat of earthly hopes and ideal dreams.

In the growing material prosperity of our countrymen, I scarcely know any lesson more important, or any teacher of virtue who insinuates her moral more gracefully and imperceptibly into the minds and hearts of the young. Other fashions have arisen since her death, twelve years ago; novels are written with heroes and heroines of fantastic immorality, and their authors call themselves advanced women—much as Eve did, I suppose, before the taste of the forbidden fruit had left her unhappy palate. No such risky achievement sullies the fame of Miss Alcott; as was said of the good parson in Goldsmith's poem, "Even her failings leaned to virtue's side." It might be possible to learn from her a lax use of English, and some disregard of conventionalities which Mrs. Grundy holds higher than the Ten Commandments; but never any laxity of life or renunciation of hope in God and man. Hence she is read wherever the young follow and love a cheerful, social virtue; wherever faith is preferred to smug self-satisfaction or the monotony of despair, and in those regions, not so extensive in America as they were fifty years ago, where "plain living and high thinking" are the rule rather than the exception.

This noble bust of Louisa Alcott which you owe to the generous recollection of one of her Concord friends, Elwell, the sculptor (whose first encouragement in the pathway of art came from the Alcott family), exhibits her, not in the youthful period of which I spoke, but when, a mature woman, she could look back on a long course of duties performed, independence achieved, fame acquired; and knew herself held in loving remembrance by myriads of young readers. The early sadness of distrusted powers and disappointed hopes which once led her almost to suicide, has passed away; the later sadness, occasioned by many bereavements and long-contested ill health, had not come on; and she looks out from this gracious similitude with the cheery smile which betokened her true nature. Here is not the pathetic head which glances with aspiration from the above of our Concord library—recalling her father's lofty visions of human perfectibility; here is rather the serene common sense and hearty benevolence of her mother, tempered with the gentle satire taught by a long experience that we have this measure of perfection in earthen vessels. Of the many presentations of Louisa that have been made, at different periods of her life, this bust by Elwell best combines the traits of expression which no one portrait ever fully reveals.

It was the glory of the Alcotts, as of other Concord authors of unforgotten fame, to have held fast to the dream of their youth; to have taken the perishable things of life at their true valuation, and to meditate, as Thoreau said, "some vast and sunny problems" of the future, without paying too much heed to the temptations of the hour. This temper alone is not genius; but cherished by genius, whether poetic, like Hawthorne's and Thoreau's and Ellery Channing's, philosophic like Alcott's and Emerson's, prophetic like John Brown's, or socially feminine like Louisa Alcott's—this mode of viewing life ever leads to great results. The world is better that they have lived in it; it is ever more decolate as they are withdrawn from it; and it is an honor to ourselves, even more than to them, that we celebrate their memory with monuments and observances, like yours this day.

Mr. Elwell was then introduced. He had had the "good fortune" to be poor, he said. He gives to the Alcotts, particularly to Louisa, the credit of making his career possible. His gift is an expression of his appreciation for what she has done for him.

Professor E. M. Hopkins, in a graceful speech of acceptation, spoke of the lack of the development of ideal art in Kansas university. Young men of practical activity are going out from the institution, but the culture of the ideal in art and literature has been neglected. Gifts like that of Mr. Elwell are of the greatest aid in this desired development. Mr. Hopkins read another letter of Miss Alcott's to Mr. Whitman, in which she discussed the ideality of [illegible] style.

To-night, as the guest of the Graduate Club of Kansas university, Mr. Elwell gave a talk on his Paris student life. During his short stay here he has given three addresses, "Falguiere," his Parisian master; "The Spiritual Side of Art" and "Individuality versus Art Control," all of which have been greatly enjoyed.

On one occasion the town-crier found me fast asleep at nine o'clock at night, on a door-step in Bedford Street, with my head pillowed on the curly breast of a big Newfoundland, who was with difficulty persuaded to release the weary little wanderer who had sobbed herself to sleep there.

I often smile as I pass that door, and never forget to give a grateful pat to every big dog I meet, for never have I slept more soundly than on that dusty step, nor found a better friend than the noble animal who watched over the lost baby so faithfully.

My father's school was the only one I ever went to, and when this was broken up because he introduced methods now all the fashion, our lessons went on at home, for he was always sure of four little pupils who firmly believed in their teacher, though they have not done him all the credit he deserved.

Youth's Companion

May 24 For the Companion. 1888

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

One of my earliest memories is of playing with books in my father's study. Building towers and bridges of the big dictionaries, looking at pictures, pretending to read, and scribbling on blank pages whenever pen or pencil could be found. Many of these first attempts at authorship still exist, and I often wonder if these childish plays did not influence my after life, since books have been my greatest comfort, castle-building a never-failing delight, and scribbling a very profitable amusement.

Another very vivid recollection is of the day when running after my hoop I fell into the Frog Pond and was rescued by a black boy, becoming a friend to the colored race then and there, though my mother always declared that I was an abolitionist at the age of three.

During the Garrison riot in Boston the portrait of George Thompson was hidden under a bed in our house for safe-keeping, and I am told that I used to go and comfort "the good man who helped poor slaves" in his captivity. However that may be, the conversion was genuine, and my greatest pride is in the fact that I have lived to know the brave men and women who did so much for the cause, and that I had a very small share in the war which put an end to a great wrong.

Being born on the birthday of Columbus I seem to have something of my patron saint's spirit of adventure, and running away was one of the delights of my childhood. Many a social lunch have I shared with hospitable Irish beggar children, as we ate our crusts, cold potatoes and salt fish on voyages of discovery among the ash heaps of the waste land that then lay where the Albany station now stands.

Many an impromptu picnic have I had on the dear old common, with strange boys, pretty babies and friendly dogs, who always seemed to feel that this reckless young person needed looking after.

I never liked arithmetic or grammar, and dodged these branches on all occasions; but reading, composition, history and geography I enjoyed, as well as the stories read to us with a skill which made the dullest charming and useful.

"Pilgrim's Progress," Krummacher's "Parables," Miss Edgeworth, and the best of the dear old fairy tales made that hour the pleasantest of our day. On Sundays we had a simple service of Bible stories, hymns, and conversation about the state of our little consciences and the conduct of our childish lives which never will be forgotten.

Walks each morning round the Common while in the city, and long tramps over hill and dale when our home was in the country, were a part of our education, as well as every sort of housework, for which I have always been very grateful, since such knowledge makes one independent in these days of domestic tribulation with the help who are too often only hindrances.

Needle-work began early, and at ten my skilful sister made a linen shirt beautifully, while at twelve I set up as a doll's dress-maker, with my sign out, and wonderful models in my window. All the children employed me, and my turbans were the rage at one time to the great dismay of the neighbors' hens, who were hotly hunted down, that I might tweak out their downiest feathers to adorn the dolls' head-gear.

Active exercise was my delight from the time when a child of six I drove my hoop round the Common without stopping, to the days when I did my twenty miles in five hours and went to a party in the evening.

I always thought I must have been a deer or a horse in some former state, because it was such a joy to run. No boy could be my friend till I had beaten him in a race, and no girl if she refused to climb trees, leap fences and be a tomboy.

My wise mother, anxious to give me a strong body to support a lively brain, turned me loose in the country and let me run wild, learning of nature what no books can teach, and being led, as those who truly love her seldom fail to be,

"Through nature up to nature's God."

I remember running over the hills just at dawn one summer morning, and pausing to rest in the silent woods saw, through an arch of trees, the sun rise over river, hill and wide green meadows as I never saw it before.

Something born of the lovely hour, a happy mood, and the unfolding aspirations of a child's soul seemed to bring me very near to God, and in the hush of that morning hour I always felt that I "got religion" as the phrase goes. A new and vital sense of His presence, tender and sustaining as a father's arms, came to me then, never to change through forty years of life's vicissitudes, but to grow stronger for the sharp discipline of poverty and pain, sorrow and success.

Those Concord days were the happiest of my life, for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, Hawthornes and Goodwins, with the illustrious parents and their friends to enjoy our pranks and share our excursions.

Plays in the barn were a favorite amusement, and we dramatized the fairy tales in great style. Our giant came tumbling off a loft when Jack cut down the squash vine running up a ladder to represent the immortal bean. Cinderella rolled away in a vast pumpkin, and a long, black pudding was lowered by invisible hands to fasten itself on the nose of the woman who wasted her three wishes.

Little pilgrims journeyed over the hills with scrip and staff and cockle-shells in their hats; elves held their pretty revels among the pines, and "Peter Wilkins'" flying ladies came swinging down on the birch tree-tops. Lords and ladies haunted the garden, and mermaids splashed in the bath-house of woven willows over the brook.

People wondered at our frolics, but enjoyed them, and droll stories are still told of the adventures of those days. Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller were visiting my parents one afternoon, and the conversation having turned to the ever interesting subject of education, Miss Fuller said:

"Well, Mr. Alcott, you have been able to carry out your methods in your own family, and I should like to see your model children."

She did in a few moments, for as the guests stood on the door steps a wild uproar approached, and round the corner of the house came a wheelbarrow holding baby May arrayed as a queen; I was the horse, bitted and bridled and driven by my elder sister Anna, while Lizzie played dog and barked as loud as her gentle voice permitted.

All were shouting and wild with fun which, however, came to a sudden end as we espied the stately group before us, for my foot tripped, and down we all went in a laughing heap, while my mother put a climax to the joke by saying with a dramatic wave of the hand:

"Here are the model children, Miss Fuller."

My sentimental period began at fifteen when I fell to writing romances, poems, a "heart journal," and dreaming dreams of a splendid future.

Browsing over Mr. Emerson's library I found "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child," and was at once fired with the desire to be a second Bettine, making my father's friend my Goethe. So I wrote letters to him, but was wise enough never to send them, left wild flowers on the door-steps of my "Master," sung Mignon's song in very bad German under his window, and was fond of wandering by moonlight, or sitting in a cherry-tree at midnight till the owls scared me to bed.

The girlish folly did not last long, and the letters were burnt years ago, but Goethe is still my favorite author, and Emerson remained my beloved "Master" while he lived, doing more for me, as for many another young soul, than he ever knew, by the simple beauty of his life, the truth and wisdom of his books, the example of a good, great man untempted and unspoiled by the world which he made nobler while in it, and left the richer when he went.

The trials of life began about this time, and my happy childhood ended. Money is never plentiful in a philosopher's house, and even the maternal pelican could not supply all our wants on the small income which was freely shared with every needy soul who asked for help.

Fugitive slaves were sheltered under our roof, and my first pupil was a very black George Washington whom I taught to write on the hearth with charcoal, his big fingers finding pen and pencil unmanageable.

Motherless girls seeking protection were guarded among us; hungry travellers sent on to our door to be fed and warmed, and if the philosopher happened to own two coats the best went to a needy brother, for these were practical Christians who had the most perfect faith in Providence, and never found it betrayed.

In those days the prophets were not honored in their own land, and Concord had not yet discovered her great men. It was a sort of refuge for reformers of all sorts whom the good natives regarded as lunatics, harmless but amusing.

My father went away to hold his classes and conversations, and we women folk began to feel that we also might do something. So one gloomy November day we decided to move to Boston and try our fate again after some years in the wilderness.

My father's prospect was as promising as a philosopher's ever is in a money-making world, my mother's friends offered her a good salary as their missionary to the poor, and my sister and I hoped to teach. It was an anxious council, and always preferring action to discussion, I took a brisk run over the hill and then settled down for "a good think" in my favorite retreat.

It was an old cart-wheel, half hidden in grass under the locusts where I used to sit to wrestle with my sums, and usually forget them scribbling verses or fairy tales on my slate instead. Perched on the hub [illegible] the prospect and found it rather glo[illegible] leafless trees, sere grass, leaden sky and frosty air, but the hopeful heart of fifteen beat warmly under the old red shawl, visions of success gave the gray clouds a silver lining, and I said defiantly, as I shook my fist at fate embodied in a crow cawing dismally on the fence near by,—

"I *will* do something by-and-by. Don't care what, teach, sew, act, write, anything to help the family; and I'll be rich and famous and happy before I die, see if I won't!"

Startled by this audacious outburst the crow flew away, but the old wheel creaked as if it began to turn at that moment, stirred by the intense desire of an ambitious girl to work for those she loved and find some reward when the duty was done.

I did not mind the omen then, and returned to the house cold but resolute. I think I began to shoulder my burden then and there, for when the free country life ended the wild colt soon learned to tug in harness, only breaking loose now and then for a taste of beloved liberty.

My sisters and I had cherished fine dreams of a home in the city, but when we found ourselves in a small house at the South End with not a tree in sight, only a back yard to play in, and no money to buy any of the splendors before us, we all rebelled and longed for the country again.

Anna soon found little pupils, and trudged away each morning to her daily task, pausing at the corner to wave her hand to me in answer to my salute with the duster. My father went to his classes at his room down town, mother to her all-absorbing poor, the little girls to school, and I was left to keep house, feeling like a caged sea-gull as I washed dishes and cooked in the basement kitchen where my prospect was limited to a procession of muddy boots.

Good drill, but very hard, and my only consolation was the evening reunion when all met with such varied reports of the day's adventures, we could not fail to find both amusement and instruction.

Father brought news from the upper world, and the wise, good people who adorned it; mother, usually much dilapidated because she *would* give away her clothes, with sad tales of suffering and sin from the darker side of life; gentle Anna a modest account of her success as teacher, for even at seventeen her sweet nature won all who knew her, and her patience quelled the most rebellious pupil.

My reports were usually a mixture of the tragic and the comic, and the children poured their small joys and woes into the family bosom where comfort and sympathy were always to be found.

Then we youngsters adjourned to the kitchen for our fun, which usually consisted of writing, dressing and acting a series of remarkable plays. In one I remember I took five parts and Anna four, with lightning changes of costume, and characters varying from a Greek prince in silver armor to a murderer in chains.

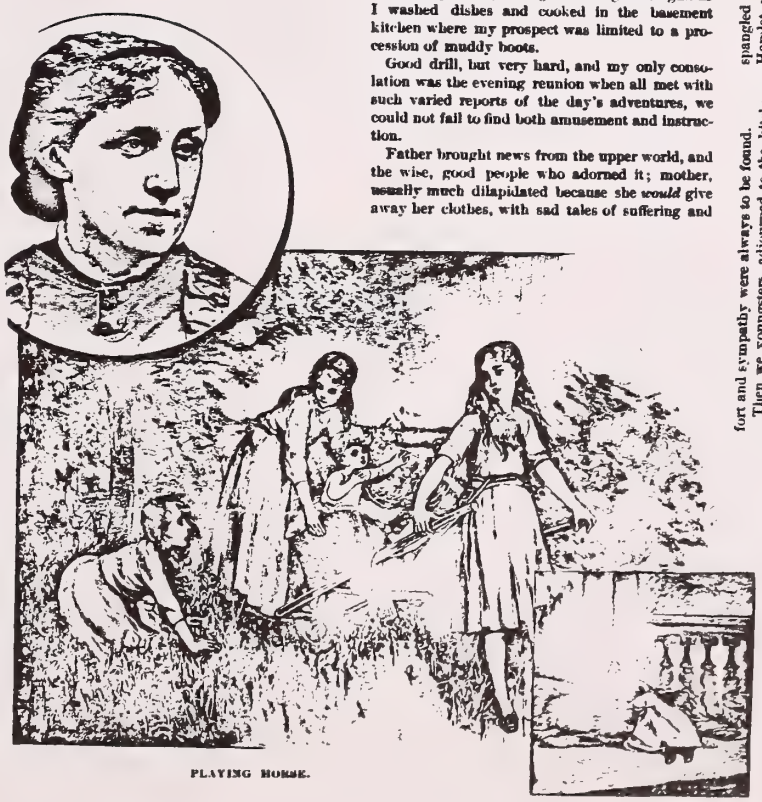
It was good training for memory and fingers, for we recited pages without a fault, and made every sort of property from a harp to a fairy's spangled wings. Later we acted Shakespeare, and Hamlet was my favorite hero, played with a gloomy glare and a tragic stalk which I have never seen surpassed.

But we were now beginning to play our parts on a real stage, and to know something of the pathetic side of life with its hard facts, irksome duties, many temptations and the daily sacrifice of self. Fortunately we had the truest, tenderest of guides and guards, and so learned the sweet uses of adversity, the value of honest work, the beautiful law of compensation which gives more than it takes, and the real significance of life.

At sixteen I began to teach twenty pupils, and for ten years learned to know and love children. The story writing went on all the while with the usual trials of beginners. Fairy tales told the Emersons made the first printed book, and "Hospital Sketches" the first successful one.

Every experience went into the chauldron to come out as froth, or evaporate in smoke, till time and suffering strengthened and clarified the mixture of truth and fancy, and a wholesome draught for children began to flow pleasantly and profitably.

So the omen proved a true one, and the wheel of fortune turned slowly, till the girl of fifteen found



PLAYING HORSE.

herself a woman of fifty with her prophetic dream beautifully realized, her duty done, her reward far greater than she deserved.

November 22.

N. Eng. Farmer
N.E. Farmer Aug 12, 1893

The Play of Adam and Eve.

The death of Anna Pratt, the "Meg" of "Little Women", has moved Dorothy Lundt to write some entertaining reminiscences of the Alcott sisters. She says: To hear Louisa and Anna reminiscencing over old days was to chance on more royal Alcottiana than ever found way into the pretty stories where so much family history is enshrined. Miss Alcott utilized —in "Little Men," if my memory serves—the episode of the fine-lady relative who called to see the "model children" whom she had evolved from Mr. Alcott's conversazione, and was horror-stricken to have them come tearing around the corner of the house, playing "horse-race" with howls galore.

But I fancy Miss Alcott never told in print of the day another fine lady brought a model child—a Little Lord Fauntleroy, aged two—to play with the nice little girls. He was conducted to the great apple-orchard; and there, inspired by the ripe apples and the presence of a real boy, though a small one, Louisa—ever the evil genius of the family proprieties—evolved a beautiful new game. They would play the Fall of Man and the Expulsion from Eden. They did.

When the visitor insisted upon walking down to the orchard to see what "sweet play the dears were enjoying"—much against Mrs. Alcott's will, who had had much experience of the horrifying originality of some of those same "sweet plays" —she beheld Adam and Eve, her son aged two, and May Alcott, aged one and a half, clothed only in infant innocence and a girdle of squash-vines, making their way to the gate of Paradise, guarded by Beth Alcott with a flaming sword—namely, an umbrella with fire-cracker attachment.

Anna, as the angry Deity sat aloft on an apple-bough, and around the tree-trunk coiled Louisa,—"my lank shape was eminently adapted to coiling, in those days, I do assure you!" she would protest, amid floods of reminiscent laughter—hissing loud and long, as the triumphant Enemy of Mankind, "Here my friends"—as at this point she used to say,—"let us drop the curtain!"

Youth's Companion Apr. 19 1888

FINDING HER PLACE.

An incident in the life of the late Louisa Alcott will be of interest to the girl-readers of the *Companion*, many of whom were among her loving admirers. Miss Alcott's youth was passed amid the hard struggles of poverty. Whatever talents her father may have possessed, the ability to earn money was not among them. The support of the family devolved on his daughters at a very early age.

In 1862, Louisa said to a friend, "The future seems a blank to me. I never shall marry. I have had no especial success as a teacher. Writing is not my vocation, editors tell me. The world has no place for a homely, commonplace old maid."

Previous to this time she had written some fanciful sketches which met with no success. The lack of encouragement, comfort or recognition in her life made her gloomy and morbid.

A few months later a position as nurse in the hospitals offered itself. She accepted it, prompted solely by a sense of duty. The work among wounded and dying men soon kindled her to a new life, energetic, tender and womanly. When she left the hospital she wrote a series of sketches, a simple statement of her life there, which met with a cordial welcome from the Northern people. Acting on this hint, she wrote "Little Women," a description of her own and her sisters' life in childhood, which gained her a wide popularity that she never lost.

God sets hard, commonplace tasks before many young women, but behind them, if anywhere, they will find their highest life-work.

Boston Transcript, Dec. 27, 1918

It will doubtless amaze some people to learn that Louisa M. Alcott once thought seriously of becoming an actress. It was in the days before "Little Women," which is now, strangely enough after many years of waiting, a success on the stage, that Miss Alcott become possessed of the idea that there was a career for her in the theatre. While living in Boston, about 1849, she studied and rehearsed, and even made a contract to appear in minor parts, dreaming also of the day when she should write plays and herself act their heroines. Later she began writing for weekly newspapers, and engaged in teaching, volunteering as a nurse when the Civil War opened. This experience gave her the material for her "Hospital Sketches," and was really the beginning of her literary career. "Moods" followed, she succeeded in selling a number of short stories, and in September, 1867, she was asked by Thomas Niles of the publishing house of Roberts Brothers, which was later absorbed by Little, Brown & Company, to write a girl's book. Her reply was "I'll try." The following June the first twelve chapters of "Little Women" were sent to Mr. Niles, who frankly said that he thought them dull, an opinion echoed by Miss Alcott in her diary. But she continued work upon the story, nevertheless, finished it about the middle of July, and in August made arrangements with Roberts Brothers for its publication. Mr. Niles advised her to keep the copyright, instead of selling it outright, and, remarks Miss Alcott in her diary in 1885: "An honest publisher, and a lucky author, for the copyright made my fortune." Several thousand copies of "Little Women" were sold within a year of its publication in the autumn of 1868, and since then upwards of 2,000,000 copies have been sold throughout the English-speaking world. "Little Men" followed, and upon Miss Alcott's death in 1888, her two nephews and a niece inherited the valuable copyrights to these and her other books. E. F. B.

GEORGE LATHROP EXPLAINS.

The Separation from His Wife, Hawthorne's Daughter.

Like Gerald Griffin's Heroine, She Sacrifices a Life of Refinement to Labor with the Suffering Poor—They Are Still United in the Literary and Devoted Spirit.

Owing to the amount of gossip occasioned by the statements, which have been treated in a sensational manner by the New York press, as to the domestic relations between Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the litterateur, and his wife, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the daughter of Hawthorne, Mr. Lathrop has authorized a correct version in The Boston Herald, showing that there is no such separation as has been commonly reported, or incompatibility of temper and ambitions.

He states, through a well known Bostonian, an author and mutual friend, that while their domestic affairs were kept as they ought to have been, in keeping with the delicacy of the subject, apart from the public, he should be wholly reluctant to break silence, but as the newspapers, particularly in New York, had taken advantage of rumors for sensational purposes, he consented to explain.

In his explanation it is stated that his wife, with a sacrificial spirt which was not surprising, in view of her disposition and experience, had undertaken to conduct a home for cancerous patients, particularly poor women. This sacrifice, though involving so much self-denial on the part of the youngest daughter of Hawthorne, who was an attractive and delicately nurtured lady, was not one for which she was unprepared. In embracing the Catholic faith she construed at its utmost meaning the spirit of self-devotion which it is capable of inspiring, particularly as that was in harmony with her nature. She had visited, in this connection, the celebrated hospital of the Gray Nuns in Montreal, and had also served as a regular nurse in institutions for the treatment of cancer in New York.

Recently, although in wedded life, she had not relinquished her desire to minister to the poor in connection with this class of incurable diseases, knowing that they were not wanted in regular hospitals. She realized that such work, for which there was great demand in the poor quarters of New York, should be done through such instrumentalities as the Little Assumption Sisters and nurses who were specially devoted to it. As a New York paper remarked, "Her coming will not overcrowd the field, as there would be room for a thousand like her."

Mr. Lathrop observes that he was far from being out of sympathy with his wife in this spirit of devotion, and, indeed, he had done what he could to aid her, but the only point of difference was that he would put limitations to the excess of his wife's self-sarifice in this direction, desiring her to remain near him, so that her well-being might not be injured. This desire could be accounted for from the fact that, out of a home in which she was the congenial companion and co-laborer of a literary man, she had gone to spend most of her time and energies in a tiny apartment in a crowded and dirty down town tenement.

She had chosen quarters on Scamnel street, New York, and there, like the Sister of Charity so beautifully pictured in verse by Gerald Griffin, she turned from a life of refinement and culture to one of ministration to the suffering, the destitute and the incurable. That this feeling had found vent in her thought and literary life was evidenced by the fact that she had been a collaborateur with him in such writings as the "Story of Courage."

Mr. Lathrop states that, though not laboring under the same roof in New York, their lives are by no means disunited, and they are still one in the literary spirit, and to some extent in that of the object to which she is devoted. He feels, however, that this object would be best and most permanently promoted by a less complete self-surrender to the requirements and surroundings of the patients, so as to reserve some of her personality for demands of home and domesticity.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Transcript — Apr. 18. 1887

IN WHICH NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE EXPLAINS WHY HE DEDICATED HIS BOOK TO PRESIDENT PIERCE.

Older readers of the Transcript will remember the controversy which the dedication of Nathaniel Hawthorne's English sketches, "Our Old Home," to President Pierce, called out. The feeling was very strong, especially in Boston and vicinity, where most of Mr. Hawthorne's friends were bitterly opposed to Pierce. Although urged by friends and relatives to withdraw the dedication, and in face of the fact that this act of personal friendship was so thoroughly unpopular that it might injuriously affect the sale of his book and prove prejudicial to him as an author, Mr. Hawthorne refused. Apropos of this almost forgotten controversy, it is interesting to learn that a private letter written by the great novelist at that time is now in a collection of autographs soon to be sold in this city. The letter, which is now for the first time given to the public, is as follows:

THE WAYSIDE, July 20, '63.

Dear —— : I do not think that the dedication to General Pierce can have the momentous political consequences which you apprehend. I determined upon it long since, as a proper memorial of our lifelong intimacy, and as especially suitable in the case of this book, which could not have been in existence without him. I expressly say that I dedicate the book to the friend, and decline any present colloquy with the statesman, to whom I address merely a few lines expressing my confidence in his loyalty and unalterable devotion to the Union—which I am glad to have the opportunity of saying, at this moment, when all the Administration and abolition papers are calling him a traitor. A traitor! Why, he is the only loyal man in the country, North or South. Everybody else has outgrown the old faith in the Union, or got outside of it in one way or another; but Pierce retains it in all the simplicity with which he inherited it from his father. It has been the principle, and is the explanation (and the apology, if any is needed), of his whole public life; and if you look generously at him you cannot but see that it would ruin a noble character (though one of limited scope) for him to admit any ideas that were not entertained by the fathers of the constitution and the republic. Knowing that he is eternally true to them, I say so, and that is all I say of his political character. The dedication was written before the New Hampshire convention, and when I had not seen him for months; but I speak of his faith with the same certainty as if I had just come from a talk with him. Though I differ from him in many respects, I would far rather that he should die than change. There is a certain steadfastness and integrity with regard to a man's own nature (when it is such a peculiar nature as that of Pierce) which seems to me more sacred and valuable than the faculty of adapting one's self to new ideas, however true they may turn out to be.

The dedication can hurt nobody but my book and myself. I know that it will do that, but am content to take the consequences rather than go back from what I deliberately judge it right to do. As for posterity, it will have formed a truer opinion of General Pierce than you can do; and yet I shall suppose that you have breadth and insight enough (however disturbed by the potent elixir of political opinions) to appreciate the sterling merits of this kind of man.

You do not in the least shake me by telling me that I shall be supposed to disapprove of the war, for I always thought that it should have been avoided, although since it has broken out I have longed for military success as much as any man or woman of the North. I agree with your friend, —— , who thinks that the war will only effect by a horrible convulsion the self-same end that might and would have been brought about by a gradual and peaceful change. Nor am I at all certain that it will effect that end. Even these recent successes have not as indubitable tendency in that direction. They will suggest to the rebels that their best hope lies in the honor of the peace Democrats of the North, whom they have heretofore scorned, and by amalgamation with whom I really think that the old Union might be restored and slavery prolonged for another hundred years, with new bulwarks; while the people of the North would fancy that they had got the victory, and never know that they had shed their blood in vain, and so would become peace Democrats to a man. In that case, woe to the abolitionists! I offer you in advance the shelter of the nook in our garret, which Mary contrived as a hiding place for Mr. Sanborn.

The best thing possible, as far as I can see, would be to effect a separation of the Union, giving us the west bank of the Mississippi and a boundary line affording as much Southern soil as we can hope to digest into freedom in another century. Such a settlement looks impossible, to be sure, and so does every other imaginable settlement, except through the medium of the peace Democrats, who (as I have just said) would speedily comprise the whole population in view of such a result. You cannot possibly conceive (looking through spectacles of the tint which yours have acquired) how little the North really cares for the negro question, and how eagerly it would grasp at peace if recommended by a delusive show of victory. Free soil was never in so great danger as now. If the Southern statesmen manage their matters sagaciously, there may come a revulsion of feeling that would give them more than they ever asked. Do you suppose that the pendulum is not to swing back again?

I have written the foregoing not in a controversial way (and I beg you will not so consider it), but because I am willing that you should know that I entertain certain ideas of my own, and also because I admire the valor and generous pertinacity with which you come again to the scratch, offering me the same kind of advice as when I was going to write the life of Cilley and the life of Pierce, and which availed nothing, then as now, because I trusted to my own instinct to guide me into my own right way. I do not write (if you will please to observe) for my letter to be read to others, for this is the first time that I have written down ideas which exist in a gaseous state in my mind, and perhaps they might define themselves rather differently on another attempt to condense them. My views about disunion, for example, though long crudely entertained, are not such as I should choose to put forth at present, and I am very often sensible of an affectionate regard for the dead old Union which leads me to say a kind thing or two about it, though I had as lief see my grandfather's ghost as have it revive.

Mr. Whiting himself sent me his pamphlet. It has no bearing on my position. I do not care a fig what powers the President assumes at such a crisis as this if he only uses them effectually; but I must say that I despise the present Administra-

tion with all my heart, and should think that you would do the same.

I don't know how Ellery Channing gets his literary intelligence. I supposed that this affair of the dedication was an entire secret between me and the publisher. Even Sophia did not know it, and I have never whispered it to General Pierce, nor meant that it should be known till the publication of the book, which will not be sooner than September. It is a pity that it should be bruited abroad so untimely.

The older I grow the more I hate to write notes, and I trust I have here written nothing now that may make it necessary for me to write another.

Truly yours, ——————— N. H.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI AND HAWTHORNE.

Transcript — Dec. 12, 1884

One who was a friend both of Margaret Fuller Ossoli and of Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne would say a few words about the extracts from Hawthorne's private journal, lately published. That Hawthorne should have had so poor an opinion of Mme. Ossoli is discreditable to his judgment of character, but he was too wise to publish anything so crude. It is with the statements connected with these remarks that I have to deal. Hawthorne seems to have thought that he made discoveries in Rome relating to Ossoli, his family and his relations with his wife. These statements, received from Mr. Mozier, are full of untruths.

In the first biography of Margaret Ossoli, written by her three friends, R. W. Emerson, W. H. Channing and J. F. Clarke, vol. ii., page 281, is a letter from Mrs. W. W. Story, who was in Rome in 1849 during the siege. This letter is full of important and interesting facts about the life of Mme. Ossoli in Rome. She relates that Margaret, after a day of illness, caused by overwork at the hospitals, called Mrs. Story to her bedside and there confided to her the secret of her marriage, the birth of her child, and of the place where he then was, and also gave her certain papers and parchment documents which she was to keep, and in the event of death coming to Margaret and her husband these were to be sent, together with their boy "Angelo," to Margaret's mother in America. One or two of the papers were opened and read by Mrs. Story and Margaret together. One of these was a certificate of the marriage, given by the priest who performed the ceremony, and to which was affixed his seal and those of the witnesses.

Hawthorne, after expressing dislike in every way to Margaret Ossoli, adds this further remark, that he liked her better "because she proved herself a very woman after all, and fell as the weakest of her sisters might." This means, if it means anything, that she was not married to Ossoli, an accusation disproved by Mrs. Story, who had the marriage certificate in her possession until she left Rome in the spring, when she returned it to its owner. The reasons why the marriage was kept secret are fully given in the same letter. Mrs. Story speaks respectfully of the Marquis Ossoli, and of his reserved and gentle manners. He was not a clown nor a boor, but a gentleman, though, like many other young Romans of good family, he may have had no better education than that given by the priests. His natural qualities of generosity and an affectionate nature, attested by others who knew him, were, it seems, sufficient to procure him Margaret's love. A letter from W. H. Hurlbert also gives further traits of an interesting character. Mr. H. knew the Ossolis in Florence during the last year of their lives. His letter is in the same volume. The brother of Ossoli was in the Guarda Nobile, and it is not likely that he was a common laborer. I myself knew his sister in Rome in 1850, shortly after the shipwreck. She was the wife of a lawyer, and I can testify that she wore a bonnet like other ladies. All this about the Ossolis is the rubbish of studio gossip, and it is surprising that Hawthorne should have allowed himself to be so deceived, and to accept the statements of an inveterate gossip, when he was every day seeing people who knew the Ossolis well and were their friends and could have told him the truth. The mischief done to Mme. Ossoli's reputation cannot be very great, since there are many of her intimate friends still living who would not recognize her in the coarsely drawn and distorted portrait of this private journal; nor would Hawthorne's clumsy attempt at an analysis of her character be accepted by any one who knew her. When he says, "Margaret has not left in the hearts and minds of those who knew her very deep witness of her integrity and purity," these friends will testify that the one great quality of her nature was its integrity, and of her mind its bold and direct truth. It was precisely this that distinguished her. By its daring exercise Margaret often made enemies, but more often attached to herself the devotion of those who were capable of valuing such rare qualities as she showed in her intercourse with them.

When, shortly after her death, I visited Florence and Rome, every one in the American circles had a good word for her, and endless were the anecdotes told of her kindness and generosity, her sympathy and goodwill.

Mrs. Hawthorne, after her husband's death, published notes from his journals selected with such delicate discrimination that they offer delightful reading, showing how his artistic mind worked in taking up and transforming trifles, reminding one of the scraps of Raphael's drawing preserved in museums, of bits of drapery, or a hand, or an elbow, which bring us nearer to his mind than many of his great pictures. But she wisely omitted things not characteristic of his genius or his normal temper. The son, it seems, has not shown the qualities that distinguished his mother in performing this task.

SARAH F. CLARKE.

Marietta, Ga., Dec. 7, 1884.

HAWTHORNE AND MARGARET FULLER.

Boston — Transcript

REV. DR. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE GIVES HIS TESTIMONY AGAINST HAWTHORNE'S INSINUATIONS.

Jan. 2 — 1885

[From the Independent.]

In Julian Hawthorne's interesting life of his father and mother are some extracts from Nathaniel Hawthorne's notebooks, which have surprised and grieved the friends of Hawthorne no less than those of the woman whom he criticises. And as there are always those who enjoy such cynical remarks, and are pleased to see any great reputation diminished, these censures of Margaret Fuller have been already widely copied, and will probably have a still larger circulation. It seems, therefore, only due to the memory of a noble woman that her friends should show how untrue and unworthy these charges are. As one of those friends, knowing perfectly that her splendid intellect was less admirable than her generosity of heart, her heroic devotion to truth, and her aspiration toward everything greatly good, I feel bound to declare the comments false in themselves, and unworthy of the writer. I know that while Margaret was in this country she was esteemed and loved both by Hawthorne and his wife. And now it appears that, being in Rome many years after Margaret's death, Mr. Hawthorne wrote in his notebook that she had not much integrity or purity, and that she was a great humbug. He was told by Mr. Mozier that her husband was scarcely able to read, half an idiot, and with no pretension to be a gentleman.

The Hawthorne notebook also reports Mr. Mozier as saying that "the Ossoli family, though technically noble, is really of no rank whatever, the elder brother, with the title of marquis, being at this very time a working bricklayer," etc.

Margaret, writing to her mother in 1849, says that Ossoli had then three brothers, "all provided for in the papal service, one as secretary of the Papal Camera, and the other two in the pope's guard, the Guardia Nobile." Mr. and Mrs. William W. Story were well acquainted with Ossoli, and liked him. Mrs. Story says, "We soon became acquainted with the young Marquis Ossoli, and met him frequently at Margaret's rooms. He appeared to be of a reserved and gentle nature, with quite gentlemanlike manners." If Mr. Hawthorne had gone to Mr. and Mrs. William W. Story, instead of to Mr. Mozier (who, though of kindly disposition, was full of the gossip of the studios), he would have received a very different impression of Ossoli.

Mr. Mozier told Hawthorne that one of Ossoli's brothers was a bricklayer, and to the best of his belief, Ossoli himself was some one's servant. This is what Mrs. Story says of the family:

"The estate he [the old Marquis Ossoli] left was undivided, and the two brothers attached to the papal household were to be executors. The patrimony was not large, but, when fairly divided, would bring to each a little property, an income sufficient, with economy, for life in Rome."

She adds—

"During many years the Ossoli family had been high in favor and office in Rome, and the same vista opened for his own future, had he chosen to follow their *lead*."

This account was written just after Ossoli's death. Mozier's story was told to Hawthorne eight years later.

Mr. William H. Hurlbert, who saw much of Ossoli and his wife in Florence during the last year of their lives, thus speaks of the husband:

"He related to me once, with a most reverent enthusiasm, some stories of the good his wife had done in Rieti, during her residence there. * * * The frank and simple recognition of his wife's singular nobleness, which he always displayed, was the best evidence that his own nature was of a fine and noble strain. And those ... who knew him best are, I believe, unanimous in testifying that his character did in no respect belie the evidence borne by his manly and truthful countenance to its warmth and sincerity. He seemed quite absorbed in his wife and child. In his room, seated beside his wife, I was sure to find the marchese, reading from some patriotic book, and dressed in the dark-brown, red-corded coat of the Guardia Civica."

This is, perhaps, enough to say in reply to Mr. Mozier's assertion that Ossoli was "destitute of manners, half an idiot, and without any pretension of being a gentleman."

And now in regard to the graver charges made by Hawthorne himself against Madam Ossoli.

We are informed that Hawthorne "always disliked and distrusted her." Did he so? I am permitted to publish here a letter now in the possession of the Fuller family, and which was written to Margaret Fuller by Mrs. Hawthorne, then Sophia Peabody, just before the marriage of herself and Mr. Hawthorne:

"Dear, Most Noble Margaret—I have now something to tell which I know will give you great pleasure. The decision was not made till last evening; and I feel that you are entitled, through our love and profound regard for you, to be told directly. Mr. Hawthorne—in plainer words, the splendor of the world—and I are going to dwell in Concord, at Dr. Ripley's old manse. * * * We shall be married in June, the month of roses and of perfect bloom.

"Mr. Hawthorne, last evening, in the midst of his emotions, so deep and absorbing, after deciding, said that Margaret can now, when she visits Mr. Emerson, spend part of the time with us. * * *

"Your very true and loving friend,

"SOPHIA."

If Mr. Hawthorne always disliked and distrusted her, would he, as soon as his marriage was decided, and the home where he was to live fixed upon, have suggested Margaret Fuller's coming and spending a part of her time with them? He knew her well then from having seen much of her at Brook Farm.

Hawthorne is quoted by his son as saying that Margaret Fuller "had a strong and coarse nature, which she had done her utmost to refine, with infinite pains; but, of course, it could be only superficially changed." He adds that "she has not left, in the hearts and minds of those who knew her, any very deep witness of her integrity and purity."

This is a question of fact, not of opinion. What is the testimony of those who knew her?

What says Mr. Emerson, whose intimacy with Margaret Fuller extended through many years?

"The day was never long enough to exhaust her opulent memory; and I, who knew her intimately for ten years — from July, 1836, till August, 1846, when she sailed for Europe—never saw her without surprise at her rare powers.

"Her talents were so various, and her conversation so rich and entertaining, that one might talk with her many times by the parlor fire before he discovered the strength which served as a foundation to so much accomplishment and eloquence. But concealed under flowers and music was the broadest good sense. * * * She could always rally on this in every company, and find herself on a firm footing of equality with any party whatever, and make herself useful, and, if need be, formidable.

"Many and many conversations were held [in Mr. Emerson's library] whose details would justify all encomiums. They interested me in every manner—talent, memory, wit, stern introspection, poetic play, religion, the finest personal feeling, the aspect of the future, left me enriched and astonished at the gifts of my guest.

"After I had settled it once for all that she wanted this or that perception, at our next interview she would say, with emphasis, the very word.

"Of personal influence she had, I think, more than any person I ever knew. An interview with her was a joyful event. Worthy men and women who had conversed with her could not forget her, but worked bravely on in the remembrance that this heroic approver had recognized their aims."

Mr. Emerson quotes from many intelligent and excellent women who speak with reverence of the character of Margaret, and who had an unshaken trust in her rectitude. He calls her a brave and heroic woman, who shrank from no duty; and he gives instances of her loyalty and her self-denial, and adds:

"Margaret crowned all her talents and virtues with a love of truth, and the power to speak it. She gave the unspeakable comfort which flows from plain dealing."

He quotes a friend, who says—

"I have known her, by the severity of her truth, mow down a crop of evil, like the angel of retribution itself, and could not sufficiently admire her courage."

"Margaret," continues Mr. Emerson, "suffered no vice to insult her presence, but called the offender to instant account when the law of right or beauty was violated. * * * Others might abet a crime by silence, if they pleased; she chose to clear herself of all complicity by calling the act by its name.

"But Margaret's courage was thoroughly sweet in its temper. The friends whom her strength of mind drew to her her good heart held fast."

As far as Mr. Emerson is concerned, then, it is not true to say that Margaret did not leave on his mind "any deep witness of her integrity and purity."

Another friend of Margaret's, a man eminent for depth of intellect and sweep of culture, Mr. Fred H. Hedge, thus speaks:

"What I specially admired in her was her intellectual sincerity. Her judgments took no bribe from her sex or sphere, from custom, tradition or caprice. She valued truth supremely, both for herself and others. The question with her was not what *should* be believed, nor what *ought* to be true, but what *is* true. Her yes and no were never conventional; and she often amazed people by a cool and unexpected dissent from the commonplaces of popular acceptation."

These witnesses are scholars. Let us listen to a practical man, full of business energy, Horace Greeley. Let us see what he thinks of her integrity and purity. After speaking of the want of sympathy which kept them apart, at first, while she was living under his roof, he thus goes on:

"As time wore on, and I became better acquainted with her, I found myself drawn, almost irresistibly, into the general current. I found her faults and weaknesses all superficial. They dwindled on a fuller knowledge, or rather took on new and brighter aspects in the light of her radiant and beautiful soul. I learned to know her as a most fearless and unselfish champion of truth and human good at all hazards. * * * With a lim-

ited income and liberal wants, she was yet generous beyond the bounds of reason.

"One characteristic of her writings I feel bound to commend—their absolute truthfulness. She never asked how this would sound, or whether that would do, nor what would be the effect of saying anything; but simply 'Is it the truth?' Perfect conscientiousness was an unfailing characteristic of her literary efforts. She preëminently recognized the essential brotherhood of all human kind."

She seems, then, to have left on the mind of Horace Greeley, also, the same sense of integrity and truth which impressed so strongly Mr. Emerson and Dr. Hedge.

I suppose no one will say that Carlyle was a man to be easily humbugged. He calls her "an excellent soul," says that some of her writings are "the undeniable utterances of a true heroic mind;" and adds that "her courage is high and clear, her chivalrous nobleness great, her veracity, in its deepest sense, *à toute épreuve*."

It would be easy to quote similar testimonies from Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Marcus Spring and his wife, Alcott, Madam Arconati, C. P. Cranch. Many of the wisest and best women in Boston, England and Italy were her warm friends. Three biographies have been written, each filled with testimonies which show these charges by Mr. Hawthorne to be singularly inappropriate and unjust. How, then, are they to be accounted for? How explain the fact that a man of so much insight and genius should have made such statements?

One of his most intimate friends has suggested to me this solution: Hawthorne wrote in his notebooks all sorts of hints and suggestions, as they occurred to him, as the ground for future imaginative characters. These notes were not his final judgments on persons, and were the last things he himself would ever have thought of printing. Hawthorne is unfortunate, as other writers before him have been unfortunate, in the publication, after death, by injudicious friends, of what is an injury to their reputation.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

HAWTHORNE AND MARGARET FULLER.

Transcript. — Jan. 2. 1885

To the Editor of the Transcript: Sir—In the first volume of the "Biography of Hawthorne," lately published, occur the following remarks about Margaret Fuller Ossoli, extracted from Hawthorne's Roman Journal:

But she was a person anxious to try all things, and fill up her experience in all directions; she had a strong and coarse nature, which she had done her utmost to refine, with infinite pains; but of course it could only be superficially changed. The solution of the riddle lies in this direction; nor does one's conscience revolt at the idea of thus solving it; for (at least this is my own experience) Margaret has not left in the hearts and minds of those who knew her any deep witness of her integrity and purity. She was a great humbug—of course, with much talent and much moral reality, or else she could never have been so great a humbug. But she had stuck herself full of borrowed qualities, which she chose to provide herself with, but which had no root in her. * * * There appears to have been a total collapse in poor Margaret, morally and intellectually; and, tragic as her catastrophe was, Providence was after all kind in putting her and her clownish husband and their child on board that fated ship. There never was such a tragedy as her whole story,—the sadder and sterner, because so much of the ridiculous was mixed up with it, and because she could bear anything better than to be ridiculous. It was such an awful joke that she should have resolved—in all sincerity, no doubt—to make herself the greatest, wisest, best woman of the age; and to that end she set to work on her strong, heavy, unpliable, and in many respects defective and evil, nature, and adorned it with a mosaic of admirable qualities such as she chose to possess, putting in here a splendid talent and there a moral excellence, and polishing each separate piece and the whole together till it seemed to shine afar and dazzle all who saw it. She took credit to herself for having been her own redeemer, if not her own creator; and, indeed, she was far more a work of art than any of Mozier's statues. But she was not working on an inanimate substance like marble or clay; there was something within her that she could not possibly come at to recreate or refine it, and by and by this rude all-potency bestirred itself, and undid all her labor in the twinkling of an eye. On the whole, I do not know but I like her the better for it, because she proved herself a very woman after all, and fell as the meanest of her sisters might.

The latter sentences refer to Margaret's marriage to Ossoli, who was described by Mozier, who knew him and Margaret intimately, as a handsome animal, having scarcly the intelligence of a human being.

When my mother was preparing her husband's journals for publication, it was her habit frequently to consult with me as to the propriety of admitting or excluding certain passages; and, among others, the above extract came up for consideration. She had copied it out ready for publication, but it was finally decided to suppress it, for Margaret and Mrs. Hawthorne had been well acquainted, and the former's conduct towards the latter had frequently been marked by deficiency of good taste, to say the least, so that this might have been construed in the light of a revenge taken upon the dead. We concluded, therefore, that it should be published, if at all, only when a complete biography was written.

The biography has now come into existence, and this passage is printed along with it. I foresaw, of course, that it would create a fluttering in the dove cotes of Margaret's surviving friends, and of the later disciples; but I did not consider myself justified thereby in omitting so sound and searching a bit of analysis. Hawthorne knew Margaret thoroughly, and he has told the exact truth about her. Nevertheless, no one can begrudge Miss Sarah Clarke her gallant and truly feminine defence of her friend, lately printed in your columns, and, with the exception of one passage, I am abundantly willing that it should go for what it is worth. The exception is where Miss Clarke allows her natural good sense and candor so far to be obscured as to assert that Hawthorne, in remarking that Margaret "fell as the weakest of her sisters might," meant to insinuate that the unfortunate woman was never legally married to Ossoli at all. Hawthorne never entertained such an idea; he was not the man, under any circumstances, to make an insinuation; and the language he uses will not bear Miss Clarke's gratuitous interpretation—I feel less tenderness for Mr. T. W. Higginson, who, through his female organ, has woven this matter into a theory of "married isolation" which has a sadly perfunctory twang about it. Mr. Higginson, at all events, is still young enough to have known better. The majority of readers will, I think, not be inconsolable that poor Margaret Fuller has at last taken her place with the numberless other dismal frauds who fill the limbo of human pretension and failure.

I am, sir, yours etc.,

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Dec. 31, 1884.

HAWTHORNE AND MARGARET FULLER.

Transcript. — Jan. 9. 1885.

To the Editor of the Transcript: The extract from Nathaniel Hawthorne's diary about Margaret Fuller Ossoli, published in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's life of his father, and indorsed by his son with such unnecessary animosity against one he never knew except by hearsay, has very naturally aroused the indignation of all her friends, and, indeed, of all judicious persons who have read her life and writings. At this late day it would seem almost needless to defend one whose mind and character are so well known. But as the aforesaid extract seems to be going the rounds in several newspapers, and not only not censured, but applauded as a masterly portrait of the distinguished woman thus libelled, I ask leave, as one of those who knew her well for many years, to utter a protest against it.

It is difficult to understand how Hawthorne—the elder—could have penned such a virulent paragraph, even in his private diary; for there is reason to believe that he had been for many years on very friendly terms with Miss Fuller. I have been permitted to see a letter of his to Margaret (in the possession of the Fuller family), written to her shortly after his marriage, of the friendliest and most sympathetic tone. Still, it is apparent that the two differed widely in their mental temperaments, so that perhaps neither could entirely understand the other; and whether, standing thus apart or antagonistic in their intellectual spheres, she had chanced to say or do anything which had seriously offended him, is probably not known. Nor is it known, perhaps, how far the leprous distilments which Mr. Mozier poured into his ear may have helped to infect his opinion of her. What Mozier's gossip was worth, by the way, may be seen from the utterly absurd falsehood of the remarks about Ossoli which are quoted as coming from him.

It is hard to account for it. Enough that Hawthorn, has here written—though not for publication—a gross and merciless libel upon one of the purest and noblest of women—a libel so extravagantly wide of the truth that although his distinguished name may prevail in giving it weight with some classes of readers, and his son's indorsement may help its circulation—it must in the end react on both father and son to their injury.

That Margaret Fuller "had always shown a cruel and bitter scorn of intellectual deficiency;" that "she had not the charm of womanhood;" that "she had a strong and coarse nature;" that "she has not left in the hearts and minds of those who knew her very deep witness of her integrity and purity;" that "she was a great humbug;" that "there was a total collapse in poor Margaret, morally and intellectually, and, tragic as her catastrophe was, Providence was, after all, kind in putting her and her clownish husband and their child on board that fated ship;" and that "there was so much of the ridiculous mixed up with it," etc., is a string of ill-natured comments and manifest falsehoods which will be apparent to the most cool and indifferent of those who have carefully read the record of her life. In my long acquaintance with her I have never found that there is the slightest foundation for any such characterization as this. Yet this distorted sketch, for which it is hard to find a fit adjective, is held up as a masterly portrait; and, simply because it comes from the pen of a distinguished author, is likely to find credence with some superficial or prejudiced readers. As to what is said of her husband, the epithets lavished upon him are too absurdly untrue to merit further comment.

As one of Margaret Fuller's friends I heartily indorse all that Dr. J. F. Clarke says of her in the Transcript of Jan. 2. Such high testimony as he quotes about her (added to his own knowledge of her), and which might be amply enlarged, should have great weight with all unprejudiced minds. It would be indeed strange if the aspersions of a single individual among her acquaintance could countervail the crowd of witnesses on her side. Until this voice from the tomb was suffered to escape, I am not aware that any utterance worth listening to has been heard to defame her character, whatever harsh criticisms and witticisms there may have been upon her intellectual standing.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has at least accomplished one thing in disinterring from its crypt this unsavory extract from his father's private journal—one, too which he must have foreseen and duly appreciated—and that is the much wider sale it would give to his book. But he could not have foreseen what must surely result in the end—the regrets on their account its unwise publication will cause to many admirers of his father and of his father's biographer.

It is too late, as I said, even though an illustrious ghost rise from the grave to attempt it, to seriously invalidate the well-known story of her life. The mind and character of Margaret Fuller Ossoli have long since passed all the ordeal of narrow and misjudging criticism, and this true and noble woman has taken a place among the superior spirits of the century from which she can never be dislodged by such groundless calumnies.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

Cambridge, Mass.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE REJOINS.

To the Editor of the Transcript: I have read the letter of Mr. James Freeman Clarke and those of Mr. C. P. Cranch and an anonymous person, in defence of Margaret Fuller. Mr. Clarke contents himself with denying, on the authority of various expressions of opinion from persons more or less well known, the charges of mental incapacity urged against Ossoli; and, in defence of Margaret Fuller, he quotes the views of Mr. Emerson, Mr. Hedge and others. These views, it will be observed, were written for publication, and we all know how common it is, when speaking of a deceased friend, to take a cue from gravestone epitaphs—to gloss over defects, and to magnify virtues. One passage quoted from Mr. Emerson's eulogy however, will strike the average reader as expressing a more ugly side of Margaret's character than does anything said by Hawthorne. He tells us that she "suffered no vice to insult her presence, but called the offender to instant account when the law of light or beauty was violated. * * * Others might abet a crime by silence, if they pleased; *she chose to clear herself of all complicity by calling the act by its name.*" Surely none of the Pharisees who were denounced by the Founder of the religion which Mr. Clarke preaches could have deserved a worse characterization than that. To say, as Hawthorne does, that "she took credit to

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To the Editor of the Transcript: Mr. Julian Hawthorne's reply to Miss Clarke's letter in the Transcript of Friday evening, in his criticism of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, slashes about, as one might say, in the style of the bull in the china shop; he seems as unable to perceive the qualities of this rare woman, upon whom he pronounces anathemas, as is the above-named quadruped to distinguish the beauty of fine porcelain. Will not, however, the choice friendship and the praise of those well-known friends of this great hearted woman, who stand among the most marked and most honored men of our American society and literature, quite overbalance and put to shame the malicious comments of such critics as the editor of the Hawthorne biography, and even those of his distinguished father, whose notes upon Mme. Ossoli and her wor-

by husband were taken (as he himself has written) from the lips of one who was noted in his day as being one of the social gossips of Rome, and who may have been piqued at not being among those favored with an entrance to Mme. Ossoli's choice circle of friends;

"Let them rave,—
Still the blue sea sings a dirge
Above thy grave;
Let them rave."

***

herself for being her own Redeemer, if not her own Creator," is to convey a cognate idea in much milder language.

As for Mr. C. P. Cranch, I remember him in Rome as an amiable and inoffensive gentleman, with an entertaining talent for ventriloquism. His letter establishes the fact of his indignation, but not, so far as I can discover, anything else. Indeed, he finds his case so weak that he resorts to the familiar device of abusing the plaintiff's attorney, and intimates that I have created this discussion in order to advance the sale of "my book." I confess that I have not at my disposal any weapons adapted to repel an attack of this kind, and I leave Mr. Cranch in possession of the field. Nor do I feel called upon to notice the fervent remarks of the person without a signature. But, for that matter, not one word has been said by anybody that demands the least modification of Hawthorne's analysis; nor is there any such word to say.

One more remark suggests itself. The author of the "Scarlet Letter" has been generally conceded the possession of deep and peculiar insight into human nature. But when, in a speculative moment, he happens to turn this penetrating glance upon a certain voluble and self-righteous New England female, a chorus arises of "blundering," "clumsy," "malicious," "narrow," "false," and he is no longer allowed the possession of even ordinary eyesight. The members of the chorus, on the other hand, who were never suspected of insight till now, suddenly avouch their vast superiority in that respect to Hawthorne.

What can be the explanation of this? *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

I am, sir, yours, etc.,
JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Jan. 14, 1885.

MARGARET FULLER.

Hawthorne's Estimate of Her Reviewed.

ITS INJUSTICE SHOWN

Margaret's Character from a Friendly Standpoint.

Evening Traveller Supplement — Jan. 17, 1885

To the Literary World of Jan. 10 Mr. Frederick T. Fuller, a nephew of Margaret Fuller, contributes to the controversy raised by Hawthorne's severe estimate of her, recently exhumed from his Roman diary, an article of marked literary interest, from which we take the following extracts:

I cannot think, says Mr. Fuller, that Hawthorne's memory will be the gainer by the disclosure that he was capable, even in thought, of pronouncing such a judgment upon a former friend, long since dead, and a woman. That the judgment must be just, because it is Hawthorne's, I find to be a somewhat common sentiment in some quarters where a suspension of judgment until both sides were heard might perhaps have been looked for.........The words of men of Hawthorne's literary standing are not likely, true or false, to lack echoes—and there are still those who are tired of hearing Aristides called the Just.

Certainly it must be admitted that if Hawthorne has erred in his estimate of Margaret it was not altogether from lack of opportunity to study her character. Their acquaintance—though they had met before—appears to have begun in 1841, when Hawthorne was an ardent worker and Margaret an occasional visitor

AT BROOK FARM,

and to have become somewhat intimate at the time of his marriage in the following year. Her friendship with Sophia Peabody (Mrs. Hawthorne) was, I believe, of somewhat earlier date; and I have seen a letter in which the latter, in May, 1842, confides to Margaret the secret of her engagement with Hawthorne. "Dear, most noble Margaret," she calls her; and writes that the decision was not made till the previous evening, and that she is entitled through "our love and profound regard for you," to be told directly; and she signs herself "Your very true and loving friend, Sophia."

In a letter to Margaret dated Aug. 28, 1842, and printed in the Memoirs now under consideration, Hawthorne himself says:

There is nobody to whom I would more willingly speak my mind, because I can be certain of being thoroughly understood;

a sentiment which, perhaps, reads rather queerly considering the circumstances (according to the Memoirs) of its utterance; but at all events it evidences the existence of something more than a casual acquaintance between the two. There is also a letter from Hawthorne dated Feb. 1, 1843 (which, he says, should have been written a great while before), in which, after declaring his inability just then to do something she had suggested, he says:

How strange [that I must refuse] when I should be so glad to do anything that you had the slightest wish for me to do, and when you are so incapable of wishing anything that ought not to be!

This would seem to indicate—for surely our new Ithuriel cannot be himself a hypocrite—that Hawthone could not then have formed the estimate of her which he recorded 14 years later. And indeed there can be no question, as I learn from a study of Margaret's diary, that the period of real intimacy between the two was limited to a few months of the year 1844, during which she was much in Concord, residing chiefly at her sister Ellen's, but an almost daily visitor at the Hawthornes. Of Hawthorne himself she at first writes little—such casual references as

H. told me something odious about ——— which, if true, stamps him as contemptible as any man can be—

but much about Sophia, and more about the little Una, upon whose beauty, brightness, and pretty baby tricks she descants unweariedly with her

CHARACTERISTIC LOVE OF CHILDREN,

singular trait that, by the way, in a "coarse" nature, destitute of "the charm of womanhood." "Played with Una," she writes of one of the frequent afternoon calls upon the Hawthornes:

The child was more sweet and radiant than ever. Sophia told me a truth, for which I thank her; she seemed nobly. I walked home with H. through the woods. The skies were sighing and veiling their lids, and began to weep as soon as I was housed.........I have been writing a little note to Sophia about the truth. I will think prayerfully of it.

Took care of Una while H. and Sophia went out for a walk........Never was a lovelier or nobler little creature. Next to little Waldo, I love her better than any child I ever saw.

Later, she writes oftener of walks and talks with Hawthorne; and after one of these comes the entry:

I feel more like a sister to H., or rather more that he might be a brother to me, than ever with any man before. Yet with him it is, though sweet, not deep kindred; at least, not deep as yet.

This is at the end of her stay in Concord; in the autumn of 1844 she removed to New York, where she continued to reside until she went abroad in 1846, and met Hawthorne but seldom, if at all, after the former date. There are other interesting entries in her diary during this period, when although so often Hawthorne's guest, loving and petting his child, rendering little sisterly domestic services to Sophia, bringing little delicacies such as without offence may pass as gifts between intimate friends, and learning to cherish Hawthorne himself as a brother, she did not succeed in leaving in his "heart and mind" "any deep witness of her integrity and purity"—entries which read strangely beside the passage in his Roman journal. Of her former pupils she writes:

My wish has been more and more to purify my own conscience when near them, give clear views of the aims of this life, show them where the magazines of knowledge lie, and leave the rest to themselves and the Spirit who must teach and help them to self-impulse.

And on the leaf of the journal that contains the last entry made before she left home for New York, her mother has written, in an old-fashioned and delicate but trembling hand:

This day is the last of domestic communion for 1844 with dear ones who have constituted a great portion of the happiness of the golden days of my life. I feel deep gratitude for domestic joys, and commend my first-born child to the guidance of her Father and mine, who is alone able to attend and bless in every stage of her journey from the home of her early life, [from] friends she has merited by disinterested endeavors to improve and increase the happiness of all with whom she has had intercourse. May this goodness be returned a hundred fold into her bosom; and, as all separations are solemn things for the infirm, I give my blessing on this last page of the journal, as if it were my last, with many acknowledgments for the love and tender care I have experienced at the hands of my dear daughter, praying God to do more and better for her than I can ask or think, and to return her again to me in His own good time.

I must confess that these and the many similar passages in her diary of this year—together with the

TOTAL ABSENCE OF THOUGHTS IGNOBLE

or unkind—would have led me to a very different estimate of her character from that which Hawthorne gives 13 years later; but how dispute the dictum of one of whom we are assured that "of all her contemporaries none has shown such insight into character?"

But this unlovely vision of the "Roman Journal" is strangely unlike the sister Margaret of whom my father—the "my good little Richard" of the diaries which record the time when, by her father's early death, Margaret was obliged to bear the burdens of the head of the family—used to tell me. My father was neither a great man nor a novelist, but I think no one who knew him will deny that he was true and just. Remembering him to have been what he was, I can hardly help believing that his estimate of his sister's character was at least sincere. I never heard him say much of Margaret's literary achievements, but very much of her aims and character. He regarded me, and not, I fear, without reason, as a somewhat indolent and selfish boy; and he would often try to rouse me to a noble emulation by telling me how my Aunt Margaret had striven against almost insurmountable obstacles of ill health and domestic cares to train and use to the best advantage her mental powers, and how she had labored, watchfully and with prayer, to correct the faults of which she was so conscious, and to become what she was always inciting those about her to be. Often, too, near the anniversaries of the wreck of the ill-fated Elizabeth, he would call me into his study, and talk to me of how Margaret had cheerfully laid aside her own cherished plans and ambitions, in order to earn and save money for the education of himself and his brother Arthur; and of the wise and tender sisterly counsel, comfort and reproof with which she used to try, and not altogether unavailingly, to hold them true to high ideals of duty. I must say, too, that the entries which I find in her diary for the period of which he spoke most fit in better with his recollections than Hawthorne's impressions do with her diary of 1844.........

It is curious to observe

THE SUPERFICIAL LIKENESS,

as well as the essential unlikeness existing between the two portraits of Margaret and her husband—the one presented by her parents, brothers, and such friends as James Freeman Clarke (who has lately defended her ably in the Independent), Miss Sarah F. Clarke, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Hedge, Horace Greeley, George William Curtis, Mrs. Dall, Mrs. Story and others who knew her intimately at different periods of her life—some from early childhood—and whose testimony is corroborated by every word she has left on record in published works, correspondence, and her journals; and the other sketched by Hawthorne alone of those who could claim to know her well, but agreeing not inaptly with the criticisms long ago advanced by some whose acquaintance with her never got beyond the stage at which she impressed them as manifesting "the concentrated disagreeableness of forty Fullers." The resemblance is not unlike that between a photograph and a political cartoon of the better class, in which the familiar features of public men appear with a wonderful likeness, at once their most amusing and provoking characteristic, and yet every lineament so affected by an infinitesimal transformation, under the inspiration of party hate, that everything noble or manly has given place to low cunning or overweening arrogance. So under Hawthorne's graphic pencil what we have thought to be her character in youth, marked by uncommon nobility of purpose and intense outbreathings of affection toward all about her, but disfigured by too great self-esteem—to be delivered from "this egoism" is a suggestive prayer of her journals—and an undue pride of intellect fostered by an unnatural system of early education, becomes a "coarse, heavy, unpliable, and in some respects defective and evil nature;" her efforts with "strong crying and prayer" to reform these faults, under the outspoken criticisms of faithful friends, become a hypocritical purpose to seem noble for the world's applause; the conquest which those who thought they knew her in her later years, after she had passed from Hawthorne's vision, testify that she had effected,

BECOMES A THIN VENEER,

artificially covering all, but changing nothing; her husband's family, which she and these friends describe as "noble but now impoverished" becomes "technically noble, but really of no rank whatever" (whatever that may mean); her husband himself, who, according to the same authority, was without other education than was attainable under the tuition of a priest, even without Margaret's literary aspirations, but fully able to sympathize in her noble aims and love of natural and spiritual beauty, brave and devoted without ostentation, tender and true to her and their child, and withal upborne in misfortune and peril by a "simple and child-like faith" on which her own could lean and be strengthened—becomes "a boor," "half imbecile," "a man without the intellectual spark;" her own pitying contempt for groveling aims, and for eyes blinded by petty interests to all true beauty—yet accompanied by a tender and helpful spirit toward all, however lowly, who were sincerely trying to rise—becomes "a cruel and bitter scorn of intellectual deficiency;" her passionate craving for affection, which in childhood made her seem "an odd and sometimes inconvenient adorer" to the Cambridge ladies who befriended her, at whose feet she used to sit and whose hands she covered with kisses, becomes "a rude old potency" which at last overturned everything in the twinkling of an eye; her lack of physical prettiness becomes absolute absence of the charm of womanhood; and her love for Ossoli, which her friends hailed with joy as a proof that at last she had fully succeeded in estimating at their true relative worth nobility of heart and soul and mere intellectual endowments and attainments, becomes a mere passion for a handsome face, and she is judged to have "fallen as the weakest of her sisters might."

Can it be, after all, that the lens through which Hawthorne so saw her was distorted by anything awry in his own nature, or that the pencil which so pictured her was

NOT REALLY THAT OF A FRIEND?

One who knew both well has publicly suggested that she must have done or said something to "wound the self-love both of Hawthorne and his son." As for the latter, the date of his birth makes this impossible, except indirectly. He has indeed since written: "The majority of readers will, I think, not be inconsolable that poor Margaret Fuller has at last taken her place with the numberless other dismal frauds who till the limbo of human pretension and failure;" but that was while smarting under the public reminder of Miss Sarah F. Clarke that his mother had showed better feeling and judgment in her former publication of extracts from Hawthorne's journal; and I think I do Mr. Julian Hawthorne only simple justice in saying that his publication of this extract is to be ascribed to no other cause than that he is not one to spoil a sensation to save a friend. I observe that in the same volume he has, without apparent necessity, cast more than one grievous imputation upon the memory of his father's sister Elizabeth (one would much like, by the way, to hear the poor lady's own side of the story); and since he does not spare his own family, I can hardly in reason complain that he does not regard less binding ties. As to the father, I can as yet find—my search has not been anything like exhaustive—nothing in Margaret's writings, published or unpublished, that would seem to indicate any breach of friendliness of which she was conscious. In fact

THE LAST REFERENCE TO HIM

which I can discover in her journal is that already quoted where she speaks of him as a brother, but of kindred not deep though sweet. On the same page she writes:

Oh, it is sad that I shall see Una no more in this stage of her beauty. When I do see her again she will be quite another child;

which confirms my belief that this was really written at the time of the parting which circumstances afterwards made final. There are many passages in Hawthorne's own works, however, which seem to indicate that she may have inflicted such a wound unconsciously, in the habit, which was one of her most marked characteristics, of pointing out to her friends, and urging them to remove, whatever she saw (or thought she saw) in them in conflict with their best possible development.

Since the publication of the "Blithedale Romance" his real though hardly avowed dislike of Margaret has been no secret to those that loved her—for no evasion of his biographer, and no skillful engrafting of alien characteristics and incidents, can conceal the truth that Hawthorne did "mean Margaret" by his Zenobia, and himself by Miles Coverdale—and hardly needed the confirmation which it receives from such passages from his "American Note Books" as this:

I was invited to dine at Mr. Bancroft's yesterday

with Miss Margaret Fuller; but providence had given me some business to do, for which I was very thankful.....

to assure us that his biographer is right in speaking of his father's escape from "the rarified atmosphere of Emerson and Margaret Fuller" as a welcome relief. Readers of the Blithedale Romance will remember Zenobia's "amiable remark"—why not amiable, unless self-love was wounded?—that she "could not conceive of being so continually as Mr. Coverdale is within the sphere of a strong and noble nature without being strengthened and ennobled by its influence," and may readily believe that such a remark, referring to Emerson instead of Hollingsworth and substituting Hawthorne for Coverdale, may have been made by Margaret in Concord. Again, when Zenobia reproaches Coverdale with "a cold-blooded criticism, founded on a shallow interpretation of half-perceptions; a monstrous skepticism in regard to any conscience or any wisdom except his own," those who know the bent of Hawthorne's mind, as shown in his writings, may well imagine that some such warning, bereft of its asperity by the kindly purpose of a friend, may have really been spoken by Margaret. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," but when the reproof is felt to be just, and yet rejected, few rankle more sorely. May not

SOME SUCH HIDDEN HURT

explain the base suggestions in the third chapter of the "Blithedale Romance"? At first, he says, he imputed Zenobia's "free, careless, generous mode of expression.....to a noble courage, conscious of no harm." Later it seems he saw something which undeceived him.

Now, just when they had passed the impending bough of a birch tree, I plainly saw Zenobia take the hand of Hollingsworth in both her own, press it to her bosom, and let it fall again! The gesture was sudden, and full of passion; the impulse had evidently taken her by surprise; it expressed all! Had Zenobia knelt before him, or flung herself upon his breast, and gasped out, "I love you Hollingsworth!" I could not have been more certain of what it meant.

Are such things certain? Let us turn again to Margaret's journal, where she records her leave-taking of Emerson, with his family about him ("My Saadi" she calls him):

At parting I rose. He still sate with his eyes cast down. His hand I pressed to my heart; it was a gentle vow. He looked like the youngest child.

To what lengths Hawthorne could go when moved by a pique which would seem small to most men his works show too clearly; and what links were missing here his son has now supplied. The case that has moved me most is that of

OLD CAPTAIN LEE,

the "Old Lee" and "notorious liar" of his journal, and the custom-house barnacle, the gourmand, the soulless animal, the belly-worshipper, of the "Scarlet Letter." One of Hawthorne's old Salem comrades, who is yet alive, was chatting with me the other day of his fishing trips with the great author when he was in the custom house, and warmly assuring me that the tales of Hawthorne's drinking to excess were wholly unfounded, when suddenly he began to speak of this attack on the old inspector, and his tone changed: "Captain Lee was one of those old men whom everybody loves—genial, obliging, fond of spinning sailor's yarns and of chatting about the roast chickens and Savoy cabbage that were waiting for him at home; but tender-hearted as a child, and without an enemy in the world except Hawthorne's

bosom friend, the mainspring of the custom house, who wanted his place for another man but could not find a pretext for his discharge because he was so general a favorite and performed his duties so well. He was dead then, and everybody felt for his daughters—beautiful girls, as respected as anybody in Salem—but left poor by their father's death, and with no one to defend his memory. It was damnable, and Hawthorne's memory ought to rot for it!" And the kindly old man, himself the counterpart of Captain Lee as he described him, trembled, and his eyes filled as he recalled the long-forgotten outrage. And what shall we say of Mr. Upham, whom Hawthorne pilories as Judge Pyncheon in the "House of the Seven Gables"? Is there not

SOMETHING QUILF-LIKE

in the way Hawthorne's polished but poisoned scimetar carves in that ghastly chamber the dumb effigy of the enemy who had a hand in ousting him from his snug berth in the custom house? Was such provocation always needed, either?—or what then shall we say of the wholesale characterization of "beefy," applied to the English ladies who had lionized the American author—a term which has made him perhaps the best-hated Yankee that ever crossed the water? Are such delineations as these the work of the best judge of character among all Margaret's contemporaries?

He who unveils the shams of others should himself at least be true and noble. How then are we to account for Hawthorne's boyish request to his sister to deceive their aunt—rare joke that, his biographer would have us believe; his still more urgent plea to his sister to forward a false excuse that will enable him to get away from college; his idleness there—poor return to the uncle who helped him to an education; or his shameless advice, late in life, to a friend in pursuit of office? Far be it from me to attempt to belittle Hawthorne's genius—our American heroes and saints are not so many that we can afford to turn iconoclasts. One can but wish, though, that his illumined pen had been guided by a higher purpose—perhaps then, to cite one instance, the half-formed intent (of which his son has told us) to write something which should avenge and cure the wrongs of tortured seamen would not have been so languid and so easily turned aside.

But I have no wish to follow this analysis of Hawthorne's character further. Not long ago, when my thoughts were already full of this subject, I entered the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park and paused before the statue of Medea meditating the murder of her children. Almost perfect, of its kind, I thought it, and I felt as I gazed at it a shuddering insight into the inmost recesses of a lost and desperate soul; but there was to me nothing, uplifting or ennobling in it. Further on, I stopped before a painting of the Betrayal—a blurred and faded canvas from which gleamed out one wondrous face, portraying to the world, as words cannot, a divine love and pity triumphant over the rankle of that last of injuries, the treason of a friend. The realm of art to which the time-worn painting belongs seemed to me above the other by almost the measure of the impassable gulf; and such, I thought, is the contrast between Hawthorne's work as it is and as he might have made it under the impulse of motives such as Margaret would have wished to waken in him. As I looked, the smart of wounded feeling gave place to a pity and forgiveness such as I believe Margaret herself would feel toward the "brother" who has so cruelly judged and rejected her. His words, I am confident, cannot really harm her; and I am not unhopeful that some may even be led by them, as I have been, to study and know her better, learning to hate and shun her faults as she did, and catching, as so many of her own generation have already done, the inspiration of her noble purpose.

MR. HAWTHORNE AND HIS CRITICS.

Boston Transcript-Feb. 5, 1885.

To the Editor of the Transcript: Sir—A few final remarks occur to me in regard to the criticisms made upon sundry features of the Hawthorne Biography. These criticisms are resolved, broadly speaking, into two—that the book contains some objectionable things, and that it objectionably fails to contain some others. The passage referring to Margaret Fuller is most prominent in the former category. Hawthorne held certain opinions about Margaret, which he formulated. I included this statement of his in the Biography. Hawthorne has been blamed in some quarters for thinking as he did about her, and I have been blamed still more for revealing his thought. I transcribed the passage in question deliberately and after due reflection. I hoped that it would be noticed, and I should have been disappointed had no notice been taken of it; for what Margaret Fuller was in herself is of very slight importance, but she represents a large and still surviving class, the existence of which is deleterious to civilization and discreditable to human nature. With the advance of progress this class must disappear, and an exposure of the true grounds of its being (such as is made in Hawthorne's analysis) will serve to hasten that disappearance. It is the class which is inspired with the old Pharisaic spirit, which says, "I am holier than thou;" which covets personal merit in the sight of God: which claims exclusiveness; which antagonizes true society or the profound truth of human brotherhood. It is largely composed of what are technically known as "respectable" people. It is well to expose these absurd and degrading pretensions, and Hawthorne deserves thanks for having so powerfully aided in the exposure. How powerful his aid was may be partly estimated by the outcries of those who find themselves wounded by his arrows.

Now, as to my own part in the matter. I am told that, if there be an evil or imperfect side to an otherwise admirable character, it should be mercifully veiled from public knowledge. I do not admit this claim. What the poet says in irony is true in earnest—"the many-headed Beast *should* know." The many-headed beast is mankind—is each one of us universalized. It has been the curse of our race that we have striven to hide our frailties, first from one another, and finally from ourselves. The act is falsehood and the motive is cowardice. Until the highest of us has confessed himself morally indistinguishable from the lowest, the first step in man's spiritual emancipation is yet to take. Until we recognize the nature given us by creation, we shall never honestly accept God's aid to rise above it. Let us not try to make heroes of ourselves or of one another. What is heroic in us does not belong to us, and does not come from us; the contrast between it and us is the measure of the difference between infinite and finite. Let us, rather, insist upon that contrast and difference, and never for one moment allow the shows of things, and our own vanity, to blind us to it; to say that we are good, is to say that we are God, and that God is a self-seeking and self-complacent slave.

To pass to the other head of my topic: It has been noticed that the names of George P. Lathrop, of James T. Fields, of Henry James, and perhaps of some others, do not appear in the Biography; and certain sagacious inferences have been drawn from this omission. I need say little more than that I regret the inference, and that it is an unjustifiable one. The gentlemen in question were biographers of Hawthorne. In planning my own work, it was my design to make it supplementary to theirs—not to use again the materials which they had employed. Mr. Lathrop and Mr. James had no personal acquaintance with Hawthorne, and no influence, direct or otherwise, upon his life. Upon the whole, therefore, reference to them would have seemed forced and gratuitous. Mr. Lathrop is also the husband of my sister and my personal friend, but those also are facts which did not concern Hawthorne and do not concern the public. Mr. Fields was Hawthorne's friend as well as his biographer; but I conceived that he had already sufficiently vindicated, in print and otherwise, his share in the production of the "Scarlet Letter," and as Hawthorne's guide and adviser; and that for me to emphasize these things would be superfluous. I must venture to conduct my own work in conformity with my own designs.

It is not my custom to notice anonymous attacks, and I shall therefore pass by the article in a recent number of a prominent American magazine. It has the flavor commonly characteristic of such publications. Mr. Fuller's sprightly remarks, in another place, remind me of the story of the nephew of the Doll Stuffed with Sawdust. So long as the inner secret of the Doll's existence remained unrevealed, the nephew shone prosperously in her reflected glory; but when the sawdust came out of the Doll, her case was bad enough, but his was indeed appalling. No blame to him if he remonstrated. Finally, Mr. George William Curtis has charitably spoken on the side of Margaret Fuller's defenders. We all know and like Mr. Curtis, and rejoice in his honorable and useful life. Why should he compel us to remember that the graceful "Howadji," who was Miss Fuller's contemporary, was a gushing and sentimental youth, ready to make an idol if he could not find one ready made? If his opinion of Miss Fuller now is the same that it was then, it is worth just as much—and no more.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

New York, Feb. 1, 1885.

HAWTHORNE AND PHARISAISM.

Boston Transcript-Feb. 10, 1885.

To the Editor of the Transcript: The irrepressible biographer of Hawthorne seems to have done nothing more of late than repeat the unmusical theme of his father's remarkable judgment of Margaret Fuller, with his own variations upon it. The attempt to show this lady to the public as one of the Scribes and Pharisees is, however, a little departure from the text furnished by Mr. Hawthorne the elder. The quotation from Mr. Emerson's account of her frankness and plain speaking in the presence of vice is not a happy one for his case. If all truth-speakers are Pharisees, of course the question is settled. But if no one must open his lips to distinguish between what is moral and what immoral without being thought self-righteous, and all shades of character are to be mixed in one "mush of concession," it would argue, I think, a rather rotten state of society. Mr. Julian Hawthorne seems to think otherwise. Margaret Fuller, he thinks, "represents a large and still surviving class, the existence of which is deleterious to civilization and discreditable to human nature." Whereupon he preaches a little sermon on self-righteousness, wherein he fails to see that the splenetic moralism in these notes from his father's journal might easily be construed as falling under that very head. Mr. Julian Hawthorne is evidently a reader of Henry James, Sr. Any one who has read Mr. James's philosophy on the subject of morality will see that this disciple has only partially and imperfectly understood the writings of that remarkable thinker, whose ideas he tries to enforce, but who would never have approved of this travesty of them. The confounding of all moral distinctions, the omission to call things by their right names was never a tenet of his philosophy, however emphatic his creed was in the oneness of human nature. That a recognition of moral differences in society should be a mark of Pharisaism is certainly a new doctrine.

When a man's determination to find fault and pick flaws has become a fixed motive and idea, it is useless to reason with him. He will twist everything that can be twisted to suit his purpose. What is easier than to exaggerate and ridicule the defects of Margaret Fuller (yet they were light defects which she outgrew in later years), and to entirely ignore her noble and truly womanly qualities? In such a style of criticism, is anything more apparent than the prejudiced and hostile spirit of the critic?

The life of Margaret Fuller has been written by four or five biographers, and is before the world. Most of these biographers were her personal friends—all of them persons of distinguished character and ability. They have not hesitated to show her to the public just as she was. Her faults of temperament and intellect are portrayed no less than her great and generous qualities. And the testimony of her biographers is borne out in the love and admiration of large numbers of the best men and women who knew her, and can never forget her. But if all these persons were mistaken in their estimate of her—which of course they were if what is called Hawthorne's "analysis" of her character has any truth—then either they were the most gullible of mortals, or she the most artful of deceivers.

And yet this extract from Nathaniel Hawthorne's private diary, written, for some inscrutable reason, many years after her death, and, for some equally inscrutable reason, published, is set up against such abundant testimony, and the attempt persistently made by his biographer to invalidate all that has been so long and so well known about her—and merely because Hawthorne wrote it. Carlyle's criticism of Lamb was less cruel. But, like that, it is but one witness against a crowd of witnesses who knew her as well as Hawthorne did.

Will a discerning public see much justice here? The attitude of Mr. Julian Hawthorne in this controversy is natural enough so long as he is so blinded to the truth by love and reverence for his father that he thinks all his judgments were infallible. But he ought to see that there are hundreds of readers who feel a genuine sorrow and indignation (on Hawthorne's account) that such an extract has been published, and who are beginning to feel that they must make large discount of their former esteem of this author as a friendly and fair-minded critic. It seems strange that his biographer does not see that the main effect of the extract and of his warm indorsement of it must be not to injure Madame Ossoli, but only the author and the abettor of the libel.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

To the Editor of the Transcript: The more Mr. Hawthorne undertakes to defend the bad taste in publishing "the unpleasant side" of his father's character, the more untenable becomes his position.

I have read with avidity the works of Hawthorne, enjoying with keen pleasure every line of his wondrous and life-like description of people and scenes, and have wandered over Salem to try and reproduce some of them again. In Rome I procured photographs of the great plazas and statues, the palaces and gardens, and illustrated the "Marble Faun," living over again the old scenes each time I take up the book. I shall not forget how inexpressibly shocked I felt on first reading in the Transcript, from the advance sheets of Julian Hawthorne's book, the bitter, uncalled-for blows, resurrected from the dead to slander the dead, by the bad judgment of the living.

Mr. Hawthorne winces at any question as to why he did thus, although he says he foresaw these notes—probably never meant in a private diary for the public eye—would cause discussion.

Why not, then, have avoided this distasteful critique of the dead, and hid this flaw, this unkind side?

Mr. Hawthorne has, however, answered this by even more bitter denunciations of Margaret Fuller Ossoli than those of his father.

Mr. Hawthorne in his last article in the Transcript tells us we must separate the real from the unreal; the chaff should be cast out. Surely Clarke, Cranch, Curtis, Fuller and many others cannot all be wrong and mistaken utterly! They say Margaret Fuller had noble qualities!

The fact remains to the public, in the language of Mr. Curtis, it "displays Hawthorne in an unpleasant light with relation to those whose hospitality he enjoyed, and dispels illusions as to his amiability towards his contemporaries."

Anything Mr. Hawthorne has said in the matter does not alter the fact of the display of bad taste, at the least, and a causing of unnecessary pain to many relatives, and also lovers of Hawthorne, by the traducing of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Surely Mr. Hawthorne will find it a reality that the world will look with disfavor on this action, and "*Ne me impune lacessit*," applies to the dead as well as the living, and he has laid himself open to grave accusations.

W. C. BURRAGE.

Jamaica Plain.

To the Editor of the Transcript: It is a part of our human nature to deprecate slander and misrepresentation after death. That parents should suffer it by the deliberate act of a son is, to speak calmly, unexpected. Nathaniel Hawthorne won the love of the wide circle of his readers by the exquisite grace and tenderness of his creations. This is constantly illustrated by any one of his books. It is equally true that through all his writings a sarcastic bitterness gleams, which, in accordance with the disposition of the reader, disturbs or delights him. Genuine Hawthorne lovers accept it as the peculiarity of a friend, for which possibly he should not be held accountable.

The life of an author so widely known as Hawthorne, and prepared by a son, was eagerly anticipated, and it reveals him most tender and true in his domestic life. The sacrilege of bringing before the public the letters of the husband and wife before their marriage cannot be commented upon.

The revelation of sincerity and sweetness of character thus made is unsurpassed. Such revelation makes more striking and distressing the inexplicable passages from the Roman journals, passages which in a moment distort the whole transcription of Hawthorne's character, the selection of which, by a son, from the private journals of his father can never be forgiven.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Julian Hawthorne will abandon his present apparent employment—that of bringing the name of a father so tender and devoted, and of a mother so innately lovely, into disgrace; his article in the Boston Transcript of Jan. 2 would have the world believe that she, so loyal to her husband, approved and assisted in such use of the manuscripts of her precious dead.

Lenox, Mass.

Story on Margaret Fuller's Husband.

[George Alfred Townsend in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The American sculptor, Mr. W. W. Story, the most intellectual man probably in his profession in any country, refers in a note to me, of the 19th of January, to the subject of Margaret Fuller, the Countess of Ossoli. This lady, who was a Yankee woman and married an Italian gentleman, appears to have crossed the susceptibilities of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and his son, in his recent editing of the father's life and diaries, copied some of the extracts. I am not myself informed upon the controversy. The elder Hawthorne was generally severe on his women, and did not like intellectual women, apparently. His sketch of Ann Hutchinson of Massachusetts seems to me to have been a one-sided thing. He was anti-progressive, and, with all his genius, was not in the national way of doing good.

I have so little acquaintance with Mr. Story that I hesitate to quote him, but I observe nothing in his note indicative of confidentiality or timorousness. He says:—

Very few English and American books get here to Rome, and in consequence I am very much behindhand in what so much interests me. I, as well as my friends, have experienced much difficulty in obtaining here copies of some of my own little books. One book in particular I have much desired to see. I mean the late one by Julian Hawthorne relating to his father, but I have not been so fortunate (or shall I say unfortunate?) as to find it. I understand, however, from extracts published in various periodicals, that, among other things, there is a very severe and, in my opinion, a most unjustifiable attack on Margaret Fuller, drawn from Mr. Hawthorne's (the father's) private journals. Of course, every one has a right to his own opinion, but he has also the right to determine for himself what he shall make public. For a son thus to publish injurious statements against the living or dead, drawn from his father's private journals, and thus risk his reputation and fame, is, in my judgment, utterly inexcusable. The facts reported against the Marchese Ossoli (Margaret's husband) are totally false. I knew Ossoli well. He was not a man of special ability, but he was a thorough gentleman, of old and distinguished family, a patriot who fought for his country's independence, and a most amiable, modest and high-minded man. His uncle was a monsignor of the church; his two brothers *guardis noble* in the Pope's service. There is not a word to be said against any of them. But Hawthorne never knew Ossoli, nor could have known him, as he never came to Italy until several years after Ossoli's sad death, and Ossoli, until his fatal voyage, never was out of his own country. Mr. Mozier's statements, reported by Hawthorne, are therefore absolutely without foundation. I had for the father of Mr. Hawthorne a strong affection, and a great admiration, and it pains me to find his son injuring him before the world.

Aug. 1887

MISS PEABODY AND HAWTHORNE.

[From the Daily Advertiser.]

Only the other day, in speaking of Hawthorne, who was her good friend as well as her sister's husband, Miss Peabody said—

"Hawthorne's journals and note books have never been properly estimated. His son did not make a suitable discrimination between the permanent and the transient in that which his father set down. His published estimates of people and of scenes which I knew perfectly well were not Hawthorne's lasting thoughts. Hawthorne liked to catch the feelings of the moment; that is why he jotted down impressions as seriously as convictions, oftentimes. Yes. I know that paragraph about Margaret Fuller in Julian Hawthorne's 'Life.' Of course Hawthorne wrote it, but he never meant it in the world. It was one of his comparisons—not a decided opinion. He had n't faith in opinions as such. He believed that every thought and impression must be looked at on all sides to get its artistic and spiritual unity. I remember that Hawthorne said to me once—

"'Never print anything you have written until you have read it over in many moods of mind. When I write anything that I know or even suspect is morbid, I feel as though I had told a lie.'"

Miss Peabody was only six weeks older than her famous brother-in-law.

"Once I remember," said she, "I remarked to him that I always felt as though I ought to be excused because I was so young; and added that I should be glad when I reached the age of sixty years, for then I should be respected for my age, if not for my opinions.

"'Sixty years!' cried Hawthorne; 'heaven grant that I may never see sixty. Age is so unlovely, I dread the thought of a decline,' he went on. 'Life should be all beautiful. We should step from stage to stage with no period of decline between.'

"Hawthorne always feared 'outliving his mind.' You remember that he did not see sixty. He died a few weeks before his birthday, in '64. His birthday, you know, was the Fourth of July, and he died toward the end of May."

LOWELL IN A CHATTY MOOD.

The World. Oct. 24 1886.

HE TALKS FREELY TO JULIAN HAWTHORNE ABOUT HIS ENGLISH EXPERIENCES.

Glacial Drift in English Politics Towards Popular Government—Regard for the Queen Among the People—If the Prince of Wales Becomes King He Will Not be Allowed to Go Astray—The Aristocracy Held to be an Absolute Benefit—Gladstone and Hartington—Mr. Lowell Declares Himself a Home Ruler—He Defends Minister Phelps in His Attitude Towards Mr. Rice—Outlook in English Art and Literature—Lowell's Home Life and Plans for the Future.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BOSTON, Oct. 22.—Mr. James Russell Lowell, freed from official restraints, seems to feel like one who, after long struggling with the perplexities of a foreign language, at length finds himself at liberty to use his native tongue once more. This is strictly a simile. Few languages are foreign to Mr. Lowell, and he certainly speaks English of notable purity. The Spanish hidalgos discovered no flaws in his Castilian; and those who have perused the lucubrations of Mr. Hosea Bigelow will be willing to admit that Mr. Lowell can talk American. But the language of diplomacy, thoroughly though he is versed in it, has never, I think, been altogether agreeable to him. A man who can put a truth with such exquisite plainness and point as Mr. Lowell can, must sometimes have groaned in spirit over the ambiguous innuendoes of official phraseology. But if, in the course of human events, there should ever arise the need to send an ambassador to Europe to offer some impertinent nation the alternative of peace or war, then the public choice might well fall on Mr. Lowell. No other man could speak the momentous words with firmer emphasis or with such unerring aim.

Meanwhile he expands and invites his soul. It is his design to spend his summers in England and his winters in this country. "In fact," said he, "if I could afford it, I would live altogether on the other side. The climate suits me. I remember when I first landed at Liverpool, years and years ago, I said to myself, 'This is my native air!' and then," he added, "I have more personal friends now in England than I have here. If I were to stay here I should be alone." Mr. Lowell's wife died a little while ago and his only daughter has been married upward of a dozen years. It is at her husband's house, on Deerfoot Farm, near Framingham, that the ex-Minister passes the American months of his life. It is a beautiful place. The land in that region is lifted 500 feet above the sea; it has a rolling, diversified surface, carefully cultivated—so far, at any rate, as the 300 acres of the farm are concerned—and opening out, ever and anon, in delectable distances, where everything seems harmonious and fair. In the light of the cool October sunshine, as I saw it, it was an invigorating and a soothing sight. The golden and crimson glory of the maples against the blue sky; the lingering greenness of the meadows; the cosy dwellings nested here and there and the groups of cattle, and then the freshness and transparency of the autumnal New England air—all seemed designed to make mankind rejoice. When I compared this scene and atmosphere with the horrors and unwholesomeness of murky London, I was at a loss to comprehend how Mr. Lowell could endure to exchange the one for the other. But it is the movement and the richness of life in London that he cares for. He sympathizes with Dr. Johnson's love of the endless river of humanity at Temple Bar. There is nothing else like it in the world. And although he recognizes the uses of solitude, and that the lonely communings of a man with his own heart may deepen or heighten him, yet he holds that it is liable also to narrow him and to interrupt the stream of sympathy with one's kind which is the thing in life best worth having. "And when one gets to be older," he says, "one likes to be within easy reach of pleasant people." Moreover, the mere comforts and amenities of existence are better understood, or at least better realized, in England than here; and a man who has turned aside from the more active path of his career and wishes to think and to remember, is wise to put himself where the surroundings will least interfere with the inward processes of life.

HIS RETREAT AT DEERFOOT FARM.

Meanwhile, nothing could be more agreeable than the surroundings at Deerfoot Farm. There are

children and cattle and dogs (who love Mr. Lowell and whom he loves), and long, undisturbed walks over the hills; and the house itself, built by the owner, is inexpressibly satisfactory within and without. Everthing is spacious, easy, airy, with a broad human irregularity of design and arrangement that makes it seem quietly alive. A veranda, broken here and there by porches, surrounds it. The house appears tall, many-gabled, informal; the upper stories are covered with scale-shaped shingles; paint is not used, but a brownish stain which more resembles the work of nature than of art. Inside, the floors and walls are finished with polished hardwood and painted plaster. There is plenty of light and cheerfulness and no trace anywhere of dust or dinginess. It is in one of the topmost rooms of the house that Mr. Lowell has his study, facing the west. It does not contain many books, but most of them have substantial bindings. There is a comfortable table or two, some easy chairs, and Portuguese cabinets containing photographs and papers. It is a very different place from the shadowy study at Elmwood, in Cambridge, with which one's idea of Mr. Lowell is chiefly associated; and it is probably used more for work than for the leisure and luxury of the scholar. For Mr. Lowell has on hand more work than he can conveniently accomplish, and this fact may have something to do with his periodical escapes to England.

"I am well," he said, "but I am miserable just now." There were certainly no symptoms of misery in his appearance. I remembered him in my own college days, more than twenty years ago, when I used to go up to Elmwood once or twice a week and (ostensibly) read German with him, but, as a matter of fact, there was more pipe-smoking and talking done than anything else; and we sat in comfortable chairs before the open fireplace and toasted our toes on the fender. In those days Mr. Lowell was a broad-shouldered, vigorous man, some 5 feet 9 inches, perhaps, in height, and weighing about 180 pounds. His reddish beard was broad and thick, his eyebrows heavy, and his gray eyes were now keen and penetrating, now genial and humorous in their expression. His voice was clear and finely modulated, his laugh hearty and contagious. As I looked at him now, after the lapse of so much time, I was astonished to see how few and slight were the changes in his aspect. He is still, to look at, a vigorous man of fifty. His voice and laugh are unchanged, and the silver in his beard gives it a golden tinge not suggestive of age. His figure is the same—active and strong, but not heavy, and "when I was in Cornwall two or three years ago," he said, "Leslie Stephen and I used to walk over the moors eighteen miles at a stretch, sometimes. There are fine walks over the hills about here, and I generally take about six miles a day. But my present misery," he went on, "is due to my having agreed to deliver an address on education, and I don't know what I shall say. Whatever it is, it will be certain to wound the susceptibilities of somebody, and perhaps my best plan will be to make myself as disagreeable as I can."

As his interlocutor sat facing this famous man, who was so kind and courteous, his heart smote him, like that of Perseus when he was about to exhibit the Gorgon's head and turn a sentient human being into lifeless stone. "Mr. Lowell," he said, "I have come here on an errand"——

"Not of mercy!" interrupted Mr. Lowell, laughing, as a brave man will in the presence of danger.

"No; to be merciful is not my privilege. I have come to learn from you what no one else can tell me—your opinion of England and the English. It is likely to be worth more than any other American's, and I believe the American people want to know it."

Mr. Lowell seemed to think that the American people would value his opinion less after becoming acquainted with it than before, but he settled himself with manly resignation to the fate before him, and in the conversation which followed no chance listener would have imagined, from the tones of his voice or the expression of his countenance, that he was stretched upon that modern rack of inquisition which has been evolved by nineteenth-century civilization from the torture-chamber of the Middle Ages.

MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

"There is a sort of glacial drift in English political opinion," he said. "You cannot see it move, but, after a time, when you look again, you see that it has moved—it is no longer where it was. The drift is in the direction of popular government. I don't think there will be a revolution. But the tendency is there, and the outward forms are comparatively unimportant. The aristocracy, as well as the Radicals, foresee possible modifications. I noticed that I was often spoken to on the subject of our Constitution and was assured that Englishmen would like to possess such an instrument."

"Is there any strong personal attachment to the Queen or reverence for her among the people?"

"Yes," Mr. Lowell thought, "she had the regard of the nation. Her reign was a remarkable one. She would never be required to step down from the throne, and if the Prince outlived her he would be allowed to reign. But it is quite possible that she may outlive him. She is very tough."

"But so is the Prince. His constitution must be vigorous to do all he does?"

"Well, he's very fat," replied Mr. Lowell; "he's immensely fat! and his labors, such as they are, are chiefly physical. He delivers very good speeches; but I think there's no doubt they are written for him. They are written by a man who also used to get up the addresses delivered by the late Duke of Albany—Prince Leopold. I remember reading one of these and thinking, 'Well, this is really good!' But it turned out not to be Leopold's goodness. There was a good deal of voluntary make-believe in the popular attitude towards Leopold. He was always spoken of in the newspapers as a sort of paragon—a Marcellus. But when he died, and the Queen ordered mourning for a year, I spoke to some one who knew him well about the universal regret that seemed to be felt, and he laughed and said: 'He was the greatest ass I ever knew in my life!'"

[illegible] Hawthorn

"But if the Prince of Wales becomes King will the complexion of English society undergo a change for the worse? Are not his views as to morality of a different order from the Queen's?"

"That will make no difference," Mr. Lowell said. "He won't be allowed to go astray. He will be controlled by the pressure of public opinion. It is like the pressure of the atmosphere; you can't see it, but it is forty pounds to the square inch just the same."

"But has not the sovereign still a good deal of personal power? Has not the Queen, for instance, often interfered to have her own way in political matters?"

"I doubt that story about her having threatened the Czar with the opposition of England during the Russo-Turkish war," said Mr. Lowell. "He would have known, as well as she, that the threat could not have been carried out without consent of Parliament, which could not have been obtained. Still, she no doubt has personal influence, as is natural, for she is a woman of sound sense and great political experience. I think it was she who brought about the reconciliation between the Commons and the Lords three years ago. I saw Salisbury two days before the reconciliation took place, and he said, very positively, that nothing of the kind would be admitted. He said it was better the Lords should perish than yield, and that he would consent to no compromise. But, during the next two days, the Queen sent for him and sent for Gladstone, and I am sure she worked them. She made them agree."

"Was Salisbury sincere in saying that he would rather the Lords should perish than yield?"

"I think he was, and the reason is that he longs to get back to the Commons. He is better fitted for the lower than the upper house, and he knows it. Possibly a change in the upper house may take place some day, but it would be to the effect that their seats should be held by election instead of hereditarily. They would occupy much the same position as our Senate. As it is now a good many fools get in there, and they obstruct business. But many of the Lords are conscientious and able men. Their influence is good. They will not be done away with altogether."

GLADSTONE'S PECULIARITIES.

"What do you think of Gladstone?"

"He believes in himself; he is sincere. He is very resolute and rather unmanageable. The Queen is reported to have said of him that he was the only one of her Ministers who had treated her as if she were neither a sovereign nor a woman. I don't vouch for the truth of that, but he prefers his own way. I recollect once, at the time of the Ascot races, a number of men, several of whom were in the Cabinet, wanted to go, but doubted whether they could evade the Cabinet meeting appointed for that day. Finally one of them gave me a waggish look and said: 'I don't see why it wouldn't do just as well if the G. O. M. had the Cabinet meeting alone to himself!' Much of his power may be due to the sincerity of his convictions. At the time of his Northern campaign in support of Home Rule, I happened to sit beside Gladstone in a train, and he told me that in all his political experience he had never known anything like the enthusiasm and unanimity of public opinion in favor of the measure. I told him that perhaps a measurable part of this enthusiasm and unanimity was to be ascribed to the effect of his personal eloquence, but he at once exclaimed, 'No, no, not at all!' and evidently he meant it. I afterwards asked Lord Acton, who overheard it, whether he thought Gladstone had been in earnest, and he said he had no doubt of it."

"Is Lord Hartington liked in England?"

Mr. Lowell thought the respect for him was very widespread and genuine. "He is a good kind of Englishman. He is a gentleman. He understands the House. He has great firmness of character. The back of his neck, straight and thick, gives an impression of stubbornness. I never saw anything to compare with it except President Cleveland's. Hartington stands in the succession for the Premiership; the only danger is that he may at any moment be turned into the House of Lords by the death of his father. The Duke is now seventy-eight years old, but he is still a strong man and may live a long while. Lord Hartington's defection was a serious loss to Gladstone, and so was Mr. Chamberlain's, who is a man of great intelligence and force. Chamberlain is also a very honest man and has broad views. But Gladstone is not an easy man to get along with unless you agree with him."

"Do you think the aristocracy are a benefit to England?"

THE "UPPER TEN" COMMENDED.

"They are a benefit absolutely. A great many members of the nobility are good men who labor conscientiously and intelligently to improve and help their tenants and dependents. I know some of them who take more pains about the right disposal of the "livings" in their gift than many of the incumbents do to discharge their office. The best of the nobles are in every respect fine specimens of manhood. The training and traditions tend to make them so. They are handsome to look at, manly, modest and efficient. Their wealth and the responsibilities it involves dignify their character. It is worth while that such a class should exist; they show what generous training can make of men. The wealth of some of them is magnificent, and so is their treatment of it. I was once being shown the kitchen gardens belonging to a certain peer; there were a great many of them, opening one into another. At last I said to my host that so many gardens must require great attention, and asked him how many gardeners he kept. He laughed and said: 'I don't know; I suppose about forty!' Another time I noticed a splendid silver bowl, about two feet in diameter, on a table among other things. It was no more prominently placed than this ash-receiver here. It was richly carved by Benvenuto Cellini. I spoke of its beauty and Lord —— blushed and said in a bashful way: 'I was offered £20,000 for that.' There was another nobleman who, on his daughter's marriage, made her a gift of £50,000 worth of diamonds alone. The income of another from a part of his estate is £200,000 quarterly. Yes, their wealthy men are wealthier than ours. One man owns the whole of Belgravia and a part of Mayfair; and yet he is sometimes embarrassed for ready money, for the expenses of these great estates are also enormous, and often, of course, money is thrown away. One lady, whose husband owned several estates, while entertaining us at one of them, said: 'I wish you would visit us at ——; we like it so much better than this—it is our home: but I never was here before.' Yet that was a superb place, and it was constantly kept in a condition to be occupied. I have often said to those great land-owners that they gain nothing by having such immense properties; the best that they can give them is seclusion, and seclusion can be obtained as well in five hundred acres, or even one hundred, as in fifty thousand. But, upon the whole, the aristocracy is worth preserving, and I think the people will not wish it destroyed. One man, radical in his views, said to me: 'I would sooner work my arms down to the elbow than that there should not be people richer than I.'"

"But what about the immorality of English society, of which we are hearing so much? Do not the conditions of life of the aristocracy stimulate that?"

"I don't know that they do," said Mr. Lowell. "As to the *Pall Mall* exposures, the same might probably be proved against a similar class of society in any great city. The Dilke case did not greatly surprise me. I knew Dilke, and he had great ability, but there were traits in his character which prepared one even for what happened. As for Mrs. Crawford, one of the counsel for the defense told me she was the most remarkable witness who ever went on a stand. It was impossible not to believe every word she said. Her unconcern was astonishing. She seemed incapable of comprehending her own predicament. But this whole case was exceptional. It is not a representative one. Probably the English aristocracy do not regard lapses with the same severity as we do. They condone them more easily among themselves. But as a rule, and so far as I know, their lives are honest and wholesome enough. There are thorough scoundrels among them. The present Duke of ——, a man of forty-two, and a most courteous and pleasant personage to talk with, seems to live to do only mischief. But his brother, Lord Randolph Churchill, is clever and energetic, and ambitious to become a great statesman. He works hard and constantly, and with much intelligence."

"You knew Lord Coleridge well. What is one to think about that affair of his daughter?"

"Lord Coleridge was more wanting in tact than in anything else. He made the least creditable appearance that the circumstances admitted of. While his case was going on, for instance, he had an appointment to deliver an address on a certain occasion, and he prefaced his speech by saying: 'You may be surprised to see me here at this time.' It was an extraordinary deficiency of tact. He is still the Lord Chief-Justice, but his professional reputation is not the highest."

MR. LOWELL A HOME RULER.

The talk took a turn at this point towards the Irish question, and Mr. Lowell referred to the hostility which had been aroused here by his action regarding the "American citizens of Irish birth" arrested by the British authorities. "The feeling against me was bitter, I know, and I was well abused in the newspapers. Even my life was threatened," he added, with a smile, "but the oddest part of it was that I was then, as I am now, a sound Home Ruler, though they didn't know it; only, I couldn't see how a man could be a citizen of America and of Ireland at the same time. Secretary Frelinghuysen was weak, and I took the action I did on my own responsibility, because I believed if I asked him he wouldn't venture to do it. The Irish will have Home Rule, I think, but it may not fulfil all their anticipations. For one thing, their own men will govern them much more strictly than they have ever been governed by England. It will be an iron rule. Another possibility is, that there will be a quarrel between the Irish in Ireland and the Irish here. The American-Irish have paid the piper, and they will think they have a right to lead the dance. But the people at home won't want that, and there will be a difference."

"Do you think the Irish leaders seriously desire separation?"

"I don't think they do. It will be a commercial impossibility, for one thing. The case lies in a nutshell. Ireland's exports are $20,000,000; of these $19,000,000 go to England; she is the only free-trader."

It so happened that, on this same evening, after leaving Mr. Lowell I met Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly at the St. Botolph Club, and I put to them separately the same question as to separation that I had asked Mr. Lowell. They both answered, with emphasis, that separation was not what was wanted. Mr. McCarthy added that his friends and his life were in London, and that he never contemplated living anywhere else. Mr. O'Reilly said, regarding the quarrel between the Irish and the American-Irish which Mr. Lowell had thought possible, that he had no apprehension whatever of any such thing. The American-Irish, when the cause which they had at heart, and which they had supported by their money, was won, would cease to have any further active concern with the affairs of their native country. They

would not dream of returning to Ireland, but would turn to their own affairs and be content.

Mr. Lowell confirmed the reports of widespread agricultural depression in England. He ascribed it in great measure to the slowness of the English farming class. They seemed unable to entertain or to profit by new ideas. They have many advantages over their competitors, but they could not contend against competition. The land-owners, of course, suffered, but they had other investments. Some essential modifications would be necessary to restore prosperity. In other departments of trade England was still well off. She had the carrying trade of the world. She was wealthy beyond computation. There were no serious symptoms of decay in her. In one way or another her power would continue. As to whether or not she would finally surrender her colonies he would make no prediction. Undoubtedly she would stand by Canada if that troublesome community should get into a scrape about the fisheries; not because Canada, of itself, was worth fighting for, but because, if the other dependencies found that England failed to support Canada, they would at once apply the argument to themselves. Whatever the future might contain, England could not afford to give up all her possessions now. "The treaty favors Canada," added Mr. Lowell, "and it is not inconceivable that some of the 'cases' which have lately been in the papers may have been devised by certain retired statesmen of our own to forward their political ends."

ENGLISH ART AND LITERATURE.

As touching the outlook for art in England, Mr. Lowell thought it was unpromising. The academic school was a moribund and soulless affair. There was no initiative in them. Their pictures lacked purpose and meaning—the artists were unimaginative. Of Mr. Poynter, for example, who had shown great promise of eminence in youth, the saying was current that he was the great Diss-Poynter. Tadema (who was, however, a Dutchman) was learned and admirable. One of his daughters painted pictures of still life which Tadema admitted were better than anything he could do in that line. Mrs. Tadema was also a clever artist; and the other daughter, Laurence, had shown a talent for fiction, evidenced by her novel published last season, and attributed by many critics to her father. And "Whistler? Well, Whistler is a genius," said Mr. Lowell with an intonation that seemed to fix a great gulf between our American and the foreigners among whom he chooses to live. Another American, Sargent, was also spoken of by Mr. Lowell as one of the foremost artists in England, "His pictures always have something striking in them, and they create great controversy—a sign of vitality. Ever since he painted that picture of the dancing gypsy he has done some good thing each year. He is painting a good many portraits now. There was one last year—three figures on one canvas—that had great merit. I think that we are likely to paint the best pictures in the future. We can take the best qualities of the French and English and be ourselves too."

Of English literature Mr. Lowell said: "I have not followed it. I had been told that Mr. Thomas Hardy was very good, and I took up one of his books—'Two on a Tower'—but I did not get on with it. Afterwards I met him; he is small and unassuming in appearance—does not look like the genius of tradition. George Meredith is a man of great learning and ability, and in literature he has virility—the sense of sex, which is rare. He published years ago a volume which, I think, is almost unknown now. It is called 'Modern Love,' and is a series of sonnets which tell a consecutive story. They impressed me very much, and I said to myself, 'this is a real story.' I learned later that they were based on fact. A woman has a lover, and in order to fortify her social position, she deliberately marries an honest man who knows nothing of her intrigue. Of his novels the only one I have read is 'The Egoist.' When I first took it up I began at the beginning and could make nothing of it. Then I read a little at the end, but still was not attracted. At last I came upon a passage somewhere which interested me, and then I read on and soon read the whole book. Meredith is brilliant and epigrammatic in conversation. Henry James has made himself permanently at home in England. He has left his rooms in Bolton street and taken a little flat near Kensington Gardens, which he has furnished by degrees. I like James personally very much, and always read what he writes. I read 'The Bostonians,' and liked it; but I think his new novel, 'Princess Cassamassima,' is his best. The Princess is the same character that was the heroine of 'Roderick Hudson'—Christina Light. I could have run away with the Princess myself! Then it was a piece of good luck that he happened to take up the Socialistic movement. After his story had been running two or three months the riots in London broke out, as if on purpose to advertise him. James has great virility. You felt it in the 'Portrait of a Lady,' and still more in 'Cassamassima.' I liked his biography of Hawthorne less than anything of his, though there are fine pages in it. But he could not get into sympathy with his subject; he did not understand. I said to him frankly, 'You don't seem to understand that you have got hold, here, of one of the most remarkable minds we have ever had in America—at least, that is what I think Hawthorne was.' I remember he speaks of that passage in the 'Scarlet Letter' where Dimmesdale stands at night on the pillory. I consider that perhaps the finest, the most imaginative passage in our literature; and the spectre of the Scarlet Letter in the sky is a perfectly natural apparition to a mind in the condition of Dimmesdale's; but James calls it melodramatic! George Moore is one of the better kind of English novelists. His books were proscribed by Mudie, and Smith would not sell them on his railway bookstalls. That gave them a great sale."

Here Mr. Lowell took up a small fragment of pure Virginia leaf tobacco, pared off a quantity of it with his penknife and stuffed it into his clay pipe, the stem of which was already darkened with the stain of nicotine. The conversation turned upon the character of our civil service, and I asked him whether it would be advisable to pay higher salaries to our representatives abroad.

COMPLIMENTS FOR MINISTER PHELPS.

"If you did that," he replied, "the fellows in quest of booty would become more obstreperous than ever. The smaller the salaries are, the less money-hunters will compete for them. The salary of the London Ministry is just large enough to enable a man to live decently and do a proper amount of entertaining. When I left it I had just £400 left, which I took great pleasure in spending last summer," he added, with a laugh. "There have been several good men there," he went on. "My successor, Mr. Phelps, is an excellent man; he is just the man for the place. He is skilful, patriotic and firm; he can put his foot down. We are fortunate in having him there during this fisheries dispute; he will be sure to maintain our full rights. And Mrs. Phelps is the right colleague for him. It is, upon the whole, one of Mr. Cleveland's best appointments, and he has made many good ones. I think Mr. Cleveland a man of great ability and honesty—very strong; and he has a most charming face."

"What do you think of this affair of Mr. Thorndike Rice and Mr. Phelps?"

"Oh, Mr. Phelps was in the right—undoubtedly in the right!" replied Mr. Lowell emphatically. "It would have been a breach of official propriety to do otherwise. The attack upon Mr. Bayard was not only violent, but the fellow didn't venture to sign his name. It was more than a private affair of Mr. Phelps's. Mr. Rice's present claim to distinction cannot be disconnected from his editorship of the *North American*, and he was in the wrong to expect a voluntary courtesy under those circumstances. The correspondence published was clever on both sides, but Mr. Phelps's letter was conclusive and very well written. There was only one word in it that I objected to; he spoke of 'extending' a courtesy. That phrase is to me like a red rag to a bull. I wrote to him the other day and entreated him never to 'extend' a courtesy again!" and Mr. Lowell laughed heartily.

"Did you enjoy yourself in Spain?" I inquired, getting up reluctantly from my chair; for the hour of departure was near.

"Yes, very much; and they liked me as well there as they did in England. I had a very pleasant confirmation of it only the other day. I had written a letter to one of the high dignitaries in Madrid, whom I had had a good deal of intercourse with when I was there, asking him to do a service for a friend of mine; but I hardly expected a reply, for I thought he must have forgotten me. But by the very next post I received a letter in his own hand, telling me that he had at once taken measures to fulfil my request; and that now, presuming upon the great favor I had done him in making it, he would venture to demand of me another favor, which was, that I should improve the earliest opportunity of informing him what other service he could perform for a man who commanded his sincerest affection and respect. The courtesy of the antique Hidalgo is not a fable."

It was nearly 5 o'clock as we went downstairs and put on our hats and grasped our sticks for a walk to the station. Mr. Lowell was clad in flannels, with a gray slouch hat. "I can enjoy that luxury when I am up here," he said. He whistled for his dogs, and would not set out until the dilatory Solon hove in sight, with his new collar and his clumsy, good-natured gambols, for he is still but a puppy. "I never go out without them," said Mr. Lowell, brushing off the dusty marks of their upleaping feet from his coat and trousers. The sun was on the verge of the horizon, and shone splendidly upon the brilliant masses of the maples, as we rustled our way through the dry, fallen leaves. It was a short mile walk to the railway. When the train whistled I took Mr. Lowell's hand and said: "I am glad to have seen you." He looked at me a moment, and then a forgiving expression came into his face. "I am glad to have seen you!" said he.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

HAWTHORNE TO LOWELL.

A Long Letter Which Elicited No Reply.

Boston Herald Nov. 12

How the Famous Interview Came About.

The Novelist Reaffirms His Position.

The following is a copy of a letter written by Mr. Julian Hawthorne on the 31st ult. to Mr. James Russell Lowell. Publication has been withheld, in order to give opportunity to Mr. Lowell to reply. No reply has been received from Mr. Lowell, and the letter is printed in the New York World of today:

NEW YORK WORLD OFFICE, 31 PARK Row, NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 31, 1886.

Dear Mr. Lowell: It gives me no more pleasure to hear slurs cast upon you than upon myself, and I have heard plenty of both during the past few days. When I read your letter in the Boston Advertiser, I wrote a note which was so expressed as to afford you an opportunity of modifying or withdrawing some of the statements you made in it; but, as several days have now passed without your doing so, and as time is of importance in these matters, I must now enter upon the subject more in detail. It occurred to me at the outset, that, considering that I was not a stranger to you, and that you had hitherto known nothing to my disadvantage, you might have written to me privately, in the first instance, instead of sending so sharp and sweeping a statement directly to a newspaper. You might have believed it at least possible that the affair could have been interpreted consistently with my good faith, and not have imputed a dishonorable motive without inquiry or hesitation. And you could not have failed to see that your letter was calculated to do me serious injury, both as a man and as a journalist, and to cast discredit upon the paper which employed me, and upon the journalistic profession in general. If my response to a private remonstrance had been unsatisfactory, you could then have vindicated yourself publicly with whatever energy you were capable of. And let me say here, that I am far from asking any special consideration from you or any one else. Were it offered me I should decline it. I wish to be held responsible for my actions, and am fully able to take my own part. In this particular case, though, I feel a great reluctance to enter into any controversy with you (for reasons which you doubtless can appreciate), yet my reluctance arises from no misgivings as to the goodness of my own cause. I had hopes, and I am still hopeful, of a solution creditable to us both, but, at all events, there has got to be a solution. For this is not a trifling matter, and, if we can come to no agreement upon it, the consequences

Must Affect Our Future Lives.

I have been trying to discover some way of accounting for your statement that you were not aware that I was "interviewing" you. It has been suggested that, since you had hitherto known me as a friend, it did not seem to you that I would approach you in the capacity of a journalist, and that, on my side, I was so ambiguous (either inadvertently or intentionally) in explaining the object of my visit that the truth of the situation never dawned upon you. I am free to confess, moreover, that your present attitude accords with the theory that you did not recognize me as an interviewer. For, if you knew that I was going to report you, why did you say things which you afterward meant to disavow? You talked, during our interview, with the utmost freedom, saying many things which I did not think it advisable to repeat, and you never once cautioned me to withhold anything. I supposed at the time that you trusted to my discretion, and I did my best in my report to justify that supposed confidence. Now if you meant, all the while, to repudiate both the interview and the knowledge that you were being interviewed, why should you have behaved in that way during the interview? I say I cannot explain this, and it certainly is in so far confirmatory of your letter in the Advertiser.

But, on the other hand, it is even less conceivable that you should not have known what I came for; and this on two grounds. In the first place, I explicitly told you what I came for. This is the more important reason of the two; and I was especially careful to warn you, because I had lately seen Dr. Holmes, who had begun the conversation by saying that he hoped I had not come to interview him, because he had nothing to say for publication. I at once assured the doctor that he need be under no apprehensions; I had no intention of reporting him; and, having thus quieted his alarm, I profited by his conversation for an hour, although I could not share that pleasure with the public. This incident would have taught me caution, even had I been otherwise prone to heedlessness; for interviewing is not in itself a delectable occupation, and I had no wish and no motive to interview either you or Dr. Holmes against your wills. The assertion has been made, it is true, that I betrayed your confidence and my own honor for a mess of pottage—in other words, that I disposed of my misbegotten and perverted "interview" to the World for a sum of money. But this assertion is not the truth. There can be no harm in disclosing the fact that my place on the World is that of an editor; that I receive a fixed salary, and that, whether I write one column or 10, or none at all, or whether the topic of my writing be a book review, an interview, a description of Bartholdi's statue or an editorial, that fixed salary undergoes neither diminution nor increase. It made no difference to me, therefore, whether you consented to talk for publication or not; if anything, I should have preferred the ease and

Discursiveness of a Private Chat.

I neither made, nor expected to make, a cent by it; on the contrary, I was considerably out of pocket by the adventure, because the time spent in Boston was taken from other (non-journalistic) work, which would have been remunerative. But I went to you at the request of Mr. Pulitzer, the editor of the World, who did me the honor to think me qualified for the enterprise; and I executed my commission to the best of my ability, and, with no more thought of concealing from you the nature of the commission than I have of concealing the fact that I am my father's son. So far from that, when the conversation turned on England, I broke off to say in reference to the letter which I had written you a week or two before, informing you that Mr. Pulitzer had asked me, in my capacity as literary editor, to get you to write 10 articles on England for the World, for which you would receive $1000—in reference to this, I said that we regretted that you had been unable (for lack of time, as you stated in your written reply) to write those articles; but that, as the next best thing, I had been sent on to get your views on the subject through conversation, in order that they might not be entire[ly] lost to the public. you could say would have general interest; to which I replied that I did not wish or expect to report your private affairs or your opinions on your personal friends, but only your views as to public men, affairs and institutions—matters not of vulgar curiosity, but such as the public had some right to demand from their own eminent citizens. As touching interviewing in general, I said that I was not an unreserved admirer of it, but that it was a custom of the day, and that, discreetly used, it was not without its advantages. To all this you offered no objections; and when I went on to propound the questions I had prepared, you responded freely, beginning with the statement that there was a sort of "glacial drift" in English opinion toward democracy, and so forth.

I am sure you cannot have forgotten all this; and, on the other hand, I am sure that I remember it; and my assurance to that effect ought, I think, under the circumstances, to have great weight with you. For my reputation is as dear to me as yours is to you, and men do not throw away so valuable and useful a possession for nothing. As I have remarked, I had nothing whatever to gain by deceiving you; on the contrary,

I Had Everything to Lose.

For, supposing me to have stolen the "interview," I would have known that scarcely a day would pass before my theft would be exposed, and my credit as an honest man and the name which I inherit forever dishonored. Even my means of livelihood would be compromised; for a paper like the World could not afford to employ the services of one who could so grossly outrage its confidence; and my chances of success in any other direction would be similarly injured. Can you, or can any one, suppose that $1000, or $10,000, would compensate me for this? In fact, as I think it over, the whole idea seems so absurd from a rational point of

view, and so exactly opposite to my own conception of my character, and to the conception of those who know me—for my faults, many as they may be, are not of the underhanded variety—that I cannot believe you seriously entertain it. Even a fool would not; and you are far enough from being a fool.

So much for my first ground for supposing that you knew what I came for. It has only one weakness, and that is, that it must rest, in the last resort, upon my own veracity. It is open to you to deny that I said any of the things that I did say; and then the question would be which of us was to be believed. I hope and believe, however, that it will come to no such vulgar issue, but should it do so, there is still the second ground in reserve, the logic of circumstances. I regret on my own account as well as on yours that this letter is getting so long, but I will try to make it all worth reading. The circumstances to which I allude are those which would naturally lead you to infer that I came to you

On a Business Errand

rather than on a personal one. First, there is the letter that I sent you in my capacity of literary editor of the World, asking for the articles on England. As you had answered that letter only two or three days before I saw you, the subject might naturally be present in your mind when we met. Secondly, there is the telegram that I sent you from Boston saying: "Your letter received. May I come out and see you tomorrow?" to which you replied by telegraph: "Yes—glad to see you." This brief correspondence might, I should think, have suggested to you the third reason, namely, that it was not intrinsically probable that I, with a great deal of pressing work on my hands, would find it practicable to journey from Sag Harbor, L. I., to Southboro, Mass., solely to enjoy a few hours' personal chat with you. I would, it is true, had I been a gentleman of unlimited leisure, have gladly taken more trouble than that for the pleasure of seeing you; but I have never belonged to that category, and probably never shall. However, you might have supposed that I had come to Boston on other business, and had only called on you because you happened to be within reach. Fourthly, I informed various friends in Boston that I had come to interview you, and, on my return from Southboro, that I had done so successfully. This fact may or may not have come to your knowledge; but at all events it is inconsistent with the theory that I considered the interview a stolen one. Fifthly, the fact, of which you are now first informed, that I telegraphed the World on my return to Boston that you were "all right." Sixthly, the fact that the "interview" appeared over my signature. If I had stolen it, this would have been hammering the nails into my own coffin. Seventhly, the fact that I telegraphed you, on the very morning of the day that your letter of repudiation was republished in the Evening Post, saying that the World hoped you would have the poem, which we had asked you to write on the Bartholdi statue, ready for the 28th of October. This telegram could not, indeed, have influenced you, when writing your letter to the Advertiser, for that was written before you received it; but it might have led you to reflect that such a telegram was not what one would expect to receive from a man who had committed a felony upon him, and thus have prompted you to publish some word

Vindicating Your First Statement.

So much for the logic of circumstances, all of which, I think, tends to substantiate my position; and a part of which, at least, increases the difficulty of understanding how you could have failed to grasp the meaning of my self-introduction as an interviewer. Let me observe, here, that I do not dogmatically assert that you did grasp my meaning; I do not pretend to read your mind. But I wish to show that, whether or not you did comprehend me, there was everything in the circumstances and in my own statements to assist you in comprehending me.

The above comprises all I have to say upon this feature of your letter to the Advertiser. But there is also another feature: you maintain that I not only quoted you incorrectly, but that I made you say in the published "interview" exactly the opposite of what you did say in the conversation. This charge is much less serious than the other, but still it demands some reply. If I misinterpreted you I did so either intentionally or unintentionally. If the former, I committed a folly and a rascality which could profit me nothing. It was my in erest to report you correctly. If I wanted to air my own sentiments on England, I could easily have done so without attributing them to you. If I wanted to invent a conversation out of whole cloth, I need not have been at the pains to complicate my imagination by listening to your actual views. But it was your views, not mine, and not fictitious views, that the World wanted; and it could not matter a pin's head to me personally whether you considered (for instance) the Prince of Wales thick or thin, or that George Moore, the novelist, was a virile writer or an emasculated one. The "interview," by the way, does not make you say that you had read Mr. Moore's novels, which is the only point that you happened to specify in your letter. It only makes you commend him on the score of virility. Not to go further in this direction, it seems

Improbable that I Should Have Misrepresented You

of malice prepense. The question remains. Did I do so unintentionally? I can rely only on the internal evidence of genuineness in the "interview" and on the following facts: On my way down to Boston, after leaving you, I noted down on paper the heads of what you had said to me. With these, and with a list of questions that I had prepared beforehand and had put to you during the conversation, I had no difficulty in writing out my article with the freshest possible recollection of your words, and even of your manner of uttering them. Again, I paid the closest attention to every thing you said, which you, perhaps, did not do, and, once more, a man's words, even when stenographically reported, may present to him an appearance very different from that they were while he was speaking them. Nevertheless, I may have fallen into misapprehensions, and I desire to give you every latitude in claiming them.

Finally, I will not enter upon the question whether you would repudiate anything you actually said merely because I was indiscreet in reporting it. You are James Russell Lowell, after all, and I do not believe you capable of such a thing. I think you were angry, and that you wrote in haste. I have tried to be fair and temperate. I desire no personal victory, but simply justice, and I trust you will accord it. Let your reply be such as you would be willing to have published. Though dated New York, this letter was written in Sag Harbor, but my address is New York. I leave here tomorrow. Sincerely yours, JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

James Russell Lowell, Esq.

Editorially the World says: "We have in our possession letters and telegrams from Mr. Lowell, which are not to be published, because they are personal, which show conclusively that Mr. Lowell must have understood the purely journalistic basis upon which he was approached by Mr. Hawthorne."

THAT INTERVIEW.

Hawthorne's Purpose Not Even Suspected by Mr. Lowell.

Very Positive Statement from the Victim.

Boston Herald Oct. 30 1886.

The Interviewer Made Wary by a Previous Failure.

DEERFOOT FARM, SOUTHBORO, Mass., 30th October, 1886.

To the Editor of the Herald: I have never been willing to wash my dirty clothes in public, but I am quite as reluctant to be spattered with the suds of other people who choose to wash their own in that way. This must be my excuse for troubling you with a few lines on the very unpleasant topic to which you allude in this morning's HERALD.

As I have suffered an irreparable wrong, you will, I am sure, allow me so much of your space (generally much better employed) as will enable me to reaffirm unequivocally that I not only did not know, but that I never even suspected, Mr. Julian Hawthorne's purpose in visiting me. Indeed, I should have thought I was insulting him by showing any such suspicion. The failure of his attempt on my friend, Dr. Holmes (which he did not mention), perhaps made him more wary in his approaches to me.

There can be no controversy between him and me, for I shall not allow myself to be entrapped into any, nor do I understand that he controverts my positive statement, for he could not, but only that he endeavors to weaken its force by inference and implication. If he shall assert that he told me for what he came and if at I understood him, I shall feel obliged to leave the matter to those who know us both as a question of veracity between him and me. The life of a man into whose private affairs the public assumes the right to look is far from agreeable at the best, but on the terms which Mr. Hawthorne seems willing to justify it would be unendurable.

I have now said, I hope, the last word which I shall find it necessary to say about an affair almost as painful to me for Mr. Hawthorne's sake as for my own, though he could hardly have chosen a victim who would suffer more keenly. I might fairly go further and repudiate indignantly a report of my conversation which wholly misrepresents me in its more offensive particulars, but I remember Sancho's proverb and desist. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, J. R. LOWELL.

MR. LOWELL PROTESTS

Boston Transcript Oct. 26 1886

AGAINST JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S BREACH OF CONFIDENCE—HE REPUDIATES THE ALLEGED INTERVIEW AND CHARACTERIZES IT AS AN OFFENCE AGAINST SOCIAL MORALS.

The following letter from Mr. Lowell in this morning's Advertiser, not only utterly repudiates the alleged interview published in the New York World, but administers a stinging and apparently well-deserved rebuke to its author:

DEERFOOT FARM, SOUTHBOROUGH, MASS.

To the Editor of the Advertiser: Sir—I beg for space enough in your columns to say that nobody could ever have been more surprised and grieved than I by Mr. Julian Hawthorne's breach of confidence in his report of my conversation with him, upon which you comment this morning. On such terms society would become impossible, and the *tempora fandi* would need to be qualified by quite another adjective than *mollia*. It never entered my head that the son of my old and honored friend was "interviewing" me. If it had he would have found me dumb. I have always thought well of Voltaire's motto, *Bene vixit qui bene latuit*, and now that I am growing old it seems wiser to me

The worst of such offences against social morals is that explanation and correction are alike futile, even had one the time for the inclination for them, and if the public cared anything about the matter. I do not believe that Mr. Hawthorne wilfully misrepresented me; but whatever I may have said has become, after passing through the refracting medium of his memory, much more his than mine. I should, however, have held my peace and submitted to this doubtless unintentional caricature of my opinions, were it not that in some cases, which pain me the more that other persons are concerned, the reporter has made me say precisely the reverse of what I really must have said and of what is the truth. As an example of Mr. Hawthorne's prevailing inaccuracy in matters of less interest to me than those of which I have been speaking, I may instance what he makes me say of Mr. George Moore. The fact is that I have never read a line of this gentleman's writing.

Speaking generally, I am at a loss to find any ground in my own mind for many of the opinions attributed to me, and must protest against their being received as in any way representative of my deliberate self. The old proverb, "Save me from my friends," must be stretched, it would seem, to take in their children also. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, J. R. LOWELL.

HENRY THOREAU'S MOTHER.

Feb. 14, 1887

To the Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—Mr. Sanborn in his book called "Henry D. Thoreau," has seen fit to speak slightingly of Thoreau's mother and aunts. It seems particularly unmanly to do this now, so many years after their death, and when so near relative is left to defend their memory. Perhaps for the reason he felt that he could do it with impunity. He has expended most of his injustice upon Henry Thoreau's mother. Such being the case, a few words from one who knew her well may not be inappropriate. As my excuse for troubling you with this communication, you will perhaps allow me to quote a few paragraphs from Mr. Sanborn's book. Speaking of John Thoreau, Henry's father, Mr. Sanborn says: "John Thoreau led a plodding, unambitious, and respectable life in Concord Village, educating his children, associating with his neighbors on those terms of equality

THE THIRD HAWTHORNE.

Boston Transcript. Oct. 6, 1886

Beyond doubt, the portion of Harper's Magazine for October which will attract the greatest attention and curiosity, will be the little sketch, "A Legend of Sonora." The reason for this can only be found in the fact that the author is Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, daughter of Julian and granddaughter of the great romancer, Nathaniel. This statement requires modification. The mere fact that Miss Hawthorne is the daughter of her father will scarcely serve to attract attention to her first essay in the field of literature. That she is the granddaughter of her grandfather is the potent fact, which will operate to turn all eyes upon her.

It is undeniable that Julian Hawthorne has been a distinct disappointment. The wonderful genius of his father, far better understood and appreciated today than during his life or at his death, would naturally have led a critical public to expect in the son something of the same characteristics. Search for similarities of style has been fruitless. The influence even, of his father's writings, is undiscernible in those of Julian Hawthorne. In one of his earlier novels, "Idolatry," there seems indeed, to be an attempt to follow after his great exemplar; but the attempt is weak and scarcely noticeable. In subsequent writings the attempt even seems to have been abandoned. As the biographer of his father, Julian Hawthorne has failed signally to command the attention and sympathy of the admirers of that wonderful genius. In his later role, as writer of sensational detective stories, he has certainly not added to his literary reputation. The imposture which he practised three years ago upon the late Mr. Lowell and his betrayal of that gentleman's confidence surely did not serve to increase the number of his friends and admirers. In short, Julian Hawthorne has in his career failed utterly to meet the expectations which might fairly and justly have been formed.

When, therefore, Hildegarde Hawthorne appears as an author, curiosity is aroused. She comes before a public which might naturally be prejudiced against her in advance, but which certainly is not so. The failures and inadequacies of her father are forgotten or ignored. It is only remembered that she is a granddaughter of the immortal Nathaniel Hawthorne, and one turns at once to a study of her style, to see if in it may be perceived any indication of heredity. Genius, as well as moral or physical infirmities, often disappears in the second, to reappear in the third, generation. Is this first, perhaps, the case with Miss Hawthorne?

Her sketch is short, covering, indeed, scarcely a page of the magazine. It displays some crudities, as might have been expected. Certainly it is not more crude than was "Fanshawe," with which her grandfather first approached the public ear, and which shows no trace of his wonderful genius which developed in his riper years. Indeed, this little sketch betrays a far finer, a far more delicate art than is shown in "Fanshawe," an art not dissimilar to that displayed in certain passages of "The House of Seven Gables," and in others of the later writings of the great romancer.

The story, in brief, is of a Mexican girl who, told that her lover is faithless, slays him with a draught of poisoned wine, which she herself shares, and with it shares his fate. The wine drunken, the two lovers set out for a walk. With admirable skill the young author slowly, imperceptibly melts them away into ghosts, still walking, walking onward, striving to reach the far-off hilltop, until, 50 years later, as apparitions, they startle a traveller and his horse.

In this skilful turn of the pen the reader may certainly recognize what is truly Hawthornesque. No passage which is recalled, in her father's writings, so surely displays what is evidently the product of heredity or of influence. Undoubtedly, Miss Hawthorne has been a diligent student of the writings of her grandfather. It is not unfair to assume, however, that it is not alone the influence of his writings, but a bequest of heredity, which has given to this first child of her pen its subtle quality. The world will watch with much interest the career of Hildegarde Hawthorne.

for which Concord was famous, and keeping clear, in a great degree, of the quarrels, social and political, which agitated the village." This is well enough, but he takes occasion to add: "Mrs. Thoreau, on the other hand, with her sister Louisa, and her sisters-in-law, Sarah, Maria and Jane Thoreau, took their share in the village bickerings!!! I fail to see how Mr. Sanborn can know this unless he took a pretty active part in those same village bickerings himself, and if he does not write it of his own knowledge, he is surely writing gossip of a very small and petty kind. Perhaps he thought it witty to speak of them all together in this way. Dear "Aunt Maria," one of the sweetest, gentlest women that ever lived, and whose letter, written when she was eighty-four years of age, is the one good thing* in Mr. Sanborn's book! He rewards her for it by speaking of her as taking her "share in the village bickerings"! It was certainly left for Mr. Sanborn to discover this. Few of us remember Louisa Dunbar, or Sarah and Jane Thoreau, well enough to speak of them from our own knowledge, but those who do, say that Mr. Sanborn's allusion to them gives a very wrong impression, and is entirely without excuse. A lady, who well remembers Louisa Dunbar and Jane Thoreau, said to me, "I cannot conceive of such a thing being said in connection with them. Why we all loved them." But it is Henry Thoreau's mother whom Mr. Sanborn singles out as the special target for ill-natured criticism. I will quote again. After speaking of her brother, Charles Dunbar, Mr. Sanborn goes on in this strain: "Thoreau's mother had this same incessant and rather malicious liveliness that in Charles Dunbar took the grotesque form above hinted at. She was a kindly, shrewd woman, with traditions of gentility and *sentiments of generosity, but with sharp and sudden flashes of gossip and malice, which never quite amounted to ill-nature* [the italics are my own], *but which greatly provoked the prim and commonplace respectability that she so often came in contact with.* Along with this humorous quality there went, also, an affectionate earnestness in her relations with those who depended upon her, that could not fail to be respected by all who knew the hard conditions that New England life, even in a favored village like Concord, then imposed on the mother of a family, where the outward circumstances were not in keeping with the inward aspirations." In another place he says of John Thoreau: "He was a small, deaf, unobtrusive man, plainly clad, and 'minding his own business,' very much in contrast with his wife, who was one of the most unceasing talkers ever seen in Concord. Her gift of speech was proverbial"; and more follows of the same sort. It has not commonly been supposed that Mr. Sanborn considered "minding one's business" the height of virtue. I have never before heard it intimated that Mrs. Thoreau failed in that respect, and yet she was not like a woman I once knew whose next door neighbor died, and had been buried two weeks before she knew that anything unusual had taken place! Mrs. Thoreau was a good friend and a kind neighbor, as many can testify. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that Mr. Sanborn's book has given great pain to the many friends of the Thoreau family. But it is for this reason that I propose to speak of a few things which Mr. Sanborn omits to speak of, and to enlarge a little upon some of which he does speak. I think the characteristics which chiefly impressed those of us who knew Mrs. Thoreau best, were the activity of her mind and the wideness of her sympathy. The first quality Henry inherited. She was also an excellent mother and housewife. In the midst of poverty she brought up her children to all the amenities of life, and, if she had but a crust of bread for dinner, would see that it was properly served. Mr. Sanborn says patronizingly, she had "sentiments of generosity." She certainly had, though I should scarcely have spoken of it in that way. Year after year on Christmas and Thanksgiving days she invited to her table, not the rich who would return her hospitality, but her poorer neighbors from whom she could expect no return. She was never so poor or so busy that she did not find ways of helping those poorer than herself. Such was her influence in this respect that it was felt by all who came in contact with her, and one young girl was heard to say, "When I grow up, I will do like Mrs. Thoreau. I will give my gifts to those who need them, and I will invite to my table the poor rather than the rich, who are sure to have plenty of invitations without mine." And yet she did not confine her hospitality to the poor; people of every kind and degree were welcomed under her roof. Her efforts in the antislavery cause are well known. She was unsparing in her denunciation of the fugitive slave law, and was one of the first to give aid and comfort to fugitives. Are these things what Mr. Sanborn means by "sentiments of generosity"? When she became interested in a poor servant girl, she placed money in the bank for her, and encouraged her to add little sums to it from time to time. And when she made her will, every dollar was disposed of conscientiously where she thought it would do the most good, and in no way merely for her own pleasure. It was no mere impulse which made her do these things, but a high and noble principle. There was no poor man or woman who came in contact with her to whom she did not do some good. She had her faults, as which of us has not? but her aim was high. She expressed herself frankly at all times, and she sometimes told disagreeable truths; perhaps she felt it a duty to do so. She had the courage of her convictions, and she certainly never hesitated to condemn a fault. It was done in all honesty to bring about a reform. She was much more likely to say severe things to people than of them. This does not make a person popular. She *was* a great talker, and she occasionally said sharp things; but what was this in comparison with her virtues? She was quick-witted and observing, and naturally had more to say than some of her neighbors. She was never guilty of mean and petty gossip. She was not uncharitable, and could readily forgive a fault if she saw any signs of repentance. On the whole, I think few women have done more good and less harm in the world than Mrs. Thoreau. That any biographer of Henry Thoreau should use his name as a centre around which to weave a tissue of pretty gossip about his mother and aunts would seem peculiarly ungracious; but, that this should be done by one calling himself his "friend," is a refinement of cruelty which has seldom been paralleled in literary annals.

E. M. F.

*Some may take exception to the remark that Miss Maria Thoreau's letter is "the one good thing in Mr. Sanborn's book." I do not mean to imply that there are not other good things in the book,—pleasant anecdotes and the like. I am not criticising the book from a literary point of view; but that letter seems to me the one thing which adds any thing to our known judge of Thoreau and his ancestry not obtainable elsewhere.

THOREAU NOT A SHAM. It has been said by a harsh critic that the life of Thoreau, "with all its strenuous pretence of perfect sincerity, was at bottom a transparent sham;" but to say this is to miss the one quality in him that is of use to his fellowmen. His life was not a sham, because he had conrage to be himself, whether for good or for evil. A life is a sham just so far as the man who leads it believes one thing and acts another. No doubt, literary life in Boston and Concord was full of shams, just as æsthetic and literary circles in London are also full of shams. But it is not those who are willing to lead a life of real hardship month after month, alone in the backwoods, simply from the sheer pleasure of the thing itself, who make up the shams. To say, too, that Thoreau, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, "was deeply leavened by the leaven of the artificial world from which he revolted," does not tell against his sincerity. Probably Thoreau was as fully alive to the leaven of artificiality in himself as most men are to what, as inheritors of the past, they cannot get free from. To say he was a product of the nineteenth century is merely to say that each century in turn gives birth to its own offspring to render its own reading of the past. We can never cease to be inheritors of bygone days; but in the method dealing with this inheritance lies the difference between man and man.

Thoreau's writings, however, are not his strongest point. Whereas in Walden he has something definite to say, and says it with a simplicity and directness that makes it worth reading, the volumes taken from his journal bear no marks of originality. What he records there are merely the every-day observations that a fairly-close student of Nature might observe. His force, as it were, has been expended in putting into action his desire to live in solitude. He has no special literary gifts, and he is too prosaic and unsympathetic to be poetical. His inner nature does not run on sufficiently strong lines for poetry. There is no reason to think he ever felt a joy or sorrow very keenly. It is here that the self-consciousness of the society he lived in told upon him. He was rarely if ever carried out of himself. No doubt there is a sort of introspective writing that can only be given out through self-consciousness; but if so, it is allied with gifts denied to Thoreau. As a rule, there is sympathy with others underlying the conscious contemplation of self, so that what is inspired by self-consciousness strikes unconsciously upon the larger element that sympathy has created. But of books and journals the world has enough and to spare: and if a man has awakened new life through vigorous action, he may be forgiven for writing pages which probably he never intended should see the light, and which, after all, need not be read in order to gain the good that Thoreau can give us. [London Spectator.

THOREAU'S UNPUBLISHED POETRY.

SOON after the death of Miss Sophia Thoreau, in October, 1876, I received from her executor in Maine, where she died, her brother Henry's copy of the *Dial*, in four volumes, which she had asked me to keep, in memory of her and of him. Opening the volumes, I found in one of them a sheet of verses in Henry Thoreau's handwriting, and evidently copied out of his commonplace-book many years ago. Some of them have never been printed, and all are arranged in a manner that may suggest how this man of a great and peculiar genius regarded his own poems. He seldom published any except as parts of his prose essays, where they occur either as choruses, or hymns, or as word-pictures, to illustrate more clearly the movement of his thought. It is true he allowed several of his poems to appear in the *Dial*, beginning with "Sympathy" in the first number, which Mr. Emerson has reprinted with a few more at the end of his selection from Thoreau's letters. But these were probably obtained from him by friends who desired to see them printed, after reading them in his manuscripts. I have heard it said that the earliest poem he showed to any friend was "Sic Vita," which was printed years afterward in the *Dial*, and then in the "Week." This was written on a sheet of paper that was wrapped round a bunch of violets, tied loosely with a straw, and thrown into a lady's window. It was not deemed worthy of a place among those selected for printing in 1865 (though it had been read at his funeral by Mr. Alcott in 1862), and is indeed far less striking than his "Inspiration." "Inspiration" is perhaps his longest poem; but only a few extracts from it appeared during the author's life-time. Thoreau had much skill in selecting from his own verses, and no doubt these fragments were the best lines in the poem, which consists of twenty-one stanzas. Mr. Emerson printed seven of these stanzas, omitting the less significant parts, but also omitting much which the author would have deemed essential to the full statement of his thought. Having received the manuscript from Miss Thoreau in 1863, I thought it right to print it entire in the Boston *Commonwealth*, just as it was left by the poet. Any differences noticed between the lines as there given, and as published by Mr. Emerson, are caused by changes made by another hand. Miss Thoreau did not object to these slight changes, and, in regard to one short essay, entitled "Prayers," which she published in the last collection of her brother's papers that was made by her, she fell into a singular error. This essay is not Henry Thoreau's at all, but Mr. Emerson's. It contains some verses of Thoreau's—which in his manuscripts are entitled "Prayer"—but nothing else from his hand. The essay was originally published in the *Dial* for July, 1842, and as the verses there appear in a fuller form than that given below, I assume that the sheet of verses found in my *Dial* was written out in the form which came to me, some time before 1842, or at least twenty years previous to Thoreau's death (May 6th, 1862). In this form it is simply a collection of rhymed sentences, each with its title, like epigrams; and this, I conclude, was the way that Thoreau's verses were made. They might be and often were afterward joined together in a connected poem, and sometimes the framework of this poem was arranged beforehand, as in the piece called "The Fisher's Boy," containing the line so well known and so often quoted:

"My life is like a stroll upon the beach."

After this long preface, let us come to the sheet of verses:

OMNIPRESENCE.

Who equalleth the coward's haste,
And still inspires the faintest heart;
Whose lofty fame is not disgraced,
Though it assume the lowest part.

INSPIRATION.

If thou wilt but stand by my ear,
When through the field thy anthem's rung,
When that is done I will not fear
But the same power will abet my tongue.

PRAYER.

Great God! I ask thee for no meaner pelf,
Than that I may not disappoint myself;
That in my conduct I may soar as high
As I can now discern with this clear eye;
That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my life practice more than my tongue saith;
That my low conduct may not show,
Nor my relenting lines,
That I thy purpose did not know,
Or overrated thy designs.

MISSION.

I've searched my faculties around,
To learn why life to me was lent;

Mar. 26, 1881
Sanborn in The Critic, I, 75-76

I will attend the faintest sound,
And then declare to man what God hath meant.

DELAY.

No generous action can delay
Or thwart our higher, steadier aims,
But if sincere and true are they,
It will arouse our sight and nerve our frames.

THE VIREO.

Upon the lofty elm-tree sprays
The Vireo rings the changes meet,
During these trivial summer days,
Striving to lift our thoughts above the street.

MORNING.

Here the sheet abruptly ends, and what was to be said about "Morning" we may never know. The quatrain describing the vireo singing in the elms above a Concord street was printed in the *Dial* for July, 1842, another indication that these verses are of earlier date than that. Perhaps they may be found among the "verses in the long book," to which Thoreau refers by pencil notes in his copy of the *Dial*, if indeed the "long book" may not have been long ago destroyed. For during his last illness, in the winter of 1861–2, Henry Thoreau told me, in one of the conversations we had in his sick-room, that he had once destroyed many of his verses, because they did not please the friend (Mr. Emerson) to whose eye he had submitted them; but he added: "I am sorry now that I burned them, for perhaps they

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Herald. ——

Familiar Letters of Thoreau, Edited by F. B. Sanborn.

Oct. 1. 1894 ——

An Historical Sketch of the Unitarian Movement Since the Reformation—"The Jungle Book," by Rudyard Kipling—"Sunday Reading for the Young," Illustrated.

When Emerson edited the letters of Thoreau he threw aside a great many which find a place in this volume because they were too personal and trivial for publication at that time. Probably many others were not then accessible. The present collection is practically complete. It is edited by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, who has written a life of Thoreau, and who is at present undoubtedly the best qualified of living persons to present him in his familiar letter-writing to the world. Emerson's selection was not satisfactory to Thoreau's family, and since his death Thoreau's reputation has so steadily grown, and so much interest is taken in his personal characteristics, that every scrap of his familiar writing has a personal value. These letters present pictures which he unconsciously sketched of himself. They enable us to see him in a different light from that in which he appears in his formal writings. In the first part of the volume the letters cover his years of discipline, the period of his youth and early manhood, during which he was testing his strength, gaining friends, beginning his intimate acquaintance with Emerson and reaching out to some grip upon the world. This occupies one-third of the book, and will be estimated variously by different persons. Some will regard it as more interesting than the other section. These letters are mostly addressed to his family and to Emerson. They present the man in his familiar life, in his hopes, in his aspirations and in his disappointed achievement. It was not until 1845 that he reached his golden age of work. In that year he built his cabin at Walden and retired from the world. During the two years that he lived in the woods he did not write many letters, but lived mainly within himself and in the company of the Emersons. When Emerson was in England in 1847 Thoreau lived with his family, and the letters which he then wrote are admirable for their descriptions of what was going on at Concord at the time.

In 1848 he wrote his first letter to Mr. Harrison Blake of Worcester. Mr. Blake had touched a sympathetic chord in Thoreau's life, and the letters are, next to the Emerson letters, the best things in this volume. They express more of Thoreau's higher life than the others, and bring out all the characteristics of the man. In the Emerson letters there is a deference to the older man which is quite perceptible. Two other correspondents drew out Thoreau to a remarkable degree. One was Thomas Cholmondeley, the son of an English clergyman, and the other was Daniel Ricketson, who lived at New Bedford. To these men Thoreau opened his mind and heart, and whatever higher value this volume has is chiefly due to the letters which he wrote to them. He expressed his sentiments of faith and duty and love to them in strong terms, and there is a flavor about his writing, a freedom and a raciness which is not always found in his more formal essays. If we had space for quotation, a great many good passages could be selected, but the reader who is interested in Thoreau will not be satisfied with tid-bits from these letters. He will demand the volume itself, and prize it highly as a supplement to Thoreau's work. This makes the 11th volume of his writings. Thoreau died in his 45th year, and all his work was done in less than 20 years. He ripened early, and the quality of his work was, perhaps, as good in 1844 as it was in 1860. He wrote on subjects which other men have discarded, and his method, if not his thought, was always original. Mr. Sanborn has performed his task in editing these letters with exemplary tact and discretion. He does not magnify his office, but in his introduction, in his comments and in his notes he simply supplies the information required for the understanding of the letters and leaves the rest to the reader. Prof. Norton is believed to be the best American editor of letters. His editing of Lowell's letters was without a fault, and Mr. Sanborn, in giving to the world these familiar and last words of Thoreau, has rendered a great service to his fame. The number of Thoreau's correspondents was not great. He lived too much within himself to make many friends, but the sincerity and humor and earnestness which he possessed are shown in his familiar correspondence as they are not shown anywhere else. This volume is also an addition to our literature during the great transcendental epoch. The portrait of Thoreau is from a medallion made by the artist, Mr. Walter Ricketson. It gives a profile view which is stronger than the whole expression of his face. With this volume it is believed that the writings of Thoreau are fully given to the world. ("Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau." Edited, with an introduction and notes, by F. B. Sanborn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: crown 8vo.)

VOL. XXXI.........NO. 9562.

THE FUNERAL OF EMERSON

N.Y. Times —— *May 1. 1882*

THE POET LAID TO REST WITH SIMPLE CEREMONIES.

MANY OF HIS OLD FRIENDS AND DISTINGUISHED MEN IN ATTENDANCE—ADDRESSES BY THE HON. E. ROCKWOOD HOAR AND THE REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE—A SONNET BY MR. ALCOTT.

CONCORD, Mass., April 30.—The funeral of Emerson here to-day was in every respect the simple and unostentatious ceremony expected. The public exercises in the old Unitarian church, following the private service at the house, consisted mainly of addresses by Judge Rockwood Hoar, Mr. Emerson's old friend and neighbor, and James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, with reading from the Scriptures by Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Brookline, the young clergyman who has been supplying the pulpit here. A sonnet by A. Bronson Alcott concluded the service. The singing of Pleyel's Hymn at the request of the Emerson family, and the reading of one of Watts's hymns, constituted the other features of the public exercises. At their conclusion the congregation and the townspeople were allowed to pass by the coffin, and then the burial in the old village cemetery followed, a portion of the Episcopal service being read at the grave by the Rev. Mr. Haskins, a relative of Mr. Emerson. During the day the town was in mourning. Every dwelling, humble and prominent, every store and public building, was draped with black and white, caught in folds by rosettes, with black and white emblems, arranged by a committee of Concord ladies. The flag on the town flagstaff was hung at half-mast and the library was extensively draped. There was a great throng present from out of town, the special train from Boston bringing several crowded cars and people coming in from neighboring towns. Among the more distinguished were Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, President Eliot, of Harvard College, and Profs. Charles Eliot Norton, Pierce, Horsford, and Hills, of Cambridge; the Rev. Francis Tiffany, of New-York; the Rev. Chandler Robbins, who succeeded Emerson as Pastor of the Second Church in Boston, and the Rev. Edward A. Horton, the present Pastor, with ex-Mayor Lincoln, S. W. Crosby, and George B. Hagar, the present Standing Committee of the church, and ex-Gov. Talbot and other members of the parish; the Rev. Henry W. Foote, of King's Chapel, Boston; George W. Cooke, the author of the recently published critical biography of Emerson; representatives of the Boston publishing houses of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., James R. Osgood & Co., Roberts Brothers, and A. Williams & Co., of the old corner bookstore; the widow of ex-Gov. John A. Andrew and her daughter, Mrs. John T. Sargent, in whose Boston parlors the Radical Club [illegible] met; ex-Gov. N. P. Banks, the Rev. Mr. Green, of Montreal, Canada; the Rev. Dr. Briggs, of Cambridge; the Rev. Mr. Tilden, of Boston; Mountford and Julius H. Ward, Judge Russell, and several leading members of the Suffolk Bar. [illegible] Hedge, who was expected [illegible] prevented from attending.

The services at the house were conducted entirely by Dr. Furness. They were attended by the immediate family and the near neighbors. Dr. Furness's address was brief and tender, concluding with those lines of Longfellow, read at the latter's funeral, closing with the oft-quoted words:

"There is no Death: What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

Brief passages from the Scriptures were then read and a short prayer said, and thus the services ended. A final look was then taken at the features of the departed, and soon after the procession to the church was started. It had been decided to employ a hearse, and carriages were provided for the relatives and more immediate friends. The Concord Social Club led off, and then came the following, acting as pall-bearers, all relatives of Mr. Emerson: Charles and Haven Emerson, his nephews; William H. Forbes, his son-in-law; [illegible] Cabot, who is to be his biographer; [illegible] Thayer, of the Harvard Law [illegible] Emerson, Ralph Forbes, [illegible] W. Thayer. [illegible] pulpit there [illegible]

love. The voice now hushed never spoke but to lift us to a higher plane of generous sentiment. The hand now still never wrote except to take us out of "our dreary routine of worldliness and sin into communion with whatever is noblest, purest, highest. By the side of this revered form we thank God that through all these years we have been made better by his words and his life. He has been a preacher of righteousness to this and other lands. When he left the pulpit he said, in his farewell sermon, that he did not relinquish his profession; that he hoped, whatever was his work, to be still a teacher of God's truth. How well has he kept that promise no one can say till the day of judgment declares it. How large a part of the genuine faith in the things not seen, but, as eternal, has come to us from the depths of his spiritual insight. He was one of God's seers, and he was sent to us at a time like the one of which it is written, "the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision. Men lived by past inspirations, with no faith in the possibility of any new revelation to the soul of the divine will. No doubt they did well to resort to the words of ancient prophets until the day should dawn and the day-star arise in their own hearts. That day dawned anew when the sight of the Divine truth kindled a light in the solemn eyes of Channing and created a new power which spoke from the lips of Emerson, when the little book as a new revelation. Mr. Emerson then said what has been the text of his life: "Let the single man plant himself on his instincts and the great world will come round to him. He did not reply to his critics. He went on his way and to-day we see that the world has come round to him. He is the preacher of spiritual truth to our age. Himself was the best argument for immortality. Like the greatest thinkers, he did not rely on logical proof, but on the higher evidence of universal instincts, the vast streams of belief which flow through human thought like currents in the ocean, those shoreless rivers which forever roll along their paths in the Atlantic and Pacific, not restrained by banks, but guided by the revolutions of the globe and the attractions of the sun.

At the conclusion of Mr. Clarke's remarks prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Brookline. The hymn beginning "How blest the righteous when he dies," written by Mrs. Barbauld, was sung again by the congregation to the favorite old tune of Hebron and Mr. Alcott's sonnet, with a benediction closed the exercises. The sonnet was as follows:

His harp is silent, shall successors rise,
Touching with venturous hand the trembling string,
Kindle glad raptures, visions of surprise,
And wake to ecstasy each slumbering thing?
Shall life and thought flash new in wondering eyes
As when the seer transcendent, sweet and wise,
World-wide his native melodies did sing,
Flushed with fair hopes and ancient memories?
Ah, no, that matchless lyre shall silent lie,
None hath the banished minstrel's wondrous skill
To touch that instrument with art,
And with him winged poesy doth droop and die,
While our dull age left voiceless must lament
The bard high heaven had for his service sent.

The services over, the congregation passed up to and by the bier, and the people outside who were unable to get into the church during the progress of the services were admitted as those who had been inside passed out. This occupied a long time, and it was nearly 6 before the procession moved to the cemetery.

The procession to the grave was led, as was that from the house to the church immediately [illegible] carriages were provided for those of the relatives and immediate friends who felt unequal to the short walk, and many of the congregation that had crowded the church, with the townspeople, followed in the line. The grave is on the hill-top, east of Sleepy Hollow, under a tall pine. Pine boughs were thrown upon the mound of forest earth by the grave side, and hemlock sprigs surrounded the mouth of the grave and lined its sides. When the procession had reached the cemetery the coffin was borne by the pall-bearers to the open grave, and soon lowered into it. The company grouped itself about the spot, and the Rev. Mr. Haskins read the brief service, closing with the Lord's prayer, ending with the words, "And deliver us from evil," in which all joined. The benediction was then pronounced, and then the grandchildren of the revered departed passed by the open grave, each in turn throwing into it a bunch of flowers. So ended the simple ceremonies of the occasion. The procession passed out of the cemetery between lines formed by the members of the Social Circle, who stood until all had passed with uncovered heads. The entire ceremony in the church and at the grave was most impressive, and was devoid of sad or sorrowful features. The day was pleasantly warm and bright.

MAY ALCOTT LOUISA ALCOTT MR. ALCOTT MRS. ALCOTT ANNA ALCOTT

WHEN LOUISA ALCOTT WAS A GIRL

By Edward W. Emerson

Ladies' Home Journal, Dec. 1898.

[The son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, himself a boy when Louisa Alcott was a girl, tells here of the frolics and romps of the young people of Concord. His recital takes us into the girl life of Miss Alcott, shows the atmosphere in which she was brought up, and points out the healthy lesson of how the most joyous merrymakings of young people can be had simply.—The Editor.]

IN THE year 1840 a remarkable family moved to Concord; high-minded, cultivated, exceedingly poor, despised by most persons, welcomed by one or two; apparently so ill fitted to fight the world's fight that failure was sure. Yet they won, in the end, respect, recognition, success, and their name is honorably associated with that of the town.

The head of that family, Amos Bronson Alcott, began life as a peddler, but a call came so strongly to him, like that which Jesus gave to certain poor fishers to become teachers of a better life than they found, that he felt justified in obeying the Master's command to them: "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

The Alcotts' Humble Home in Concord

MR. ALCOTT began to teach in a better sense than the schools of New England then recognized. He appealed to the intellect, the conscience, the imagination, discovering for himself methods that advanced teachers strive to introduce to-day, held to these at a loss, and finally had his Boston school wrecked and was himself almost mobbed for being in advance of his day. In his school, and later, on a day of public shame, he bravely espoused, even at the risk of influence and of life, the cause of the poor slaves.

It is of his family that I am to tell here, but their extraordinary nurture and home surroundings must be known to rightly value their interesting personalities and their life together. From that life the best of lessons may be read, which may be helpful alike to those who in their youth had trials and opportunities like theirs, and to those who have every advantage which they had not. In the glimpses that I shall give of this family this point is best worth heeding: that with beliefs, tastes and aims differing so widely as to make domestic harmony seem impossible, courage, respect for each other and love won the day, and kept father, mother and children a united family, and if with suffering, also with happiness. After the loss of his school Mr. Alcott brought his noble wife (a sister of Samuel May, justly called one of the Heralds of Freedom) and his four little daughters to Concord. He gardened, let himself out for day's work to farmers, and gave conversations as opportunity offered. Because of poverty, and also of his brave attempt, in a world not bred to Golden Age methods, to revive that blameless life, and live on the herb of the soil and the fruit of the tree, with water from the spring; and clothe the body in linen wrought from the blue-flowered flax, not murdering, robbing nor enslaving the animals, nor yet becoming partners in human slavery by the use of sugar, spice and cotton—all stimulants whatever were also forborne—their housekeeping was not easy for the wife to manage, and alarmingly frugal for a cold zone. The conditions of family life were hard. As a compensation its simplicity saved time for purposes that were worth while. Mrs. Alcott made it a rule to rise early enough in the morning to get through all the work in the forenoon, so that after dinner was cleared away she should have a long afternoon to devote to her children. She meant that life should be rich enough in the gifts that the woods, the flowers, the skies, stories and games and poems had for them to make up for what they had not, so that poverty should not darken their young lives. She was not only loving and sympathetic, but she had a well-stored, fertile mind. From her they learned to depend on themselves for good times, and their imaginations were quickened.

Louisa Alcott's Gifts Were Early Disclosed

LOUISA when very young used to tell fairy stories to my sister in the woods, and later wrote others and sent them to her. These were gathered in her first book, "Flower Fables." A great taste for acting and skill in devising and producing wonderful romantic plays soon showed itself. Love, despair, witchcraft, villainy, fairy intervention, triumphant right, held sway in turn. In those days a red scarf, a long cloak, a big hat with a plume stolen from a bonnet, a paper-knife dagger, a scrap of tinsel from a button-card, a little gold paper for Royalty, tissue paper stretched on wire hoops for fairy wings, produced superb effects. Sheets pinned on the clothesline, a clotheshorse, a sateen-cambric curtain, a few little pine trees in stands, supplemented by proper common-sense in the audience, would give castles, enchanted forests, caves and ladies' bowers. Barns, because of their well-known possibilities for desperate but safe leaps from beams, and the advantages for disappearance offered by mangers, were the first theatres. The zeal of the mother in helping on her children's little plans appears in a touching sentence in a story of Louisa's, where she describes the preparation for a school masquerade such as we had later. The fathers might grudge expense, "But the mothers, whose interest in their children's pleasure is a sort of evergreen that no frost of time can kill, sewed spangles by the bushel, made wildernesses of tissue-paper blossom as the rose, kept tempers sweet, stomachs full,

"MAY, IN THE HIGHEST SPIRITS, WOULD SWOOP TO THE STOOL, AND ALL WOULD FALL TO DANCING"

and domestic machinery working smoothly through it all by that maternal magic which makes them the human Providences of this naughty world."

The Friends and Companions of the Alcott Girls

FROM tragedy and melodrama the girls were led to comedy by the delights of Dickens, and thereafter they especially shone in dramatized bits of his work. As they grew up they fully appreciated the humorous side of the strange specimens, communists, anti-money and anti-marriage men, sun-believers and the like, who came to their door and tarried for a time, for Mr. Alcott had a most catholic hospitality. It was especially at Fruitlands, a Golden Age community of philosophers that wilted at winter's first frost (by no means golden, however, for poor Mrs. Alcott), that these pilgrims gathered. Thence the family, with fortune at lowest ebb, returned to Concord, but left it in 1848 and lived for a time in Boston, and then in Walpole, New Hampshire; but Anna and Louisa tried their fortunes as teachers in Syracuse and Boston, and so saw something of the world.

In the autumn of 1857 the Alcotts returned to Concord, but in sadness, for Lizzie, the good girl of whom one of her playmates lately spoke to me as "all conscience," was fading away after an attack of scarlet fever in Walpole, where her mother had gone to the aid of a poor family afflicted with the dreadful sickness, to see that the children were not neglected. The loss of their daughter, the following spring, was, as has been well said, "the result of one of those generous acts which the Alcotts performed as constantly and as inevitably as most persons perform acts of self-interest."

At that time Mr. Sanborn's school had lately been established in Concord, which brought to town a brigh

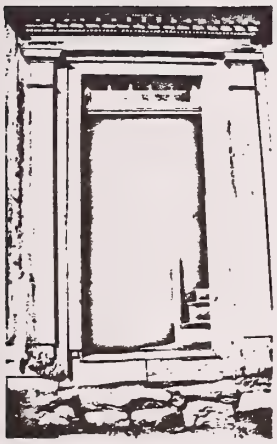
Birthplace of Thoreau. In 1887 it was moved from its original situation on the Virginia road

Country life in America. Feb. 1904.

COUNTRY HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

IV. HENRY DAVID THOREAU

By OLIVER BRONSON CAPEN



Front door of Thoreau's birthplace

IT WAS on a March morning in 1845 that Thoreau borrowed Bronson Alcott's keen axe, and started from Concord village across lots for Walden pond, a mile and a half to the southward. On the north shore of the pond he had determined to build a cabin and live in a simple fashion, in close touch with nature. He had arranged with Emerson to build his hut on some woodland the latter owned by the side of the pond.

He was twenty-eight years old, full of vigor, and a good wielder of the axe. For a number of years he had wished to live for a time in the woods, apart from the village life. Once, a few years before he moved to Walden, he nearly carried out his plan — only in a more commonplace way. Then, he had bargained to buy the Hollowell farm, a mile west of Walden, and was preparing his seeds and thinking about making a wheelbarrow, when the farmer's wife demurred.

Thoreau was a versatile genius. He was handy with tools, and the dwelling he built was a good substantial little house, not merely an awkwardly constructed hut. For the frame of the house he cut down some of the tall, slender white pines that grew on the hillside. He hewed the main timbers six inches square. The studs for the most part he hewed on two sides, and the floor timbers and rafters on only one side. When he began the work the ice was still on the pond. Yet the cabin was not ready for occupancy until the Fourth of July; for he was a leisurely builder, belonged to a union of his own, and had short hours. When he went home at night he often cut over to the railroad track, which encroached on the west side of the pond, and walked down it into the village. The direct road from the village toward the pond is now called "Thoreau Road."

A cairn has been built by pilgrims to Walden some two hundred feet from the lake, to mark the position of the hut. Tourists often carry good-sized stones for miles in order to cast them on the rude monument. There is no trace of the cellar, which he dug six feet square and seven

deep "to a fine sand where potatoes would not freeze in winter."

The site of the cabin is situated well down on the hillside, in a grove of slender white pines which wave their tufted tops high in the air. Through the trees one commands a view of the lake, with the beautiful colorings of its crystal water and of the tree-clad hills that fringe it half a mile away to the southward. The cove at the northwest corner of the lake, near which the cabin was built, is several hundred feet wide and is the longest of the five coves that penetrate the irregular banks of the pond. At the edge of the cove the hill rises abruptly for a distance of twenty feet and then more gradually to a height of forty or fifty feet.

This pond is a charming spot—a liquid mirror in a sylvan setting. On three sides it is shut in by steep hills thickly wooded with pines and oaks that extend down to the water's edge. As in the days of Thoreau, the beauty-destroying axe makes its perennial devastations, and many of the trees in the Walden woods north of Thoreau cove have recently been cut down. The pond is oblong and irregular in shape, half a mile long from east to west—its greatest dimension. On the west side it is considerably wider than on the east. The water is exceptionally clear and transparent, as the bottom can be seen at a depth of thirty feet. The pond was reputed to be bottomless, and, to satisfy himself about the matter, Thoreau made a great number of soundings through the ice during his first winter at the place. The greatest depth, he found, was one hundred and two feet.

Early in May Thoreau had his house-raising, not so much because he needed assistance as for the sake of neighborliness, he tells us in "Walden." In New England, house-raising, like corn-husking, used to be a social function of great moment. Among the party were Alcott, Edmund Hosmer, a prominent Concord farmer, and George William Curtis, who described the event as "a bit of life as Arcadian as any at Brook Farm."

At the same time he plastered the house and shingled the sides, "which were already impervious to rain, with imperfect and sappy shingles made of the first slices of the log, whose edges I was obliged to straighten out with a plane."

"I have thus a tight shingled and plastered house," he says, in "Walden," "ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight-feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite. The exact cost of my house, paying the usual price for such materials as I used, but not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was—twenty-eight dollars, twelve and a half cents."

Of the cabin, Thoreau's devoted friend, William Ellery Channing, who spent a couple of weeks there when the chimney was being built, has said, "It was a larger coat and hat,—a sentry-box on the shore, in the wood of Walden, ready to walk into in rain or snow or cold. As for its being, in the ordinary meaning, a house, it was so superior to the common domestic contrivances that I do not associate it with them. By standing on a chair you could reach into the garret, and a corn broom fathomed the depth of the cellar. It had no lock to the door, no curtain to the window, and belonged to nature nearly as much as to the man."

Before the chimney was built, Thoreau did his cooking outdoors early in the morning. If the day were stormy he would put some boards over the fire, then sit under them and watch the bread bake. The next winter his conscience troubled him for burning so much of Emerson's wood, so he used a small cooking-stove—a substitute for the open fire which took all the poetry out of his cooking operations.

"My furniture," he says, "part of which I made myself, and the rest cost me nothing of which I have not rendered an account, consisted of a bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass three inches in diameter, a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet, and a frying-pan, a dipper, a wash-bowl, two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses, and a japanned lamp."

This neat, airy little cabin, with its shingled sides and roof, its snug plastered walls, with the brick fireplaces and stone chimneys, sheltered from the wind by the tree-covered hill back of it, was a pretty comfortable place; but the reason Thoreau bestirred himself to build such a con-

The hut was "a tight shingled house ten feet wide by fifteen long"

ventional habitation was the need of shelter from the severe winter weather, and not because he wanted an orthodox New England house. The cabin was much more ideal, he thought, and much more a part of its untamed environment, before the plaster and shingles were added. "When first I took up my abode in the woods," he wrote in "Walden,"—"that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there—my house was not furnished for winter, but

Desk, bed, and one of the three chairs Thoreau had at the hut

was merely a defense against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination, it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character."

For over two years Thoreau lived in his little country

The cairn of stones that marks the site of Thoreau's hut. Every lover of Thoreau who makes a pilgrimage to this spot brings a stone from the shore of the pond to add to the pile — a decided improvement on the practice of carrying away a "relic"

home, a mile from any neighbor. In the summer, when he was not fishing or roaming the woods, he farmed it in his bean-field—a lot of two acres and a half near the cabin, which he had plowed after taking out the stumps. Besides beans, he planted potatoes, sweet corn and turnips. From the sale of the beans and potatoes the first year—he had picked twelve bushels of one crop and dug eighteen of the other—he cleared eight dollars, seventy-one and a half cents. Later, he planted pine trees on the bean-field for Emerson, some of which were destroyed in 1896.

Thoreau did not develop into much of a farmer, however, those two years he spent in his country home—he had other business which was more congenial. When he needed a little money he did carpentry-work, surveying, or day-labor of some sort or other in the village. He tabulated his expenses for eight months. It had cost him, including the building of the cabin, about twenty-five dollars more than he had earned. His food for those eight months had cost eight dollars, seventy-four and a half cents, so that his actual living expenses amounted to three cents more than he had secured from the sale of his vegetables. Of course, he occasionally took meals with his friends in the village.

Thoreau-Alcott house, where the naturalist lived from 1849 to 1862

Thoreau not only kept up his social relations with the village folk, but frequently entertained his friends at Walden. Emerson, Alcott, Farmer Hosmer and William Ellery Channing were among his most constant visitors. He sometimes entertained as many as twenty-five people at once. The party frequently adjourned to the wood-pile, though the "best room" was formed by the pine woods back of the cabin.

Thoreau was born in an old-fashioned farm-house (see illustration on page 285) situated on the Virginia road a short distance from Concord village. In Thoreau's time, the roof nearly reached the ground in the rear. The building is still standing, though it was moved from its early site in 1887, and some alterations have been made. It is a severe and unattractive New England farm-house, with gray, unpainted boards.

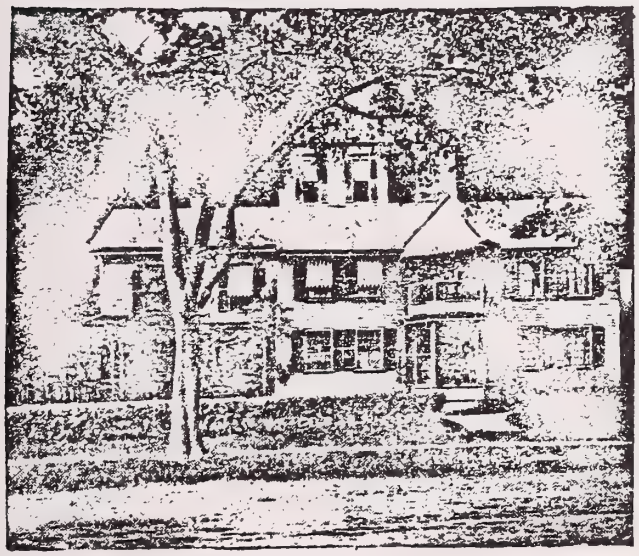
After he left Walden in 1847, Thoreau stayed for a year or so with the Emersons, and then moved to his father's house on the south side of Main street, where he lived till his death in 1862. This dwelling, now known as the Thoreau-Alcott house, is a good-sized, old-fashioned, New England dwelling. The main part of the building is square, of two stories and a rather low gable. South of the kitchen, which is situated on the southeast corner of the house, is a good-sized wing, which relieves the box-like appearance of the main part of the house. Each of the two front rooms has a large window reaching to the floor, looking out upon the street. The front door, which opens upon a hallway between the two front rooms, has a narrow stoop with two plain columns supporting a flat roof.

In the garret, under the roof, was the study of the naturalist. There he kept his collection of birds' eggs, botanical specimens and Indian relics. And there was his library of nine hundred volumes — seven hundred of which were unsold copies of his first book. A few feet from the south wing stands a great elm, whose branches extend over the house. Since 1877, the house has been in the possession of the Alcott family, who have added a large wing on the west side, which gives the building a much more attractive appearance.

HAWTHORNE CENTENARY OBSERVED AT CONCORD

Boston Advertiser July 5, 1904.

Bronze Tablet to Author's Memory Unveiled by Miss Beatrix Hawthorne, His Granddaughter—Maj. Higginson's Address—Prof. Copeland's Analysis



"THE WAYSIDE," HAWTHORNE'S CONCORD HOME.

The tower room was the novelist's study and workroom, where he was accustomed to write at a high desk, standing up. Along on the ridge in the rear passers-by used to see a tall, shy man pacing back and forth among the trees; darting into seclusion if he thought himself observed. Here he meditated his weird plots.

Concord, July 4.—A year ago the Centenary of Emerson resounded through the land. For months the magazines were laden with it, it was preached about from the pulpit, and the altar of worship was set up in many cities. How different is the Centenary of Hawthorne, who was inferior to Emerson in his philosophy, but his superior as a man of letters, the one romancer America has produced for place among the immortals!

Aside from the press' perfunctory discharge of duty in connection with the anniversary, his native city of Salem and Concord, with whose long memories of a glorious past his name is linked indissolubly, are almost alone in paying tribute to him.

It is fitting that Concord should be the scene of major observances, for Salem, which cradled him and was the home of his early manhood in the disheartening period when "the obscurest man of letters in America," as he styled himself, ironically, wrote his first great story, and his best, "The Scarlet Letter," chose to think that some disrepute of its own accompanied his success and showed it so plainly that Hawthorne remarked in a letter written to Horatio Bridge, a day or 2 before he left the town. "If I escape from town without being tarred and feathered, I shall consider it good luck."

He had pricked them with deft irony and did not disguise the fact in an informal valedictory announcing that henceforth he would be a citizen of somewhere else. "Soon my old native town will loom upon me through the haze of memory, a mist brooding over and around it, as if it were no portion of the real earth, but an overgrown village in cloudland, with only imaginary inhibitants to people its wooden houses, and walk its homely lanes, and the unpicturesque prolixity of its main street."

But Concord was his home in happy and fruitful years. He went there with his bride to reside at the Old Manse, to live in a sort of native paradise and regain the intimate touch with nature he had learned to need in the old days by Lake Sebago. There he came close to Emerson the Man, though the "Concord Philosopher" could never bring himself to like his tales—he wandered through the woods with Ellery Channing, boated with Thoreau, and paced with Margaret Fuller the paths of Sleepy Hollow, indulging, Prof. Woodberry remarks, in "half transcendental, half sentimental talk."

Sometimes Longfellow came out from Cambridge, and George Bradford, whom Hawthorne liked as he liked few men, was often with him. Life deepened and broadened for him in the companionship of choice spirits and a domestic tie as nearly perfect as any vouchsafed here softened the pains of financial embarrassments unspeakably hateful to one of his temperament.

To Concord he returned from the Berkshires, taking The Wayside, which had been Alcott's, a homely old house with a wooded hillside rising sharply behind it, his last home, and the scene of commemorative exercises today. The tower, in memory of the tower of Montauto, he added after his Italian sojourn, succeeding service in the consulate at Liverpool.

He paced the path on the ridge behind house, planned "The Dolliver Romance," and felt his constructive power fail.

From Plymouth they brought him back to rest in Sleepy Hollow, buried with his unfinished romance on his coffin and illustrious intimates standing by the grave.

He was the first of the group to die, but all are gone now and some, Emerson among them, lie very near him.

Concord is the same, yet not the same. The lesser lights in an incomparable group have been swept away in the eddies of time. Stacy's store is no longer a conversational clearing house and distinguished ornaments of the lecture platform are not often heard in the town hall fronting the village square. Such minor oracles as old Dr. Bartlett have gone their way. But the accent of the town, a spirit of mellow reflection, persists; in subtle ways the influence of its elect is manifest.

Many of the townspeople who remember Hawthorne in the flesh attended the opening exercises of his centenary at The Wayside, today. Boston also was largely represented and parties came from neighboring towns. The audience gathered under the pines on the hillside in informal fashion reminiscent of the sessions of the Concord School, half circling the memorial tablet unveiled by Miss Beatrix Hawthorne, a daughter of Hawthorne's son Julian. She drew aside a flag enveloping the boulder in which it was set with a simple inscription:—

"This tablet placed at the Centennial Exercises, July 4, 1904, commemorates Nathaniel Hawthorne, who trod daily this path to the hill to formulate as he paced to and fro upon its summit his marvelous romances."

Col. T. W. Higginson, one of the Cambridge men intimate with Hawthorne and his friends, presided, and by him sat Dr. Hale and F. B. Sanborn, who were in his confidence. "Margaret Sydney," the hostess of the day, and Mrs. Howe Elliott, announced to consider "Hawthorne in Italy," were prominent figures.

In an address largely devoted to the personal side of Hawthorne Col. Higginson said:—

"He had what Emerson once described as 'the still living merit of the oldest New England families;' he had, moreover, the unexhausted wealth of the Puritan tradions,—a wealth to which only he and Whittier have as yet done any justice. The value of material to be found in contemporary American life he never fully recognized; but he was the first person to see that we truly have, for romantic purposes, a past; 200 years being really quite enough to constitute antiquity. This was what his 'environment' gave him, and this was much."

Passing the stock protest against Hawthorne's gloom, he observed that "an immedite popularity might possibly have added a little more sunshine to his thoughts, a few drops of redder blood to his style; thus averting the only criticism that can ever be justly made on either. Yet this very privation has made a nobler and tenderer figure in literary history; and a source of more tonic influence for young writers, through all coming time. We may feel that he had, after all, the very best that earth can give, and all our regrets seem only an impertinence."

C. T. Copeland of Harvard dealt somewhat with Hawthorne's use of his materials. "Other men have written about the Puritans and their descendants; none other with Hawthorne's power, or with a tithe of his imagination. People forget, too,

how seldom that imagination exercises itself with simply historical subjects in dealing with New England life; and, although Hawthorne has unmistakably the historic consciousness, it might better be called the 'frisson historique.' For, however he starts with a subject taken from history, in 9 cases out of 10 he either gives it an eerie twist, or makes it a mere point of departure into conscience land, where—as an artist—he is forever pondering, in his inherited preoccupation with sin, grim, dusky problems of good and evil.

"The secular Puritan is nothing to him. The sinring good man, the persecutor and the persecuted, the bewitched and the hagridden, are the Puritans for him. This controlling element of his mind, which shows itself first in tales of early colonial times, still controls in 'The Blithedale Romance,' and other stories of later New England life, as well as in 'Rappacini's Daughter' and 'Transformation.' "

In closing:—

"He had the strangest, and, on the whole, I think, the most original imagination of his day, in any language. That the possessor—or the possessed—of such an imagination could harness himself to his heavy load in custom house and consulate, is only a heightening of the recurrent miracle which binds artist and man in one body.

"It would have been a more wonderful miracle than ever yet was worked, if Hawthorne's creating mind had not often strayed from those close at hand and waylay to the phantoms that startle and waylay his readers.

"Like every rare being that walks this earth awhile, he seemed to keep step to a march very different indeed from the treadmill measure that sets the pace for poor humanity. And when the baser rhythm broke in upon the airy music to which his feet kept time he lost the beat, and, perforce, fell out. Cor ede Hawthorne, there were no romances."

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop was represented by a letter and the Poet Stedman sent greeting well known in his apostrophe to Hawthorne:—

Two natures in him strove
Like giants, night with day, his sunshine and his
night,
To him the stern forefather's creed descended,
The weight of some inexorable Jove
Prejudging from the cradle to the tomb.
Nor from his work was ever absent quite
The presence which, o'er cast it as we may,
Things far beyond our reason can suggest;
There was a drifting light
Dimmer than moon or stars, but full of
Of sunshine came to hapless Clifford's breast.

The Hillside chapel, to which the assemblage went when brisk breezes and the chug-chug of passing automobiles handicapped proceedings in the open, will be the scene of morning exercises at 10 during the next 3 days. On Tuesday Mrs. Julia Howe will consider "Hawthorne's World," and C. F. Adams is to speak on his place in literature.

The Hawthorne Centenary.

The centenary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne, July 4th, 1804, will be observed at The Wayside (his old home), Concord, Massachusetts, July 4th to 7th, 1904.

Monday afternoon, July Fourth, at 3 o'clock, there will be commemorative exercises in the form of reminiscences, short speeches, poems, and the unveiling of the bronze tablet on the path to the hill where Hawthorne daily walked while formulating his romances. It is expected that Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne will unveil the tablet.

Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson will be the presiding officer.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings, July 5th, 6th and 7th, at 10 o'clock, the meetings will be held in the Hillside Chapel (the Chapel of the Concord School of Philosophy), next to The Wayside

Addresses at the morning meetings will be made by the following speakers:

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "Hawthorne's world."

Hon. Charles Francis Adams, (Subject to be announced.)

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, "Hawthorne in Italy."

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, "The world set in Hawthorne's heart."

Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, (Subject to be announced.)

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, "Friendships of Hawthorne."

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, being unable to be present, will send a paper to be read.

Tickets for the course, including the memorial meeting Monday, July Fourth, $1.50. Single tickets 50 cents.

For sale at H. L. Whitcomb's, Concord, Mass., and Houghton & Mifflin's, 4 Park St., Boston.

The number is limited so that early application will be necessary. Barges will run from the railroad station and the electric car waiting room.

Rude Bowlder Placed on Slope Near the Wayside at Concord, To Commemorate Nathaniel Hawthorne, Born July 4, 1804

MEMORIAL STONE TO HAWTHORNE

Boston — Herald

Boulder with Commemorative Tablet Placed Near the Wayside at Concord Yesterday, with Appropriate Services.

July 5 — 1904

HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER UNVEILED THE TABLET

Centenary of Birth Celebrated Also by Addresses by Col. T. W. Higginson and Prof. Copeland of Harvard University.

A rude boulder with commemorative tablet, played on a slope in the pine grove near the "Wayside," his old home at Concord, was yesterday unveiled in memory of Nathaniel Hawthorne on the occasion of the centenary of his birth. In full view of the upper room in which he worked, some 200 of his friends and admirers gathered to see his grand-daughter, Miss Beatrix Hawthorne, draw the flag from before the simple record of how her grandfather, born July 4, 1804, used "to formulate as he paced to and fro on this summit, his marvellous romances."

Among those present at the celebration, which has been arranged to continue for four days, were Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who presided, Frank B. Sanborn, Moncure D. Conway, Prof. Charles T. Copeland of Harvard and Mrs. Margaret Lothrop, the present occupant of the "Wayside."

Col. Higginson began his remarks with an allusion to the manner in which Concord had been distinguished among New England towns by having a claim upon two such men as Emerson and Hawthorne, citing accounts of Hawthorne as he appeared to his contemporaries. "When he began to write," said Mr. Higginson, "his literary gifts, such as quiet ease and pellucid language, were already there. One of the most noticeable characteristics of Haw-

thorne's literary activities is his habitual guardedness of under-statement, which is not a sign of weakness, but of strength. He never needed italics to distribute his emphasis, nor did he utilize the foot note. Meanwhile he paid, for a time, one of the inexorable penalties of the greatest success—the utter absence of everything like immediate success. For 20 years he continued, according to his own statement, to be the obscurest man of letters in America.

"To me, the greatest mark of his genius is not that he bore poverty without a murmur, but that he went on putting work of such quality before an audience so small or so indifferent. A little more popularity might have put a little more sunshine into his thought a few more drops of ruddier blood into his style. Yet this very privation gave a nobler and tenderer figure to literary history, and supplied a source of more tonic influence to all young writers."

Miss Beatrix Hawthorne then unveiled the boulder, the memorial inscription of which had been suggested by Mrs. Margaret Lothrop. An adjournment was then taken to the Hillside Chapel. Here a letter was read by Miss Lathrop from a daughter of Hawthorne, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, now engaged in philanthropic work among the sick and poor of New York.

Prof. Charles T. Copeland of Harvard University followed with a commemorative address on Hawthorne, giving the chief data of his life, with some emphasis on the years of activity spent away from Concord. The life at Salem, said the speaker, was "an Odys... of mean houses in mea... erty and of h... ...a emphasis upon his fine fea... his powerful intelligence and perfect candor in conversation. Placid, peaceful and retiring in the ordinary conditions of life, he was tempestuous and irresistible when roused. He had the strangest and most original imagination of his day in any language.

The proceedings were brought to a close with the reading by Col. Higginson of some verses on Hawthorne, composed by Edmund Clarence Stedman for the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

the Hon. Charles Francis Adams will describe "Hawthorne's Place in Literature."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will speak in the Hillside Chapel at Concord this morning on "Hawthorne's World," while

HAWTHORNE CENTENARY

Concord Continues Notable Celebration

Charles Francis Adams Delivers an Address

Julia Ward Howe on Hawthorne's World

Tablet Near "Wayside" Dedicated to Him

Boston Eve. Transcript — July 6, 1904

Concord's observance of the Hawthorne centenary was continued today in that historic town. Yesterday afternoon, on the lawn near the "Wayside" home of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, where the great author once lived, and where he wrote several of his romances, appropriate exercises were held. On the hillside above, there was unveiled a tablet commemorating the residence there, at various dates, from May, 1852, to May, 1864, of him who has been fitly called "New England's Chaucer." This tablet, which was set in a Concord boulder was unveiled by Miss Beatrix Hawthorne of Yonkers, N. Y., the author's granddaughter, and daughter of Julian Hawthorne.

Today's exercises were held in the Hillside Chapel, adjoining the "Wayside," which little building was the home of the famous Concord School of Philosophy. Moncure D. Conway of London and New York presided. The programme as announced included the following: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on "Hawthorne's World"; Hon. Charles Francis Adams, an estimate, colloquially, of "Hawthorne's Place in Literature"; a paper written by Julian Hawthorne, on "Hawthorne's Later Life," read by Rev. John Howland Lathrop of Hingham. The Hillside Chapel was well filled this morning with a cultured audience, composed very largely of women. Beside the speakers there were seated upon the platform Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, to whose inspiration the centenary is due and under whose personal supervision the observance has been arranged and is being carried out; her daughter, Miss Lothrop, Frank B. Sanborn and Rev. John Howland Lathrop.

Mr. Conway, in opening the exercises, paid a graceful tribute to Mrs. Lothrop, the hostess. He also felicitated himself that he, a proud Virginian-born, summoned by the literature of Concord, had now been called upon to preside over such an occasion, in the presence of literary people who were classic to all and who had taught all. In presenting Mrs. Howe he said he had known her all his life—at least, all his intellectual life. He had known her, as his hearers had, as the guide and inspirer of their earnestness in the days of their storm and stress. "I present," said he, "our beloved Julia Ward Howe."

Mrs. Howe, who was given a most cordial reception, appeared to be in excellent health and spirits. She apologized for sitting while she read, and asked that, if anyone could not hear her, she be informed of that fact. This proved unnecessary, however, for she was in excellent voice. Her paper, on "Hawthorne's World," was brief, occupying only about twenty minutes in its delivery.

"Much has been written," said Mrs. Howe in opening, "and mostly miswritten, ...garding Hawthorne's social surroundings. ...r. Henry James, who supposed Salem to ...e been for such a man 'the abomination ...desolation,' was evidently not well ...l in the history of the ancient town, ...wn of the Devereaux, Crowinshields ...bodys, very prosperous before the ...n old Billy Gray quarrelled with ...men and carried its business to ...ptain Hawthorne, the father of ...mancer, died ... over ... foreign ...hstand the ...sed ... ...ate her br... ...n the solitude ...room. Her home then afforded ...mbre background for the life pic... ...er young son and daughters. It is ...at Hawthorne once, speaking of ... and sisters, said: 'We have been ...n together.' The Salem of that time ...society enough of the usual sort, youths and maidens, lordly seigneurs and stately dames, but it was not among this goodly company that Nathaniel Hawthorne lived and moved. In a vivid atmosphere of his own, his imagination, shaped and draped the companions of his early manhood."

Mrs. Howe then drew a vivid pen picture of the scenes depicted by Hawthorne in "The Scarlet Letter," and the lesson to be drawn therefrom. "Hawthorne goes to Italy and sojourns there long enough to become penetrated with the charm of that lovely land. But even there he is so far master of the situation as to make the sculptor of ancient Greece his tributary, and endows the fawn of Praxiteles with a life of his own. Art criticism is not his forte. He contemns Crawford and admires without stint Miss Hosmer and Mr. Storey. But what a Rome does his fancy build for us! Fair Hilda with her doves is his idea of maiden innocence. Miriam is the guilty woman of passion and impulse, who also belongs to his artistic family. There, as elsewhere, crime goes to its bitter end. From this, Hawthorne saw no escape. But what a wonderful light has he thrown upon the details of the Eternal City! The grim, gloomy catacombs, the convent, the magnificent church itself, a world wonder, all come into position at his bidding and form a life picture never to be forgotten.

Undoubtedly the time in which Hawthorne produced his most important works was one of deep moral and religious questioning. The Puritan rule involved so much that was not in accordance with man's noblest nature that a rebellion was imperatively called for. With the Polemic controversies of the hour Hawthorne gave himself little concern. Were there not Parker, Phillips, Garrison, to fight the real battle of ethics? Yet our friend, in his opaline mirror, could show the evils lurking beneath the cloak of sanctity, or the dire temptations which could assail even a man of saintly disposition. The deep pathos and instruction of this portrayal has a value beyond words. The bud of the new order did indeed have a bitter taste.

Mrs. Howe related interesting anecdotes of some of her meetings with Hawthorne in Concord and elsewhere, and spoke of the great impression made upon her by his wonderful eies, which she said she could compare to nothing but sapphires alive and full of soul. "In his writings," continued Mrs. Howe, "Hawthorne shows himself a child of a new world. He makes us believe what he himself believes. Hawthorne's use of the supernatural in his tales has truly an historic value. It preserves for us the melancholy of the Puritan imagination. Those forbears of ours everywhere saw the influence of the Bodily Devil. He was as real to them as flesh and blood are to us. Their belief in witchcraft and a demonic possession was the logical outcome of their theory of religion. Theirs was the terrible Jehovah; to the Christian revelation of a God of love and pity they had not attained. Hawthorne's works which show most of this element were written in the author's unsocial days. We must deem the isolation fortunate in which the seeds of terror ripened into blossoms of power and beauty. Would Hawthorne have accomplished things more marvellous if he had had the run of the London clubs or the entrée into the fashionable world of the world's metropolis? Truly he needed them not. What then was Hawthorne's world? I answer that he lived in a palatial region all his own. No occasion had he for page or butler. The tricksy spirits, fine as aerial, serve him at will. With a magician's power he stood at the entrance of his airy abode, where all who entered must be and believe as he willed."

Following Mrs. Howe, Hon. Charles Francis Adams spoke on "Hawthorne's Place in Literature." Although Mr. Adams spoke informally, in a conventional tone, and without manuscript, he paid high tribute to Hawthorne, and held the close attention of his audience.

"Personally," said Mr. Adams, "I know nothing about Hawthorne. I never saw him in my life. I had been familiar with his writings. In my younger days I never availed myself of the opportunity to see him. Subsequently, when I became a member of the famous Saturday Club, of which he was also a member, and where I naturally would have met him, he had passed away. Individually I know nothing of him. I can claim, on this occasion, no particular amount of insight or profundity of thought in respect to him. I have read hardly anything of his for years, and I therefore speak from the recollection of time long gone by. I am also somewhat of an iconoclastic, inclined to be 'otherwise minded' in what I have to say, and so today there are doubtless many things in what I shall say in which my audience might be little inclined to concur. I shall deem myself fortunate if I arouse some spirit of contradiction, some call to set me right.

"After all, what do I know of Hawthorne? Curiously enough, he was the subject of the first production of mine that I ever saw in print. It was written in criticism of Hawthorne, and was published in the College Review of that time. It was forty-nine years ago. I was them a year approaching twenty. The other evening I took the copy out and read it, for the first time, I think, since it appeared in print. Mr. Sanborn was one of the editors of the Review. This article was to me, as I read it over, dreadfully amusing."

"It was at the time," interjected Mr. Sanborn, from his seat on the platform.

"I am glad you remember it, sir," was Mr. Adams's retort. Continuing, Mr. Adams said:

"Nevertheless there was one phrase in that article rather applicable to the present moment. It was this: 'Among American works of fiction, with us at least, Hawthorne stands forth preëminent.'

"That was the conclusion which I then reached, and have not been called upon to revise. On the main point I find that the conclusion that I then reached I have had no occasion to alter—that Hawthorne is the first among American writers. I was somewhat surprised a day or two since when I found reproduced in a paper, a list of Lord Avery's 'One Hundred Books,' not, as he says, the best, but of the best, and which he recommends to students. I did not find in that list of one hundred books a single production of Hawthorne. I found several that would scarcely rank with Hawthorne, such as Lewis's 'History of Philosophy,' George Eliot's 'Adam Bede,' Charles Kingsley's 'Westward Ho,' and Bulwer Lytton's 'Last Days of Pompeii.' I am obliged to say that I cannot concur in the judgment of that man who, having mentioned those books, finds no place for "The Scarlet Letter." I maintain, in spite of Lord Avery, that Hawthorne is far and away the first of American literary men. He alone is worthy of being included in that great list of eminent men—Shakspeare, DeFoe, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray.

"Let me state some of the elements in the style of work which constitute Hawthorne's ground of eminence. The first element is the power of character delineation. The second element is the skill of story framing, the putting of your story together. The third element is the philosophy that underlies the work. The fourth element is the style in which the story is put. The fifth element is the fancy which decorates it.

"Taking those elements, let us analyze them and try to place Hawthorne as regards them. In regard to character delineation, I should be disposed to say that Dickens ranks supreme among the writers of the English tongue. Dickens's books show more of character delineation than is shown in Shakspeare and Scott combined. Jack Falstaff is not a better character delineation than Sairey Gamp. This may sound paradoxical, and also heterod...al. But the world w... see another ...ens and another Sh... speak befo... ...s another ... that rear... ...re is ... and which ... ...king ... as an artist ... I have ... apt to see ... ...er Shakspeare or Dick... before it se... another Hawthorne, owing to the subtlety and finesse of the character drawing that Hawthorne did possess.

"Second, take the element of framing a story—Wilkie Collins, in his 'The Woman in White,' stands preëminent. Anthony Trollope should also be mentioned. But nothing better has been done by either of these than was done by Hawthorne in his 'The Scarlet Letter.'

"Taking the third element, the philosophy that underlies the work, and Hawthorne ranks the highest. There is only one other to be placed in the same list, and that is Shakspeare. Goethe produced one great drama, 'Faust.' Shakspeare can be credited with half a dozen at least. But the philosophy and passion of 'The Scarlet Letter' leads 'Faust' and 'Hamlet.'

"Taking the fourth element, style in which the story is put: In Hawthorne's latest productions, there is about them a perfection of workmanship as regards style which exceeds that of any writer. In the fifth element, the fancy which decorates the story, Hawthorne was also a leader. Shakspeare, it is true, is supreme. But, taking Hawthorne at his best, in that description of Warwick Castle and its reflection in the river flowing beneath its walls, and in his description of Old Boston in 'The Scarlet Letter,' he shows a delicacy

of fancy that equals, if not surpasses, Shakespeare's."

Celebration of the Hawthorne centenary began at Concord yesterday, where among those present at the observance, which had been arranged to continue for four days, were Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who presided, Frank B. Sanborn, Moncure D. Conway, Professor Charles T. Copeland of Harvard and Mrs. Margaret Lothrop, the present occupant of the "Wayside," the old home of Hawthorne.

Colonel Higginson began his remarks with an allusion to the manner in which Concord had been distinguished among New England towns by having a claim upon two such men as Emerson and Hawthorne, citing accounts of Hawthorne as he appeared to his contemporaries. "When he began to write," said Mr. Higginson, "his literary gifts, such as quiet ease and pellucid language, were already there. One of the most noticeable characteristics of Hawthorne's literary activities is his habitual guardedness of under-statement, which is not a sign of weakness, but of strength. He never needed italics to distribute his emphasis, nor did he utilize the footnote. Meanwhile he paid, for a time, one of the inexorable penalties of the greatest success—the utter absence of everything like immediate success. For twenty years he continued, according to his own statement, to be the obscurest man of letters in America. To me, the greatest mark of his genius is not that he bore poverty without a murmur, but that he went on putting work of such quality before an audience so small or so indifferent.

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Following Colonel Higginson's address came adjournment to the Hillside Chapel. Here a letter was read by Miss Lathrop from a daughter of Hawthorne, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, now engaged in philanthropic work among the sick and poor of New York. Professor Charles T. Copeland of Harvard University followed with a commemorative address on Hawthorne, giving the chief data of his life, with some emphasis on the years of activity spent away from Concord. The life at Salem, said the speaker, was "an Odyssey of mean houses in mean streets of poverty and of hope deferred." Citations were given regarding the way in which Hawthorne impressed the people of his time, with emphasis upon his fine features, his powerful intelligence and perfect candor in conversation. "Placid, peaceful and retiring in the ordinary conditions of life, he was tempestuous and irresistible when roused. He had the strangest and most original imagination of his day in any language."

The proceedings were brought to a close with the reading by Colonel Higginson some verses on Hawthorne, composed, Edmund Clarence Stedman for the Beta Kappa Society.

THE HAWTHORNE TABLET

Boston Transcript July 5, 1904

Concord in July never seemed lovelier than on the Fourth of July this year, with the foliage on the trees in a state of freshness like unto May or June, the meadows rich with hay ripe for the mover or already mown, the sky a cerulean hue, the clouds a fleecy white, and the moderate heat, tempered by a stirring breeze. Of languor or discomfort there was none. Nature was in her mid-summer glory with garments still fresh.

In such an environment a select and moderate-sized group of Hawthorne's admirers gathered first under the trees at Shadyside and later in the School of Philosophy, back of the old Alcott House, to do honor to the memory of Hawthorne one hundred years after his birth. While the wind rushed through the dark grove of pines and swept the branches to and fro above the speaker's head and occasionally down and around his face, the reverent auditors sat at the foot of the ridge along which Hawthorne's feet trod while he was brooding over his tales and wondered what the boulder shrouded in the Stars and Stripes had to disclose. The unveiling of the boulder with its bronze tablet, by Miss Hawthorne, granddaughter of the poet, was as unconventional an act, as it could well have been, simply and swiftly done, with no blare of words or accompanying applause.

Colonel Higginson's introductory remarks had that mingled humor and wisdom, byplay and forthrightness which have become classic hereabouts. Some of his comment was freshly minted; more of it was coin already in circulation with his stamp upon it; but all of it was pertinent in that it brought Hawthorne before his hearers as a living personage, and made known wherein he was great; a man great in his physical mien, in his patience under public neglect, in his individual and classic style which Colonel Higginson is sure not all the accumulated talent of London of today could begin to approach, and great in his use of the New England legend and folk lore, in use of which Whittier is his only rival.

The more formal address given by Mr. Charles Copeland of Harvard University on the period of Hawthorne's life which was covered by his first arrival and last departure from Concord, was delivered with that precision and distinction of rendition, which makes Mr. Copeland an admirable reader of his own thoughts as well as those of other men. Mainly narrative in form, it nevertheless had considerable independent criticism in it, and was peculiarly happy in its portraiture of Hawthorne with which the address closed, in which the man as a man, as a parent and a husband, neighbor, courageous public official, keen analyst of England, lover of books, despiser of churches, parsons, literary men and his equals and lover of sailors, plain folk of all sorts, and a limited circle of average men, was clearly limned with comparatively few strokes, and in a deft artistic way.

Everything about the exercises was thoroughly New Englandish rather than Old Englandish, in its way, in its simplicity, democracy, unconventionality, and in the calm philosophical way in which the company gathered up itself and its chairs and trooped over to the historic School of Philosophy to give Mr. Copeland a chance to be heard better. Venerable men and women, old friends of Hawthorne, graced the company with their presence, notably Mr. Moncure D. Conway, to whom the world owes some of its most vivid recollections of what manner of man Hawthorne was. Mr. Frank Sanborn sat by, omniscence and criticism incarnate. Miss Emerson was in the audience, a benign reminder of the sort of women who were the grand dames of the New England which is passing. Of modern authors, there are but few, if any of conspicuous fame. Hawthorne never has had a cult like Emerson or Whitman. His holding aloof from the great moral controversy of his day, prevents his having admirers among the folk who are civic reformers above all else. His grade of work does not appeal to the masses, and is appreciated but by comparatively few; ergo he does not attract a

But now and again Concord has a Pilgrim visit it from far off lands to whom Hawthorne is peerless and beside whom Emerson and the Revolutionary fathers have to take a subordinate place. When such an one comes hereafter he will be glad to note that at last Concord has begun to commemorate in an imperishable way the sites of those haunts which forever are sacred to the memory of our greatest prose stylist and romancer.

The elder group of critics who long since assigned Hawthorne a high place and gave the reasons why they did so, of which group Stedman, Higginson and Howells are the most conspicuous survivors, must take considerable satisfaction in noting how the younger men coming on—Woodberry, Gates, Perry, Crothers, Copeland, et al. whose articles in the current magazines and whose addresses at Salem, Bowdoin College and at Concord, have voiced present day appraisal of Hawthorne, have reiterated substantially the old verdict. To Hawthorne's more discerning contemporaries he seemed great; to the generations represented by his son and his granddaughter he seems equally great, yea greater.

SINGS PRAISES OF HAWTHORNE

Boston Herald

Charles Francis Adams, at Concord Exercises, Places the Puritan Author First Among the Literary Men of America.

July 6, 1904

ENTITLED TO RANK WITH SHAKESPEARE

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe Sketches "Hawthorne's World"—Paper on His Later Life in Concord Read by the Rev. J. H. Lathrop.

In sight of the countless tender mercies of nature, such as Concord on a glorious July day knows so well how to lavish, New England Puritanism at its gloomiest, as embodied in "The Scarlet Letter," was yesterday morning apostrophized as the high water mark of the genius of Hawthorne, born 100 years ago.

In the little Hillside Chapel, with its unplaned boards and primitive windows, a band of enthusiasts gathered at 10 o'clock to take second day's counsel together concerning their hero—his life, his work and his final place in the literature of the world.

To this end the conference had the practical wisdom of Frank B. Sanborn, the graceful touch of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the well-tested scholarship of Charles Francis Adams, and the delightful personal and family reminiscences of Julian Hawthorne.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, introduced by Moncure D. Conway, opened the commemorative papers with a sketch of "Hawthorne's World." "Art criticism," she said, "is not Hawthorne's forte; but what a role does not his fancy play for us. He wrote in a time of moral questioning, when there were many doubts regarding the interpretation of moral law. He does much to redeem our literature from the criticism that it mostly follows the trend of old-world culture and contributes little to the world's knowledge that is distinctly American."

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams then spoke on "Hawthorne's Place in Literature."

"In looking over a list of 'the best hundred books' the other day," he said, "I was somewhat surprised to find in it no mention of Hawthorne, and I say that I cannot concur in the judgment there shown—in the exclusion from that list of the 'Scarlet Letter.'

"I propose to demonstrate that Hawthorne ... American literary men—that he alone is worthy of being included in that great list of literary luminaries of whom Shakespeare, Defoe, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith, Field and Scott are the most illustrious. I shall divide what I call the elements of literary greatness into five classes—First, delineation of the power of character; second, skill in story framing; third, the philosophy that underlies the work; fourth, the style in which the story is told; fifth, the fancy which decorates it. Now I place Dickens first in the delineation of character, and Shakespeare second only to Dickens; I would follow with Cervantes, Defoe, Swift, and so on, not omitting Walter Scott."

In strong illustrations of character delineation from these writers, Mr. Adams cited an advertisement in The Boston Herald of July 2, modelled, in the interest of Sanford's ginger, on the famous speech in which Sairey Gamp wants Mrs. Harris to "leave the bottle on the chimley-piece so that the said Sairey can take it when she feels 'disposed.'"

The appearance of that "ad.," said the speaker, for years after the character of Sairey Gamp was created by Dickens, is what I call immortality in literature. (Laughter and applause.)

Proceeding to deal with character delineation in American literature, Mr. Adams said it was "a question whether any of Hawthorne's characters had sufficiently entered into common speech to justify them being put into a great portrait gallery of literature. Yet I am inclined to think that we shall see another Shakespeare before we see another Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"In the philosophy of his work I put Hawthorne securely in the category of the great creations of Shakespeare. In the matter of style, his latest production has what may be called perfection, though in the quality of fancy Shakespeare reigns supreme."

The day's celebration was then brought to a close with the reading, by the Rev. John Howland Lathrop, of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's paper on "Hawthorne's Later Life in Concord."

WOMEN SPEAK OF HAWTHORNE

Boston Herald

Julia Ward Howe Pleads for Preservation of Hillside Chapel—Mrs. Elliott on Author's Influence on Writers on Rome.

July 7 1904

Hawthorne, in the period of prosperity, with the days of public neglect left well behind; Hawthorne, after his unnurtured social sympathies had been thawed out beneath the warm glow of Italian skies; Hawthorne, returned once more from the "wander-years" of foreign travel to the scene of his domestic felicity and domestic virtue at "The Wayside"—such was the Hawthorne recalled yesterday morning in the Hillside Chapel at Concord by speakers who have joined in the four days' tribute to the great American novelist on the occasion of the centenary of his birth.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe spoke an earnest word for the preservation of the Hillside Chapel, consecrated, as it had been, by the presence and speech of Mr. Emerson, Mr. Alcott and so many able people.

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott read a paper on "Hawthorne in Italy." She said Hawthorne reached Italy when he had attained the age of 54 years; he visited Florence, among other cities, and saw the house of Petrarch; it was only afterward, in Yorkshire, Eng., that his dreams during 16 months spent in Italy were worked out into literary form. Hawthorne's words on Italy have become almost bywords in their application to various parts of Rome. Upon the eternal city he has stamped his own personality, and every English writer who has visited Rome since has unconsciously plagiarized from "The Marble Faun." Nothing is more interesting in the life of Hawthorne than the struggle which went on in him be-

tween the artist and the Puritan; the Puritan was outraged by the church of Rome, but the artist was touched.

Mrs. Margaret Lothrop read Mr. Julian Hawthorne's paper on "Hawthorne's Later Life in Concord," in which the writer said his father advised him against adopting a literary calling, but that this did not mean that [illegible] himself to

HAWTHORNE'S FRIENDSHIPS

Frank B. Sanborn's Centennial Contribution

Boston Transcript July 7 1904

Interesting Paper of Most Intimate Character

Early Comradeships Formed at Bowdoin

Closing Day of Centenary Observance a Concord

The little "Hillside Chapel," adjoining "The Wayside," where the great romancist once lived, was again filled with a large and cultured audience on this, the fourth and closing day of Concord's observance of the Hawthorne centenary. As a literary event, the commemoration has been an inspiration. For its successful inception and fruition, too great credit cannot be given to Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, the present occupant of "The Wayside." Of her efforts, Julia Ward Howe, who presided yesterday, made grateful and graceful acknowledgment in behalf of all those who have attended the exercises; and, at her suggestion, a vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Lothrop. During the observance, Mrs. Lothrop has entertained the following house party: Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Moncure D. Conway, Rev. John Howland Lathrop, Miss Beatrix Hawthorne, Julia Ward Howe and Maud Howe Elliott. Mrs. Ames, who now occupies another of Hawthorne's old homes, the "Old Manse," near the "Battle Ground," threw open that ancient dwelling to attendants upon the centenary, in the afternoon, and many availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to visit it.

Hon. Charles Francis Adams presided at today's exercises. The programme included: Letter from Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, read by Mrs. Lothrop, reminiscent of life at "The Wayside;" paper on "The Books of Hawthorne and Reminiscences of Him," by Edward Waldo Emerson, read by Judge John S. Keyes; paper on "The Friendships of Hawthorne," by Frank B. Sanborn; personal reminiscences of Hawthorne by Judge Keyes, delivered colloquially. In these, the speaker, referring to the reception tendered Hawthorne, upon his return from Italy, at the Emerson home, said that Hawthorne had changed so much during his stay abroad, in his growth in social matters, especially, that his friends were all surprised at the charm of his manner as the company received him with open arms and with a welcome that all felt sure went to his heart and pleased him, with more reason than many of the incidents of his life abroad. He was delightfully free from shyness, glad to be again in his old Concord, and glad to greet all his old neighbors.

Mr. Adams interjected the question whether this change was due to Hawthorne's residence abroad or to the fact that the sun of prosperity had begun to shine upon him.

Judge Keyes replied that he did not know Hawthorne well enough to say; probably both had their effect. At any rate, the change in Hawthorne's manner was a great

MR. SANBORN'S PAPER

It Constituted One of the Most Interesting Contributions to the Centenary of the Great Romancist

Mr. Sanborn said:

With his college life a new era began in the friendships of Hawthorne. He entered Bowdoin College at the age of seventeen; it was a small school, and he was at the right age to form friendships. They were not many, it would seem, but very important ones, both for his present enjoyment and the shaping of his after life. They began almost accidentally—the most important (that with Franklin Pierce, afterwards senator and President) in a stagecoach as he and Jonathan Cilley, afterwards slain in a congressional duel, joined at Portsmouth Hawthorne and his first roommate, Alfred Mason, a son of Webster's tall friend, Jeremiah Mason, on their way to enter college at Brunswick in the summer of 1821. All these youths except Hawthorne were from New Hampshire; Pierce, a few months younger than Hawthorne, was from Hillsboro; Cilley, two years older, from Nottingham, and Mason, about Hawthorne's own age, from Portsmouth. Pierce, who had been carefully fitted for college, entered a year before the rest, and throughout his course was a leader in the small student community—commanding a cadet company of collegians, of which Hawthorne was a private. Cilley, the grandson of a distinguished Revolutionary general, also served in this company, but in his class was a leader, from his age and talents, and by the severer traits of his nature, on which Hawthorne commented, a dozen years after, with much frankness. Mason was a studious youth, as devoted to science as his chum was to literature and sauntering. In the class he found his most world-renowned comrade—Henry Longfellow, a slender youth of fourteen, who before graduating in 1825 was already a poet of some note, and who became at one time the most widely read of all contemporary poets that wrote English. Another classmate was Horatio Bridge, to whom, next to Pierce, Hawthorne was most attached, and who was one of the last survivors of that college class of thirty-eight members. With these four youths of an age near his own Hawthorne continued intimate, so long as he and they lived; and their friendship was one of the chief delights of his life until he fell in love with Miss Sophia Peabody, of a Salem family living near his own, but with which, for years, he had little communication.

These friends are mentioned by Hawthorne, both in the works that he published himself, and in notebooks not designed for publication, or letters that he left behind him. A contrast sometimes appears in these public and more private comments on them—very notable in the case of Cilley—which has occurred, too, with regard to other friends, and has brought upon Hawthorne some suspicion of lack of loyalty in friendship. In truth, there appear to have been two contrasted natures in him—that of the intimate and affectionate companion, and that of the conscientious or severe judge; akin to that ancestor who sat on the bench when Quakers and hysterical women were brought before him, and whose verdict upon them has branded his name with the stigma of Puritan cruelty, enforced by his own descendant's comments thereon. This latter quality 'n the novelist may be viewed either as a mark of the critical observer and recorder, which Hawthorne certainly was—or as a survival of that immitigable Puritan conscience, of which his son Julian has written.

The habits of young men in college, fourscore years ago, were what is euphoniously termed "convivial"; the temperance reformation had not set in, and Madeira wine was still abundant along the coast of New England, and in her chief seaports. Consequently there need be no surprise at the wager made between Cilley and Hawthorne in November, 1824, after Pierce had left Brunswick and gone to study law with a more profound jurist, Woodbury of Portsmouth, who had been judge and governor in New Hampshire. The papers in the case are singular, and were lodged in the hands of a classmate, Horatio Bridge of Augusta, the Maine capital, then a small country village. Mr. Bridge, who became a naval officer, and was promoted by President Pierce, published them in 1892, and here they are. They show, among other things, that Hawthorne then, as his mother always did, signed the name "Hathorne," only choosing the present familiar form some years later. Mr. Bridge said:

"Although Hawthorne, while a collegian, rarely sought or accepted the acquaintance of young ladies, he had a high appreciation of the sex. An early marriage, however, did not enter into his plans of life. The evidence of this fact is among my papers, and runs thus:

Bowdoin College, Nov. 14, 1824.

If Nathaniel Hathorne is neither married man nor widower on the 14th day of November, 1836, I bind myself upon my honor to pay the said Hathorne a barrel of the best old Madeira wine.

Witness my hand and seal.

(J. C.) Jonathan Cilley.

(The same date.) If I am a married man or a widower on the 14th day of November, 1836, I bind myself, upon my honor, to pay Jonathan Cilley a barrel of the best old Madeira wine.

Witness my hand and seal.

(N. H.) Nathaniel Hathorne.

"This very formal agreement was enclosed in a closely sealed package, indorsed in Hawthorne's writing, thus: 'Mr. Horatio Bridge is requested to take charge of this paper, and not to open it until the 15th day of November, 1836, unless by the joint request of Cilley and Hathorne.' On the designated day I broke the seals and notified Cilley that he had lost the wager. He admitted the loss, and, after the delay of a year or more, was making arrangements for its payment, and a meeting to taste the wine, when his tragic death, in the duel with Graves of Kentucky, settled the account."

The next year after gaining this wager (July, 1837) Hawthorne went to Augusta to spend a month with his friend Bridge, and his notebook in that month records his opinion of the mature man, with whom he had been corresponding for years under the name of "Oberon." He, too, had not yet married, and thus Hawthorne describes the friend to whom the world owes the first volume of the "Twice-Told Tales": "Bridge, our host, combines more high and admirable qualities, of that sort which make up a gentleman, than any other I have met with. Polished, yet natural, frank, open and straightforward, yet with a delicate feeling for the sensitiveness of his companions; of excellent temper and warm heart; well acquainted with the world; with a keen faculty of observation, which he has had many opportunities of exercising; and never varying from a code of honor and principle which is really nice and rigid in its way. He seems almost to have made up his mind never to be married; which I wonder at; for he has strong affections, and is fond both of women and children. . . . And here is myself, who am a queer character in my way, and have come to spend a week or two with my friend of half a lifetime. Fate seems to be preparing changes for both. My circumstances cannot long continue as they are and have been; and Bridge, too, stands between high prosperity and utter ruin."

It was ruin, of the financial sort, which fell on Bridge. He invested largely in a water-power enterprise on the Kennebec—the building of a mill dam across the river, for mills and factories—which the faithless stream destroyed. He says:

"A freshet, higher, of course, than was ever before known, swept away the dam and the mills, cut a new channel for the Kennebec, swallowed up my paternal mansion and grounds nearby, and ruined me financially. I entered the navy as paymaster, and after sixteen years' service, was made paymaster general by President Pierce, which office I held for fifteen years, including the whole period of the Civil War."

Before this visit of Hawthorne at Augusta, Bridge had secured the publication of "Twice-Told Tales" in a volume, by guaranteeing $250 to the publishers, "as an ultimate resort against loss." The edition, which came out in 1837, was 1000 copies; they cost the publisher $450 or $500, and brought the author only $100, until new editions were issued. The publication depended solely upon Bridge's guarantee of $250, which he was not required to pay, because the book succeeded; and of it Bridge says:

"Its success was not pecuniarily great at first—but in this country, and still more in England, where Hawthorne was promptly and highly appreciated, the book established his right to a place among living authors of recognized power. In October, 1836, I had written for the Boston Post this notice:

"'It is a singular fact that, of the few American writers by profession, one of the very best is a gentleman whose name has never yet beeen made public, though his writings are extensively and favorably known. It is Nathaniel Hawthorne of Salem, author of 'The Gentle Boy,' 'The Gray Champion,' etc.—all productions of high merit, which have appeared in annuals and magazines the last three or four years. Liberally educated, but bred to no profession, he has devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits, with an ardor and success which will ere long give him a high place among the scholars of this country. His style is classical and pure, his imagination exceedingly delicate and fanciful, and through all his writings there runs a vein of sweetest poetry.'"

Probably Hawthorne's pride prevented this foretaste of his fame from publication; so that Park Benjamin may have been the first publicly to herald him as an author, by name. But he was already finding in Salem another pair of friends, who were to influence the current of his days for a dozen years, more than Bridge or Pierce. These were the two daughters of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody of Salem, Elizabeth and Sophia—one a few weeks older than Hawthorne, the other, five years younger, and two years younger than the poet Longfellow. They were descended, on the mother's side from General Palmer of the Revolution, and the Boston Langdons, from whom came President Langdon of Harvard, and Dr. N. L. Frothingham. Sophia had been mistakenly treated for illness when a child, and became a sad, nervous invalid, suffering the worst of headaches, and coming at last into the new medical treatment called homœopathy, after having for four years in Boston the kind care of Dr. Walter Channing of the older school, the father of Ellery Channing, who later became an intimate friend of Hawthorne and his wife. Moving about from town to town, as the Hawthornes had done, the Peabody family, though not themselves recluse, except in case of this invalid daughter, had never known the recluse Hawthorne until about 1833, though the children had played together in early childhood. In that year, when the fact that Hawthorne had written the "Tales" was well known, he called, with his two sisters, on Elizabeth Peabody in her Salem parlor, while the invalid Sophia was in her chamber. The enthusiastic elder sister says:

"As soon as I could, I ran up-stairs to her, and said, 'O, Sophia, you must get up and dress and come down. The Hawthornes are here—and you never saw anything so splendid as he is; he is handsomer than Lord Byron.' She laughed, but refused to come, remarking that, since he had called once, he would call again. . . . He did call again, not long afterwards; and this time Sophia came down in her simple white wrapper. As I said, 'My sister Sophia,' he rose and looked at her intently—he did not realize how intently. As we went on talking, she would frequently interpose a remark, in her sweet, low voice. Every time she did so he would look at her again, with the same piercing gaze. I was struck with it, and thought, 'What if he should fall in love with her!' The thought troubled me; for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry, and inflict

on a husband the care of an invalid."

The acquaintance thus formed ripened fast, and the influence of the Peabodys and their circle, which included Emerson, Alcott and the Channings, with other disciples of the Newness which had been christened Transcendentalism, brought Hawthorne into a companionship for which little in his past life, but much in his poetic nature, had fitted him. George Bancroft, then collector of Boston under Van Buren's Administration, and a member of the dominant Democratic party, as were Pierce and Bridge, Cooper, Irving, Paulding and the Sedgwicks, had an inclination to Transcendentalism, and appointed Hawthorne to a minor office in the custom house, which gave him an assured income, and seemed to promise matrimony in the near future. The overthrow of the Democrats under Van Buren in 1840 brought this hope to naught, but after a period of experiment at Brook Farm in 1841-42, Hawthorne and Sophia were married and went to live in the Old Manse at Concord. There George Curtis knew them, living near them, and has given this sketch of Hawthorne at Emerson's house in September or October, 1845:

"Towards the end of the autumn of 1845, Mr. Emerson suggested that a circle of persons resident in Concord, of various ages, and differing in everything but sympathies, should meet every Monday evening through the winter in his library. Hawthorne, who then occupied the Old Manse; the inflexible Thoreau, then living among the blackberry pastures of Walden Pond; Alcott, then sublimely meditating impossible summer-houses, in a little house on the Boston road" (this very wayside in its second entelechy, half a dozen years before Hawthorne purchased it); "George Bradford, then an inmate of Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of the scholar to the amenities of the natural gentleman; a sturdy farmer-neighbor, Edmund Hosmer; two city youths, George and Burrill Curtis, and the host himself, composed the club. Ellery Channing, who had that winter harnessed his Pegasus to the New York Tribune, was a kind of corresponding member. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand and of curious listeners on the other. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Hawthorne, a statue of night and silence, sat a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes and suit of sables made him the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories; while the shifting presence of the Brook farmer (Bradford), played like heat lightning around the room. Alcott was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver—for such was the rich ore of his thought, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Thoreau charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods—while Emerson sought to bind the wide-flying embroidery of discourse into a web of clear good sense."

I have shortened this description a little, and inserted the actual names; for all these persons were known to me later. The time was two years later than the letter of Emerson last quoted; but here is what Hawthorne himself said of Alcott, afterwards his next-door neighbor, the first winter of his residence in the Old Manse. I take it from the first form of the "Hall of Fantasy," originally published in Lowell's short-lived Cambridge magazine, the Pioneer, and there containing many more names of living persons than afterwards came out in its abridged form in the "Mosses." To show how Hawthorne then viewed his contemporaries, I will quote the omitted touches:

"There was a dear friend of mine among the noted reformers of the day, who has striven with all his might to wash away the blood-stain from the statute-book; and no philanthropist need blush to stand on the same footing with O'Sullivan. It gladdened me to greet my old friends of Brook Farm, with whom, though a recreant now, I had borne the heat of many a summer's day, while we labored together towards the perfect life. Mr. Emerson was likewise there, leaning against one of the pillars, and surrounded by an admiring crowd of writers and readers of the Dial. He had come into the Hall, I suppose, in search either of a fact or a real man; both of which he was as likely to find there as elsewhere. No more earnest seeker after truth than he, and few more successful finders of it although sometimes the truth assumes a mystic unreality and shadowyness in his grasp. In the same part of the Hall, Jones Very stood alone; within a circle which no other of mortal race could enter, nor himself escape from.

"Here also was Mr. Alcott, with two or three friends (the Englishmen above-mentioned) whom his spirit had assimilated to itself, and drawn to his New England home, though an ocean rolled between. There was no man in the enchanted hall whose mere presence—the language of whose look and manner—wrought such an impression as that of this great mystic innovator. So calm and gentle was he, so quiet in the utterance of what his soul brooded upon, that one might readily conceive his Orphic Sayings to well up from a fountain in his breast, which communicated with the infinite abyss of Thought. . . . Doubtless there is the spirit of a system in him, but not the body of it. I love to contrast him with that acute and powerful Intellect who stands not far off. (O. A. Brownson.)

"Here were men whose faith had embodied itself in the form of a potato; and others whose long beards had a deep spiritual significance. Here was the abolitionist, brandishing his one idea like an iron flail. In a word, there were a thousand shapes of good and evil, faith and infidelity, wisdom and nonsense—a most incongruous throng, among whom I must not forget to mention Mrs. Abigail Folsom, though by no means as a type of the whole.

"One or two perhaps (of the poets) stole a glance at the bystanders, to watch if their poetic absorption were observed. Others stood talking in groups, with a liveliness of expression, a ready smile, and a light, intellectual laughter which showed how rapidly the shafts of wit were glancing to and fro among them. In the most vivacious of these I recognized Holmes."

These personalities were omitted in the "Mosses" from a wish to present his picture more ideally; but what could be more ideal than these slight sketches? In a ruder manner, the late Henry James, a humorous rhetorician, over-frank in his besprinkling of adjectives, which sometimes escaped his sling at random, and hit no mark—twenty years later sketched in a letter to Emerson, Hawthorne at the Boston Saturday Club—a Hall of Fantasy for the aged, I may term it—which is already quoted, as some of my other citations were, in a "Memoir of Bronson Alcott," published by Little & Brown.

Alcott's explanation of the enigma of Hawthorne, the chronicler of human imperfection and purgation—a New England Dante—may pass for what it is, a poet's suggestion, vaguely illumining what none of us see quite clearly. Hawthorne's best friends were among the poets, and those frustrated poets, the idealists, men or women, with whom he had deep sympathies, and who felt his inexplicable power. But he had also many practical friends, who had small knowledge of his ideal nature, but loved him and sought to give him that station in the world which his genius required to keep its light burning.

To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl,

says the quaint hymn; and Bridge and O'Sullivan, Atherton and Pierce, with other political and social companions, not all of the choicest, but held by Hawthorne as comrades of his lighter hours, did much for his maintenance and encouragement during the weary years when his genius pled of just appreciation. We may honor them for this, and not dwell too censoriously on their opinions or habits. Like Hamlet, and like a later and gayer Prince Hal, Hawthorne had associates for Saturdays as well as for Sundays; they loved him in their manner, and he requited their love—more justly, I must say, than Prince Hal dealt with his humble followers when he came to the throne of his father. Like them, he bended to the party of the people—no Tory, as a shallow writer has termed him, though inwardly conscious of the distinction which nature and habit makes among men—but a theoretical, and inclining to be a practical democrat. On the question of human slavery, his sympathies drew him one way, his party connections another; but it does not lie with those to censure him who are following their party ringmasters to the renunciation of all the principles they had professed to hold. When the blindness of Hawthorne's party brought on the Civil War, his consciousness of the deep chasm between two divergent forms of society led him to anticipate national separation as the natural result. On a Christmas Day during that war I dined with him at the Wayside, and he expressed to me the opinion which he had written to Mr. Bridge at the opening of the armed conflict—that the North and the South were never one people, in his view, and that he felt this while an official at Salem and at Liverpool. He added, however, to Mr. Bridge, what he had no occasion to say to me, knowing my own attitude in the matter: "If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, to be sure it may be a wise object, and the only one which is consistent with a future reunion between the North and South. We should then see the expediency of preparing our black brethren for future citizenship, by allowing them to fight for their own liberties, and educating them through heroic influences."

In the first part of this statement Hawthorne agreed exactly with John Quincy Adams in 1820, presupposing emancipation, disunion and reunion; and in the second part (arming the blacks), he agreed precisely with my old friend John Brown. As nobody has ever doubted their anti-slavery sentiments, so, I submit, we have no reason to doubt Hawthorne's, however late and sad may have been the facts that converted him. Personal liberty was his theoretic principle, and it became his practical choice, for all colors, when the crisis forced a choice upon him. He thus became the friend of all the Afro-Americans, as in his boyhood he had been the comrade and respecter of the colored lad Symmes; and this essay on "Friendships of Hawthorne" may well be brought to this philanthropic close.

LETTERS READ

Eminent Literary Men and Women Send Appreciative Tributes

Among those who have written letters of regret at inability to attend an appreciation of Hawthorne are: Harriet Prescott Spofford, John D. Long, John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge, Mary Peabody, Edward Everett Hale, Annie Fields, Robert Rantoul, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Robert Grant, Richard Garnett, LL. D., and Edmund C. Stedman. The tributes of the two last named are as follows:

27 Tanza Road, Hampstead,
London, June 25, 1904.

Dear Madame—I receive with great satisfaction, but with no surprise, the information communicated to me in a letter from Colonel T. W. Higginson that the centennial anniversary of Nathaniel Hawthorne's birth is to be celebrated at his home in Concord, now in your occupation. Of all American writers of imaginative genius, I should think there was none so secure of centennial, and of repeated centennial, celebration as Hawthorne, because there is no other whose work has so little dependence upon merely temporary and accidental elements. The finest and most characteristic of his ideas and emotions he, like Poe's "wild wend world out of space, out of time," but even when describing ordinary men and manners he seems to have the instinct of selecting what in them is permanently interesting and therefore permanently readable. The scenes of common life in the "Blithedale Romance," and the "Marble Faun," are as fresh as ever. I can see no reason why any part of Hawthorne's imaginative work should be less interesting now than on the day when it was written; or why it should be less attractive on future centennials than on this.

This being a centennial occasion, I have confined my remarks to the durability of Hawthorne's writings, which I need not say implies other qualities of the highest order.

With sincere wishes for the success of your fete, and congratulating you upon the president you have secured in Colonel Higginson, I remain, dear Madame, most truly yours,

Richard Garnett.

Lawrence Park,
Bronxville, N. Y., June 28, 1904.

Mrs. H. M. Lothrop, The Wayside, Concord.

My Dear Madam—When your letter of the 20th came, I was ill with a fever, and I am today for the first time able to write you. Meanwhile, I now have received your second letter, and very much regret that it will be impossible for me—in my rather helpless state—to go to grand old Concord and reverently listen to the tributes paid to the memory of New England's great romancer and literary artist, at the spot where he wrote "The Blithedale Romance," and where he rode so well, as Emerson said, his "horse of the night." None of the Concord Pleiad was more distinctive than he, for he was among them, yet though not wholly of them. Yet, like each of them, though following the line of mystery and beauty, he was a moralist ingrained. I am glad to be remembered at Concord, where my personal associations were so brief that the memory of them is all the more precious. There I lived for a day and night at the "Wayside," the guest of Hawthorne's daughter and her husband. There, I know, Sanborn piously still keeps burning the sacred lamp—faithful to the names of the departed bards and seers. And Higginson, too, is left, to lead your exercises—and my picture of the Hillside Chapel, now before me as I write, is not so vivid as that which my mind conceives of the little platform as it will appear on Independence Day. I hoped to write this note before you would receive the little volume with the Hawthorne poem. It was mailed to you to show that I had already paid the fullest metrical tribute within my power to the genius of Hawthorne, and that I could not write another poem upon its theme—even if you had given me more than ten days' notice. For the same reason, a month ago, I received similar requests from Salem and from Bowdoin. But if I had had my choice where to go, as one of a reverent gathering, it would have been to Concord, and it is a deprivation that I cannot be with you on the Fourth. Very truly yours,

Edmund C. Stedman.

HAWTHORNE'S DAUGHTER.
Boston Transcript July 9, 1904.

The following letter from Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop was read at the closing session, Mr. Charles Francis Adams presiding, of the Hawthorne Centenary at the Hillside Chapel, Concord, and has not before been published:

Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, N. Y.
July 5.

My dear Mrs. Lothrop: The reason that I have not sent a paper to be read, about my father's life in Concord as I saw it, is that I am no longer free to use my time if the sick need it as our patients have done for a number of years now. The order to which I belong, which especially combines the active life with prayer, would sanction my going to Concord for so important an occasion, but as yet the women tending the twenty-five cancer cases whom we harbor in the Country Home are too few to allow any of us to fall out of line for a day.

Your last kind letter, however, gives me

the opportunity to express at least a few thoughts, to be added perhaps to the bright and eloquent words aroused upon the hillside which possesses so many memories of great souls now unseen, whose very presence spoke, so that we hardly needed to hear words from their generous lips to know that they had blessed us in their thought.

You believe that this Wayside echoed with unspoken words as it traversed the homes of Hawthorne, Alcott, Emerson, Channing, Hoar and others. However noble and brilliant their speech, their vigor and frankness of insight called forth the uninterrupted response of those who dwelt near them.

The presence of my father filled my heart; he approached, and every nerve started to position. But he also, though silent, filled my hearing with suggestions of exalted sentiment far more vividly than the printed pages of the princes of literature, ready for their mastery of the imagination in the library, or than the unerring lines and tones of superlative sculpture and painting, recalled in the decorations of our home.

Since my harsh contact with the roughest side of the world, its anguish of pain and ugly disease, its base cruelties and frightful lapses into evil, I keenly realize the beauty of the rarefied dignity of thought and peacefulness of spirit which made the invisible home of my parents here, of which the outward reality was never permitted to be unworthy in its humble sweetness of aspect, enriched with every distinguished reminiscence and all faultless criterions only, as it stood for them beside the highroad of common things. But though the atmosphere of our home was full of honor and art, and its references were only beautiful and inspiring, and all disgust of every sort was eliminated from fancy and motive, yet my father's personality, containing as it did the analytical knowledge of the world's greatest monstrosities of evil, and wearing, in the latest years, the never-relinquished black of one who had stood beside the bier of human nature,—yet this personality was the most tranquil that the Wayside held, the one which, to the end, gave greatest delight of geniality and highest counsel of demeanor. I do not understand whether it was by the magnetism of genius, (that vividness of myriad faculties), or whether it was by the sense brought to me, that my father had mastered a wondrous condensation of perceptions; but I seemed to have a delicious recognition of the results of art at its finest flowering, and the enchanting perfections of godlike character, when we met. There were no regrets; all was joy and strength in these meetings, brief or extended, even after his great mind and heart appeared to have become, as I said, the unforgetting friend of the self-slain race.

"Bab," as he then called me, with a low, cheery note of the voice, breathed deep as he came near. His full, sensitive but nobly strong lips were nearer a smile than a sombre droop; his eyes were chiefly radiance, though often, in those years, full of the long lights of revelation; seldom sparkling with the lesser beauty of frolicksome sympathy, as I had seen them shining in England. "Bab" was silent as the toad under the silent flowers beside the terrace where we sometimes sat together, or as the pine needles on the hill which rustled, but only in a whisper, under his feet, as we walked there in brisker autumn. But his silence kept me busily occupied.

Dear Mrs. Lothrop, the limit of time is reached for me, and I find that I have said nothing definitely descriptive of my father's life at the Wayside. One thing I will add; The clearest picture in my mind, always as I look back to that time between 1860 and 1864, is that of my father and mother stepping side by side about the grounds, looking at a branch here or a vine there. He talked then. Her head was almost always lifted; she was looking straight forward or up at a height of summer loveliness. He was usually looking down, though not without a ready willingness to follow her command, and also look at some simple grace of the verdure or sublimity of the sky. But he did not forget the grass-blade or the pebble of the mystery of our earthly sojourn.

Very truly yours,
M. Alphonsa Lathrop, O. S. D.

A WAIL.

Woman's Journal Apr 3. 1886

Uttered at the Women's Club.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

God bless you, merry ladies;
May nothing you dismay,
As you sit here at ease and hark
Unto my doleful lay.
Get out your pocket-handkerchiefs,
Give o'er your jokes and songs,
Forget awhile your Women's Rights,
And pity authors' wrongs.

There is a town of high repute,
Where saints and sages dwell
Who in these latter days are forced
To bid sweet peace farewell.
For all the men are demigods,
So rumor doth declare,
And all the women are De Staels,
And genius fills the air.

So eager pilgrims penetrate
To their most private nooks,
Storm their back doors in search of news,
And interview their cooks.
Worship at every victim's shrine,
See haloes round their hats,
Embalm the chickweed from their yards,
And photograph their cats.

There's Emerson, the poet wise,
That much enduring man
Sees Jenkinses from every clime,
But dodges when he can.
Chaos and Cosmos down below
Their wases of trouble roll,
While safely in his attic locked
He woos the Over-soul.

And Hawthorne, shy as any maid,
From these invaders fled
Out of back windows like a wraith,
Or to his tower sped,
Till, vanishing from this rude world,
He left behind no clue,
Except along his hillside path
The violets' tender blue.

Channing scarce dares at eventide
To leave his lonely lair,
Reporters lurk on every side
And hunt him like a bear.
Quaint Thoreau sought the wilderness,
But callers by the score
Scared the poor hermit from his cell,
The woodchuck from his door.

There's Alcott, the philosopher,
Who labored long and well
Plato's republic to restore,
Now keeps a free hotel.
Whole boarding-schools of gushing girls
That hapless mansion throng,
And Young Men's Christian Unions
Five and seventy strong.

Oh, bachelors! conceive the din
Of girlish tongues and laughs,
As stacks of albums are produced
For reams of autographs.
Oh, tidy housewives! picture you
That muddy-booted club,
Their seventy-five umbrellas
All dripping in a tub.

Alas! what can these poor souls do?
Their homes are homes no more;
No washing-day is sacred now,
Spring cleaning's never o'er.
Their doorsteps are the stranger's camp,
Their trees bear many a name,
Artists their very night-caps sketch,
And this—and this is fame!

Deluded world! your Mecca is
A sand-bank glorified.
The river that you seek and sing
Has "skeesters" but no tide.
The gods raise "garden sarce" and milk,
And in those classic shades
Dwell nineteen chronic invalids,
And forty-two old maids.

Some April shall the world behold
Embattled authors stand,
With steel pens of the sharpest tip
In every inky hand.
Their bridge will be a bridge of sighs,
Their motto "Privacy,"
Their bullets like that Luther flung
When bidding Satan flee.

Their monument of ruined books,
Of precious wasted days,
Of tempers tried, distracted brains
That might have won fresh bays,
And round this sad memorial
Oh, chant for requiem,
"Here lie our martyred geniuses,
Concord has conquered them."

THE SONG OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

Ho! all ye nervous women folk,
Who sigh that you were born,
Come, try a sovereign remedy
For half the ills you mourn.
I lately have discovered it,
And proved its potency,
By tasting at the fountain-head—
Tremont place, Number Three.

Here at this moral restaurant
Our sex may always find,
When weary of domestic stews,
Nice lunches for the mind.
Essays are served at certain hours,
Gossip of course is free;
Discussion always is on tap,
And once a month Club Tea.

I know whereof I speak, my friends,
For at this Woman's Club
I found a pleasant mingling
Of Heaven and the Hub.
No wine, cigars, or gambling,
But wisdom, wit, and fun,
The matrons knit their husbands' hose
And quoted Emerson.

Wise virgins had their lamps well trimmed,
And lighted up the rooms
With lustre of brave words and deeds—
Worthy the noblest grooms;
Yet strong enough to stand alone
(In hygienic boots),
And bear life's burdens, for they wore
The famous "freedom suits."

"Home" was the dish we feasted on,
The evening I was there;
Garnished with eloquence, and served
On finest Cheney ware.
Porter was sipped to soothe the brains
Beneath each lofty bonnet;
No pewter pot the liquor held,
But it had a good "head" on it.

Flowers were there, and one I saw
That bore an honored name;
In Boston it has flourished long,
And with the Pilgrims came.
This plant a worthy scion was,
Stately and strong and gay;
'Twill make the modest posy blush
To add it blooms in May.

Among the hills the farmers think
The Peabody bird sings ever,
"Sow your wheat! sow your wheat!" as if
To rouse all to endeavor.
Two Peabody birds this Club possessed;
One did cheerily sing,
"We've gained our seats at last!" and one,
"Let kindergartens spring!"

I looked about me for the queen
Who ruled this busy hive,
Where work and play, reform and fun,
Together seemed to thrive.
I said, "I wish their magic spell
These blithe souls would avow."
A dozen voices answered me—
"Look round and you'll see Howe."

I said, "Can strangers enter here,
Led by some friendly Star?"
They answered, "If their Ames be good,
We care not who they are;
The young, the old, the rich, the poor;
And if a noble male
We Ferrette out, we welcome him
With 'Worthy brother, Hale!'"

Then hasten, all ye women folk:
Tuck up your skirts and walk.
Here's food for hungry hearts and souls,
Here mind with mind may talk.
Here spirits of the best are found,
Here flows the true Club Tea,
And the cream of human kindness,
At Tremont place, Number Three.

LOUISE M. ALCOTT.

FAMOUS WOMEN IN NEW ENGLAND HISTORY

MRS WILLIAM EMERSON.

(RUTH HASKINS.)

Mrs William Emerson, mother of the philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was born in Boston in 1768, and was the daughter of John Haskins and Hannah Upham of Malden.

Ruth's father was a tory and one of the most influential members of King's chapel. He was a merchant of considerable wealth, and rather than accompany his loyalist friends to Halifax, on the evacuation of Boston, he took the oath of allegiance to the new government and retained his property unmolested.

Ruth was born in the Haskins mansion, one of the largest of its day, which stood until 1861 on the west side of what is now Harrison av, half way between Essex and Beach sts, commanding a fine view of the harbor, which then extended to the east side of Harrison av, at that time known as Rainsford's lane. Ruth was baptised on the day she was born, in Trinity church, in Summer st, to which her father had transferred his allegiance, by Rev Dr Parker, of whom Washington said, while in Boston in 1789, that he preached

the poorest sermon he had ever heard.

Although Mr Haskins was an Episcopalian, his wife was a Congregationalist, and an original member of Park-st church. They had 16 children, of whom half, including Ruth, became Episcopalians, the others adhering to Congregationalism.

It was the family custom on Sunday to proceed in procession, by twos, down Washington st to the corner of Winter st, where the party divided in halves, the mother conducting her followers up Winter to Park st, the father leading his flock down Summer st to Trinity. A friend of the family has recorded having once accompanied them on such an excursion to the corner of Winter st, where Mr Haskins asked gravely: "Do you prefer to go to meeting with Mrs Haskins, or will you worship with the saints and sarvants of the Lord at Trinity?" Mr Haskins was long remembered after his death, in 1814, for his cocked hat, bag wig and voluminous scarlet cloak, which made him a marked figure as he stalked up the aisle in Trinity.

A characteristic story of him was in relation to a fire that broke out in Harrison av, near the family residence one day, during dinner. The children made a concerted dash from the table, but were brought back by a stern mandate of the father. When they had all reluctantly resumed their places, he devoutly, but briefly, offered thanks for the blessings of the day and for the menu before them, and then said: "Now run, children, as fast as you like."

Ruth Haskins had an innate spirituality, a cheerfulness and gentleness of disposition and a love of nature and country life, which she transmitted to her son, Ralph Waldo Emerson. She was brought up in the practical, old-fashioned, religious way, and there is no evidence that she possessed the lighter accomplishments that distinguished so-called society. She kept a diary filled with pious entries, in the preface of which she recorded a request for the divine blessing upon all the events of her life that might be duly chronicled therein.

In 1796 she married Rev William Emerson of the town of Harvard, in which quiet place she lived contentedly till 1799, when her husband became minister of the First church in Boston, which stood on Washington st, nearly opposite the head of State st. Thenceforth during Mr Emerson's life they lived in the parsonage, which the greater part of the time was on or near the site of Hovey's store, on Summer st.

A Cambridge woman who as a girl lived with the Emersons in 1806 recalled, a few years ago, that Ruth Emerson was exceedingly industrious, and always kept her knitting in a table drawer in the parlor, taking it out and going to work on it invariably when entertaining callers. She had the personal care of the communion service, and always saw that it was brightly burnished for use. She also personally starched and ironed her husband's clerical bands.

She dressed her children, when they were young, in yellow flannel, which is said to have been anything but becoming, and when they were older she put them into dark blue nankeen. When Ralph Waldo showed a propensity for sucking his thumb she made a mitten on the end of the sleeve of his nightgown in order to cure him of the habit.

After breakfast she always retired to her chamber for a season of silent devotion and meditation. She was very strict in regard to the observance of Saturday night, after the old New England custom; but on Sunday evening she entertained the deacons and other friends, and always served wines. To church she wore her best calico dress, but for parties and receptions she had a brown silk, with satin stripes.

Two mornings a week she had simply toast for breakfast, with chocolate as a beverage, no butter being served with the toast when chocolate was on the bill. Saturday always brought a salt fish dinner, with pork scraps.

She always entertained on Monday evenings, the collation being carried about on a waiter and consisting of bread and butter, cut thin and doubled over, cake and tea. Her husband died in 1811, and two years later she moved from Summer st to Roxbury to a house that was very old even at the time of the revolution, yet which remained till the city purchased it in 1884, utilized the land as a part of Franklin park and sold the house for demolition for $20.

About 1825 she moved to Cambridge, and after the marriage of Ralph Waldo, in 1829, she lived with him at Concord till her death in 1853.

Some one having once asked a mutual friend how Mrs Emerson was, experienced a shock upon being told: "She is as near heaven as she ever can be." But equanimity was restored when it appeared that she had not passed away, but was simply so good that translation could not make her any better.

ODE

Sung at the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument, in Concord, Mass., 19th April, 1867.

E. L. Balch, Music Printer, 34 School St.

MORE VIEWS OF CONCORD MEN

NEW MATTER AT THE GREEN ACRE CONFERENCE

Boston Transcript. Aug. 10, 1906.

Special to the Transcript:

Eliot, Me., Aug. 10—Frank B. Sanborn's address yesterday afternoon in the "Concord Day" exercises was his "Reminiscences of Hawthorne and Thoreau." Mr. Sanborn ranged farther than his title indicated, as he spoke entertainingly of all the chief members of the Concord School, and gave much first-hand material that has not yet been published. He began with a brief account of the modest beginnings of the Concord School, and then read the sonnets of Bronson Alcott on his friends and associates in the school; Emerson, Mrs. Emerson, who "sometimes expressed herself in unmistakable terms"; Thoreau, Ellery Channing, W. T. Harris and Hawthorne. Mr. Sanborn threw much light upon the personal characteristics of Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau by these extracts, never before published from the journals of Ellery Channing and from remarks made to Mr. Sanborn personally by Mr. Channing:

"I think Emerson enjoyed himself more at fifty than at forty. When I first knew him (still a little previous to 1843), he was more nervous, sensitive, perhaps, and of less bodily vigor than before. His diet used to be less nourishing and at one time he hardly ate meat. But he always loved good cheer, at least in others; he drank very sparing of wine. He used sometimes to smoke with me (a cigar) in a very slow and partial way, holding it in his fingers delicately, with the fingers turned, and letting it go out. After his English visit he became much happier and a more joyous man than before.

"There was no conscious imitation in Thoreau. His handwriting had such a resemblance to Emerson's that I could hardly tell them apart. It was very strange, for Thoreau never imitated anybody. There was nothing but originality in him, as I know from my many hours with him. In my walks with Mr. Emerson—not less than a thousand—I seldom heard him mention a person by name. He had singular titles for Thoreau and others, and avoided their personal appellation. Thoreau had much the same habit; nor did he usually reply directly to any observation or question of mine, but went on with original remarks of his own."

Thoreau would never, when he was ill, permit his friends to call a doctor. "I never knew him to show the least lingering atom of faith in the belief that there is a knowledge of the human frame to some extent, and that a doctor will sometimes guess or flounder into something that will temporarily smother the toothache. He neither believed that the study of anatomy had helped the anatomist to a knowledge of the human body, nor that he might succeed in therefore benefitting him. 'How do you know his pills will go down?' he might say, when I insisted on the force of gravity in a medicine. 'Perhaps they will go t' other way.' He was not a believer in the things he did know about."

Of Hawthorne, Channing wrote one day: "He is large and stately as usual. Possibly the servant of the Muses always shambles about thus." Tom Appleton, the Boston wit, said of Hawthorne: "He looks like a boned pirate."

"Emerson," continued Mr. Sanborn, "looked upon Hawthorne with the greatest interest as a person, but did not read his books with pleasure. He did not find in Hawthorne what he admired in an author—a masculine grasp of his subject. He said to me: 'Hawthorne has a feminine way of treating his subject.' He meant, I suppose, that Hawthorne was receptive and impressionistic instead of creative. I met Hawthorne at Emerson's house in 1860, when Hawthorne returned from Europe and Emerson gave him a reception. I was introduced to him then. Hawthorne was extremely shy, largely because of his pride. He was very uneasy in the presence of more than one person. He did not feel compelled to open his soul to anyone."

THOREAU

Boston Transcript. July 12, 1906

[July 12, 1817—May 6, 1862]

In nothing was the individualism of Thoreau revealed more distinctly than in his antipathy for newspapers. The only contempt for and indifference to the newspaper at all comparable to his is that of Mr. Balfour, the English prime minister, with results that are disastrous often to his reputation as a knowing statesman aware of what the British public is thinking and saying.

That the average man reads too much newspaper literature and too little of a less

ephemeral sort may be conceded, but the length to which Thoreau went in his ignorance of contemporary life and his contempt for the marvellous service rendered to society by the news gatherer and the editor is far more reprehensible.

That Thoreau's reputation as a man of letters and pragmatic philosopher is growing here and abroad, is unquestionable. With the striking increase in study of Nature and return to country life which our people of cultivation have displayed during the past decade and a half it was inevitable that Thoreau's fame should increase, and that pilgrims' feet should turn toward Walden pond, and to Concord for Thoreau's sake as well as for Emerson's and Hawthorne's.

How far his introspective and self-centred life so fully recorded in his journal and his books will be helpful to an age which is increasingly objective and socialistic may be questioned; and there always will be those who will say with Quiller Couch that such deliberate experiments in self-realization as Thoreau set out upon are only possible to prigs, of whom Couch says Thoreau is one.

No one can read Thoreau and Tolstoi without being struck by the fact that the Concord Yankee anticipated much that the Russian has to say hostile to the institutions of State and Church and all organized religion. Alike in their withdrawal from men and social obligations conventionally conceived, alike in their protest against theologians and priests, and alike in an elemental mysticism which makes them both at heart supernaturalists while nominally rationalists, they differ most in the form in which their thought has found expression. Tolstoi has the constructive imagination which enables him to use the novel and the fable to set forth his theory of life. Thoreau's gift was that of most accurate observation not only of natural but also of social phenomena and recording the same in that formless but nevertheless fascinating diary or journal narrative, interspersed with verse—which has yet to be duly appreciated—and adorned with wisdom of the inner life.

Like Emerson, Thoreau was ahead of his time in his appreciation of the literature of the Orient and the message it has for practical, rationalistic, acquisitive, thing-worshipping Western minds; and no one has more truly shown the provincialism of even so universal a figure as Goethe because of the limited Occidental horizon of his thinking.

HAWTHORNE'S LAST HOSTELRY

Boston Transcript. May 18, 1929

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a shy man, much given to solitary musing. He avoided crowds, and though not morose was the reverse of communicative. Many Concordians who saw him every day of their lives while he resided at the Old Manse or at "Wayside" never exchanged a word with him. They respected his evident desire to be undisturbed. Yet nevertheless and notwithstanding, he was for his time a traveller. He knew England, Scotland, France and the Eastern United States. It was his way even as a very young man to make solitary journeys, by stage coaches, from Salem or Boston into western Massachusetts, then far off, and we know from his delightful note books how well he used his eyes in studying scenes, customs and character. His pictures are colored photographs of the life and habits of New England seventy years ago. But though Hawthorne had for a celebrity comparatively few intimates outside his family circle, he had one "chum," Franklin Pierce, for whom he felt a warm regard that was more than reciprocated. Pierce appears to have loved Hawthorne with the love of a nature not superior but more worldly wise, for one who though not dependent was silently appealing to a more energetic character. They were born the same year; they were in college together, and in politics together, and yet the love of Pierce for Hawthorne seems like that of an elder brother. It was to Pierce's companionship that Hawthorne turned in the last weeks of his life, in the spring of 1864, and it was Pierce who stood by Hawthorne's bed in a room in the Pemigewasset House at Plymouth, N. H., on the night of May 18, and saw in the moonlight that flooded the apartment that the quiet of the sleeper was the quiet of death.

Mr. Henry James has in his book on Hawthorne in the "English Men of Letters" series thus described the last scene, and Hawthorne's vain quest for strength that preceded it:

His feebleness was complete; he appears to have had no definite malady, but he was, according to the common phrase, failing. General Pierce proposed to him that they should make a little tour together among the mountains of New Hampshire, and Hawthorne consented. In the hope of getting some profit from the change of air. The northern New England spring is not the most genial season in the world, and this was an indifferent substitute for the resource for which his wife had, on his behalf, expressed a wish—a visit to "some island in the Gulf Stream." He was not to go far; he only reached a little place called Plymouth, one of the stations of approach to the beautiful mountain scenery of New Hampshire, when on the 18th of May, 1864, death overtook him. His companion, General Pierce, going into his room in the early morning, found that he had breathed his last during the night—had passed away, tranquilly, comfortably, without a sign or a sound, in his sleep. This happened at the hotel of the place—a vast white edifice adjacent to the railway station, and entitled the Pemigiwasset House.

Mr. James's account suggests that he had not visited the Pemigewasset for his material, or if he had, had failed to put himself in communication with one who was at the bedside of Hawthorne within a few minutes of the time when Pierce's suspicion became sorrowful reality. Mr. Carlos Morse, long identified with the management of the Pemigewasset, was in the spring of 1864 its clerk and active man at the front. As was his way, he went forth to welcome the Centre Harbor coach when it drove up to the hotel on the afternoon of May 18, 1864. Franklin Pierce, or as everybody in New Hampshire called him "General" Pierce, he knew well, and he recognized Hawthorne, who, in that very glance of recognition, he realized was a very sick man. Thenceforward, as Mr. Morse has told many guests, the two friends, Pierce and Hawthorne, passed the afternoon very quietly. Hawthorne went to his room, declining any immediate refreshment, and retired to his bed very early. Pierce passed the evening in the office with Mr. Morse and a few guests, from time to time stealing up to Hawthorne's room on tiptoe, and coming back with the gratifying word, "He is sleeping sweetly." The night wore on, and Mr. Morse was about to retire, or had done so, when he was alarmed by a sudden summons from Pierce, who said, "I fear Mr. Hawthorne is dead." Together they repaired to the room, and there in the moonlight they saw Hawthorne, apparently deep in sweet slumber, with the calm of death on his face. Mr. Morse thought that life had not long passed when he reached the bedside, and it was plain that it had passed without a pang. Such is the substance of the story as it comes back to memory after years, as the scenes reproduce themselves of the landlord, as Mr. Morse became, repeating it to some group of huddled tourists on the landing before the door of that room he never opened without reverence, or to a gathering of guests in the twilight on the piazza, that looked forth on one of the most charming towns of New Hampshire. He may have told it to Howells, who, pausing on a journey at the Pemigewasset fell in love with the establishment, Plymouth and its environs. There was one sentence of Pierce's recalled by Mr. Morse which impressed him and all to whom he repeated it. Pierce recounting his sad discovery said: "There was that silence in the room when I entered it that tells you the dead is there."

Hawthorne's last hostelry, and he had known many, and the last roof that sheltered him, went up in flames yesterday, and the place that knew it will know it no more. It had passed through experiences that illustrate the rise, decline and fall of hotels, and the changes of transportation and possibly of tastes. The Pemigewasset stood on the site of another hotel of the same name, also burned, and was opened for business in 1863-64. It was then the last word in hotel construction, and though primarily designed for summer business, was most comfortable and hospitable at all seasons. Time was when it was crowded to the doors, and annex buildings were erected to take care of the overflow. It was at the southern gate of the mountains, and it was no uncommon sight to see a score of coaches loading passengers for the drive over the old Pemigewasset turnpike and up through the Franconia Notch. Mr. Morse thought that on one occasion during his administration he accommodated in twenty-four hours, in the hotel and the annexes, fully eight hundred people. Plymouth was a lively place in those days.

The Pemigewasset House has, however, for the past twenty years yielded no return to its owners on the investment, and it stood as a monument to transportation conditions that have passed. In the period of the hotel's glory the railroad extensions in that part of the country were for lumbering purposes and did not seek through passenger business. The hotel in connection with the railroad station does not accord with the tastes of the American people; they do not like the noise and the smoke which is involved, but they did like the Plymouth chicken pies. But not only in England, but in Canada are the great hotels in many instances operated in connection with the transportation lines. Reasons for this are quite apparent. It is easier for the railroad to maintain the hotel as a part of its station plant than separately, and if no private interest can find it profitable to run a public house anywhere near so good that will get the business, the railroad station hotel practice will grow up in consequence. The Pemigewasset will not rise from its ashes, but a modern railroad station and dining rooms will keep alive some of the traditions that cluster about the name of Plymouth, N. H.

E. W. H.

FRANK SANBORN'S ARREST

Details of the Attempt to Kidnap the Anti-Slavery Leader in 1860 Found in an Old Letter of His Sister's—An Exciting Night in Old Concord

Boston Transcript. Jan. 11. 1911

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Half a century ago, when Robert Lee was preparing to desert the army (in which he had often sworn his military oath to support the Constitution of the United States), and to strike at his country the heaviest blow—he must have fancied it a mortal stroke—in his power; that Constitution to which he and every Virginian senator and office holder (whose name was legion, for they were many) were sworn, contained this clause, inserted at the request of the great Virginian anti-slavery leaders—Jefferson, George Mason, Patrick Henry and others:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Such being the fundamental law, and the pro-slavery majority in the national Senate having its mouth full, daily, of "the compromises of the Constitution," some mean Massachusetts men, professing to act under a vote of the Senate, executed the march and retreat over the road to Lexington, which is described in a recently found letter of my elder sister, to my eldest brother in New Hampshire.

EVENTS OF A NIGHT

Concord (Mass.), April 4, 1860.

Dear Charles: You will be glad to know the events of last night. F. and I were out last evening, and returned soon after nine. Before F. had been in five minutes, and just as he had lighted his lamp and put on his slippers, a knock was heard at the door. He ran down to the door, and I stood at the head of the stairs with my lamp. A young man (Watson Freeman, Jr.) then asked if he was Mr. Sanborn, and gave him a letter. Then another stept forward and said "I arrest you." F. said: "Where's your authority? Show your authority." At the same time he called up to me—"Here are men who pretend to arrest me—run to Colonel Whiting." I rushed down stairs, past four men, out into the street, and screamed "Murder!" One of the men ran after me into the street, whistled, and a double carriage, with two men waiting in the distance, came up. They said to me in a most contemptuous way, "You need n't scream—'tis no use."

In three minutes I had sent to Mr. Whiting's, and had run down to Mr. Bigelow's (the neighboring blacksmith) and back, screaming with all my might, "Murder! Murder! Five men are arresting my brother." (When I ran past them they had begun to read the warrant, but at my screams they left off, took out handcuffs and put on him, and began to drag him to the carriage) and when I got to him again, they were trying to put him into it. He had resisted with his feet, but now they had secured the feet, and were just mastering him. I seized one man (Tarlton) by the beard, and he quitted his hold of F. to attack me, and this gave F. a chance to get his feet upon the ground. He was before lifted up by these four, while two men stood by the horses. Tarlton did not strike me, and immediately turned back to help again—when I got the whip and struck one horse with all my might. The horses started, and the driver came at me, but the whip away, but did not strike me. Then I got a whip and started the horses again, this hindered them until a few people came up.

Very soon the alarm became general; the fire bell was rung, and in a short space there were one hundred people collected. F. in the meantime was standing in the middle of the street before the house, handcuffed, in his stockings, bareheaded, held by these four men, who had taken him in this ruffianly way, in his own house, without any show of authority. As people came up, they closed round, using no violence, and not much abusive language, forming a compact, immovable mass. It was only when the crowd compelled them that the warrant was read. This proved to be a power deputed by the sergeant-at-arms (of the Senate) to Silas Carlton, a sort of deputy-marshal in Boston, who was assisted by a son of Marshal Freeman, one Coolidge, and another whose name I do not know. As soon as their names were known Judge Hoar drew up a writ of habeas corpus, the deputy sheriff, Moore, was sent for and he got there and read the writ, in less, I should think, than an hour from the first attack. Then he called on all good citizens to assist him, and then there was a rush, a hustling, some choking and striking of Carlton—who is a villain unless his looks belie him—and F. was free.

There was some show of abuse, and of destroying the carriage, but the men were allowed to get in and go safely off. After they were gone, a writ was made out against them for assault, and they were pursued as far as Lexington, and there the pursuit given over. F. was unchained, taken away to a safe place to spend the

night, and today has gone down to Boston to appear before Judge Hoar's court.

The excitement was and is intense; men were very calm, but they would have made the rescue at any rate (I think) if they had killed every soul of the rascals. When has there ever been a more high-handed outrage than this? If the Senate don't disown the act, then it is time for revolution. It was cowardly, sneaking, from beginning to end. One of the men came here earlier in the evening, walked in at the unlocked door, asked to see Mr. Sanborn and professed to have a letter of recommendation, or something; but Julia Leary sent him packing, and told him if he wanted anything to come tomorrow. Then they lay in wait till they saw him come home. But they were fools as well as cowards, and were prowling about here in the afternoon, it seems, though without attracting special notice; if they had waited till ten, they might have taken him at their will, for I should have been asleep and could have raised no alarm. And all the town would have been asleep too. As it was, in one minute more they would have had him off, if I had not come to hinder.

F. took a cold from exposure and is hoarse from shouting and talking. Mr. Thoreau stayed here (in the house) with me. I sat up all night, am tired, sleepy, and bursting with rage. There are many laughable incidents. One man (Henry Warren) armed himself with an iron garden-rake, and raked off the marshal's hat, so that he might see the fellow. Miss Anne Whiting got on the carriage box; the driver grasped her by the neck of her clothes and shook her: "Get off of my carriage!" "I won't." "I'll tear your clothes off." "I don't care if you do." "My horses will run away with you." "I don't care if they run to the devil." Colonel Whiting broke his cane on the horses, had a little brush with the driver, and tumbled down.

I can't write any more; the papers will blaze up tomorrow, I guess.

Yours truly,
S. E. S.

Dr. Charles H. Sanborn, Hampton Falls, N. H.:

Of course the Supreme Court discharged me that day, finding no legality in any of their kidnapping papers.

Mason of Virginia tried to defend the outrage, which Sumner characterized as it deserved, saying, in reply to the insolence of Mason: "There was a mob in Concord; it was a mob of kidnappers who went there in the name of this Senate to arrest a citizen of Massachusetts." This was the exact truth, and it illustrated the lawlessness of the slave-oligarchy who then governed the nation, which a year later they did their wicked best to detroy.

F. B. Sanborn

Concord, Jan. 9.

NEW HAMPSHIRE RE-VIEWED

Boston Transcript.
Mar. 6, 1911

FRANK SANBORN'S IMPRESSIONS AFTER A SHORT SOJOURN

His Ideas of the Struggle at Concord Over the Boston & Maine Railroad Bills—Railroad Control in New England—Some Reflections Over Setting Up a Statue to Franklin Pierce in His Own State—Why It Is Opposed—Sam Walter Foss a True Son of New Hampshire—Another Son Now Critically Ill

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I have been pleased to see the thoroughness with which your New Hampshire correspondent presents the discussion in my native State on the railroad question, which has so long agitated New Hampshire in one way or another, and hardly seems any nearer a fair settlement than it was twenty years ago. One of my earliest political recollections is of the controversy over the two early railroads, now long united, the Eastern and the Boston & Maine; when the old-fashioned Democratic governors stood up stoutly, and were supported by the voters, against the encroachments of corporate wealth on individual rights. One of these, Henry Hubbard, an eminent lawyer, formerly a Hamiltonian Federalist, said in one of his addresses to the Legislature, what is too often forgotten of late:

"The great design in the constitution of free political communities is to protect the weak from the encroachments of the strong; to defend the impotent from the influence of power, and to sustain the whole people in the enjoyment of their liberty and equality. The principle that individual property shall not be taken except for public use, is the surest guarantee of individual independence. The tendency of our legislation is to disregard private rights. The authority to establish private corporations cannot give to the representative body any new power over the private rights of individuals. . . . Railroads are constructed for private benefit, with private means. The public are shut out from participation in their government and direction."

Time has shown that though the public is thus shut out, railroads are not shut out from the direction of government in New Hampshire. For thirty years past they have governed the State, with hardly an interregnum—controlling governors, Legislatures and Courts. Thus has been fulfilled the prediction of a "poor white" governor (Steele) from North Carolina, who in 1845 told the New Hampshire General Court: "The granting to combined wealth of exclusive privileges or immunities would, ere long, raise the grantees above the grantors; and corporate bodies would soon usurp the power, without possessing the dignity or personal responsibility, of the landed and titled aristocracy of Europe. . . . May we never present the sad spectacle of inordinate wealth on the one hand, and squalid poverty on the other; of a people bought with and scrambling after their own money; the Congress changed into a board of assessors, and the President a man who promises most to his own supporters."

The New England railroads have for years controlled legislation in every one of the six States; as they have tended toward unity and monopoly, they have sought to make their control stronger, and have done so in Massachusetts. But in so doing they have lost their hold on New Hampshire, Vermont and perhaps Rhode Island. The test in Massachusetts will come after the anticipated decision of the Supreme Court, which cannot much longer be delayed, and in which the court will probably show that public opinion has had its effect on the last stronghold of the millionaires and so-called conservatives. The most active railroad inquiry now going on is at Concord, N. H., where the disingenuous arrangements of the Boston & Maine Railroad have long been subject to censure. The latest of these is not the answers which Mr. Brandeis draws out from the railroad witnesses, but an elaborate scheme to injure Mr. Pillsbury of the Railroad Committee in the Legislature, by representing him as an active candidate for the United States Senate in place of Senator Burnham. Anybody might be glad to represent New Hampshire in the Senate, and doubtless Mr. Pillsbury would serve if chosen. But he denies the whole story, and says it is a trick to injure his character. The railroad issue in New Hampshire is more complicated than I remember it anywhere else, and if the road ceases to hold control of the politics of the State it will be largely owing to a belief that its managers have been and are "crooked" in their conduct towards the people, this road being every way essential to the prosperity and comfort of the people.

I have this week spent a day in New Hampshire, where the old question of setting up a statue to Pierce has been agitated again. It has received a favorable vote in the lower branch at Concord—but I apprehend no such statue will be voted for so long as the soldiers of the Civil War are alive to cast any considerable vote in the State. For he not only helped repeal the Missouri Compromise, which without his aid could not have been set aside, even by Taney's Dred Scott decision—and thus lost all the popularity he had in his native region—but at the worst crisis of the war, when Lee was invading Pennsylvania, till Gettysburg turned him back in retreat and when the proslavery mob in New York were burning a Negro orphan asylum, and killing Negroes in the street, Pierce was presiding at a peace meeting in the interest of slavery and of his friend Davis. The soldiers in the field did not relish being stabbed in the back by politicians at the State capital; and from that time Pierce became the worst hated of all the rebel sympathizers (and they were many) in New Hampshire. His correspondence with Davis, afterward printed, showed how completely Pierce was in harmony with that ambitious traitor, who supplanted a much better man, Alexander Stephens, as president of the Confederacy of which Negro slavery was the cornerstone. Cushing, another of Pierce's champions of slavery, ratted to the Republicans in 1864; but Pierce remained firm in his allegiance to that barbarism which he had tried to fasten on free Kansas; and after the surrender of Lee, and when nothing was left of the Confederacy but its cornerstone, and precious little of that, Pierce was found sitting thereon, like Marius on the ruins of Carthage. It was at that period I came into acquaintance with him. He was an amiable, elegant, and almost a brilliant man; but he never had imagination enough to conceive, as John Quincy Adams did in 1820, and Jefferson forty years earlier, of the United States without slavery.

I notice that a Richmond newspaper praises the "kindly disposition and broad views" of Frank Pierce, who flung the firebrand of the repeal of the Compromise into Congress, writing with his own hand, at the bidding of Atchison and Jefferson Davis, the fatal clause in that Nebraska bill which roused the North to anti-slavery action; and following up that fatal policy by trying to force slavery into Kansas, regardless of the wishes of its people, and thus initiating the border skirmishes of the Civil War, which began in Kansas. The same paper says: "If there had been at the North more lovers of peace like Pierce, the bloody conflict of the sections might have been averted." Virginia had the person of broadest views and most kindly disposition in the whole North, Lincoln, offered to her as President; him she maligned, hated, and finally assassinated; and now reveres him as a saint, only next in honor to the deserter, Lee. Ask the verdict of the world on these two Presidents, and await the answer. Nothing keeps Pierce from being forgotten but the fact that he made civil war inevitable by his weak and wicked Administration.

At Exeter I learned that the old academy, which was already owner of much of the village, has just added to its property the oldest Gilman farm, extending along the river for a mile or more into Kensington, and almost all that remains unsold of the thousand acres or more, possessed by the older branch of the Gilmans since 1650 or earlier. At the north end of the estate is an old Gilman house, the occupant of which, Gardiner Gilman, retains a life estate in the house and adjacent lands, but has deeded all his ancestral lands to the academy where he and twenty or thirty of his kinsmen have graduated since its opening in 1783. In a still older Gilman house, near that just mentioned, but which had been sold to Squire Clifford in the eighteenth century, Daniel Webster boarded when at the academy for some nine months in 1796-97. Mr. Gilman has also given some nine acres to the excellent hospital at Exeter.

A favorite son of New Hampshire has this week died, after a long illness, and another (an adopted son, but long resident in Massachusetts) is lying ill at Waltham, and not likely to recover—Sam Walter Foss, and Charles Malloy; both attractive public speakers, and the younger of the two a poet, who will have, as Thoreau has, greater fame after death than in life.

Mr. Foss was the genial poet-sage, of Candia first, and then of the Somerville library, where he acted the part (as he always did) of a modest but active official. Few of his hearers and readers probably knew there was such a town in New Hampshire as Candia, and probably Sam Foss was the first native of the town to acquire extensive fame. Before it got the odd name of Candia, it was part of the large "Chestnut country," comprising what is now Chester, and Raymond, with parts of Manchester and Hooksett, besides Candia. It lies at the foot of the Deerfield hills, a westward extension of the Nottingham range; and there our friend the poet was born in 1858, one of the ten thousand descendants of the old Puritan minister, contemporary with Shakspeare, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, the founder of Hampton and friend of John Winthrop—an Oxford scholar and powerful preacher. Sam Foss went to the common school, in "a house by the side of the road," and learned there to be a friend to man; then studied in the Portsmouth high school, and finally at Brown University—from which we may infer that his family were Baptists. Candia took its name from the circumstance that Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, when a merchant in the Mediterranean, early in the eighteenth century, was imprisoned in the island of Crete, then commonly called Candia. What resemblance, if any, he saw to the island of Minos and Ariadne, is unrecorded, but he took his share of land in the new town in 1763, and named it Candia. Mr. Foss migrated as soon as he could, and after graduating took to journalism in Boston.

He was of the order of poets in which Horace is the head of the class; with little of that ardor and romance which the Greek, German and English lyrists have, but of that sententious, ethical wit, such as France and the English squirearchy delight in. No Latin poet is so much quoted in England as Horace, of whom Sam Foss had some taste at Brown, perhaps. His best poems, however, came from his plain, sincere geniality and interest in mankind. Not a mere rhetorician like Kipling, and far less quoted, he is quite likely to outlast the verse-writing Kipling; while the Englishman will be remembered for his novels and prose imaginations. Without arrogance, and void of vanity—both marked traits in Kipling—Foss was a good and quiet citizen, with a touch of the epicurean philosophy of Horace and Goldsmith, who, like Marvell, excelled Foss in the sweetness of his verse, but not in the cheerfulness of his philosophy.

Another friend, of this same thoughtful cheerfulness, but with a more profound philosophy, Charles Malloy, is seriously ill as I write this. He was born in the Maine town of Limerick, famous for its academy, but young Malloy was not to enjoy its educational privileges, as I believe Mrs. Wiggin, who calls herself Penelope, did. For Charles, left an orphan at nine years, by the death of his father, was taken by an uncle to Parsonsfield, where he early learned and long practised a rather disagreeable trade. He had the natural gift of language that falls to the Irish (as by descent his father was), and became a wide reader, and a frequenter of the lectures and conversation of the wise; among them, of Emerson, whom he read more than any other author, and understood intuitively. He was also sympathetic with Browning; and when he removed to Waltham, some thirty years ago, he lost no time in establishing an Emerson-Browning club, in which the writings of these two poets were interpreted. Intermediate between Waltham and Parsons-

field, he had lived in New Hampshire at Rollinsford, and was one year in the New Hampshire Legislature. He had by this time, through long practice, perfected his form of public speech, which was extempore for the most part, in a pleasant conversational manner, without gesture or display, but gentle and persuasive, and illustrated with pertinent anecdotes from his own large experience of rural life, or his colloquial acquaintance with Emerson, of whom, sixty years ago, he borrowed the Wilkins translation of the Bhagvad Ghita, and, as it was a rare book, he made an entire copy of it before returning it to Emerson. It was the same copy in which Theodore Parker and I afterward read this remarkable scripture, from a passage in which Emerson poetized his "Brahma" in the early Atlantic Monthly, before that magazine had been captured by the Philistines and the Contributors' Club. Mr. Malloy was one of the lecturers in the centenary course of thirty lectures at Boston and Concord in 1903; and for several years was an acceptable speaker at Miss Farmer's Greenacre summer conferences, which it is doubtful if their founder ever attends again. He printed but little, in magazines and small volumes, the latter he bound himself, resuming his old trade in leather; and he also made, I think, his own boots, thus justifying the Stoic doctrine of Chrysippus which Horace laughs at in his third satire of the first book: "Suppose the philosopher never actually made pumps or turnsoles, nevertheless he is a good shoemaker. How is that? Why there is Hermogenes, just as good a vocalist and scale-runner when he is silent as when he sings; even so Alfenus, the jurist, was still a shoemaker when he had shut up shop at Cremona, and laid down his lapstone, coming to Rome to be the head of the bar. For the Stoic philosopher is the best at every art, trade and mystery."

The same skill which our friend had in his various arts stayed by him when he taught philosophy, unraveled the tangled skeins of Browning, and deciphered the oracles of Emerson. F. B. S.

Concord, March 4, 1911.

PHILOSOPHER PLEADS HIS OWN CASE; FINED $50

Boston Herald, Nov. 17, 1914

Sanborn Attacks Law Which Requires Him to Connect Up Private Sewer.

Frank B. Sanborn, 83, last of the Concord school of philosophers, was fined $50 in the Concord district court, yesterday, by Judge Keyes, for failure to connect his private sewer with that of the state. After an elaborate argument, in which he attacked the constitutionality of the statute under which the action was brought, he appealed to the superior court.

Appearing as his own attorney, he enlivened the early portions of his address with characteristic and quiet humor. Throughout he referred to himself as "my client," and told of his grievances as if they were those of quite another person. Incidentally, he spoke lightly of his unwillingness to purchase advice and of his disinclination to fee counsel.

In the midst of his remarks he paused to interject a bit of reminiscence, calling the attention of the court to the circumstance that in all his long life he had only once before been a defendant. In 1860, he said, he was seized, without due process of law, by agents of the pro-slavery senatorial committee at his home in Concord because of his interest in the cause of the ill-fated John Brown. He appeared before the full bench of the supreme court of the state on a writ of habeas corpus and was discharged. In that experience on what has been termed the wrong side of the bar he was represented by the late J. S. Keyes of Concord, father of the justice who imposed the fine yesterday.

Mr. Sanborn did not dispute the facts of the case, but rested entirely upon the contention that the statute which the state seeks to enforce was unconstitutional.

In introducing his argument he said: "I appear here as counsel for the defendant, of the same name, with all the privileges of counsel, in accordance with section 12 of the bill of rights of the constitution of Massachusetts, which declares that 'every subject shall have a right to be fully heard in his defence, by himself, or his counsel, at his election.' My client chooses to be heard by myself.

"The constitution further declares that my client 'ought to obtain right and justice freely, and without being obliged to purchase it.' My client cannot afford to purchase it in this case, even by feeing counsel to plead and argue for himself.

"All he needs is to demur to the operation of a statute which violates the fundamental law, as plainly does the statute under which this prosecution is brought, in the usurped name of the commonwealth, which ought not to bring suits forbidden by its own constitution, in article X, of the same bill of rights. This article states, what has been for centuries the common law of England and of Massachusetts: 'Whenever the public exigencies require that the property of any individual should be appropriated to public uses he shall receive a reasonable compensation therefor.'

"This suit has been inadvertently brought to compel my client to expend the sum of $80 or thereabout, as testified by an expert in such work, in order to connect his private sewer, a part of his estate, with the public sewer; and by that connection to lose the profit which he has for 34 years derived from the sewage therein, used by him to fertilize his garden and improve his estate. To this suit we demur, and ask to have the question of constitutionality decided by this court, or some superior court, before further proceedings are had."

Concord Philosopher Who Pleaded His Own Case

(Photograph Copyright by Purdy.)
Frank B. Sanborn.

After Mr. Sanborn, as counsel, had explained in detail the work of Mr. Sanborn, the defendant, upon his estate, he continued:

"This is only the second case in which my client has appeared as a defendant in any court; though often as a witness, a juror, or an advocate for some poor person unable to pay a fee. In the first case, 54 years ago last April, he was taken from the hands of a band of kidnappers, about 10 o'clock at night, by his neighbor, Sheriff Moore, and a posse of the citizens, upon a writ of habeas corpus issued by the late Justice Hoar, through the intervention of my counsel, your honor's father, and was placed by the sheriff under the protection of your honor's uncle, the late Col. Prescott, killed afterwards in the civil war, until he could be brought before the supreme court in Boston next day. On that bench, April 4, 1860, sat the honored Chief Justice Shaw, and very near to him in the respect of the people, for his knowledge of law and his firmness in applying it, sat my neighbor, Judge Hoar, fully coinciding in the decision which set Mr. Sanborn free. The next winter, January, 1861, in a case exactly like my client's in principle, the same Judge Hoar gave the decision of the court, which established the law in such cases for the last half-century."

Here Mr. Sanborn quoted freely from Judge Hoar's decision and from several others which he believed supported his case, and in conclusion had this to say:

"We might have proceeded by way of injunction in this case of unauthorized interference with our rights of property, but supposing the discretion exercised for 30 years in enforcing a void statute would not be continued during the short remnant of life left to my client, he was willing not to call attention to their unlawful conduct. Others in this town may be less indulgent. We warned the citizens in town meeting assembled five years ago that the supreme court had decided against such action as the board of health had then taken, and that suits might be brought in which the town would be cast, because confronted with repeated decisions of the supreme court. My client supposed that his good advice had been taken, but this prosecution now repeated, professedly for a terror to persons less familiar with the law than my client, indicates that the town must restrain its injudicious officials."

The defendant-attorney was held in $200 bail for appearance in the superior court. It was furnished.

FRANK SANBORN FINED

Boston Transcript Nov. 7, 1914

Concord Philosopher Denies Constitutionality of Statute Requiring Him to Connect with State Sewer—He Appeals Fine and Is Held in $200

Frank B. Sanborn, historian, essayist and last of the Concord school of philosophers, was fined $50 yesterday in the Concord District Court for failing to connect his house drain with the State sewer. He appealed from the sentence, which was imposed by Judge Keyes, and was held in $200. Bail was furnished.

Mr. Sanborn was his own counsel, but he did not begin his defence: "I, Frank B Sanborn, pro se," in accordance with the Dewey formula. Instead, he referred to himself as "my client."

The defendant did not deny the facts in the case, but relied on his contention that the statute which the State seeks to enforce is unconstitutional.

"I appear here as counsel for the defendant, of the same name," said Mr. Sanborn, "in accordance with Section 12 of the bill of rights of the constitution of Massachusetts, which declares that 'every subject shall have a right to be fully heard in his defence, by himself, or his counsel, at his election.'"

Continuing, the defendant maintained that the statute, under which the prosecution was brought "in the usurped name of the Commonwealth," was in violation of fundamental law, which reads: "Whenever the public exigencies require that the property of any individual should be appropriated to public uses he shall receive a reasonable compensation therefor."

"This suit has been inadvertently brought to compel my client to expend the sum of $80 or thereabout, as testified by an expert in such work, in order to connect his private sewer, a part of his estate, with the public sewer; and by that connection to lose the profit which he has for thirty-four years derived from the sewage therein, used by him to fertilize his garden and improve his estate. To this suit we demur, and ask to have the question of constitutionality decided by this court, or some superior court, before further proceedings are had."

Incidentally he said that this was his second appearance in court as a defendant. The first time was fifty-four years ago, when he had been seized by a pro-slavery "band of kidnappers" without due process of law. He was rescued through habeas corpus proceedings by his neighbor, Sheriff Moore, and his counsel at the trial which followed was J. S. Keyes, the father of the [illegible] who presided yesterday.

Mr. Sanborn held that the charges against him in 1860 were, in principle, exactly like those now brought.

In conclusion he referred again to the statute requiring him to connect with the State sewer as void. "We warned the citizens in town meeting assembled five years ago that the Supreme Court had decided against such action as the Board of Health had then taken. My client supposed that his good advice had been followed, but this prosecution now repeated, professedly for a terror to persons less familiar with the law than my client, indicates that the town must restrain its injudicious officials."

who lived near it for fifty of his seventy-nine years, wrote of it in "My Garden"—

Co. Journal WALDEN POND 1914

[Frank Sanborn, in the Springfield Republican]

I have this week taken my annual swim in Waldron Pond, where fifty-five years ago I swam a mile without touching bottom, which I could not do now. Since then I have swam there with Alcott, with Channing, with Charles Dudley Warner, have boated and skated there with Emerson, with Moncure Conway and others. I noticed this week that the water is almost at its lowest level, and that the bar which half shuts in Thoreau's Cove is now exposed for more than fifty feet, which does not happen ordinarily once in thirty years. This is only the second time I have seen it exposed; but Thoreau related that it was so laid bare about 1825, when he was a boy, and assisted in cooking a chowder on the western extremity. The rise and fall of this lake is mysterious—its limit in feet between high and low water must be eight feet; for when I returned from England in 1860 and hastened to swim there, I had to wade up to my knees to reach a point that is now at least eight feet above the present level. In the twenty years since elapsed this fall has occurred, and it is now time for it to begin rising. Emerson,

BIRTHDAY DINNER

Concord Enterprise

GIVEN FRANK B. SANBORN AT BOSTON ART CLUB LAST WEEK

Dec. 23, 1914.

Concord Sage Reaches 83rd Milestone and Friends Recognize the Event

Frank B. Sanborn was given a dinner at the Boston Art club Thursday in honor of his 83rd birthday, which occurred the Tuesday previous, by a company of his friends. Both the guest of honor and the hosts seemed to greatly enjoy the occasion, which was a feast of oratory and wit seldom equalled. Tributes in prose and verse were paid the guest by his distinguished hosts, who included E. H. Clement, Dr. S. S. Curry, Darius Cobb, Cyrus E. Dallin, Ralph Davol, John J. Ennecking, Charles N. Furlong, J. L. Harbour, Dennis McCarthy, Dr. Percival Wicksel, Nixon Waterman and Hon. George Fred Williams.

One of the features of the dinner was the brilliant review of Mr. Sanborn's life, which was given by Mr. Williams. Mr. Sanborn in his reply delighted his friends with his witty and graceful speech.

Although age has whitened his hair and slowed his step, it is difficult for one to realize that Concord's citizen, so oft referred to as the "Sage of Concord," has passed the fourscore milestone by three years. Every day he goes about his work with a celerity that would put to shame a man of half his years. Always busily occupied, either in reading or writing, not seeming to let a moment pass which is not filled to the brim with something which will be of benefit to himself and through him to mankind, he certainly is a shining example to the youth of today.

In connection with his absorption in his work, we note the following, which appeared the past week under the column of Observations in the Boston Post:

"I rode into Harvard square, opposite Frank B. Sanborn, the sage of Concord. Having nothing to read myself, I watched him most of the time. He was deeply immersed in a most in-

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limber from, I will wager, many journeys in his green bag. People passed by him constantly in the car, three different women sat beside him during the trip, but not once did I see him take his eyes from the book until it was time to leave the car."

Mr. Sanborn writes articles for many of the leading newspapers and magazines and his interest in the matters of the day is just as keen as it was when he first came to Concord to reside. His has been a busy, active life, filled to the brim, yet he is never too busy to neglect his friends, of which he has a countless number, and many are they who cherish kindly gifts and words of helpfulness which he has so often bestowed upon them.

Mr. Sanborn, although not a native of Concord, seems to be as much a part of the town as anything or anybody that could be mentioned. While much of his time is taken up by his writings, he never neglects an opportunity of assisting Concord in any way in which he can help the town or any of its citizens.

Mr. Sanborn has recently been much in the limelight, owing to the case brought against him by the board of health. Whatever the outcome of the matter, few who have attended the sessions of the court, which have been held recently, and which have resulted in an appeal by Mr. Sanborn to the superior court, will forget his spirited defense of his rights in the matter. He, as has been fully reported in these columns, acted as his own lawyer and his manner of conducting the case attracted widespread attention.

Mr. Sanborn was born Dec. 15, 1831, on the farm in Hampton Falls, N. H., which had been in the family since 1680 and where his sister, Helen Maria Sanborn, lived until her death in 1910, at the age of 81 years. The house in which Sanborn was born was built in 1743. The farm was a part of the original estate, which belonged to Edward Gove, who was sentenced for treason by Charles II in February, 1683, and who was sent to England the following May. He was confined in the Tower for three years, awaiting execution. He was finally released and pardoned by James II in 1686 and the following year he returned to Hampton and regained his confiscated property. According to the family history, there is a little meadow in this farm, to which there was no title deeds, but which is thought to have been rescued from sale under the attained by his daughter Mary, who married the first American John Sanborn.

Mr. Sanborn was one of the six children of Aaron Sanborn and Mary Leavitt. He attended the schools of Hampton and prepared for college at Phillips Exeter. He was graduated from Harvard in 1855, being a classmate of Phillips Brooks and Robert Treat Paine. It was while a student at Harvard that he became friendly with Ralph Waldo Emerson and was engaged by Concord's beloved poet as a tutor for his three children. A great friendship sprang up between the two, which lasted until death parted them and Emerson today has no greater admirer than Frank B. Sanborn, who is considered one of the best authorities on the life and works of the sage. It was Emerson's influence which caused Sanborn to come to Concord, where he has resided for more than 50 years.

Well known to Concord, and in fact to most of the students of history is the experience which Mr. Sanborn had in his endeavors to aid John Brown in his plans for the forcible emancipation of the slaves.

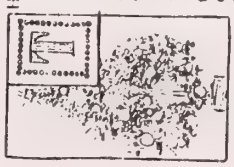
His life has been a remarkable one, filled with experiences, which make that old saying, "Truth is oftimes stranger than fiction," take on an added meaning.

Concord rejoices that she numbers among her citizens such a man as Frank B. Sanborn and trusts that he may be spared to her for many more years.

Christmas at Concord

Boston Post, Dec. 27, 1914. by F. B. Sanborn

How Santa Claus Came to New England —Louisa Olcott's "Wax Works"—Emerson, Thoreau, Ripley and Channing Recalled by the "Sage of Concord"



THE story of the old-time New England Christmas, when many young folks had never heard of Santa Claus nor been taught the pretty custom of hanging their small stockings below the mantel, convenient for jolly St. Nick as he comes clambering with his pack down the sooty chimney, is told today for the Post readers by Frank B. Sanborn, the "Sage of Concord."

Sitting before the blazing wood in the quaint brick fireplace of his home on the bank of the river, the aged philosopher let his memory wander back through the dim years to those early Christmases of his youth in the homes of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Louisa May Alcott, Henry David Thoreau, Dr. Ripley, Ellery Channing and the other great ones whose lives have added to the fame that has been Concord's since Revolutionary days.

"I can't remember even receiving a Christmas gift until after I had graduated from Harvard College and came here to teach in 1855," he said, gazing reminiscently into the ruddy flames leaping bluely athwart the eddying wood smoke.

NEW YEAR'S WAS GIFT DAY THEN

"In New Hampshire, where I was born 81 years ago, nobody celebrated Christmas. The only times for giving presents were New Year's Day and birthdays. I can remember how on New Year's morning I hunted up my grandfather and said: 'A happy New Year to you, grandfather; what gift have you for me?'

"You see it was the custom for the young people to ask for a New Year's gift. There was no giving among the children then, as there is today; only the elders gave to the younger generation. It was usually some little trinket, perhaps a piece of money or a sweetmeat.

"The Christmas tree, the hanging of stockings, St. Nicholas and all the other pleasant Christmas customs and lore were just being introduced when I came to Concord.

"I remember it was late one Saturday when I arrived here after a long stage journey from Cambridge. I put up at The Tavern. Part of the old building is now a private house, opposite the Concord Public Library. It was a famous place then. For years it had been known far and near as 'The Old Middlesex Coffee House.' Colonel Holbrook, a Cape Cod man, and quite a character, was the proprietor.

WHAT BROUGHT THE CHANGE

"The next day being Sunday, I was anxious about attending church, so I asked Colonel Holbrook what church societies there were in town. 'Three,' he said, 'the Orthodox Unitarians, the Trinitarians and the Walden Pond Association.'

"'And what's that last one?' I wanted to know.

"'Mr. Emerson, Mr. Thoreau and some more of us who go walking on Sunday out to Walden Pond instead of going to sit in church,' he explained.

"Well, it was this change in religious feeling which gradually brought about the introduction of the merry Christmas customs the children love today. The Unitarians of that day, the descendants of the Puritans, did not recognize Christmas. What little they knew of Christmas customs they thought were wicked, pagan superstitions.

"In some parts of the country the Episcopalians and the Catholics were introducing the recognition of the Christmas festival. But we had very few of either sect in Concord then, and they had no church societies in town.

CREDIT TO GERMAN LITERATURE

"About this time Mary Howitt and her brother William, two Quakers who lived in a small English town, and later at Munich, were translating the tales of Miss Bremmer from the German. We also were becoming acquainted with the delightful stories of Hans Christian Andersen. It was this liking for German and Scandinavian literature which has given us our present Christmas. These Christmas customs were introduced in their own families by scholars, and children everywhere were soon talking about Santa Claus and Christmas trees.

"Louisa May Alcott introduced a very pretty custom after I came here. Louisa was a great lover of German literature and Dickens. Her first book, 'Moods,' is an imitation of Goethe. Her wonderful imagination was a splendid gift. I think if she had not patterned her later novels after Dickens—if she had given her own imagination a free rein—it would have been better for her and for literature.

"Well, Louisa was much interested in the story of 'Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works' that we read of in Dickens' 'Old Curiosity Shop.' So she got up her own 'Wax Works,' and 'Louisa's Wax Works' soon became a regular feature of the Christmas Eve observances in my school.

RECALLS "LOUISA'S WAX WORKS"

"It was a sort of tableau. Louisa gave us different parts. I remember I was usually 'High-Man-See-Sky, the Chinese Giant.' Her father, Bronson Alcott, or Ralph Waldo Emerson, was 'The Old Philosopher.'

"Others of the older folks and sometimes the children had similar quaint parts in 'Louisa's Wax Works.' She usually acted as master of ceremonies and introduced us. When she herself took a part in our little dramatics she was 'the Walking Lady,' because she was so stately and handsome. Her sisters, Anna and May, were sometimes 'Maids of Honor.'

"We were very democratic here in Concord in those days. At our little social affairs the farmer's son, the banker's daughter and the other town children met and had very merry times. It was regarded as very improper for anyone to make any selections of partners at such an affair—except, of course, the natural selections such as all young people make when they come together.

DANCING AFTER THEATRICALS

"At the little dances which sometimes followed the theatricals you always danced with whoever asked you. The idea was to have my pupils meet the children of the town. Sometimes it was at my school, or at the Emersons', or at Dr. Bartlett's, the village physician.

"We had the local fiddler to play. Johnny Wesson was his name. He was a doughty fiddler, was Johnny Wesson. His brother kept a public-house and his brother-in-law was the village auctioneer.

"These things were all new then, and we met some opposition from the young people's parents. I remember that Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne objected that Julian was learning more about social diversions and flirtation in my school than he was of serious studies. She would not send her daughters Una and Rose to the school, for she objected to boys and girls being brought up together. But the Hawthorne girls always came to the dramatics whenever they could. Occasionally they took part in the entertainment.

EMERSON CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

"When I first came to Concord the Emerson children were the majority of my pupils. In fact, I came here to teach them. But in a little while we had quite a company. There were the children from the Old Manse, Mrs. George Simmons' children. She was one of Mrs. Ripley's three daughters. Her husband was the Rev. Mr. Simmons. Then there were the children of Judge Rockwood Hoar, four or five of them, first and last. Two of the cleverest boys were George and Ripley Bartlett, sons of Dr. Bartlett, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Ripley.

"Most of the families were related in Concord then, some by marriage, so we had about four or five principal groups or families.

"The children usually met Saturday evenings at the school or at one another's homes for 'game parties.' We had charades, too, and writing poems was one of the most popular amusements. Some of these poems were very clever. They were written on set subjects, or on some of those present, or they might be satires.

ALL WITH TALENT INVITED

"Of course, the big time of the year was at Christmas or New Year's. Before the war Concord was the most democratic place I have ever lived in. In our dramatics everybody who had any talent for acting was invited to take part. George Bartlett had a great turn for acting. He was best in comics, playing the English servant, or something like that. After the war he went all over the country arranging tableaux. He had a special gift for this and was very skilful. In these cities he would pick out the prettiest girls and exhibit them in frames as tableaux. It made quite a sensation.

"We also gave English comedies and sometimes American comedies that we had ourselves composed for our 'game parties' in Concord. I was often called upon to write a prologue in verse. At Christmas and New Year's and similar occasions, so many wanted to come that the school was not large enough and we gave our entertainment in the Town Hall. Once we even had a real artist to paint our scenery for us. It happened this way. By 1857 the school had grown so large that we found we needed a drawing master.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAN

"I heard of a man at the University of Virginia, in Charlottesville, who would be glad to take the appointment in my school. I went to Washington to see him. His name was Joseph Wall. He was of English and Spanish birth and had married a cousin of some of my friends. He was very well educated and had lived for a time at Teneriffe before coming to America.

"I met John Brown in New York and agreed to go with him to Easton, Penn., to see Governor Reeder of Kansas. Reeder had been appointed Territorial Governor of Kansas by President Franklin Pierce. The fight over slavery was very bitter then in Kansas, and Brown and I wanted to persuade Governor Reeder to go back to Kansas, because he was in sympathy with the anti-slavery movement.

"We took Martin Conway of Maryland with us. He was a young lawyer who had been appointed attorney general of Kansas, and was in sympathy with John Brown. Conway was elected the first Congressman from Kansas after it became a State.

FOUND HIM CLEVER ARTIST

"But I must come back to our famous painted scenery. We parted at Philadelphia and I continued to Washington and saw Wall. I was satisfied with his qualifications and arranged for him to come to Concord. Well, he came, and we found him a very clever artist. He became interested in our dramatics and proposed to paint us some scenery, which he did.

"After we had the scenery I remember one play we gave was 'Naval Engagements,' in which the star was Frank Higginson. He afterwards became an admiral in the navy and is now retired. Alexander Clark, who was a colonel in the war, was another of the boys who played. The brothers of Henry James, who later became a famous novelist, were in my school and sometimes took parts.

RESULTED IN MARRIAGE

"Louisa's tableaux resulted in the engagement and marriage of her sister, Anna Alcott. One of the boys who had shown quite a little talent was John Pratt, who was a clerk in a store in Boston. Some of my pupils lived at the Pratt farm, and John was brought into our circle in that way. Some of those that lived at the Pratt farm have since become quite famous. The Pratts were a very brilliant family, although they were in humble circumstances.

"One of the boys was Alfred Whitman, who afterwards became a trustee of the University of Kansas. He introduced there the idea of the plays we had in Concord. Louisa Alcott drew her character of 'Lauric' in one of her novels from Whitman. George Curtis, who later became so distinguished, was another of the Pratt farm boys.

"John Pratt came to some of the dramatics when he was at home and proved a talented actor. He was given a part in 'Speed the Plow.' Louisa Alcott invited him to take part in one of the tableaux she arranged, and so he became acquainted with Anna Alcott. The Alcotts didn't like it very well when they saw how interested Anna and John were in each other. So John wasn't invited to take part in any more of the 'Wax Works.'

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

"But, of course, the young people continued to see each other, and finally the engagement was announced by the Alcotts. Louisa's uncle, the Rev. Mr. May of Syracuse, came to Concord to perform the marriage ceremony.

"I daresay there were several romances that resulted from our dramatics. Una Hawthorne's engagement came about that way. One of our very talented actors was Samuel Storrow Higginson—Storrow we always called him. He was my best pupil in some branches, but he was not steady. He was a very flighty boy and you never knew what he would do next.

"Una met him in this way and engaged herself to him. It didn't turn out very happily. He was invited to the Argentine Republic by President Sarmiento and went away. Not long afterwards Una died.

DOES NOT RECALL FIRST TREE

"I can't remember when we first had a Christmas tree, but it presently became a part of the Christmas Eve festival, after we had enjoyed the 'Wax Works.' There were small presents for all the young people, and soon it became a custom to give presents to the older people, too.

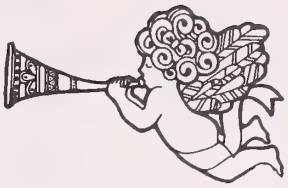
"Louisa Alcott made up her characters out of her own head. She would tell us what we were to be, and we would provide suitable costumes. I remember she had me sit on a chair and be draped with two long curtains which had pictures of swans worked upon them. I had to wear a pot lid for a mandarin's hat, and I suppose I looked very much like the 'Chinese Giant' which she called me.

"When all the 'Wax Works' were arranged, Louisa would draw the curtain—a sheet which she had hung across one corner of the room—and we would be discovered in our various postures.

"The children always applauded and looked very much impressed by the 'Wax Works,' and then Louisa introduced us. She had some funny things to say of the different characters, which she made up as she went along. Then she turned an imaginary crank and we began to go through the motions assigned to us.

"The 'Old Chinese Philosopher' talked philosophy and the Chinese Giant' looked as terrifying as possible. 'Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honor' paraded about and displayed their court dresses. In those days Concord people knew Dickens as they did their Bibles, and knew all about 'Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works.'

"In some of these occasions they made me give readings from Mother Goose in the style of Fanny Kemble, who was then travelling about the country giving readings from Shakspere. Fanny Kemble was a very stout English woman with an arm like a leg of mutton. The children thought it these Mother Goose readings very amusing. I was dressed as a woman, by the way.



remember that when Thoreau was called upon to pay his church tax to the First Parish he wrote a humorous document refusing to pay. I think that document is still in existence somewhere.

CUSTOM AT THE OLD MANSE

I must tell you about a very curious custom that existed at the Old Manse. This was the home of the Ripleys, and was for a time, while Dr. Ripley was the clergyman at Waltham, let to Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Ripleys were closely connected with the Emerson family. Dr. Ripley was Ralph Waldo Emerson's uncle. Emerson's grandfather died and the widow married a Ripley. One son of this union was Dr. Ripley, the clergyman, and another was Daniel Ripley, who fought a duel in Boston. This aroused so much public feeling that

COME-OUTERS CELEBRATED

"In the early '50s it was the Come-Outers who were most disposed to observe Christmas. People like Thoreau, who had declared war on all churches that countenanced slavery, were known as Come-Outers. Thoreau gave up church entirely, but his mother and sisters sometimes attended.

"At that time we were taxed to support the First Parish or Unitarian Church. I remember how Samuel Hoar, the father of the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar and Judge Rockwood Hoar, debated this question in town meeting. In 1820 the Legislature had passed a law in this State separating the church from the town, but it was decided that everybody must declare himself a member of some church and help support that church.

had to leave the section. He went to Alabama and practised law there until his death.

"Of course, the Ripleys were orthodox Unitarians and could not celebrate Christmas as some of us did, but they celebrated Fast Day instead. Patriots' Day is now the day celebrated. Instead of a fast Mrs. Ripley had a great feast.

SOMETIMES TWELVE GUESTS

"Sometimes there were as many as 12 guests. Dr. Hill, who afterwards became president of Harvard College, was one of those usually invited. The men invited sometimes brought their wives or their children.

"On this occasion the old Bradford silver-mounted knives and forks were always brought out. This outfit was bought by old Captain Bradford, Mrs. Ripley's father, from Alexander Hamilton.

"When the States were preparing for the little fight with France that never came off Hamilton volunteered for service and had a camp equipment prepared. Among other things he ordered was this outfit of large, horn-handled knives and forks, silver mounted and marked with his initials, "A. H." There wasn't any war and old Captain Bradford bought the knives and forks.

"At her feast Mrs. Ripley always brought out some of the famous lot of Mocha coffee old Captain Bradford had captured in a sea fight in the Mediterranean. The rest of the year this famous lot of coffee was packed safely away. Any kind of coffee was a very rare and expensive luxury then.

"The Emersons had their great feast on Thanksgiving Day. I was usually invited. Sometimes there were 30 guests, many of them children. When Mr. and Mrs. Emerson died the custom was kept up by Ellen, the oldest daughter. We had jolly times. It was very much like the Christmas celebrations of today. As the regular guests grew up and had children, they always brought the little folks. It became more and more a children's festival.

ELLERY CHANNING INVITED

"I remember that Ellery Channing was punctiliously invited every year. The year of his death, only 11 years ago, he was staying with me. The day of the feast happened to be his birthday. He went as usual and I remember sitting here in the evening later when he had got back and listening to his account of the occasion. Less than one month afterwards he was dead.

"The Christmas of today is a sort of combination of the old observances of Fast Day, Thanksgiving and New Year's. We didn't have mistletoe then for Christmas, but we often used holly in the New Year's and Thanksgiving Day celebrations.

"But of all my recollections of the old-time Christmas I think the pleasantest is that of Louisa May Alcott's 'Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works' plays. It was a delightful fancy and the children enjoyed it very much. The custom has been continued to the present time here in Concord. At the private school here it is one of the features of Christmas Eve. But instead of the 'Wax Works,' they now have a little play founded on the Nativity, or some similar incident of sacred history appropriate for Christmas."

Hawthorne's Boyhood Newspaper

Boston Transcript July 15, 1914

Humors of the Great Romancer's Literary Beginnings, as Now First Brought to Light

By Arthur Howard

Former Mayor of Salem

Wanted—A Husband, not above seventy years of age. None need apply unless they can produce good recommendations or are possessed of at least ten thousand dollars.
Mary Manning Spinster.

(Advertisement in Nathaniel Hawthorne's first newspaper.)

HAWTHORNE was a newspaper editor at the age of fourteen. Reference is made to this fact in his biography, but the details are yet to be told. Diving into the early records of the great writer discloses the details of his first journalistic efforts which make most interesting reading. There are also some records of the so-called Potato Club, that show Salem's great romancer aspired to literary fame before he had finished college. To tell the story one must go back to his early youth. When Hawthorne was nine years old he received an injury causing a long continued and serious lameness, which was treated in a heroic manner by pouring showers of cold water from a window in the second story upon the lame foot, extended from the window below.

At the time of the accident he was attending a school taught by Dr. J. E. Worcester, who went to his home to teach him during the enforced absence. It is of this lameness that Hawthorne speaks in his earliest letter, written to his uncle Robert Manning, then in Maine. However this may compare with letters written by boys of the present generation at nine years of age, it certainly shows no promise of the wonderful talents developed in after years.

A manuscript verse, composed a few years later, has been found among old papers. It is entitled "Moderate Views," and is written in a painstaking way with elaborate flourishes to the initials, and framed in double lines. The Mannings—Hawthorne's mother's people—were largely interested in the Eastern and Boston and Salem stage companies, and the handsome boyish figure of young Hawthorne, who was a great favorite not only of his unmarried uncles but also of the numerous drivers and others connected with the business, must have been very familiar about the stables which were on Union street not far from his home.

Hawthorne Loved the Sea

The vicinity of the shipyard, the wandering down the long wharf so near where vessels came in from the far East Indies, perhaps the seafaring ancestors, gave him a feeling for the sea that was almost worship, and he often said if he had not been an author he should have been a sailor.

He was fond of telling stories of where he should travel and what he should see when older, always concluding: "And I'm never coming back again," for his childish fancies were tinged with the sadness of his father's death away from home. Mrs. Hawthorne remained in her father's house until 1818, when she went to Raymond, Maine, where her brother Robert had built a house for her near the home of his brother Richard. Hawthorne's life here greatly developed his individuality, and was the happiest portion of his boyhood. He grew tall, strong and fond of outdoor life, roaming the woods with his gun, rowing in his boat and sometimes skating alone on Sebago Lake until midnight.

Thomas Pond, now called Thompson's Pond, was a half-mile east of the house, and an old man—a few years ago—used to recall playing on the flat rock at the outlet with Hawthorne. There they would stay for hours, fishing for perch and minnows, trying their skill in throwing stones and wondering much about a knoll nearby that was said to have been an Indian burial place. It was a lovely spot, surrounded by a growth of large trees, with no underbrushes, and the boys were sure the ridges were Indian graves. Here Hawthorne read aloud his early poems, two of which were founded on neighborhood tragedies—the freezing of Mr. and Mrs. Tarbox, and the drowning of Mrs. Knight and her babe. The old man, though unable to repeat a line of the verses, used to recall that he was near crying at their pathos and of saying they were "terribly pretty." He speaks of Hawthorne as a pleasant fun-loving boy who made no enemies and was fond of telling stories of ghosts and haunted houses.

Years afterwards they met in Liverpool, when Hawthorne said: "I have visited many places called beautiful in Europe and the United States, but have never seen the place that enchanted me like the flat rock at the outlet of Thomas Pond, where we used to fish.

"In an October afternoon, just when the trees put on their red coats, the view from that spot, looking to the slopes of Rattlesnake Mountain through the haze of Indian summer, was to me, more enchanting than anything I have since seen and I have seriously thought of inducing some artist to go to Raymond in the pleasant autumn to make for me a view from the rock where we used to play."

The residence of Mrs. Hawthorne and her brother Richard were pleasantly situated upon opposite sides of the Dingly mill stream, both houses being large, square, two-storied, and surrounded with shade trees and shrubbery.

These, with the dwelling of Mr. Dingly, his mill for sawing lumber and grinding corn, and a little country store where "West Indie Goods" and groceries were kept, comprised all of this settlement the nearest village being two miles away.

Hawthorne as Editor

In August, 1820, Hawthorne issued the first number of "The Spectator," a small weekly publication, most carefully printed with pen on sheet of note paper.

Only one copy of each of the seven papers has been preserved.

The "Condition" reads as follows:

Published on Wednesdays. Price 12 cents per annum.

Payment at the end of the year.

NO. 1. VOL. I. THE PROSPECTUS

To commence a periodical publication at a time in which the Press is already overflowing with them, may appear to many to be unnecessary; and to raise it to eminence among the crowd of its rivals, is certainly a work requiring both industry and talent. The personal inducements to such an attempt must be considerable; for wealth does not lie in the paths of literature, and the wealth of Genius is not bestowed upon efforts so humble as these. Although we would not insinuate that in commencing this publication we are guided solely by disinterested motives, yet the consideration that we may reform the morals, and instruct and amuse the minds of our Readers, that we may adv[illegible] the [illegible] of Religion, and give truth and justice. A wide sway has been of the greatest weight with us.

It shall be our object in the Spectator to accommodate ourselves, as far as possible, to all men, and to endeavor to please all except the vicious. Tho' our paper will contain chiefly what is useful, yet we shall never be averse to harmless amusement, always guarding against every appearance of impiety and immorality. To conclude, keeping in mind our duty to a higher power, we shall use our best endeavor to benefit mankind.

Each paper contained several editorials articles, one or more columns of domestic news, several advertisements and an original poem.

Among the advertisements is one that may have created a disturbance in his family of which his mother's unmarried sister Mary Manning was a member.

Wanted—A Husband, not above seventy years of age. None need apply unless they can produce good recommendations, or are possessed of at least ten thousand dollars.
Mary Manning Spinster.

Several of the advertisements are quite personal.

Dr. Winship Brown informs his friends and the public that he still continues in the exercises of his profession, and will be happy to receive any orders in that line. With the most anxious wishes for their future sickness he is deeply grateful for the favors he has received.

Also:

Any person having two yards of Blue Ribbon, and who may wish to dispose of the same, at reasonable terms, may apply to Marie L. Hawthorne.

Lost—On Saturday evening, one new cent. Any person leaving it at the office shall receive a reward of two pins.

Pins were of much greater value than now, and considered of sufficient importance to be advertised, specially when received, and Hawthorne might have read in the Salem papers:

Pins 3½, 4½ and 5 lbs. Pins, mixed do. And packets of large, of best, just received from the manufacturers by the Freedom from Bristol.

Some Editorial Comment

One editorial says:

There is no situation in life more irksome than that of an editor who is obliged to find amusement for his Readers, from a head which is too often (as is the present predicament with our own) filled with emptiness. Since commencing this paper we have received no communications of any kind, so that the whole weight of the business devolves upon our own shoulders, a load far too heavy for them to bear. We hope the Public will reflect on these grievances.

Another is:

A question. Ought not the Scriptures to be believed and their precepts to be followed? And ought not all their commands to be equally obeyed? And is not this passage to be found there? "Let your communications together be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Are we not all "frail worms," "clods of clay," "miserable sinners," etc., etc., etc.? And are not the words Yes, Sir, No, Sir, Yes, Ma'am and No, Ma'am, applicable to things like these? We mean no personalities.

At last the following communication is received, of which the editor says:

Every reader of taste must admire the elegant Address to the Sun, with which our pages are this day honored. The lofty Sublimity, the refined Tenderness, which breathes throughout every line of this production are unequalled in modern writings.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN

Glorious harbinger of day,
When the moon its course has run,
When all darkness fleets away,
There we see thee, glorious Sun.
—Marie Louise Hawthorne.

There is as great lack of news as of communications.

In one issue of The Spectator we read:

We know of no news, either domestic or foreign, we hope our readers will excuse our not inserting any. The law which prohibits paying debts when a person has no money will apply in th-

Under the head of Domestic News this appears:

By a gentleman in the State of Maine, we learn that a famine is seriously apprehended owing to the want of rain. Potatoes could not be procured in some places. When children break their leading strings, and run from their Parents (as Maine has done) they may expect sometimes to suffer hunger.

A later number says:

The state of things in general was much better than had been expected. The report, which was circulated here, that the People of Maine were obliged to eat Shoe Leather was totally without foundations.

There is hardly space to give further quotations from the seven little copies of The Spectator which still exist, but I copy in full one of the original poems:

Oh, I have roamed in rapture wild
When the majestic rocks are piled
In lonely stern magnificence around
And troubled Ocean's stedfast bound,
And I have seen the storm arise
And darkness veil from mortal eyes
The Heavens that shine so fair and bright
And all was solemn, silent night,
Then I have seen the storm disperse,
And Mercy hush the whirlwind fierce,
And all my soul in transport owned,
There is a God, in Heaven enthroned.

Record of a College Club

Hawthorne's letters give but few details of his life in college, but before me lies a blank book in white parchment-like cover, containing in his writing the record of a college club that will not be found in the annals of Bowdoin. The constitution and "bye laws" are as follows:

You upon your honors affirm that you will keep the secrets of the Club and reveal none of its proceedings.

CONSTITUTION OF THE POTATO CLUB

We, the undersigned subscribers, being convinced that it is beneficial both to the health and understanding of man, to use vegetable diet, and considering that the Potatoe is nutritious, easy of digestion, and procured with less difficulty and expense than most other vegitable, do hereby agree to form ourselves into and association under the name of the Potato Club and to be governed by the followint rules and regulations:

Article 1St. The Government of this Club shall consist of a master of Ceremonies, Secretary and Treasurer, of whom the first two shall be elected monthly and the Treasurer at the final meeting in each term.

Article 2d. It shall be the duty of the Master of Ceremonies to preside at each meeting, and preserve order in the same. He shall also assign to the members in rotation their respective exercises, the nature of which shall be here after specified.

Article 3d. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to Keep a record of all transactions in the Club, to note all absence, and delinquencies, and to extend invitations to any persons who may be elected by the vote of the Club.

Article 4th. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to have the care of all the money that may have been raised by the Club and out of the same pay to the acting steward such a sum as shall be sufficient for each meeting. And at the expiration of his office to report to the Club the state of the Treasury. And if any money shall remain in his possession he shall be accountable to the Club for the same.

Article 5th. This Club shall meet once a week at which time an entertainment shall be provided consisting of roasted Potatoes, butter, sale and cider or some other mild drink, but ardent spirits shall never be introduced.

Article 6th. Some one of the members at each meeting shall read an original dissertation or poem, and if he omits to perform the same after receiving due notice, he shall pay a fine of a peck of Potatoes.

Article 7th. That the original dissertation or poem shall consist of, at least, 14 lines.

Article 8th. The Potatoes shall be delivered at teh steaward's doom at least four hours before each meeting.

BYE LAWS

1st. If any person breaks or injures any of the property of the Club he shall replace it.

2d. Any person becoming a member of this Club shall pay to the treasurer the sum of twenty-five cents.

3d. Any meeting at which half of the members of the Society are present shall be considered legal.

In college Hawthorne was a member of the Athenæum Society and was a private in a military company of which his lifelong friend, Franklin Pierce (afterwards President of the United States) was an officer. He excelled in Latin, and his English compositions were highly commended by Professor Newman.

Photographs and even daguerrotyp unknown in 1825. When Haw- ated from Bowdoin t-

were silhouettes, for which he refused to sit. His portrait in the Essex Institute here is the earliest painted by Osgood of Salem, and the one of which his sister Louise writes:

The portrait came home a fortnight ago and gives great delight. Mother says it is perfect, and if she is satisfied with the likeness it must be good. The color is a little too high, to be sure, but perhaps it is a modest blush at the compliments paid to her face. It has an advantage over the original. I can make it go with me where I choose. But good as it is, it does not by any means supply the place of the original.

These fragmentary lines of Hawthorne's boyhood give some clue to the influence that decided him to become an author instead of a sailor. Either choice would have found ample material for its growth in Salem, but in his wildest fancies the boy could hardly have dreamed he would become the greatest of modern romancers.

Beth Alcott's Playmate

By Lydia Hosmer Wood

A Glimpse of Concord Town in the Days of "Little Women"

WHEN my grandchildren see the tears roll down my cheeks, as I read *Little Women*, they think I am just a little foolish and sentimental, because they don't understand what it meant to me to follow my own old playmates, the Alcotts, and to experience again the sorrow and the grief that came to me with the death of the dearest of them, "Beth." The children laugh and cry, too, but they don't take every word to heart as I do, because they are not living the past over again as I am, nor are they being flooded with memories of people and times long past recall. To them it is an interesting book—to me it is some of my girlhood brought back with all its sad and its merry memories.

For I was Lydia Hosmer, one of the little girls of Concord town who played beneath its famous old elms in the days when it was building the foundations for the literary shrine it has become to-day. My mother's house where my childhood was spent was built by Major Hosmer, my great grandfather, who took part in the Concord fight of 1775.

The cottage next door, where the Alcotts lived for one year and where Amy was born, was originally owned and occupied by some of the Hosmer family. It was the first of the five houses in which they lived in Concord, and the one which is described in *Little Women* as "Meg's dovecote." It has been said that they moved twenty-one times within twenty-two years, but just how much foundation there is for that statement I do not know. I do know, however, that they were very poor.

Mrs. Wood at the time of her marriage

Harper's Bazar, Vol. XLVII. No. 5 May, 1913 p. 213, 246

The Spirit of Neighborliness

AS my father had died when he was still a very young man and had left his wife and five children with but a little money for their support, my mother was having her difficulties to meet her own needs and to bring us up properly; but even so, she was able to give help of one kind or another to the Alcotts. She couldn't loan money on their furniture, as some of the neighbors did, but she frequently sent over such food as her cows and her chickens permitted.

It was quite easy to find something which might be regarded as a bit of a delicacy for the children, who sometimes—and quite naturally—tired of a diet of boiled rice or graham meal without even the addition of sugar or butter or molasses to make it more palatable. In the summer-time, as Louisa wrote in her journal, "We lived much as the birds did, on our fruit and bread and milk; the sun was our fire, the sky our roof, and nature's plenty made us forget that such a thing as poverty existed."

It was not only necessity, but principle, that prescribed this diet for the Alcott children. Their father, Bronson Alcott, was a strict vegetarian who believed that any food obtained by hurting or taking the life of an animal would defile the body and, through it, the soul. This was a belief that was quite common among the philosophers of that time; I was too young to be affected by it, but my older sister, Sarah, who, like Louisa Alcott, often went to the Emerson house to talk with "the sage of Concord" and to borrow books of him, adopted these ideas and adhered to them for a great many years.

Mrs. Alcott, who came from two of the oldest families in Boston—the Sewalls and the Mays—had to learn through bitter experience to conquer her pride and to accept gifts from friends who understood her needs as the wife of an impractical idealist. Her husband, Bronson Alcott, was one of the most lovable men one could ever hope to meet, so kind and so wise, but he did not know how to make money, and as a consequence, when his dear wife's dowry was all gone there was no further source of income. Money meant nothing to him and he never seemed to understand why they didn't have any. He did teach school at different times, but never with any financial success. One time, I know, he brought home $1,000 after a tour out West during which he had given a series of "conversations" in philosophy.

The Trip Abroad

WHEN they lived in the cottage near our home and when the children were very young, Amy a baby, some friends offered to take him abroad with them. He accepted with alacrity and the whole family seemed delighted at the opportunity; if they thought about their means of subsistence at all, it was probably with the conclusion that "Heaven would provide," and surely it was with that thought, if with any, that the father ordered a new suit at a Boston tailor's shortly before sailing. When it was sent home he turned to his wife and said in his delightful, absent-minded way: "I don't believe that I paid for that suit, but if I didn't you will attend to it, will you not, my dear?"

In answer, she only smiled in her quiet, patient way, never mentioning the fact that all they had in the world to live upon was a box of oatmeal standing upon the pantry shelf.

In spite of the poverty, theirs was one of the most hospitable households I ever knew. We always felt welcome and happy in this home which fairly radiated sweetness and wholesomeness. The house may have been scantily furnished, but it was always neat, and whatever they had was good and pretty. As the mother and the girls had to do all the housework themselves (the Hannah of the March household was a myth in the Alcott home), they were always very busy about the house, but never too busy to romp and play.

Louisa, of course, was always the leader in the fun; it seems to me that she was always romping and racing down the street, usually with a hoople higher than her head. That was the best way in which she could give vent to the exuberance of her spirits, I suppose.

She was continually shocking people, just as Jo does in the book, by her tomboyish, natural, and independent ways. Somewhere, in one of her earlier books, little read to-day, she tells the story of how she went down to the fields one day, to talk to some men who were hoeing potatoes. As they were chewing tobacco, Louisa, always curious and never afraid, wanted to know what it was they were chewing, and asked for a quid. When they gave it to her, she chewed it so vigorously that she had to be carried home in a wheelbarrow. The boy who was there when it happened, who helped to get her home, and afterward told me all about it, was my brother Cyrus, the "Cy" of the book.

A Novel Bath

WHILE we are on the subject of their frugality and their natural ways, which to others might have seemed shocking, let me tell you of the novel method of taking a bath adopted by the Alcott girls. As rain water is commonly known to be a great beautifier and as systems of plumbing such as we have to-day were practically unknown then, what did they do but take a shower out on the little back piazza, facing the grove and completely hidden from the gaze of the passer-by, in nature's most approved fashion, whenever it rained.

One of the first things little girls ask me when they hear that I used to play with the Alcotts is whether I ever took part in their theatricals, so fascinatingly described in *Little Women*. No, "Beth" (Lizzie we always called her) and I were more quiet and preferred to be audience, but I remember well some of the performances in which Louisa was the stage-manager and Anna (she is Meg in the book) was the servant-girl.

They were such a dear, conscientious family, so harmonious and so lovable. The atmosphere of their house

was almost sanctified, so much better did you feel for having been in it. There was so much love in their make-up, and love was the only medium through which the parents ruled and disciplined their children.

Louisa and May (Amy) were the unruly ones; Anna and Lizzie were by nature more quiet and subdued. Whenever they did anything distasteful or naughty, instead of rebuking them with words, Mr. or Mrs. Alcott would write them little notes which they tucked under their pillows at night. After due deliberation over their sins, the children then sent their answers. It was a lesson in humility, self-chastisement, and self-expression, and it always seems to have had the desired effect.

Another method of punishment which Mr. Alcott sometimes used was to serve a meal, and then, without eating anything himself, he would rise and leave the table. Naturally the child with a conscience guilty with the thought of having caused her father sufficient unhappiness to make him lose his appetite would lose hers too, and until a reconciliation could be effected felt thoroughly ashamed and disgraced.

"Remembering to be Good"

THE "Bon-box" was another device the Alcotts had for remembering to be good. Inside the front door of their house stood a box which served as the symbol of an honor system, for into it, at the end of each day, the child who had been good and hadn't disregarded a single rule of conduct dropped a little slip bearing her name and the code-word "Bon" with three crosses after it, like this: X X X. It was such a distinction to be a depositor at the end of the day, that I asked whether I might be allowed to work for it, too. I do not remember how often my name went into that box attached to a Bon-slip, but I do know that I used to examine my stock of virtues very carefully in those days.

I think that I may safely say that no one now living knew the Alcott family as well as I did, because I was practically brought up with them for a while, as you see, and even though I was away from Concord quite a bit later on, I always saw a good deal of them whenever I returned for a visit. As they learned all their lessons at home with their father, we didn't go to the same school, but together with Ellen Emerson we did attend the same Sunday-school class conducted by Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Later, when I taught school in Concord myself, Mr. Alcott, who was then chairman of the school board, used to come and preside for a whole session, once a month.

In those days we had school from 9 to 12 in the morning and then again from 1.30 to 4.30 in the afternoon, and on Saturdays too. Vacations amounted to nothing, save for a few days during the berrying season in the summer and at Thanksgiving and Christmas time. The children's heads, consequently, were so crammed with facts that they hadn't the time to acquire much knowledge. You can imagine, then, what a treat a nice, leisurely talk from Mr. Alcott was for them. He would call their attention to the beauties of the world that had been lost to sight in the search for dry learning, would talk to them of big and wonderful things, and divert their thoughts into channels quite different from those in which they generally flowed.

What the Alcott Girls Looked Like

WHENEVER people have asked me what the Alcott girls really looked like, I have always said, "Quite a little like the March girls in the book," and now I add, "and like the March girls in the play." I don't remember the details of their coloring—you see, it was over sixty years ago that I used to play with them—but I think that Anna was the darkest, Louisa had the chestnut-colored hair of "Jo," May was blond, and Elizabeth, with light brown hair, was between these two.

Amy was really the only one in the family whom one might call pretty, and, as is often the case with the prettiest, she was the least likable. She was, as I remember her, a little haughty, but an extraordinary young person, highly gifted and strong-willed. Sometimes, indeed, she was so independent that one marveled she should be the child of those sweet and gentle parents.

Each of the girls had a distinguishing characteristic—Anna was the most domestic one, the real "mother's helper," Louisa, of course, the literary one (though it was Anna, and not she, who published the first story in a penny-dreadful); Amy was the artistic one in the family and Beth the most musical. The latter was always a little frail, especially after the illness from which she never recovered until the angels came to release her from her mortal suffering in her twenty-first year. So she was always more passive than active, more appreciative of the achievements of the others than creative herself. She had not as keen a sense of humor as her sisters, but a serener temper and a very lovely, quiet manner.

The Needlebook that Beth left to Mrs. Wood

Amy and Beth

PERHAPS the incidents I remember best of all are Amy's birth and Beth's death. I can see Beth now running across from her house to ours on that bright sunny morning on which Amy was born, to bring me the glad tidings that a new little sister had arrived at their house. I was nine then, and Lizzie (you know, her best as Beth) was about a year and a half younger.

I remember equally well the day the sad news was brought to us that that same sunny little Beth had been taken from us. I had just returned to Concord, and though I had known for some time that she was very ill, the news came as a great shock to me. When I went to the Alcott house—they were then living on Bedford Street—I saw Louisa, who was almost overcome with grief. I remember so well how she said to me, "As her spirit left her body I saw it rise and, floating in air, leave the room," and she said it with such firm conviction that no one could dream of doubting her.

After Beth had been laid away, they found among her treasures a number of little keepsakes which she had made for her family and her friends as a last remembrance. She must have known that her end was near, because for months before she died she was always busy sewing, but she would never say what she was sewing for, and it wasn't until she was silenced forever that any one knew. Each little thing, so perfectly made, was carefully wrapped and labeled with the name of the person to whom it was to go. For my brother Henry she had made a penwiper of two leather disks with twelve little leaves of black taffeta between, all tied together with a cerise ribbon; for Cyrus a pin-block covered with green checked silk on one side and a purplish brown on the other; for my sister Sarah, a blue needle-book lined with white silk; and for me one of purple silk with a yellow lining. These I count among my most precious possessions.

Bronson Alcott, Beth's father

Lydia Hosmer Wood,
Beth Alcott's
Playmate

THE LISTENER
Boston Transcript
Dec. 3, 1915

Everybody is glad that Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord is to figure no more in the newspapers in resistance to a sewer assessment—his superb resisting powers have been put to very much higher tests. We shall no longer see the last of the Concord sages, in the role of his own counsel, fighting local Dogberrys in what the district attorney of Middlesex County (whom Mr. Sanborn had never met or known personally till his decision was announced) has not hesitated officially to rebuke, as "persecution." The chairman of the Concord board of health has said that "the case was not decided on its merits"; but Mr. Sanborn has publicly and repeatedly declared his readiness and eagerness to fight the issue to its end on its "merits" and its public consequences. He has had his back planted against the rock of a decision of the highest Massachusetts court (a case adjudicated by Judge Hoar of Concord) almost two generations ago, to the effect that no law can "require a citizen to make his property convenient to his neighbors without compensation." District Attorney Corcoran, it seems, visited Mr. Sanborn's back yard (during Mr. Sanborn's absence in New Jersey) and, with an official engineer's aid in the inspection, found that the sewerage system there was adequate and the cause of no nuisance ever complained of, or noticed by, the neighbors. Mr. Sanborn had made the further counter-claim that the local authorities were not only wasting the money of the tax payers, but wasting their sewerage, which he brought high authority in medical and sanitary engineering matters to testify was nowadays being utilized in enlightened administrations of sewer-systems all over the world.

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But that was not the real interest in the matter for the general public. The surprise—not to say shock—for newspaper readers, was to see Concord pursuing with petty tyranny the last survivor of a group of men of distinction who may truly be said, in the slang of the day, to have "put Concord on the map." For Concord itself has without them no particular character, or distinction, except as the home of Emerson and his contemporaries there, since the first shooting and bloodshed of the Revolution in what the Germans in Belgium have devastated that heroic land for—resistance by civilians. It is but a plain, quiet, simple New England town, not particularly picturesque in natural beauty, not particularly fertile in agriculture, without industries of any importance; in short, only the average Massachusetts back town, save and excepting for the fame of Emerson, and Hawthorne, Thoreau, Alcott and Channing, all Mr. Sanborn's personal friends. They have been the subjects of unnumbered biographical notes, sketches, lectures, interviews and reminiscences, which Mr. Sanborn has been kept busy giving to eager readers and listeners in the generation since they passed. Evidently the town authorities are unequal to comprehending that, in Frank B. Sanborn in his eighties, the town should recognize, in every way and on all occasions, the best of its remaining assets as a Mecca for literary and historic pilgrimages. The pilgrims still come from all the world over, and still find in Mr. Sanborn not only a guide to spots and scenes associated with the great departed, but also an intelligent and sympathetic expounder of their peculiar philosophy, the "message," and their literary output.

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But Mr. Sanborn might have fallen back upon the single plea that he has "done the State some service—and they know it." Mr. Sanborn, the other day, in one of his Springfield Republican Boston letters on State politics, discussing the State's recent experiment of increased salaries for the full time of all officials, recounted his experience under both categories of paid and unpaid officialism. He used to work ten hours a

day, he says, when first appointed by Governor Andrew in 1863; but when in 1870 he became an unpaid member of the State Board of Health and finally chairman of the Board, though he gave less time to his unpaid work, he believes his unpaid work [illegible] worth more to the State in dollars each year than my paid and far more toilsome labor had been." The resounding investigation of Tewksbury was carried through under the chairmanship of Mr. Sanborn, in the early seventies, and resulted in the reformation there of very serious abuses. After that it was for only three years that Mr. Sanborn remained a private citizen. But even as such, he carried on two important investigations before legislative committees, one regarding the Lyman School, and another, much longer, about costly blunders in building the Danvers Insane Hospital. In 1879 he was appointed inspector of charities, again on salary, for ten years, at $2500 a year. "I have therefore served less than fifteen years for rather low salaries, and about ten years un-

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[illegible], which nobody reimbursed. I believe that my unpaid labor was, on the whole, more useful to the State and the public than my paid years, industrious as those were. I do not regard myself as an exception in this matter. Scores of persons known to me, and many more whom I never knew, were doing the same." But then this official service, valuable as it was, is not what made the great nation-wide host of friends, outside of Concord, feel the sympathetic interest that was shown in the sewerage-assessment suit which the district attorney of Middlesex has thrown out as an unworthy demonstration of petty local spites. Mr. Sanborn's private life and public activities cover, and are themselves an imperishable part of, the agitation and abolition of American slavery (he was once arrested as John Brown's nearest friend and backer), the rise of woman to her new status, the liberalizing of religious creeds and institutions, and the intellectual life in general—indeed, of the whole nineteenth century evolution of American scholarship in literature that is truly and distinctively American. His books on Emerson and Concord, and the Concord great men who gathered there for the sake of being near to Emerson, and who, as a matter of fact, are still growing greater on the world scale of judgment, are the standard, in the public libraries, on their subjects. Of course this is but imperfectly apprehended by the town officials and even by most of the latter-day commuters of Concord. Still Mr. Sanborn's picturesque figure is seen almost daily on the streets and in the train, and his house with brick ends and a touch of Tudor style, and his estate, are among the best-looking in Concord, standing close by the river at a pretty turn of the stream before the Sudbury is joined by the Assabet to make the Concord River.

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CANE GIVEN TO SANBORN

Boston — Transcript

Friends Present Concord Sage with Stick Made from Old Court House Railing

Apr. 14, 1915

Fifty friends of Frank B. Sanborn of Concord met yesterday at the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club and presented him with a gold-headed cane which was made from wood taken from the old Court House, recently demolished. William D. Brigham, who made the presentation, said that "the hand which will grasp this cane is the same one which has grasped the hand of Phillips and Garrison and Sumner and ndrew and old John Brown."

Announcement was made that a mass meeting will be held in Faneuil Hall next Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the Wendell Phillips Memorial Association to protest against the further presentation of the photo play, "The Birth of a Nation." Mr. Sanborn will preside and one of the speakers will be Joseph C. Manning of Alabama. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that the mayor and the police commissioner should prevent further presentation of the play.

REV. BARZILLAI FROST.

In our brief reference to the death of Rev. Mr. Frost, in last week's Register, we promised to give this week the following biographical sketch from the Daily Advertiser:

Mr. Frost was born in Effingham, N. H., the 18th June, 1804. He was fitted for college at Exeter Academy under the charge of Benjamin Abbot, LLD. and graduated at that institution with the highest honors in 1827. He then entered the Sophomore class at Harvard College, and graduated with distinction in 1830, being a classmate with Hon. Charles Sumner, and the late Hon. Thomas Hopkinson. On leaving College he was appointed Preceptor of Framingham Academy, which situation he held two years. In 1832, he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, where he completed his theological studies in 1835. During this period he was appointed instructor in mathematics to the Senior class in the College in place of Professor Farrar, who visited Europe for the benefit of his health. This situation he filled two years, pursuing his theological studies at the same time.

On leaving the Divinity School he began preaching, and in January, 1836, received an invitation to settle as Pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in Barnstable, and in September of the same year he received a call to settle in Northfield, both of which invitations he declined. On the 1st of February, 1837, he was ordained as colleague with Rev. Ezra Ripley, D. D. over the Unitarian Church and Society in Concord. Dr. Ripley died the 21st September, 1841, at the age of 90 years, and Mr. Frost continued in the uninterrupted, active and successful discharge of his duties as pastor until the Autumn of 1855, when, in consequence of a severe cold, his lungs became seriously affected, and he was obliged to relinquish the performance of his pastoral duties. In February, 1856, he sailed for St. Thomas, and after spending nearly three months on that Island, and on the Islands of Jamaica, Cuba and St. Croix, he returned to the United States. He came home by way of Charleston, S. C., and reached Concord the last of May.

His health continuing feeble, he sailed on the 24th November for St. Croix, where he passed about five months; and on his return he visited the Island of Burmuda, where he remained several weeks. He arrived home the latter part of June, 1857.

His health being still in a very precarious state, he was obliged on the 13th of September, 1857, to ask a dismission, which was granted with great reluctance, his parishioners unanimously expressing on the occasion, their great regret that the interesting relation which had so long existed between them and their beloved pastor should be terminated, and manifesting in various ways their strong and affectionate regard for him. His pastoral relation closed on the 3d of October, 1857.

A few weeks before the termination of his connection with the church and society, he suffered a severe affliction in the departure from this life of his distinguished and excellent parishioner, the Hon. Samuel Hoar. One of the last, and probably the very last sermon which he wrote was that he preached on the Sabbath next after the interment of his lamented and faithful friend. It was a simple and plain, but able and interesting discourse. Though written by Mr. Frost while in a feeble state of health, it was a full and just tribute to the memory of a great and good man.

For a period of about twenty years, Mr. Frost performed all the duties of an active, zealous and faithful minister. Every good cause found in him an earnest and efficient friend and advocate. His ministry was a very useful and successful one. A satisfactory evidence of this is that during the whole course of his labors at Concord, he secured the entire respect and enjoyed the uninterrupted confidence and friendship of Samuel Hoar.

On the 24th of November, 1857, Mr. Frost, accompanied by his faithful and excellent wife, and his youngest son, a very interesting boy of about ten years of age, sailed for Fayal, one of the Azores, in the hope that it might restore him to health. After remaining at the Island about eight months he returned to his native shore. He arrived at Boston about the middle of August last. His visit to Fayal was a most unfortunate movement. It happened that the weather was, for a considerable time, cold and chilly; so inclement a season was never before known at that Island. Mr. Frost suffered very much on account of the cold and dampness, and it became manifest that there was little or no chance of his recovery. In the midst of his suffering, a most distressing affliction befel him in the loss of the child who accompanied him. On the 31st of May, the lovely boy went up a mountain near the residence of his parents, in company with a party of friends, and on their return, he deviated from the path usually taken, and fell over a precipice into a ravine about seventy feet deep, and by the fall his spine was broken. After lingering about two days he expired in the arms of his distressed mother. Great sympathy was manifested on the occasion by the members of the several very respectable families of Fayal, and great kindness was shown to Mr. Frost and his family by all the people during their residence on the Island.

On the arrival of Mr. Frost at Boston he was in a very prostrated condition, and was borne from the ship to the residence of a friend in the city, where he remained about a week. He was then carried to Concord, and was there received into the house of his kind and farthful friend and physician, Dr. Josiah Bartlett. Finding himself in so comfortable a mansion, among a host of his friends, consisting of his former parishioners and other esteemed acquaintances, his spirits revived and his strength seemed to be considerably improved. He rode out a few times, and had the satisfaction of taking a parting look at the places endeared to him as having been the scenes of the cares and pleasures with which he was conversant during his Christian ministry. He took great comfort in being able to see and converse with his dear friends once more. At length he began to grow weaker, and about the first of November the symptoms of a speedy dissolution were manifested; but he still lingered until yesterday, when, in the presence of his wife and son, his faithful physcian and other dear friends, his spirit took its flight to another and a better world.

Mr. Frost married, the first of June, 1837, Elmira Stone, youngest daughter of Mr. Daniel and Mrs. Sally [Buckminster] Stone, of Framingham. They had four children, two of whom died in infancy. Another died in Fayal under the circumstances above mentioned. The surviving son graduated at Harvard College at the last Commencement, and is now a student at law in the office of the Hon E. Rockwood Hoar. This son has stood by the bedside to smooth the pillow and administer to the wants of his languishing parent. The faithful and affectionate wife devoted herself with unremitting care and watchfulness to her beloved husband through all the stages of his disease until the last moment came, when she closed his eyes, and witnessed with that faith and hope a Christian could die.

THE FUNERAL OF THOREAU, which took place in Concord yesterday, drawing together a large company of his townspeople, with some votive pilgrims from parts beyond, was an occasion more impressive and memorable, by much, than is the wont of such scenes. It derived uncommon interest from the remarkable character of the man whose earthly life was ended, and from the weight and worth of the tributary words so fitly, so tenderly spoken there by friendly and illustrious lips. As that fading image of pathetic clay, strewn with wild flowers and forest sprigs, lay awaiting interment, thoughts of its former occupant seemed blent with all the local landscapes. And though the church-bell—after the affecting old custom—tolled the forty-four years he had numbered, we could not deem that *he* was dead whose ideas and sentiments were so vividly alive in our souls.

Selections from the Bible were read by the minister. A brief ode, written for the purpose by William Ellery Channing, was plaintively sung. Mr. Emerson read an address of considerable length, marked by all his felicity of conception and diction—an exquisite appreciation of the salient and subtle traits of his friend's genius—a high strain of sanative thoughts, full of beauty and cheerfulness, chastened by the gentle sorrow of the hour. Referring to the Alpine flower *edelweiss*, or noble purity, which the young Switzers sometimes lose their lives in plucking from its perilous heights, Mr. Emerson said, "Could we pierce to where he is we should see him wearing profuse chaplets of it; for it belonged to him. Where there is knowledge, where there is virtue, where there is beauty, where there is progress, there is now his home."

Mr. Alcot read some very appropriate passages from the writings of the deceased, and the service closed with a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Reynolds. A long procession was then formed to follow the body to the grave. The hands of friends reverently lowered it into the bosom of the earth, on the pleasant hillside of his native village, whose prospects will long wait to unfurl themselves to another observer so competent to discriminate their features, and so attuned to their moods. And now that it is too late for any further boon amidst his darling haunts below,

> There will yet his mother yield
> A pillow in her greenest field,
> Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
> The clay of their departed lover.

Springfield Republican

Sophia Thoreau.

Oct. 10, 1876

Thirty-five years ago, there lived in Concord four brothers and sisters, one of whom, a recent graduate of Harvard college, had begun to acquire fame among the transcendentalists and abolitionists by the courage and genius of his writings. John and Henry Thoreau, with their sisters Helen and Sophia,—the last the youngest of the family,—were all teachers, or had been, and all had displayed peculiar gifts in that profession. But they were all something more than school-teachers, and, becoming enlisted early in the anti-slavery cause, or in that broader service of humanity which "plain living and high 'thinking'" imply, they gradually withdrew from that occupation, declining the opportunities by which other young persons, situated as they then were, rise to worldly success, and devoting themselves, within limits somewhat narrow, to the pursuit of lofty ideals. The death of Miss Sophia Thoreau on the 7th inst., at Bangor, closes the record of this family,—for she was the last of the four children of John Thoreau and, with the exception of an elderly maiden aunt, the last of the name in America. There are still Thoreaus, it is said, in the island of Jersey, from which her grandfather, John, emigrated to Boston, soon after the Revolution—but there are none in America, except the lady above mentioned. And now the four children lie buried, side by side, at the foot of their parents' graves in the Concord cemetery, not far from

Hawthorne's last resting place.

The family was a remarkable one, full of talent, rising in one or two of them to genius, and overflowing with affection for each other. John Thoreau, the grandfather, was the son of a French woman resident in St Helier, Jersey, Marie Le Galais by name,—he was born in 1754, and confirmed in the Anglican church at St Helier in 1773. Before 1785 he had married, in Boston, a Scotch woman, Jeanie Burns, and, in 1787, his son John, father of the poet, was born in Boston. Early in this century, John Thoreau, the elder, who was a merchant in Boston, removed to Concord. There his son engaged in trade, and, about 1810, married Miss Cynthia Dunbar, daughter of Rev Asa Dunbar of Keene, N. H. The four children inherited from their mixed ancestry, French, English, New-English and Scotch, very mixed and lively qualities, as well as serious characters. John Thoreau, the younger, was Henry's companion in his "Week on the Concord and Merrimac," and was a youth of remarkable promise, who died early; his sister Helen also died at the age of 37, in 1849—the year in which Henry Thoreau published his first book. This left the brother and sister, Henry and Sophia,—the younger half of the household,—and from that time they were never long separated till death divided them. Henry had completed his life of solitude at Walden before this, and was again at his father's house in Concord village,—sallying out from that to make his long excursions by land or water, in many of which his sister accompanied him. Contrary to the common estimate of his character, he was eminently domestic, and when, as a youth, his mother told him, "You may buckle on your knapsack and roam abroad to seek your fortune" Henry shed tears and was unwilling to go away from those he loved. His sister had the same strong affections, and much of Henry's humor, but she had also a brilliant dramatic wit of her own, which made her one of the most entertaining companions. Since the death of her mother, four or five years since, she has lived chiefly in Maine among her nearest relatives, but away from the scenes with which her dearest memories were associated—the fields and woods of Concord. She has also been a suffering invalid, and for the past two years has been slowly dying, by an incurable disease, the end of which she clearly foresaw. Yet the cheerful temper, mingled with caprices and asperities, which was so marked a trait in Henry Thoreau, was hers also, and she met the approach of death, not only with serenity, but with a laughing mien in the midst of physical torture.

The foundation of the family character was serious, notwithstanding the gayety of their spirits. They all became abolitionists early, and were among the zealous supporters and warm personal friends of Garrison and Phillips, N. P. Rogers, Parker Pillsbury, and the anti-slavery come-outers of 1840. Their house was hospitable to fugitive slaves and to all who loved the good cause of emancipation. John Brown found his way to it in 1857, and, from that time, was an object of admiration to Henry Thoreau and his sister. On the day of Brown's death, she joined with her brother in the funeral honors paid to him at Concord, and the rose which bloomed in her window, that December day, sent by her to Miss Alcott, brought back the graceful verses which were then read everywhere, though the author had not yet become illustrious. After her brother's death, two years later, Sophia Thoreau inherited his papers and published many of them in volumes, as he had expected her to do. Of late years she has published little, and now has placed the papers in the hands of her brother's friend Blake, who will print portions of them. Her funeral took place in Concord on Sunday, with rites not unlike those of the Anglican church, of which she, like her ancestors, was a member, though hardly a communicant. In anti-slavery days the church did not stand on the side of freedom, as she thought it should, and she preferred the substance of religion to its forms. But she died in the Christian faith, and was upheld in her last days by that strong consciousness of immortality which was a trait so marked in her brother's nature.

Death confers a momentary distinction on every son and daughter of Adam. But the claim of Sophia Thoreau to a place in the memory of others rests neither on this, nor alone on her devotion to the poet-naturalist, her brother, of whom she was as much the worthy associate, as Dorothy Wordsworth was of the English poet. This New England household, of which she was a member, had, like some other American families, a distinct and individual existence, in which each person counted for something, and was not a mere drop in the broad water-level that American society tends more and more to become. To meet one of the Thoreaus was not the same as to encounter any other person who might happen to cross your path. Life to them was something more than a parade of pretensions, a conflict of ambitions, or an incessant scramble for the common objects of desire. They were fond of climbing to the hill-top, and could look with a broader and kindlier vision than most of us on the commotions of the plain, and the mists of the valley. Without wealth, or power, or social prominence, they still held a rank of their own, in scrupulous independence and with qualities that put condescension out of the question. They could have applied to themselves, individually, and without hauteur, the motto of the French chevalier:—

Je suis ni roi, ni prince aussi,
Je suis le seigneur de Coucy.

They lived their life according to their genius, without the fear of man or of "the world's 'dread laugh,'" saying to Fortune what Tennyson sings:—

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown,—
With that wild wheel we go not up nor down,—
Our board is little, but our hearts are great.
Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands,—
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands,—
For man is man, and master of his fate."

May the turf be green and the autumn leaves fall gently above the graves of so much wit, such high courage, and so many of the milder virtues!

THE DEATH OF MRS. ALCOTT.

Advertiser 1877 — Nov. 27

The announcement of Mrs. A. B. Alcott's death will recall to every one who has seen or known of her lovely memories of that noble woman. Mrs. Alcott was the daughter of Colonel Joseph May of Boston and Dorothy Sewall. Her grandmother was Elizabeth Quincy, and Mrs. John Hancock was her grand-aunt. All that was strong and gracious in this brave New England stock she inherited abundantly. Her life was essentially a domestic one, although years ago she wrote and published many articles upon philanthropic matters, in which she always took a warm and active interest.

In 1830 she was married to Mr. Alcott. Her brother, the Rev. Samuel J. May, gives an interesting account of their first meeting. Mr. May was at that time settled in Brooklyn, Conn., and through Dr. William A. Alcott he became greatly interested in A. Bronson Alcott, "the American "Pestalozzi," as he was sometimes called. He was then teaching, in his original way, a school in Cheshire. Mr. May wrote to him, and then, feeling sure that he was a man of genius, and one to be known intimately, invited him to Brooklyn for a visit. He says: "I have never but in one other "instance been so immediately taken possession "of by any man I have ever met in life. He "seemed to me like a born sage and saint—unique "in wisdom and purity." Miss May was a member of her brother's family at the time, and soon became engaged to Mr. Alcott.

After her marriage her life was in many ways peculiar. Mr. Alcott's theories and convictions led him to various experiments in higher modes of living,—communities and the like,—which entailed great hardships and labor upon his wife, who never obstructed his views, but helped him to the uttermost, whatever her private opinions may have been. Miss Louisa Alcott has written so freely of the early trials and the projected utopias of her father, and of the beautiful, loving, heroic, high-minded family life which no circumstances affected, that the readers of her books have grown to feel that they have had some share in that life, and so are justified in bringing their tributes of love and admiration to Mrs. Alcott's memory.

In her latter years Mrs. Alcott has had much physical suffering, and has borne it with the serene cheerfulness that belonged to her noble nature. She has always had a keen sense of humor, and full enjoyment of all innocent and merry fun. After years of modest and absolute victory over untoward outward circumstances, she reaped the reward of her toils in the worth and the work of her children, and her last years have been rich in comfort and peace, which she would not suffer her illness to mar. Mrs. Alcott was one of the rare women in whom, as in Mrs. Samuel Ripley, intellect, taste and all surroundings, pleasant or otherwise, were made subservient to character; and the lovely character which resulted became a blessing and a help far beyond the circle of her near and personal friends.

MRS. ABBY MAY ALCOTT, wife of Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, a lecturer and writer of note, died at her home in Concord, Mass., on Sunday evening. Mrs. Alcott was a descendant on the maternal and paternal sides from two of the earliest Boston families, May and Sewal. She was the youngest and sole surviving child of the late Col. Joseph May, and sister of the late Samuel J. May. Mrs. Alcott was born in and for many years was a resident of Boston; her associations from first to last clustered here; she was a woman of the broadest philanthropy, and many elegant acquirements. During her residence in Boston she took a great interest in doing for the poor and making them do for themselves. She wrote largely upon this and kindred topics, her articles were widely copied, their style was most felicitous, beaming, too, with descriptions and a humor which won largely for her cause. Her daughters, Miss Louisa M. Alcott and Miss May Alcott, the artist, inherit for their respective lines of work in large measure the special capacities of their mother. Boston Journal Nov. 27.

Minot Pratt and Brook Farm.

EDITOR COMMONWEALTH:—The account of the life and characteristics of Minot Pratt, which appeared in your paper of the 20th ult., was of peculiar interest to all who, like myself, participated in the life at Brook Farm and learned through the intimacy that can only be had in some such social form of living the full beauty, simplicity and nobleness of our departed friend. The account does not exaggerate, in the slightest, the loveliness of his character, his sweet serenity, and his confidence in the Great Power which controls events, and in the revelations of the future. Faithfully and beautifully does it describe his familiarity with and great love of nature, of her trees, and plants and flowers. But richer, in the same degree that the subjects of it were higher and grander than simple flowers and trees, was his intercourse with the men, women and children of Brook Farm. No one can ever forget the entire freedom from fret and fume and worry he evinced, while he never neglected a duty or failed to accomplish his full share of work. No one can fail to recall how peaceful and free from criticism of others his life was; with what rare fidelity to truth he estimated his fellows, and how little apparent thought or recognition of self there was in all his actions. Indeed, the loveliness of his spirit shone through the bodily vesture, and his smile itself was a blessing which one might seek to win, and be proud to have gained by one's exertions. The young, who feel so instinctively the purity and sweetness of such souls, could not fail to love such a man; and they were drawn to him by the strongest sympathy and affection. His presence, in all the various spheres of active life and industry, had a wonderful educational power upon both young and old; and to the influence of several individuals of similar beauty and character I attribute the harmony and beauty, in considerable degree, of our Brook Farm life.

The funeral services at Concord—if "services" they could be called—were peculiarly appropriate to the departure of so lovely a soul, and were beautiful in their simplicity and naturalness. No word or look of gloom was there. In addition to sweet hymns sung by friendly voices, and the pleasant, hopeful words by Mr. Alcott, his old friend and neighbor, S. D. Robbins, told how true and sweet and natural a man he was, and of his deep love of nature; and said that "even the little spring flowers would wonder why their friend, with his sweet, loving smile, did not come and see them as formerly," and that "the great elm in the front-yard never looked down upon a truer man." Previous to his remarks he read the following beautiful lines, written by himself for the occasion:—

"LET ME GO, FOR THE DAY BREAKETH."

The waves of light are drifting
From off the heavenly shore;
The shadows all are lifting
Away forever more!
Truth, like another morning,
Is beaming on my way;
I bless the Power which poureth in
The coming of the day.

I feel a life within me
That years can never bring;
My heart is full of blossoming,
It yearns to meet the spring;
Love fills my soul in all its deeps,
And harmony divine
Is sweetly sounding from above,
A symphony sublime.

The earth is robed in brighter green,
The sky in brighter blue;
And, with no cloud to intervene,
God's smile is shining through.
I hear the immortal harps that ring
Before the rainbow throne;
A spirit from the heart of God
Is bearing up my own.

In silence from the Olivet
Of prayer my soul ascends,
Till in the orison of heaven
My voice in worship blends.

One remark in the article you printed with regard to Brook Farm requires a word. It says that "when the invasion of Fourier's disciples let the serpent into that paradise Minot Pratt retired, poor but hopeful, to his little farm at Concord." Not so! Like the paradise our ancestral parents occupied, the serpent entered there when they did, not afterwards. And one he was who has ruined many a paradise before and since, and rarely fails to ruin any one he enters—the serpent of debt. Had he been kept out, or driven out, Brook Farm might have been in existence to-day.

CHAS. H. CODMAN.

MINOT PRATT.

Died in Concord, Mass., March 29th, MINOT PRATT, aged 73 years. This announcement which appeared in our columns last week, merits from the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, more than a passing notice.

Mr. Pratt was for many years a neighbor and intimate friend of our late Editor, the Hon. Simon Brown, and during that time the columns of the FARMER were often enriched with able and practical articles from his pen, and to his accurate habits of observation and extensive botanical knowledge, the Editor and readers of this paper were almost weekly laid under obligation. Since Mr. Brown's death, Mr. Pratt's communications in the FARMER have been less frequent, though he never lost his interest in the paper, and never entirely ceased contributing to its columns.

Mr. Pratt was born at Weymouth, Mass., Jan. 8, 1805, and at about the age of 17 entered the office of the New Bedford *Mercury*, to learn the printing business. Shortly after attaining his majority he married, and for two or three years resided in Hingham. Later he removed to Boston where for several years he printed the *Christian Register*, the organ of the Unitarian denomination. About this time he became interested in the Socialist doctrines of Fourier, and when the celebrated "Brook Farm" community was formed, he became a member of it, and continued for more than three years one of its leading spirits. This intimate association with the brilliant company of earnest thinkers, and enthusiasts gathered at Brook Farm, was of great service to him, and contributed much to the formation of that sweet and simple character, which we, who have known him only in his later years, shall always remember.

Since 1845 Mr. Pratt has resided in Concord, engaged in the business of farming. He was one of the original members of the Concord Farmers' Club, more than twenty-five years ago, and for sixteen years its Secretary, taking always a deep interest in its proceedings and rarely missing its meetings. He was a man of few words, but a good writer; carefully considering his subject and systematically arranging his thoughts, he seldom found himself compelled to modify or abandon his conclusions. Of pure and simple tastes, he became interested in the study of Botany, especially in the Flora of Concord, and, since the death of his friend Thoreau, has taken his place as

"forest seer
And prophet of the vernal year,"

in the woods and meadows around his home. To young naturalists and students, his experience and observation were especially valuable, and always freely and gladly given, so that he has done more than any other person to create and foster among his young townsfolk a love for and appreciation of the beautiful in Nature. By them, not less than by those nearer to him in age and occupation, he will be greatly missed, and truly mourned.

Minot Pratt. Commonwealth

To most of our readers this name will recall no memories of their distant youth; to some, however, the news of this good man's death brings up fresh recollections of an idyllic period nearly forty years ago. The early dream of Hawthorne and Curtis, Ripley and Dana,—the imaginary world in which Zenobia and Priscilla, Hollingsworth and Miles Coverdale lived and suffered—rises to the mind at the thought of Minot Pratt, a plain Concord husbandman, who was buried on Monday not far from the grave of Hawthorne. He was the trusted farmer and one of the few men of affairs at Brook Farm, and in 1844 was a director of that community,—George Ripley and Charles A. Dana being the others. He had gone there early, like his two associates—giving up his trade of printing the Christian Register to carry out his theory of the Christian life in a community of equals. As Mr Dana said in 1844: "At Brook Farm 'we have abolished domestic servitude. It 'was a deadly sin—a thing to be es-'caped from. Accordingly it was escaped 'from, and we have now for three years 'lived at Brook Farm and carried on the busi-'ness of life without it. At Brook Farm they 'are all servants of each other: no man is master. 'We do freely from the love of it, with joy and 'thankfulness, those duties which are usually 'discharged by domestics. The man who per-'forms one of these duties—he who digs a ditch 'or executes any other repulsive work, is not at 'the foot of the social scale; he is at the head of 'it." Such was not Hawthorne's opinion, for in August, 1841, after living at Brook Farm for some months, he wrote in his diary: "O, labor 'is the curse of the world! Is it a praise-'worthy matter that I have spent five golden 'months in providing food for horses and cows." Probably Minot Pratt, having a soberer mind, and a sweeter spirit than Dana or Hawthorne, took no such extreme view on either side. He went forward for years, toiling diligently in his vocation at Brook Farm, and then, when the invasion of Fourier's disciples let the serpent into that paradise, he retired, poor but hopeful, to his little farm at Concord, and there made a domestic community of his own from which death has just withdrawn him at the age of 73.

Mr Pratt was born in Weymouth, of the Old Colony stock, and as a boy was put to learn the trade of stone-cutting. Disliking this, he went to New Bedford and learned printing, and some time before 1829 was at work as a printer in Boston, where he belonged to Mr R. W. Emerson's parish at the North-End, and was married by that young clergyman in 1829. The Pratts are said to have been the first couple whom Mr Emerson married, and it was, perhaps, some remembrance of their early connection with his Hanover street church which decided them to remove to Concord after their Brook Farm experience. More likely it was their recognition of him as one of the leaders in the social and religious movement which they had joined, and which was vaguely termed "Transcendental-'ism." Mr George William Curtis went from Brook Farm to Concord a little earlier than the Pratts, and worked for awhile on the great farm upon the hill, near which, and under a broad elm, Minot Pratt in 1845 went to dwell and to plant the orchards and flower-beds that ever afterward occupied his care until age and illness imprisoned him in his farm-house. It was little more than a cottage, and the friends who went to his funeral thronged it, as they had many times before done on more joyful occasions. Near by, when he first occupied it, was the home of Channing, the poet, who sang there

"Of my small cottage on the lonely hill,
Where like a hermit I must bide my time,
Surrounded by a landscape lying still
All seasons through, as in the winter's prime,
Rude and as homely as these verses chime."

Not far off Hawthorne had been writing his "Mosses" in the "Old Manse," and two or three miles away, by the shore of Walden, Thoreau was living his life of solitary study, varied by the companionship of these and other friends. Mr Alcott was returned from his own little community at "Fruitlands," and was rebuilding his house called "Hillside" on the Lexington road, while Mr Emerson, as now, was in his study on the edge of the village. Amidst these friends, each busied in his own ideal way, Minot Pratt took his place, and lived his life—no less ideal than theirs, though outwardly more laborious. He tilled his acres, planted his trees and vines, and dressed his garden with his own hands; but his recreation, and one might say, his worship, was among the wild-flowers and woodlands, which he knew almost as familiarly as Thoreau did. Thoreau was a "poet-natural-'ist," Minot Pratt was a farmer-naturalist,—but in both the love of nature was far stronger than the mere scientific thirst for knowledge. They revered nature and treated her with the modesty due to a maiden, and with the respect of a young lover. This sentiment did not wither as age came on. The May-flower and the rhodora, the climbing fern, the azalea, the "rock-loving col-'umbine" were as dear to Minot Pratt at threescore and ten as when he first escaped from the city to the freedom of the fields. His patient hope in his last sickness was that he might live till the flowers should bloom again; and the crocuses made haste to blossom in his door-yard, as friendly hands bore him to his Concord grave.

It was his delight to plant the rose and delicate wild-flowers in places that had never known them,—not in gardens only, but along the wood-paths and lanes where he and his neighbors rambled so often. In this way he assisted nature, and helped her to embroider the plain summer robe of the New England landscape. He had much industry, little ambition; and, though he wrote well, he seldom published anything. In conversation he was quiet and retiring; in opinion, earnest and forward-looking. The dream of his youth was the consolation of his age; and he did not reproach the universe for the failings of mankind. He loved humbly and hoped nobly,—two lures of happiness which those who most seek that coy nymph least remember to use. He was happy in the affection of his wife, his children, and his grandchildren; but he would have been cheerful even in solitude. One of his three sons, who died ten years ago, had married the sister of Miss Alcott, and so the "Little Men" called Minot Pratt their grandfather. At his kinsman's funeral Mr Alcott paid the tribute of friendship, and his daughter sent an offering of pathetic verse, which we are permitted to copy. We print it elsewhere, as well for its truth to a beautiful character as for its own imaginative grace.

MINOT PRATT OF CONCORD.

Concord Freeman

The poetic tributes already printed leave less to be said concerning this excellent man and useful citizen, than might otherwise be called for.

He was a native of Weymouth, in the Old Colony, where he was born January 8, 1805, being the third in order of birth in a family of thirteen children, only four of them, all sisters, surviving him.

His father, Bela Pratt, was a stone mason, and a workman of excellent reputation in that line.

It was his wish that Minot should master the same craft, but the boy preferred some other trade, and selected that of printing as most congenial to him. At 16 he went to New Bedford to learn the intricacies of the art, connecting himself with the Mercury office there.

Six years later he went to Boston, and ere long took charge of the make up and printing of the Christian Register, a place which he held for many years. Two years later (in 1829) he was married to Miss Bridge, of Chelsea, and made that place his home thenceforward for years. This is said to have been the first marriage solemnized by Mr. R. W. Emerson after he became a clergyman.

Religiously, he had been trained as a Calvinist in boyhood, but had afterwards experienced a change of views under the able preaching of Rev. Dr. Dewey, a preacher of great mental breadth, strength and acumen. As soon as he came to Boston he entered with all his heart into mission Sunday school work, at the North End, serving for a long time as superintendent of a school on Friend street. In Chelsea he was deacon, sexton, and general right hand man to his pastor, Rev. S. J. Robbins, that gentleman living to be present at his parishioner's funeral, where he read a poem composed by himself for the occasion.

As a Radical Unitarian, he took an earnest interest in Transcendentalism and that phenomenal social and religious movement which found scope and vent in the famous Brook Farm experiment, undertaken, for the purpose of applying the true theory of Christian life in a community of equals.

So he went from the newspaper office to the community somewhere from '40 to '42, whither his wife, even more desirous than he of walking in this new way, had already preceded him by a few weeks. In this company of brainy as well as spiritual men and women he became the trusted farmer, a director and one of the few men of practical affairs among them. Into this venture the twain put their property, the treasure following the heart, according to the divine order. They said through the vicissitudes of the enterprise, working diligently and hopefully year after year, and on its failure retired, in 1845, to their future farm home on Punkatasset Hill in Concord. Geo. Wm. Curtis had preceded them and found a home in the same neighborhood. Near by, Channing, the poet, lived. Hawthorne was at work on his books not far away. Thoreau and Mr. Alcott were fellow citizens and congenial friends. Among these, the subject of our sketch "tilled his acres, planted his trees and vines, and dressed his garden with his own hands." At his farm house the old friends and comrades at Brook Farm were always welcome. At these brief reunions the past was recalled with chastened, but still ardent enthusiasm. Here Ripley and Bradford were glad to come; here Father Hecker, the Catholic priest, would greet his brother as warmly and cheerily as if there had never been a break in the links of circumstance that bound them to a memorable experience in the past.

Mr. Pratt was a naturalist as well as a farmer. He revered and loved nature.

"This sentiment did not wither as age came on. The May flower and the rhodora, the

climbing fern, the azalea, the rock-loving columbine were as dear to him at threescore and ten as when he first escaped from the city to the freedom of the fields. His patient hope in his last sickness was that he might live till the flowers should bloom again, and the crocuses made haste to blossom in his door yard as friendly hands bore him to his Concord grave.

"It was his delight to plant the rose and delicate wild flowers in places that had never known them—not in gardens only, but along the road paths and lanes where he and his neighbors rambled so often. In this way he assisted nature, and helped to embroider the plain summer robe of the New England landscape."

In the sick room he interested himself in planting seeds and doing other window garden work up to within a few weeks of his death.

Since coming to C. he has attended church but little, and yet his was a most reverent nature. He sought and found God everywhere as he walked the earth. After he had been at work among his plants he was in the habit of saying that he had been to church.

In botany he was well versed, having Prof. Gray and other eminent naturalists as correspondents. Flowers, plants and trees were his favorite topics of converse.

He loved the arts of outdoor embellishment, and was for six or eight years chosen by the town as its superintendent of public grounds.

He wrote upon his favorite themes to such journals as the Christian Register, the Springfield Republican, the Commonwealth, the Waltham Free Press and the Concord Freeman. He was the accurate and laborious secretary of the Farmer's Club here for 16 years. For a while he served upon the School Committee Board in Concord. Though careful and correct in composition he had no knowledge of technical grammar and was opposed to its study in the public schools.

He had a passion for reading on religious topics. Indeed the very last book he perused was James Freeman Clark's "Ten Religions."

Spiritualism he investigated, but was careful about either unreservedly endorsing or denouncing its claims.

Life to him with all its hardness and deprivation was a sweet and beautiful thing. His love of the beautiful so attached the young to him that he never seemed old to them. The world was so full of beauty that he was far from being anxious to leave it.

He was fond of plain home singing, but had no special relish for elaborate music.

Anything set and fixed like a form of prayer, was repugnant to him.

"He was more industrious than ambitious." Money making was not his forte; it was not in him, he said, and there was no use in his trying to develope it.

It was not his habit to speak at all, unless he had something that was worth the saying. Nonsense and frivolity were distasteful to him.

Despite his modestly quiet bearing he had pronounced opinions and knew how to administer rebuke in love whenever he deemed it necessary.

All his life he was greatly interested in temperance, and he continually spoke of smoking as "that vile habit."

"The dream of his youth was the consolation of his age; and he did not reproach the universe for the failings of mankind.

"He was happy in the affections of his wife, his children and his grand-children; but he would have been cheerful even in solitude."

Christian Union, Jan. 28, 1880

MAY ALCOTT NIERIKER.

Woman's Journal Jan. 10 1880

The news of the death of Mrs. May Alcott Nieriker saddened the New Year's festivities, and throws a cloud of grief over a large circle of friends. We will not speak of the deep and sacred sorrow of her own family. A very large circle of those who never saw her, felt a tender feeling towards the youngest of the Little Women. The Amy of the story, if not a literal portrait, possessed many of the graceful and winning traits which endeared Mrs. Nieriker to her circle of friends. A pure transparent simplicity, a youthful freshness of feeling, genuine interest in the progress of others, earnest striving after excellence herself with a sweet willingness to be taught—and to accept criticism however severe, only as a help to correct her errors and improve in her art,—are the traits which come most prominently to our mind in thinking of her now. She was always a lover of art, but soon gave up the pursuit of music, and devoted herself wholly to drawing. Mrs. Murdock's lessons and Dr. Rimmer's instructions gave her her first training, and she gained needed self-knowledge as a teacher. She was very successful with her pupils. When through the liberality of her distinguished sister she could fulfill the desire of her heart in going to Europe, she devoted herself to study, and her progress was rapid. Her copies from Turner received high praise and a ready sale, and she had the sweet satisfaction of supporting herself without longer taxing her generous sister.

The unselfish mother so well portrayed in the Mrs. March of "Little Women," felt the separation from her youngest pet, but like a true New England woman she refused to call her home, saying, "No. May is getting what she needs, and I am happier to know that than to have her with me, feeling that she is not improving in her art."

It was a deep grief to the daughter to be absent from the home circle when that mother passed away, and it was tender sympathy in that sorrow which first brought out the love which united her to Mr. Nieriker. It is most consoling to know that her married life was thoroughly happy, and that her husband's mother and sister were with her during her illness, giving her all the care and tenderness which her friends could ask for her.

Yet we must mourn when a life so pure, true and loving is cut off midway, and the wife, mother, daughter, sister is no more. Mourn not without gratitude for her life, not without hope for the future, but with aching hearts now.

But her life is not in vain, thousands will turn again to the sweet story of her girlhood and learn new lessons from it. Her last work was to complete a little book of advice to young artists, who like herself, wished to study abroad with narrow pecuniary means. It will have a special interest now.

E. D. C.

MADAME MAY ALCOTT NIERIKER.

[*Died in Paris, Dec. 30, 1879.*]

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

TIDINGS came across the sea
Melting all my heart in me;
Tidings of a presence fled,
Of a sweet life vanished:
Came that word across the sea,
Melting all my heart in me.

Yet I never saw her face;
Only, from my narrower place,
I had gazed with reverent eyes
On her daring soul's emprise:
Seen her mount from height to height,
Like a strong bird in its flight.

Till at length, when love came nigh,
Dropped she with a tender cry,
With a gladness grave and sweet,
Into home's serene retreat;
Linking with her larger life
Name of mother, name of wife.

Ah, we looked to see her rise,
Sweep once more her native skies
And—with love's rejoicing sway
Blending art's divine essay—
Yield to our unsated sight
New creations of delight.

How our dearest fancies err!
God had other thought for her;
And in life's deep mysteries
Ours the grief, the knowledge his.
If we knew, should we rejoice
He, not we, had had the choice?

Doubtless: yet our hearts are sore,
Thinking she will come no more;
Thinking of an old man's dole
For the darling of his soul;
Finding balm in this alone:
God forsaketh not his own.

Stricken husband, sisters, sire,
Passing through the trial-fire!
Little child, as yet untaught
What the hand of death has wrought!
ONE walks with you in the flame,
Lord-Jehovah is his name.

The Sudden Death of one of Concord's Most Gifted Daughters.

Concord Freeman {Jan. 8 1880

TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS AND LETTER FROM MISS ALCOTT, THE AUTHOR.

The literary and metropolitan as well as local press, has been sadly privileged within a few days to note in most sympathetic phrase the passing from earth of a noble and very lovable woman in the person of May Alcott.

Among the many contributions of a biographic nature at our hands, we select a few as traversing much of the ground in which our readers will be especially interested:

FROM WORCESTER

comes a summary of the leading facts as contributed to the Spy by one of her friends:

"The numerous friends of Mrs. May Alcott Nieriker, youngest daughter of A. Bronson Alcott of Concord, the well known author and lecturer, and sister of Louise M. Alcott, will be pained to hear of her sudden death, which occurred at Paris, France, on Tuesday, the 30th. She was born at Concord, Mass., in 1840, and though participating in her elder sister's taste for literature, was more inclined to artistic pursuits. She became a student in the Boston School of Design, afterwards in the studio of M. Krug in Paris, and has studied also under S. Tuckerman, Dr. Rimmer, Hunt, Vautier, Johnston and Muller. A few years ago she went to Paris to perfect her studies, and soon afterwards was married to M. Ernest Nieriker, son of a Swiss banker, opening a studio there. Among her paintings are oil and water color copies of many of Turner's pictures. These copies are highly prized in England, and are used in the South Kensington schools for the pupils to work from. Her paintings from nature are also appreciated highly abroad. Mrs. Nieriker has illustrated one or more of the books recently published by her sister Louise, and has herself written a book entitled "Studying Art Abroad," published last season by the Roberts Brothers of Boston. She, until a comparatively late period, was one of the "Little Women" in her sister's charming juvenile book by that name. She has always enjoyed the best of health, hardly knowing what sickness was, and the news of her death comes very unexpectedly to her friends, especially as only a few days ago they had letters from her which gave no intimation of illness. Mrs. Nieriker leaves an infant daughter, two or three months old, who is named for her sister, Louise M."

FROM CONCORD.

in correction of certain mis-statements in the press we have, direct from the family, the following letter which is with pleasure accorded a place in our columns:

She was considered by those who knew her best at home and abroad as one of the most industrious and promising of the young artists, and all her teachers, Hunt, Rimmer, Vautin, Johnston, Krug and Muller spoke highly of her talent, order and perseverance.

Her large collection of copies from Turner's oil and water colors is the finest in the country, and will, if posi-

Messrs. Editors:—As the facts in the Advertiser's notice of the late May Alcott Nieriker were incorrect, will you kindly give place to the following true ones.

Both of the pictures which Madame Nieriker sent at different times to the salon were accepted, and many of those exhibited in London, Manchester and elsewhere were sold at once.

ble, be exhibited at the Art Museum in the Spring. Her own sketches which she brought home at various times sold so rapidly that the modest artist was surprised to find her simple work preferred to the copies which were so much valued. By the sale of these pictures she was enabled to revisit Europe for another year of hard and most successful study in Paris and London.

She had been a teacher of drawing and water colors, and a year before her last trip abroad she opened a free art school in Concord at her own expense, giving time, teaching, casts, day books, and best of all the inspiration of her own patient, yet ardent love and labor for her art. Many a grateful pupil will remember her generous aid and mourn the loss of a true friend.

Her marriage was not entirely unexpected by her immediate family, nor was her death a surprise to them, letters having apprised them of sudden and severe illness some days before the cable brought the sad news that the happy little romance of the past two years was ended.

Madame Nieriker was planning to pass the winter with her husband's family in Baden, but the unusually bitter weather in Paris proved unfavorable to her, and after a brief illness she died of cerebro spinal menengitis in the 39th year of her age, leaving a little daughter seven weeks old.

L. M. A.

FROM SPRINGFIELD.

By way of the Springfield Republican there comes a column editorial presumably from the pen of Mr. Sanborn, a near neighbor and warm friend of the Alcott family at Concord.

The introductory portion makes mention of her previous visit to Europe in '69–70, during which she made those copies of Turner's paintings and sketches which were the first good ones seen in Boston, and gave the young artist distinction as having succeeded in a very difficult branch of art education, and states that, not satisfied with these essays in art she set forth in September, '77, upon another European journey, and established herself in Paris, where she devoted herself with characteristic energy to painting and drawing, in both of which, and especially in the latter she made rapid improvement, several of her works being exhibited at the Paris Salon in '78-79, and all she cared to dispose of finding a ready sale abroad. Her paintings are described as sincere, simple and graceful expressions of her aspirations in art.

The subsequent portion of the article we give entire as follows:

As Margaret Fuller, though married to an Italian husband, is best known by her familiar New England name, so Mme Nieriker will still be remembered as May Alcott. She was the youngest of the four "little women" who have become so famous in the pages of her sister's books, and was the only one of them born in Concord. In early childhood she left that town for the "Paradise Lost" of Mr. Alcott in Harvard, but returned again and again to Concord, beginning her art education there and at Boston. At times the care of the household depended on her, and she gave up the pencil and the studio for the tasks of domestic life, which so often hold woman back from a more conspicuous career. In 1878 she married Ernest Nieriker, a Swiss man of business whom she met in London. After their marriage they lived in Mendon, near Paris, and lately in Paris itself, where her child was born on the 8th of November last.

* * * * *

She had given up painting last summer, but declared her purpose to renew it, and not to let her married state thwart the purpose of her life before. In this purpose her husband agreed, and many years of activity seemed to await her when this malady came to terminate her energetic career and to sadden all who knew her.

Like all the members of the remarkable family to which she belonged, May Alcott was by nature formed for an ideal life. The weight of circumstances repressed, but could not overcome this tendency, which took the direction of art and social freedom rather than toward philosophy and literature. She wrote easily and with spirit, but her special gift was not that. She desired a sphere and renown of her own, connected but not too closely involved with those of her father and her sister. Hence her devotion to painting which took the place of earlier hopes and the narrow round of duties to which she sometimes found herself restricted. To these duties in their most absorbing form she did, however, return, and found in them her sweetest pleasure.

In the generosity of her nature, which had longed for the great world and shining deeds, she recognized the felicity of fortune that makes the world so full of satisfactions and adopts with gentle wisdom each heart and hand to its assigned task.

* * * * *

But it was not so ordered that this felicity should continue, and now death has drawn his curtain over the last picture her fond imagination painted.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT DEAD.

N.Y. Times — Mar 5 1888

ANOTHER TEACHER OF THE CONCORD SCHOOL GONE.

One of those curious, eccentric, and at the same time most attractive figures, that have made Concord, Mass., the home of their mystic transcendental philosophy, faded from the field of human vision yesterday in the death of Amos Bronson Alcott, at Boston. His place, fixed already in the minds of most, becomes clear to all when it is said that for 50 years he was the friend and almost constant companion of Ralph Waldo Emerson. While a man whose mental qualities made it impossible that he should achieve what the world calls success he was also a man who leaves many footprints behind him.

Mr. Alcott's history is a comparatively uneventful one. He was the son of a Connecticut farmer and was born in Wolcott, Conn., Nov. 29, 1799. When comparatively a boy he was supplied with a small outfit of goods and sent to Norfolk, Va., to dispose of them among the planters of the State. His taste for business was so weak and his social and conversational qualities so much stronger, however, that on his return to New-England, his employer found only a few dollars' worth of goods had been disposed of. His time had not been spent for naught, however, for he had been the guest of many intelligent men who had lent him their books, talked with him and enjoyed his society.

He next took up the profession of teaching, which he continued through life. In 1823 he established an infant school in Boston, which became renowned, not only from the decidedly advanced views of the teacher, but from his unique conversational mode of teaching. He was soon after opposed by the press of the day on account of his at that time peculiar ideas, and relinquished the school, retiring to Concord, where he devoted himself to the study of natural theology, reform in education, diet, and civil and social institutions. From 1839 till 1842 he was the author of the "Orphic Sayings," which appeared in the *Dial*, published in Boston. In 1842, on the invitation of James P. Greaves of London, he visited England, where he lectured and was much admired. On his return he was accompanied by Charles Lane and H. G. Wright, in company with whom he tried to carry to success the "Fruitlands," one of those attempts made in Massachusetts to found a "community" on a philosophical basis. The scene of this venture was at Harvard, Mass., but it was soon given up. Until within a few years he has lived quietly in Concord with a married daughter, Mrs. Pratt, and his daughter, Louisa May Alcott, so well known as the author of "Little Women," "The Eight Cousins," and other stories. While in Concord, he was the friend of such men as the Rev. Dr. Channing, Hawthorne, Garrison, Theodore Parker, Elizabeth Peabody, Margaret Fuller, Wendell Phillips, and old John Brown himself.

Mr. Alcott's "Conversations," which he was accustomed to give in different parts of the country for over 40 years, were very peculiar. They are described as follows: "He sits at a table or desk, and after his auditors have assembled begins to talk on some scientific subject, mentioned beforehand, such as poetry, nature, fate, love, idealism, individuality, character—subjects so broad and deep as to be inexhaustible. He continues for one hour exactly—his watch lying before him—in a fragmentary, rambling manner, and concludes with some such phrase as, 'The spirit of conversation is constrained tonight.' 'Many fine things might have been said, but the gods are not willing.' 'Thought cannot be controlled.' 'Absolute freedom is essential to effusion of the soul.' Then he stops, and the next evening he begins again with another theme, treats it in the same desultory way, and ends with similar utterances."

Among other publications from the pen of this curious man are "Tablets," 1868; "Concord Days," 1872; "Table Talk," 1877; "Sonnets and Canzonets," 1877.

RECENT DEATHS.

Boston Transcript — Mar. 6, 1888.

A. Bronson Alcott, the Transcendental Philosopher.

Amos Bronson Alcott died Sunday at the residence of his daughter in Boston at the age of eighty-nine. He was born in Wolcott, Conn.; his father was a farmer and mechanic of that little hill-town, living in a small way by the labor of his hands, but descended from a powerful family, the Alcocks, who were among the first settlers and magistrates of Roxbury, Dedham and New Haven. Amos Bronson Alcott's mother, from whom he took his second Christian name, was also of a leading Connecticut family, the Bronsons. Mr. Alcott went to school until he was thirteen years old, and at the age of twelve began to keep a diary a practice which he had continued until incapacitated by illness. Still earlier he had read "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," the book of all others which had the greatest influence on his mind. He learned to write by practising with chalk on his mother's kitchen floor, and became in his boyhood a skilled penman, so that his first essay in teaching was as master of a writing-school in Carolina. At the age of fourteen he worked for a while at clock-making at Plymouth, Conn., and in the same year went on an excursion into northern Connecticut and western Massachusetts, selling a few articles as he went, to meet the expenses of his journey. On a similar journey in Virginia a few years afterwards, he was kindly received at the great houses of the planters. His first school was in a district three miles from his home. Afterwards he taught a famous school at Cheshire, Conn. In January, 1828, he wrote a brief account of his method of teaching, which attracted much attention. He continued this system in a similar school in Bristol in the winter of 1827-8, and then removed to Boston to take charge of an infant school on Salem street in June, 1828. In the following April he opened a private school near St. Paul's Church on Tremont street, in which he remained until Nov. 5, 1830, when he gave it up to open a school in Germantown, near Philadelphia, where, with his associate, Mr. W. Russell, he remained a little more than two years. On the 22d of April, 1833, he opened a school in Philadelphia, which continued until July, 1834, soon after which, Sept. 22, 1834, Mr. Alcott returned to Boston, and there began his famous Temple School. He first gave his pupils single desks, now so common, instead of the long benches and double or three-seated desks still in use in some sections. He gave his youthful pupils slates and pencils and blackboards. He established a school library, and taught them to enjoy the benefits of careful reading; he broke away from the old rule of severe and indiscriminate punishments, and substituted therefor appeals to the affections and the moral sentiment of children, so that he was able almost wholly to dispense with corporal punishment. He introduced, also, light gymnastic exercises, evening amusements at the schoolroom, the keeping of diaries by young children, and, in general, an affectionate and reverent mood of drawing out the child's mind towards knowledge, rather than the pouring in of instruction by mechanical or compulsory processes. Among the eminent women who took an interest in his school may be named (besides Miss Martineau) Miss Margaret Fuller, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, her sister, the late Mrs. Hawthorne, and others. Both Miss Fuller and Miss Peabody were assistant teachers in the Temple School at Boston, and Miss Peabody compiled the accounts of it which were published under the title of "Record of a School" and "Conversations with Children on the Gospels."

Mr. Alcott was one of the originators and members of the somewhat famous Transcendental Club, which met under various names, from 1836 to 1850. It was first called The Symposium, and met originally on the 19th of September, 1836, at the house of George Ripley, then a minister in Boston. In the October following it met at Mr. Alcott's house (16 Front street), and there were present Mr. Emerson, George Ripley, Frederic H. Hedge, O. A. Brownson, James Freeman Clarke and C. A. Bartol. The subject of conversation that day was "American Genius; Causes Which Hinder its Growth." Two years later, in 1838, it met at Dr. Bartol's, on Chestnut street, where the Radical Club often gathered. In September, 1839, there is record of a meeting at the house of Dr. Francis, in Watertown. In October, 1840 we find Mr. Alcott in consultation with George Ripley and Margaret Fuller, at Mr. Emerson's house in Concord, concerning the proposed community which was afterwards established at Brook Farm. In 1848, the Transcendental Club became the "Town and Country Club," on a wider basis, and in a year or two came to an end, having done its work. During this period of transcendental agitation, from 1835 to 1850, Mr. Alcott gradually passed through the various degrees of his progress as a reformer. In 1835 he gave up the use of animal food, and the next year invited Dr. Sylvester Graham to lecture in his school. Still earlier he had joined the Anti-Slavery Society, when founded by William Lloyd Garrison, and he was present at many of the celebrated gatherings of Abolitionists—for instance, at the Lovejoy meeting in Faneuil Hall in 1837, when Wendell Phillips made his first appearance as an anti-slavery orator. In company with Charles Lane, he examined estates in order to choose one for the proposed community, and finally Lane bought the "Wyman Farm," in Harvard, consisting of ninety acres, with an old farmhouse upon it, where Mr. Alcott and his family, with Mr. Lane and a few others, took up their residence in their new home, Fruitlands, which experiment was not a financial success. He finally abandoned the farm, in poverty and disappointment, about the middle of January, 1844. The lesson thus taught was a severe one, but Mr. Alcott looked back upon it as one of the turning-points in his life. He soon after returned to Concord and in 1845 bought a small farm there with an old house upon it, which he rebuilt and christened "Hillside." A few years later, when it passed into the hands

of Nathaniel Hawthorne, he changed the name to "Wayside." At Hillside, Mr. Alcott gardened and gave conversations, and in the year 1847, while living there, he built in Mr. Emerson's garden, not far off, the unique summer house which ornamented the house for years. In 1848 he removed from Concord to Boston, and did not return until 1857. In 1858 he became superintendent of the public schools of Concord, and wrote very admirable reports of them.

He for a few years published many essays, poems and conversations in the Boston Commonwealth and the Radical, between 1863 and 1868, and in the last-named year brought out a modest volume of essays entitled "Tablets." This was followed, in 1872, by another volume, styled "Concord Days," and still other volumes have since appeared. His best book is the little volume of sonnets,—for there came in his genius for "the discerning of spirits" and his deep love of mankind; while the limits of the verse fenced in his wandering rhetoric and heightened his sententious wisdom. This also was his last book, although he added to it in the summer of 1882 that tender memorial of Emerson, entitled "Ion, a Monody," which remains the best portraiture of his friend's spiritual lineaments. Like Emerson, Mr. Alcott directed the eyes and hearts of mankind upward; but his own heart sank at the death of his friend, and before he could make a final revision of this poem, in October, 1882, he was stricken with the disease that has now worn him out—a form of paralysis which, while leaving his mind clear, took from him the power of clear expression and intellectual initiative. He wrote no more in the five years that followed, and the gift of consecutive thought seemed taken away. He read constantly, and always in the direction of his immense earlier studies, the record of which is in his threescore volumes of manuscript. These volumes were themselves his study now; he read them again and again, and retraced the fading pathway of his long life. With little pain, but with much weariness, these fettered years have passed amid the tender cares of his family, and with the unabated love of his friends, for whom his affection was constant.

The School of Philosophy, which institution is of comparatively recent birth, may well be termed the child of A. Bronson Alcott, he being mainly instrumental in its organization and perpetuity. It was first opened in 1879 at the Orchard House of Mr. Alcott, where the opening sessions were held in Mr. Alcott's library. In the coming summer the school was held in a new hall, now called "The Chapel," and constructed especially for the school. Mr. Alcott was selected as the dean of the faculty, and in that capacity opened his long-cherished hope, July 15, 1879, with an address of welcome, and closed it with a valedictory on the evening of Aug. 16.

It was a favorite theory of Mr. Alcott's through all this period of agitation and outward activity, that he could propagate his ideas best by conversations. Accordingly, since 1839 he had held conversations on his chosen subjects, and in many and widely separated parts of the country. In later times he visited and spoke in the schools wherever he happened to be lecturing or conversing, particularly at the West, where he was warmly welcomed in his annual tours. His home was at all times a centre of hospitality, and a resort for persons with ideas and aspirations. Not unfrequently his formal conversations were held there; at other times in the parlors of his friends, at public halls or college rooms, or in the chambers of some club.

Mrs. Alcott was a daughter of Colonel Joseph May of Boston. Rev. Samuel J. May of Syracuse was her elder brother. It was at his parsonage house in Brooklyn that she first met Mr. Alcott, in 1827, when he was teaching school in Cheshire, and it was largely on her account and through the efforts of her family and friends that he went to Boston in 1828, and took charge of the Salem Infant School. They were married May 23, 1830, and resided in Boston until their removal to Germantown in the following winter. Their eldest daughter, Anna Bronson, now Mrs. Pratt (the mother of Miss Alcott's "Little Men"), was born at Germantown, and Miss Alcott herself (Louisa May) was also born at Germantown. A third daughter, Elizabeth Sewall, was born in Boston, June 24, 1835, and died in Concord, March 14, 1858. Miss Mary Alcott, the youngest of the four artists, was born in Concord, July 26, 1840, and died in Paris in December, 1879, having earned fame as an artist, especially in her copies of Turner's pictures. She lived for a time in London and Paris, where she won hosts of friends, and several art prizes in the exhibitions. She married M. Nieriker, and died after a short illness, leaving a daughter, Louisa.

Springfield Republican Mar. 5 1888

BRONSON ALCOTT.

The death of Mr Alcott yesterday at his daughter's house in Boston, where he has resided for some years, removes one of the last living monuments of that great epoch of thought and will in New England which in its various manifestations of religion, philosophy, politics, literature and art, gave birth to our present national condition.—Just as the revolutionary epoch 50 or 60 years earlier gave birth to our national existence. In the first period—that of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and the Adamses—Virginia took the lead, and provided America with great men fitted for any exigency of war and peace, while New England ably seconded or moderated by opposition the towering influence of the Virginians. In the second period New England took the lead and provided America with great ideas, presented by great men; while Virginia and the South would not second, and could not control, or scarcely moderate, the onward movement of New England thought. The new West came in, however, as the hand of this movement, of which Massachusetts was the head,—and through Grant, Sherman, Garfield and other executive men accomplished the military work; while Lincoln, summing up in himself the old Virginian greatness of soul, and the New England and western activity of thought, presided wisely over the main tasks of war and peace. From Emerson, Garrison, Theodore Parker, Charles Sumner, and other Massachusetts minds proceeded the impulse toward the new order of things; and in their company, from first to last, stood Alcott—older than any, yet surviving them all, and fortunate in seeing the full accomplishment of what had seemed so hopeless to most eyes but his, when he helped Garrison form the first anti-slavery society in Massachusetts, and joined with Emerson, a few years later, in the Transcendental crusade, which had such feeble immediate, but unmeasured ultimate, results. Like all crusades, it was both defeated and successful,—balked of its direct aim, but prosperous beyond expectation in its consequences.

The story of Alcott's early life has often been told, but may be repeated briefly. He was born in Wolcott, Ct., November 29, 1799, and was therefore in his 89th year at his death; his father was a farmer and mechanic of that little hill-town, living in a small way by the labor of his hands, but descended from a powerful family, the Alcockes, who were among the first settlers and magistrates of Roxbury, Dedham and New Haven. Amos Bronson Alcott's mother, from whom he took his second Christian name, was also of a leading Connecticut family, the Bronsons, now widely extended all through the North, while the Alcocke or Alcott family is comparatively unknown except in a few conspicuous members—Bronson Alcott and his cousin Dr William Alcott, with their children. In his little autobiographical poem, "New Connecticut," privately printed in 1881, and republished with additions in 1886, Mr Alcott gave the history of his first 25 years, with many illustrations, drawn from early sources, of the manners and incidents of that period—from 1799 to 1824. He had the usual scant schooling and copious reading of a thoughtful New England boy; was trained to the use of his hands, and early took to trade with the genuine Connecticut instinct, which soon deserted him, when his peddling excursions led him to Virginia, and brought him in contact with the leisurely existence and courteous manners of the gentry there. He had a native refinement and elegance which readily assimilated what was beautiful in customs and in speech; and he became noticeable for his courtesy and address before it was perceived how new and forth-looking were his ideas.

His poverty and his thoughts threw him upon school-teaching, which was then the common resource of aspiring young men, and he soon established at Cheshire, in Connecticut, where his uncle Rev Tillotson Bronson lived, a school for young children embodying in its discipline and methods all the modern ideas which have now grown so common that we forget they were almost unknown 60 years ago. It is more than 60 years since young Bronson Alcott began to put them forth in his native state; and it was the celebrity thus acquired, in a narrow circle of educators, that drew him to Boston in 1828, and to Philadelphia a few years later. In both these cities he taught private schools, though with no great pecuniary return, and in 1834 he established in Boston his famous Temple school, which brought him into acquaintance with Dr Channing, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Miss Martineau and, moreover, with the Philistines of Boston, who finally starved the school out of existence. In 1835 it was flourishing, and Miss Elizabeth Peabody published a "Record" of its methods and exercises which is still very delightful reading. In 1836 and 1837 appeared two other volumes of "Conversations on the Gospels," which are now considered suitable for most Sunday-schools, but 50 years ago were reckoned by the conservatives of Boston as blasphemous, and were attacked in the Advertiser and other newspapers. Emerson came to the rescue of his friend, but the tide of obloquy and disfavor was far too strong, and the noble enterprise of teaching Platonic Christianity to boys and girls born in Boston came to an end before 1840.

In that year Mr Alcott with his family removed to Concord, to be near his generous friend, and from that time regarded Concord as his home, though often absent, and sometimes residing for years in Harvard or Boston, or New Hampshire, and traveling for months in the West. At first he lived in much poverty at Concord, supporting himself by hard work or by the small earnings that his conversations brought him; while the resources and labors of his wife and family also went for their support. This was a period of hardship and evil report for him; his friends were dear and admiring, but few; his enemies were also few, but his opinions were extreme and unpopular, and the multitude looked on him with indifference or con-contempt,—and quite as much in Concord as in Boston. Nothing could shake his attachment to the town, however; and, in his octogenarian sonnets of 1881-2, he thus testified his sentiments:—

I chose thee for my haunt in troublous time,
My home in days of late prosperity,
And land thee now in this familiar rhyme;
Here on thy bosom the last summons wait
To secure, if lowlier, still reflecting thee,
Resplendent both in hope and memory.

It was while living at the well-known Orchard house in Concord in 1863 that prosperity began to dawn upon the Alcotts, after many years, by the popularity of Miss Louisa's "Hospital Sketches," and this was succeeded a few years later by the great success of her "Little Women." Since then, or for the last 20 years, the path of life has been made easy to Mr Alcott; and his own efforts to enlighten and inspire the world have brought him some pecuniary return. But, on the whole, his name must be added to the long list of those thinkers and scholars of whom the world was not worthy, and who are never fully recognized in their own sphere and time. He was recognized by his friends,—"he came unto his own, 'and his own received him gladly,"—but the great world and even some of his own little world would never accept the valuation put upon him by Emerson, Channing and Harris. Emerson's tributes to Alcott are familiar, and have called forth the characteristic sneer of Henry James the younger; but those of Channing the poet, whom Mr James ignorantly confounds with William Henry Channing, are not so well known,—this epigram, for instance, on his cottage in Concord:—

Here Alcott *thought*,—respect a wise man's door!
(No kinder heart a mortal form e'er held)
Its easy hinges ope forevermore
At touch of all, of fervid youth or eld;—

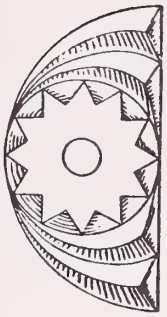
or that other, painted, after Channing's pen, by May Alcott on her father's chimney-piece:—

The hills are reared, the valleys scooped in vain,
If Learning's altar vanish from the plain.

Those who only have seen Mr Alcott in his latter years, after the world in general became possessed of the same ideas which had for so long cherished and uttered among a few friends, can scarcely understand his power over those who listened to his oracles in the period from 1833 to 1850. It was then that he produced the profound impression on Emerson which the latter never forgot or disclaimed; while, at the same time, the sage of Concord understood with how little faith the world would hear these oracles. "Alcott 'was always Don Quixote, his audience 'always Sancho Panza," said Emerson; and he had earlier written to a friend who contended against the overpowering influence of Alcott; "You do well to defend with all your 'might the tottering walls of our Troy, 'which this Achilles, coming forth 'from the Infinite, in his coat of 'many colors, is bent on attacking. But attack and defense are alike in vain; the 'world that listens to him with wonder will 'say,—Dost think because thou art virtuous 'there shall be no more cakes and ale?' and 'will go on its old way. He will not shake a single Unitarian association, and even the 'Thursday lecture will survive him." This was humor; the "great and Thursday lecture" is long since deceased; and many a form of evil against which Alcott took up his testimony has gone to decay. Yet the distance between the prophet and the accomplishment of his prophecy was as great as ever; the repulsion that kept the world away from its oracular benefactor continued in play, and with all his lovers and his hospitalities he died as lonely as he had lived.

Not even the dearest heart and next our own,
Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh.

Who can tell to what achievements, what fragrance of character, fame is granted or denied? The busiest and noisiest, and even the wittiest of men pass from remembrance, while renown attests the single deed of a quiet life, the almost unobserved grace or virtue of some person whose very name has perished. Which among neglected widows



in Jerusalem was she whose two mites "which make a farthing" are as memorable as any coin of Alexander or the Cæsars? The memory of Alcott, like that of Socrates, will not rest on books written or causes triumphantly maintained, but on the distinction and originality of his own nature. In a frivolous age he was earnest; amid the self-seeking and the successful, he sought first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness; amongst those who knelt before the shrine or the idol, he worshiped the divinity, standing erect and serene as becomes the priesthood. His very inability to expound his own philosophy may highten its effect with posterity; for much will be asrribed to principles which wrought such wondrous changes when they took form as a popular impulse, and when

The astonished Muse found thousands at her side.

For an intellectual estimate of Alcott the customary standards are of little value; his center was everywhere and his circumference nowhere, and his logical progress was not by steps but by an upward flight. He could write well, and often did, but much that he wrote is only a shadow of his elusive meaning, which sought expression as readily in quotation as in statement. Argument was impossible to him, and his reasoning often wavered between indefinite premise and inconsequent conclusion; but a deep spiritual meaning was usually at the bottom of his periphrastic, puzzling style. His best book is the little volume of sonnets,—for there came in his genius for "the discerning of spirits," and his deep love of mankind; while the limits of the verse fenced in his wandering rhetoric, and hightened his sententious wisdom. This also was his last book, although he added to it in the summer of 1882 that tender memorial of Emerson, entitled "Ion, a Mon'ody," which remains the best portraiture of his friend's spiritual lineaments,—as in this verse:—

Lo! Ion, unfallen from his lordly prime,
Paused in his p ssing flight, and giving ear
To heedless sojourners in weary time,
Sang his full song of hope and lofty cheer;
Aroused them from dull sleep, from griesly fear,
And toward the stars their faces did uprear.

Like Emerson, Alcott directed the eyes and hearts of mankind upward; but his own heart sank at the death of his friend, and before he could make a final revision of this poem, in October, 1882, he was stricken with the disease that has now worn him out,—a form of paralysis which, while leaving his mind clear, took from him the power of clear expression and intellectual initiative. He wrote no more in the five years that followed, and the gift of consecutive thought seemed taken away; the silver cord was loosed, though the golden bowl was never broken. He read constantly, and always in the direction of his immense earlier studies, the record of which is in his three score volumes of manuscript. These volumes were themselves his study now; he read them again and again, and retraced the fading pathway of his long life. With little pain, but with much weariness, these fettered years have passed amid the tender cares of his family, and with the unabated love of his friends, for whom his affection was constant. Age and death have at last released him to the existence he long had sought, without repining at that which he serenely endured. He has gone, the last survivor of a long line of such men; "old by 'virtue of having lived, young by reason of 'never exhausting the good of life."

Light from a better land,
Fire from a burning brand!
Though in this cold sepulchral clime
Chained to an unambitious time
Thou s'owly moldersst,—
Yet cheer that great and lowly heart,
Prophetic eye and sovran part!
And be thy fortune greatly blest,
By those greater gods coniest
In a sublimer rest.

Born for a fate whose secret none
Shall look upon i eneath Earth's sun,
Child of the High, the Only One,
Thy glories sleep secure;
Now on the coast of Heaven thy wave
Shall dash beyond an unknown grave,
And cast its spray to light and save
Some other barks that moor.

Mr Alcott married at Boston nearly 60 years ago, Abby May, a daughter of Col Joseph May, and a descendant of those sturdy colonial folk, the Sewalls and the Quincys. One of her uncles took part with the "Mohawks" in pouring the taxed tea into Boston harbor in 1773, and another uncle, Dea May, was one of the pillars of Theodore Parker's Boston church. Her brother was Rev Samuel May, the philanthropist and courageous anti-slavery advocate. Mrs Alcott possessed the good sense, the pride and the pluck of her ancestors, and was a true helpmeet to her husband in his struggles with want. Of the four daughters who were the result of this union, only two survive,—Mrs John Pratt and Miss Louisa Alcott. Since his wife's death in 1877, Mr Alcott has made his home with Mrs Pratt and her two sons (who were the "Little Men" of their aunt's fiction); and to this home soon after the death of May Alcott (Madame Nieriker) in 1879, came another grandchild, Louisa Nierliker, now a girl of eight years. The romantic and pathetic family relations of Mr Alcott are delicately touched in his "Sonnets and Canzonets,"—the first poem in order of composition in that volume being the canzonet "Love's Morrow," in memory of his daughter May, which was written immediately after her death in December, 1879, at Paris. The poet-father was then 80 years old, and he devoted the next year to recalling in verse the story of his love for wife and children. He was fortunate in these treasures, and they made up to him for much that worldly fortune denied him. Mrs Alcott was a vigorous, high-spirited and affectionate wife, and her children partook of these qualities and of the genius of their father. May Alcott was an artist of slow development, but of rare powers, too soon palsied by death; the fame of Louisa Alcott is everywhere known. The grandsons are rising young men, who will find the renown of their ancestor the best heir-loom they can hand down to the next century following that through so many decades of which Mr Alcott has lived. His funeral will be privately celebrated in Boston, and a more public commemoration in Concord may be expected next summer.

Boston Post May 6, 1888

MR. ALCOTT.

The death of Mr. ALCOTT removes from among us a singular figure. He was a New Englander of the old stripe; he began life as a Yankee peddler, and ended as a philosopher. Such men are constantly springing up in all English communities; they have little or no academic education, but the native vigor of their intellectual curiosity and the originality of their character win for them a certain prominence and sometimes a real distinction in their generation. They add to their oddity the power to attract and often to impress people in their neighborhood; but the power is personal, and seldom transmitted to any books they may make. Mr. ALCOTT was especially fortunate in being contemporary with much intellectual and moral restlessness, an age of reform so strenuous that any sort of new project in the conduct of human affairs could gain a hearing for itself. He was without mental training, and having no logical power and no practical faculty which might have checked and guided him by laying him under some inner necessity of correlating ideas with facts, he had a free field for the exercise of any of the hobbies of the hour which he chose to mount. He read many books, and as untrained people with intellectual ambition are prone to do, he made his friendships with the great books of the English race first and afterwards with the famous ones of other nations; his mind found in these certain constant moods and ever-recurring suggestions of the soul of man, and being here again helped to his place by the lack of practice in continuous study and of that critical power which belongs to the student of many phases of thought, he fell, as such men must, into a mystic attitude; he became, also, ascetic, and as we say, a spiritualist in the old sense. He was a sun worshipper in the intellectual world; he bowed before the luminary sometimes in the human shape of PLOTINUS and his brothers of the philosophic galaxy, and sometimes in the shape of the "All." He called this kind of worship seeing intuitively, which too often means accepting any indefinite ideas of the grand kind, whether they are read in books or occur to the mind without the least examination. Such ideas put into words are Orphic sayings, oracular; and the oracle is its own proof. The intellectual type is not uncommon; its characteristics are those of a partial civilization, such as existed in the early history of the race, during which the mystics had things their own way; it represents a stage in human culture, and like all such stages, as by a kind of atavism, it reappears from time to time in individuals who have assimilated a portion only of the intellectual feast. Mr. ALCOTT on the spiritual side was an instance of such incomplete education, and represented in a strong way its virtues and its faults.

The intellectual result in such cases cannot count. The most that is accomplished is a quickening of the spiritual life of those in contact with the preacher. But the men who win distinction in such circumstances have much social value. They are almost of necessity heretics; and Mr. ALCOTT was a heretic in many communions. He was sufficient unto himself in the affairs of this world as well as of the other, past, present, or to come. He really saw in his journeys many parts of our country and something of Europe, and met with all sorts and conditions of men. To all whom he met he was probably a strange being. He was different from them, and made his differences felt. He was afflicted with that old "passion for reforming the "world" which becomes in Yankee parlance a consuming desire to "tinker the universe." Nothing was too low, nothing too high for his "improved method." He found, as other men have done, that the teacher, if he be exceptional, may be better than text books, and that personal influence and the pupil's use of his own brains are the best combination in education; and on these principles he set to work to teach by example. He took a survey of our political and social structure, and it was inevitable that he should directly refuse to pay his taxes and get into jail for it. He was breathing an air filled with Fourierism in one form or another, and he immediately set to work to found a new social system at Fruitlands; but there were sour grapes and thistles there as well as elsewhere. He became a vegetarian as a matter of destiny. And so with the whole list of his innovations, whatever there was to innovate he innovated. It was his calling. Naturally it is more satisfactory to confine reform to the region of ideas; then one can always succeed, so long as he is his own convert. He was the SOKRATES of the Concord school, but it marks a difference between him and the old Greek converser that the motto written over the entrance of the modern academy is so popularly believed to be an assertion of our ignorance. But in ALCOTT's case the main point is not what success or failure he met with; it is rather what was his spirit; and this was to protest against things as they are. He stood for the protesting spirit, and his individuality helped to make him so prominent that his career is a public lesson in dissent; of such lessons in a community of such uniformity as ours, there are not likely to be too many; in his day THOREAU was the only character of similar import. So far as he affirmed anything, it is not a matter of much consequence; the rôle of the non-conformist is not to conform, and so to help the unemancipated remember that their say is not all there is to the world. In other words, it was just in Mr. ALCOTT's eccentricity, which drew on him the good-natured humor of his fellow-men, that his worth lay.

Boston Daily Advertiser May 7, 1888

OBITUARY.

Louisa M. Alcott.

Miss Louisa May Alcott, whose fame as an author is known in two continents, died at Roxbury yesterday morning at 4 o'clock. Miss Alcott's health has been steadily declining, and more than a year ago she took up her residence at the house of her physician on Dunreath place, Roxbury, for special treatment. Her ailment has been nervous prostration, brought about by intense and long continued literary labor.

The power to charm both young and old, to tell a tale of childhood and youth in a manner so utterly captivating as to command the attention of the middle-aged and the old is given to but few. The universal approval with which the writings of Louisa May Alcott have been received by the country and, indeed, by the whole world, have placed her in this rare class of writers. Good fortune comes to one who is whole-souled, generous, hearty and unpretending, all the world is ready to rejoice in the fact, and there are few who would be so cavious as to say that a person like Miss Alcott, who has all her days been kindly and friendly and sympathetic and devoted to others, has not deserved the prosperity which her cheering, delightful works have brought to her, while they have made millions of her fellow-creatures, young and old, happier and thereiore better. Miss Alcott, who has been generally regarded as the most popular and successful literary woman in America, did not at once jump into sudden fame, although the slow-developing bud bloomed into full flower in a single night, as it were, but she spent years of her literary life in obscurity about as complete as any author ever knew.

Her father, as is well known, was the venerable transcendental philosopher, Mr. A. B. Alcott, just deceased. Her mother belonged to the Mays, one of the old Boston families, and it is said that from that side Miss Alcott inherited the remarkable vivacity and energy that characterized her. Her parents were living in Germantown, Penn., where her father was teaching school, when she was born, but when she was two years old they returned to Boston, and Mr. Alcott established a school in the old Masonic Temple, afterward the United States court house, on Tremont street. It was a famous institution in its day, but it became unpopular on account of Mr. Alcott's refusing to turn away a little negro boy whom he had taken in, and so, at the invitation of Mr. Emerson, Mr. Alcott removed to Concord.

When Miss Alcott was nearly 16 years old she came to Boston to teach. In this occupation she was very successful, but she did not like teaching school, and from her childhood she had always delighted in making up stories to tell to her companions; so she began to write them down, a task which she found very easy and pleasant, but at first it was pretty hard to get any money for them. This came about at last, however, and she earned a very comfortable living in this way. After Miss Alcott became famous, her publisher wanted to get out a volume of the stories in question, under her name, and the fear that it would be done haunted Miss Alcott for some while, but luckily he had made a solemn agreement with her at the time that her name should not be used, so she was spared the infliction under which Mrs. Burnett suffered at the hands of a publisher when "The Lass o' Lowrie's" had established her reputation.

But Miss Alcott was not a mere literary machine, to grind out manuscript to order, nor did she write for pastime. The literary instinct was inborn, was a portion of her mental constitution and inseparable from it. She must write and the people must read.

"Little Women" then was written, a charming tale rendered the more delightful by the fact that in it the author detailed the experiences of her own childhood, the four "little women" being character sketches of the author and her three sisters. The story was committed, in manuscript, to the publishers for examination and was by one of the firm passed to his niece, a young girl of about 15 years of age. The result was watched with the greatest care.

It was not many moments after the manuscript had been placed in the young girl's hands before she was lost to all things earthly. Her attention was fixed, her mind and heart wholly absorbed. She heard no sounds. Her breath came and went, her bosom heaved. Now and then a laugh rippled forth from her lips, and again her eyes were suffused with tears and the pearly drops trickled unheeded down her cheeks. Intent, absorbed by the fascinating story, she followed it page by page until the end, and laid aside the last sheet with a long-drawn sigh of utter satisfaction and blissful content.

The test was passed. If this bright, intelligent young girl could be so utterly enraptured with this new tale, of an author almost unknown, the author could not long remain unknown. The book was at once put into type and placed upon the market. Although nearly a score of years have passed since it first appeared upon the shelves of the booksellers, thousands of young women and matrons well remember the enthusiasm that it created, and thousands more of young girls are now every year devouring its fascinating pages.

This was Miss Alcott's first really successful book, although "Moods" had already appeared. But the sale of "Little Women" was phenomenal and a sequel was demanded and written. This was followed by "An Old-Fashioned Girl," and then came "Little Men." All of these had an immense sale, for everybody who had read one, of course read the others. Miss Alcott's published works number 18 volumes altogether, the united sale of which in America alone amounts in round numbers to half a million. This does not include a novel which appeared in the "No Name Series" under the title of "A Modern Mephistopheles," the authorship of which Miss Alcott once admitted to the writer of this sketch.

During the war Miss Alcott volunteered as hospital nurse and was assigned to one of the most unpleasant hospitals—one in Georgetown, near Washington. After several months' service the unhealthy surroundings told upon her vigorous constitution and she had a severe attack of typhoid fever, from the effects of which she never fully recovered. Her "Hospital Sketches," which came from this experience, were the first things which called general attention to her. These sketches were letters written to the family at home. Mr. Moncure D. Conway was in Concord at the time, and he was so interested by them that he asked leave to print them, and, when Miss Alcott recovered from her severe illness, the request was granted. Three or four of the letters were printed in the Boston Commonwealth, and afterward Mr. James Redpath published them in a small, plain volume. That was in 1863; everything about the war was at once read, and "Hospital Sketches" were widely read, bringing high praise to the author from the most critical quarters.

Miss Alcott was generally regarded as of Concord, since her father's homestead was in that historic town. But comparatively little of her literary work has been done there, and, for years past, she has felt something of a repugnance to employing her pen while at Concord. In her literary work Miss Alcott was largely a creature of moods. Her tales have been, without exception, entirely planned, from beginning to close, within her mind, before a word has been put upon paper. They were written wholly during her moods of inspiration. A story evolved itself in her mind, it may be from some incident of experience, some thought dropped by a friend, some occurrence of which she has been a casual witness. By day and by night this creature of her brain would grow upon her, taking on form and shapliness, becoming more and more a part of herself and of her life. She would leave her home and friends and seek a quiet room, it may be in some apartment hotel in Boston, often in the upper story, apart from the bustle of life, where only the blue sky and it may be the tree-tops were visible from her window. Even then, when all was ready, she did not always feel the impulse for work which she required, and which, when it came, was irresistible.

But it was surely coming. Day by day the literary impulse grew stronger, until at last, as she herself has been heard to express it, she "enters the vortex" and henceforth she was lost to self. She entered her solitary room, turned the key upon the world, and gave herself up to an abandon of literary endeavor. By day and by night she labored as in a dream. She gave little heed to self and little even to her bodily needs. The hours of fitful slumber were filled only with the dreams which filled her time of waking.

Meanwhile, the thoughts which for weeks had been formulating themselves in her mind found their way to the paper, for this literary frenzy had been but the mechanical operation of putting into words that which had already burnt itself into her brain and soul. At length all was finished. The tale was told, with scarcely the erasure of a word, so fully had the book been mentally wrought out before the mood of writing had fully possessed the author. Then Miss Alcott emerged from her solitude, manuscript in hand, but she was only the shadow of what, a few weeks before, entered the charmed atmosphere. Drooping physically and mentally, she felt the full force of reaction which followed.

MISS ALCOTT'S FUNERAL.

Touching Tribute to the Dead Author by Dr. Bartol.

Boston Advertiser, Mar 9, 1888

The funeral of Louisa M. Alcott took place yesterday in the unostentatious privacy that the lamented author desired, and loving friends observed to the letter. The coffin was closed, no one but her own family being permitted to look upon the dead at any time. The floral tributes were beautiful and appropriate. None but especially invited guests were present besides the family. Dr. Bartol made an extempore address without formal scriptural text, dealing with the dead author from the personal knowledge he had of her. Mrs. Edna D. Cheeny also made a touching tribute, and other words were added by Mrs. Livermore. The friends present were Mrs. E. P. Whipple, Miss Anne Whitney, Miss Manning, Ellen Emerson, Dr. Edward Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Sewell (the latter reading Miss Alcott's lines on the death of her mother), Mr. and Mrs. F. G. May, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel May, Miss Hosmer, Miss Ricketson and Mr. Warton Ricketson; Dr. Green, Dr. Lawrence (in whose house Miss Alcott died), Mrs. M. S. Porter, Mrs. Pratt, Fred Pratt, M. J. P. Alcott and little Louisa May Alcott, Nerliker, the daughter of May Alcott Nerliker, who, dying in Germany, bequeaths this child to her sister's care. Dr. Bartol's touching tribute was as follows:—

My Friends: Deeply moved at the funeral of Mr. Alcott, out of respect to those who were to follow me, I spoke very briefly. If I should say more today will you pardon me, as it is at the special request of the family, not that I think a priest or clergyman is alone, or of course, peculiarly fit for such a service as this. I feel especially today that I am but a substitute. At any mortal's decease the question always arises, who shall officiate, that is, perform the last offices or say the final words. Who should indeed do so here and now? I think were it possible, it should be those Little Women and Little Men who by the millions all over the land answered to these titles, with which by Miss Alcott they were addressed, boys and girls turned straightway into a sort of manhood and womanhood re-created into a consciousness of a purpose in life, and of that innate expansion toward the adult which is prefigured by every doll in the nursery and all our athletic sports. How she made and makes them power still here and in the other tongues her books have been translated into! She cries to them to awake from slumber and be aware of their call as potential factors of the common weal, like enlarged living photographs, miniatures but for the present moment, yet growing constituents of the home, society, the state and church! For all her molding of youth into loyal affections and lofty aspirations, her elevation of them above a mean spirit and petty aims, the community, as for the elements of its well-being, owes her the sort of debt we are under to the seedsman who from his little packages gives us good corn and wheat to sow in our ground; only that these thoughts and sentiments scattered broadcast into the juvenile mind are the germs of a different harvest in the production of character, that other bread of life which the master says is every word proceeding out of the mouth of God. To the little men and women who are such because of her, I would therefore fain give place in these not sad, but sober solemnities. But there would not be room for them if they came. The roof could not contain one in a thousand even of the Massachusetts neighborhood. I can but lisp a syllable of their hearty tribute, that would ring from their own fresh lips like be is contrasted to which the voices of age are but worn strings or muffled drums. Yet let us think of them as servants in this ceremony of honor. None are sincerer mourners than they. They did not think she had finished her message, but had more to say. As we go again to the place we have been well fed at, their eyes, having found such a feast in her books, had grown hungry for the board they are sorry she is not spared to spread again. Far as we can, let us give them their part in this hour.

The ripe parental fruit dropped from this family-tree how fitly on a Sunday morning that had no more peace and brightness than was in a saint's soul. Why did the angel passing as with the flutter and wind of his wing blow from the bough close by what was not immature, yet seems to fall so premature? The two were so wont to be together, God saw they could not well live apart. As the young mother in classic story gave her breast to her famished sire in prison, so this daughter, such a support to her father on earth was needed by him even in heaven. But for her decease, not his timely and seasonable one, we must be permitted to weep. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they are not divided. Yet this is for us an occasion of grief, and I would summon, with the now mostly grown-up children, the surviving soldiers out of these dismal sick wards, birthplace of "Hospital Sketches," which her face was one to light up as the painters make the manger lustrous where Christ was born in the night. They would have something to say which we can scarce imagine or presume, even had we heard it, in our mimic tones to repeat or report.

But the grateful celebration of these obsequies transcend any classification. We banished friend of whose mortal remains alone, not of her, we take leave today, belongs as an author to that class in which Walter Scott is a great leader, who have added in this world of toil and pain to the innocent and wholesome joy of human life. The problem of being they have not attempted to solve. We most of us do not care to have it solved, we want our curiosity tempted still. But the boon of being they have represented and with the glass of their genius for us to look through, have magnified into beauty beyond all the shadows and shortcomings of our lot. Women and women thank the woman whose fancy was goodness and her dramatic talent kindly intent, the play of her mind fealty to the rights of men and women, black or white. She has taught us while she entertained. She was the child of her mother's benevolence, conscience and native good sense. She was her philosophic and unworldly father's counterpart in lucid conception with an added literary gift. She was that mystic thinker's translation, clear as crystal, into the mother tongue of unquestionable truth. She was his indisputable popularity.

Walling away our weary hours with the personae of all her figuring on this temporary stage, like Walter Scott again lifting debt with the little mighty pry of his pen, she beyond all pinch at last of such need still persistently wrought as with the illusory strength of fever in her brain, till the writer's cramp came to her wrist as a signal something was ready to crack in the fibre more deep within. The old simple fables are true of human producers that the bees do not make honey or the worms spin silk for themselves. She at least gave herself to her task as the Lord, whom she revered, laid down his life for the sheep. But the large invitation of this house that I should pour out all my heart (as it fain would) must not cause me to forget that others, whose right is greater than my privilege, are invited to speak. May the example of good cheer this noble woman like her parents has set to make every cloud of trial luminous have transference without end.

THE LESSON OF A LIFE.

Boston Advertiser — Mar 8, 1888

Louisa May Alcott has little more than left us, and already there appears a slight tendency among some of those who knew her life's story to exalt, as it were, her experience into a sort of remote saintship. But nothing, probably, would be further removed from her own wish than this. In nothing, perhaps, that she has written does her heroic sense of duty, her Spartan moral strength, and simple faith in yielding to the inevitable, show itself more clearly than in the lines written on the occasion of her mother's death, which are copied into another column of today's issue. Hers was a nature with little in it of the mediæval abstraction and exaltation above the daily exactions of practical, duty-bound life. No folding of the hands in contemplative beatitude while others shouldered the homely cares. She looked at life as it was, and took hold of its difficulties with all the unasking fortitude of her New England temperament. Even the transcendentalism in which she was bred, touched and modified her mental poise only enough to mellow and tone it with a never failing sense of humor, a power of touching life's everyday features with that borrowed light that never was on sea or land.

It is just those traits that make the lesson of Miss Alcott's life of such rare value to other women, especially under the somewhat peculiar conditions of her own land. It is this same combination of practical strength and ideality, running as a vein of fine ore throughout her work, that gives it its rare value and charm in the hands of the little men and women who read it. In a rarely true sense she gave her life to her work, and its light shines undimmed in every page.

But not in the printed page alone is her life to be read and to furnish inspiration. The devoted daughter, the true sister, the fond aunt, who only cared for fame and fortune as it enabled her to do more for those dear to her, will not be forgotten. And it will be remembered also that with all the family cares resting upon her, with the constant drain of creative work, and the slow and insidious creeping on of disease, she found time to respond to every public movement that affected public welfare, and especially whatever tended to advance the welfare of her own sex.

There are hundreds of women throughout New England with fundamental traits akin to those that lay at the groundwork of Miss Alcott's nature, but without the great recompensing light of her genius, upon whom the conditions of American life and the avenues it opens lay weight and cares quite akin to those she carried, though their humble lot never brings their heroism to the front. What a noble lesson such women can find in her life when truly and fully written! And it is to be hoped none will ever handle it who cannot do it justice. The simple heroism, the plain living and high thinking, the homely duties, the hard work, the small cares and economies which Miss Alcott always presents and always elevates, even in that pathetic "In Memoriam" to her mother, should be dealt with as a monumental tribute to this most truly representative New England woman.

MISS ALCOTT AND HER WORK.

Boston Post, Mar 7, 1888

In the death of LOUISA M. ALCOTT that increasingly important part of literature devoted to the edification or amusement of young readers is the loser of a facile and clever writer. Two or three out of Miss ALCOTT's many books have enjoyed a much longer period of favor than that generally and properly accorded to this sort of literary work; and although it is quite true that in late years Miss ALCOTT has simply been repeating herself—a process in which many authors of greater celebrity have also engaged—her previous accomplishment has rightly given her place in the hearts of her own large audience that her death may leave for a long time vacant. And it is not to be denied that she did much more than can be estimated by a simple enumeration of her published volumes; if she did not precisely create a style, she certainly set a fashion which has exercised a healthful influence over many of her successors. Her success in her chosen career was not immediate. In "Little Women," that charming story (and charming it is even to older readers) which first brought her prominently before the public, she gives in Jo's experiences a hint of her own early struggles. More than one episode in this story, in fact, was more or less a transcript from the joys or sorrows of the family circle of which she was a member. It may have been the personal and actual quality in the book which helped it to success; certainly nothing that she wrote afterwards, even with the natural

maturing of the graceful if slender artistic faculty which she possessed, ever won the same measure of popularity. Nor did Miss ALCOTT ever gain, or quite deserve to gain, any signal distinction in those of her novels designed for older readers. She never had the artistic force or insight of Mrs. WHITNEY, whose professedly juvenile books appeal rather to adult readers on the purely imaginative side, and still less that of Miss PHELPS, whose talents—one might almost say genius, if her genuine pathetic power did not too often develop into mere literary hysteria—always seemed rather wasted in the "Trotty Books" and similar efforts. But Miss ALCOTT added to the gift of sympathetic observation a peculiarly apt, genial and practical faculty of giving expression to the everyday aspirations of girlhood; and in this she had too few successful competitors to make it necessary to measure very strictly the hearty words of praise which she deserves.

But Miss ALCOTT's position is not properly to be estimated, as we have already said, by the mere consideration of her personal achievement. Her influence upon juvenile literature generally was always very great; and it is needless to add that it was invariably exerted for good. To her is largely due the healthy growth of late years away from sentimental didacticism and in the direction of honest moral elevation. Miss ALCOTT never preached except by the force of example in her characters. Her writings have a distinct ethical purpose; but the atmosphere of her books is miles removed from the namby-pamby goody-goodiness of what is known as Sunday school literature. She made the simple and straightforward story of home life universally popular; and for this, if for nothing else, she deserves [illegible]

Boston Journal Nov. 7 1888

OBITUARY.

Death of Louisa M. Alcott.

Coming so soon after the death of her father, the suddenly announced decease of Louisa M. Alcott brings a double sorrow to the many intimate friends of the family, while the loss of this talented writer will be felt far and wide among the many readers of her favorite books. Her works have been translated into foreign languages, and have been so greatly admired as to call forth expression of affection for the author from East and West. This in itself was a cause of rejoicing to Miss Alcott, and the pleasure which she felt at the reception of her literary efforts was only excelled by the great pleasure her friends, known and unknown, derived from repeated perusal of the books. Her death will be a sad affliction. For a long time Miss Alcott has been ill, suffering from nervous prostration. Last autumn, placing herself under the charge of Dr. Green of Columbus avenue, she appeared to be improving, and afterward went to Dunreath place at the Highlands to reside temporarily with Dr. Rhoda A. Lawrence. While there she drove in town to visit her father Thursday, the 1st inst., and incautiously leaving off her fur cloak caught a cold which, on Saturday, settled on the base of the brain and developed spinal meningitis. She died at the Highlands Tuesday morning, becoming insensible at 3 o'clock, and an hour later suffering a shock of apoplexy. Miss Alcott was not aware of her father's death. She was born on her father's birthday, and it is singular that she should so soon have followed him to the grave.

Louisa May Alcott was born in Germantown, Pa., Nov. 29, 1832, her father being the late A. Bronson Alcott, whose death on the 4th inst. has been recorded, and her mother being Abby May, daughter of Col. Joseph May and sister of Rev. Samuel May, the philanthropist and anti-slavery advocate. Louisa was the eldest child, and the only surviving daughter of the Concord philosopher now is Mrs. John Pratt. May Alcott (Mme. Nieriker) died in 1879, two years after the death of the girls' mother. When Louisa Alcott was two years of age her parents went back to Boston, where Mr. Alcott taught school for several years. But on account of his unpopular opinions, his "Temple School" did not succeed sufficiently, and, therefore the family removed to Concord, Mass., and then to the "Fruitlands," Harvard, where they lived on a farm in a religious community of friends who worked with their own hands and refused the flesh of animals as food. An amusing story of this life was written by Miss Alcott under the title, "Transcendental Wild Oats." The little girl, meanwhile, was educated by her father, and received instruction, too, from Thoreau, attending but one private school, that of Miss Mary Russell, now Mrs. Marston Watson of Plymouth, Mass. When Louisa was twelve years of age the family returned to Concord, but four years later again turned to Boston, their Concord home being bought by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and named "The Wayside." Then Louisa Alcott determined to aid the family resources, and to that end began to teach school, exercising her peculiar fascinating talent of story telling by narrating interesting tales to her little scholars. That same year she wrote a book of stories composed for her own sisters and her friends, the children of Ralph Waldo Emerson, entitled "Flower Fables," but this was not published till six years later, and then, being florid in style, did not establish the fame that she won with other books. But, while intent on following her especial field of work she also turned her hand to any duty which came forward, and now cared for an invalid child, now acted as governess and now did sewing. Many of the troubles of these early years have been described in the sorrows of Christie in Miss Alcott's volume called "Work," published after her name was widely known.

The spare moments of her time were occupied in placing upon paper the numerous stories that came to her inventive mind, and it was not long before substantial returns brought joy to the young literary worker. She herself has told with inimitable brightness the effect her initial success brought upon her. "My first story," she said, in her reminiscences in the memorial number of the Saturday Evening Gazette, "appeared in Ballou's Pictorial Museum, and the five dollars paid for it was the most welcome money I ever earned. 'The Rival Prima Donnas' (sent to the Gazette some months later) fared still better, for it brought me ten dollars and a request for more." A second story was written for the paper, and then came that for which the young authoress yearned, fame. As she writes, continuing her reminiscences: "One of the memorial moments of my life is that in which, as I trudged to school on a wintry day, my eye fell upon a large yellow poster, with these delicious words: '"Bertha," a new tale by the author of "The Rival Prima Donnas," will appear in the Saturday Evening Gazette.' I was late; it was bitter cold; people jostled me; I was mortally afraid I should be recognized, but there I stood feasting my eyes on the fascinating poster, and saying proudly to myself, in the words of the great Vincent Crummles, 'This, this is fame!' That day my pupils had an indulgent teacher; for while they struggled with their pot-hooks, I was writing immortal works; and, when they droned out the multiplication table, I was counting up the noble fortune my pen was to earn for me in the dim, delightful future. That afternoon my sisters made a pilgrimage to behold this famous placard, and, finding it torn by the wind, boldly stole it and came back to wave it like a triumphal banner in the bosom of the excited family. The tattered paper still exists, folded away with other relics of those early days, so hard and yet so sweet, when the first small victories were won, and the enthusiasm of youthful romance to life's drudgery. A dozen or more of these stories were written during those winters when I first set out to seek my fortune, which began with twenty dollars from the good old Gazette." The "Rival Prima Donnas" was made into a drama, and was even accepted for presentation on the stage in Boston, but a disagreement among the actors led to an abandonment of the project. However, the young authoress received for her work a pass to the theatre for forty nights. She even meditated going upon the stage, for she and her sisters had much talent, having cultivated themselves by practice in a domestic theatre at Concord.

But now Miss Alcott essayed more serious work, writing out a novel, "Moods." That one, however, was received with indifference. The civil war broke out, and with patriotic heart the woman turned her steps toward Washington, determined to do her share for her country in that time of need. Volunteering as a nurse she soon found herself in the midst of the maimed and dying, just after the battle of Fredericksburg. "Round the great stove," she wrote in after days, "was gathered the dreariest group I ever saw—ragged, gaunt and pale, mud to the knees, with bloody bandages untouched since put on days before; many bundled up in blankets, coats being lost or useless, and all wearing that disheartened look which proclaims defeat, more plainly than any telegram of the Burnside blunder. I pitied them so much I dared not speak to them. I yearned to serve the dreariest of them all." When food was brought, she fed one of the badly wounded men, and offered the same help to his neighbor. "Thank you, ma'am," he said; "I don't think I'll ever eat again, for I'm shot in the stomach. But I'd like a drink of water, if you ain't too busy." "I rushed away," she says, "but the water pails were gone to be refilled, and it was some time before they reappeared. I did not forget my patient meanwhile, and, with the first mugful, hurried back to him. He seemed asleep, but something in the tired, white face caused me to listen at his lips for a breath. None came. I touched his forehead; it was cold, and then I knew that, while he waited, a better nurse than I had given him a cooler draught, and healed him with a touch. I laid the sheet over the quiet sleeper, whom no noise could disturb, and half an hour later the bed was empty." All her experiences of these days are detailed in similar impressive manner in her "Hospital Sketches," published in 1865. That year she felt the need of rest, and accordingly spent a number of months in Europe as companion to an invalid lady.

After her return her father, wishing to have the stories of his daughter published, consulted Roberts Brothers, but they advised the writing of a connected tale in book form. This was twenty years ago, and Miss Alcott then, following the advice, though with doubt of her own ability, placed on paper the words of "Little Women," a natural, graphic story of her three sisters and herself in their simple Concord home. This book made its author famous. From then until now she has been constantly held in public esteem, and the sale of her books has passed into many hundred thousands. Most of her stories were written while she resided in Concord, though she penned the manuscript in Boston, declaring that she could do her writing better in this city, so favorable to her genius and her success. Following "Little Women" came "An Old Fashioned Girl" in 1869, a continuation of the first tale; "Little Men" in 1871, the mere announcement of which brought an advance order from the dealers for 50,000 copies; then "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag," in 1872; "Work," already alluded to, in 1873; "Eight Cousins," in 1875; "A Rose in Bloom," in 1876; "Silver Pitchers and Independence," in 1876; "Under the Lilacs," in 1878; "Jack and Jill," in 1880; "Proverb Stories," in 1882; "Jo's Boys," in 1886. This latest story was a sequel to "Little Men," and was dedicated to Dr. Conrad Wesselhoeft of Boston as "a very inadequate tribute of affection and respect, by his friend and patient." Of this work 40,000 copies have already been sold. Dr. Wesselhoeft was at that date her physician, and he it was who bade her hope when others told her that her days for writing had ended. Her health was completely broken down, and she feared that she should never again use her pen. Dr. Wesselhoeft told her that complete rest would save her. Acting upon his advice she laid aside her books and manuscripts, and for several months she did nothing but rest. When she returned to her home it was with renewed health and vigor. She showed her gratitude by dedicating to Dr. Wesselhoeft the first work that she completed after that time. Two books embracing collections of stories have been published the past year, "A Garland for Girls" and "Lulu's Library."

Miss Alcott's labors have, of course, been highly remunerative during these later score of years, and she was recorded as receiving over $100,000 royalty from her books. She cared for her family most generously, watching zealously over her father and over the little daughter of her sister May (who was the Amy of "Little Women"), and adopting as her own son her nephew, the son of Mrs. Pratt. For the past two years she resided at Louisburg square. A fluent and forcible writer, Miss Alcott possessed much humor and a clear conception of just those points of narrative that would prove interesting. Her style of stories for the young has literally been created by her, and in that line of writing she has met with thorough success. None will miss her more than the thousands of little women and little men who have so eagerly read of their prototypes, and have waited so impatiently each year for these further narratives, that now needs must end.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, whose beautiful sketch of Miss Alcott's life in "Our Famous Women" has been read in all countries, said to a Journal reporter:

"I had not heard of Miss Alcott's severe illness until the news came to me that she was dying. I had not seen her for nearly a year. In fact I knew very little about her personality. We seldom met unless we called upon each other. At the time I wrote the sketch of her life I saw her frequently. She gave me all the facts about her history. Much of it was spoken, but we corresponded a good deal. I have not seen her much since that work was published. She possessed many admirable traits of character, and her books contained many incidents of her own life and experience. She was, as a rule, quiet and reserved, I think, although she would occasionally be the gayest one in the company. I remember once at a little gathering Miss Alcott introduced Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, and she took the part of the exhibitor. She carried out her part capitally. That seemed to be her favorite pastime. She disliked notoriety, and she particularly dreaded autograph collectors. She was besieged with applications for her autograph, and she told me once that it was the greatest bore of her life."

Springfield Republican Nov. 7 1888

MISS ALCOTT'S DEATH.

By a strange coincidence of fate, Louisa May Alcott follows her father from earth almost with haste, dying of brain fever at Dr Rhoda A. Lawrence's in Roxbury at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. The fancy might be indulged that the Orphic philosopher, even in a world of liberated spirits, would feel the need of that capable and responsible help he had always found comfort in while on earth, and calling his daughter, was not disappointed in her readiness. She was his eldest child, and full of the strength and sense of her mother, with something, too, of his sweetness of disposition, and she came into the world on his 33d birthday, November 29, 1832, when the Alcotts lived at Germantown, Pa. She was seven years old when her father first established himself at Concord. Four years later she accompanied her father and mother to "Fruitland's" near Harvard, where a few enthusiasts tried to establish a transcendental community. The incongruities of the philosophers and their easy impracticability remained vivid in her mind long afterward, and a keen though good-natured sketch of life at Fruitland's, which appeared a dozen years ago under the title of "Transcendental Wild Oats," shows how she and her mother regarded the experiment. Returning to Concord, she received instruction for a time from Thoreau, the poet, wood-man, and "come-outer." But her education was begun and finished by Mr Alcott.

The Alcotts removed to Boston in 1848, and when yet a girl, the straitened circumstances of the family compelled Miss Alcott to take up an occupation. Teaching was the one calling open to her, and she followed it for 10 years, gaining wide knowledge of and fellow feeling with the characters and tastes of young people. Her sympathies were given a wider development during the civil war, when she acted as a hospital nurse. This experience found record in letters to her mother and sister, which on her return were published with little revision, as "Hospital Sketches," and found wide welcome, giving her a more familiar reputation than her father had ever acquired. In 1861 she went to Europe for her health, and on her return she published "Little Women," her most famous book, of which it is noted that 67,000 copies were sold in three years from its issue, and whose public is now not even bounded by the English speech, for this and several other of her books have been translated into several tongues. For many years after her success had been gained, she lived at Concord, with her father, except during the winters, which she passed in Boston. No young girl who went to Concord ever thought her pilgrimage complete without a glimpse of Miss Alcott and a word or two from her. Of late she has made her home wholly in Boston, spending the summer at Nonquitt, near New Bedford. She has for a long time been deeply interested in the temperance question and in woman suffrage.

Miss Alcott has written many books since her first success opened the way for her, and while they have a modest place in literature, they have reached a far greater and more appreciative public than her father ever commanded, for they have during 20 years been the treasures of children, one set after another in the households that have been formed in that time succeeding to the delight of their predecessors in "Little Women," "Little Men," and the others whose chronicles have been set down by Miss Alcott's cheerful pen. She began to write for the newspapers nearly 40 years ago, when she was a girl of 16, her first contribution, a story, having appeared in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. In 1853, while living in Boston, she published her first volume, "Flower Fables," which was reprinted last winter by her publishers, Roberts Bros. This was dedicated to Miss Ellen Emerson of Concord, who had been a younger playmate of the Alcott children, for whom and for the young Hawthornes the fables were written.

No more books appeared until her "Hospital 'Sketches," which brought her into immediate notice in 1863, when James Redpath printed it in Boston; but the next year, 1864, she tried the public with her novel, "Moods," a peculiar book, whose moral sanity was questioned in some quarters, although on its re-appearance (with some revision) seven years age, it met with no unfriendly criticism. Her "Little Women" appeared in 1867, and there never was a children's book that met with more instant and emphatic favor. It deserved its success, its little folk were done from the life, and her own personality contributed largely to the verisimilitude of the ever delightful "Jo." The vein so fortunately hit upon was followed in "An Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Little 'Men," which succeeded at intervals of two years, and the series of "Aunt Jo's Scrap-'Bag." "Work; a Story of Experience," contains something of her own life; and besides these she has published in St Nicholas and elsewhere serially, and then in book form, 8 or 10 more volumes. A brave, buoyant, independent, free and enthusiastic nature, with the completest entry into the fellowship of children, affords the secret charm of these books and will long preserve her memory.

Louisa Alcott's personality was extremely attractive. She was rather above the medium hight, with a dignified and somewhat imperious bearing. The strong intellectuality, the common sense and the benevolence of her character were reflected in her face. Her conversational powers were brilliant. "Why, 'she talks just like her books," was the remark of a young woman after a pleasant and helpful call at Miss Alcott's Concord home. Her wit and humor, and her aptness at repartee, were pleasing from their perfect naturalness. Young and old alike prized her friendship. From all parts of the country would come letters asking advice and sympathy. The answers which Miss Alcott made to these were often the means of successful development and of the solution of the vexing minor problems of life. Shams of all kinds she despised, and social ostentation was especially obnoxious to her. She treated social pretenders with silent indifference or with outspoken scorn. The speculative philosophy in which Mr Alcott so delighted did not commend itself to his daughter. She believed in the gospel of practical progressive work. But her father found in her a sympathizer and a helper,—not in his ideas, but in his poverty and troubles. The serenity in which Mr Alcott's later years were passed, and the prolongation of his life, were largely due to Louisa's thoughtfulness and bounty.

Miss Alcott's health was seriously broken in her hospital service, for a long time her life was despaired of and she never fully recovered. For some years past, her health has been very uncertain, and she has often been unable to continue her literary work on this account. Last summer she broke down completely and placed herself under the care of Dr Lawrence in Roxbury, to whom she dedicated her last book. She was under the medical direction of Dr Green of Columbus avenue, Boston, who was confident of her recovery, until she unfortunately exposed herself to take cold last week, and was soon attacked with feverish symptoms, which developed into cerebro-spinal meningitis on Saturday. She was mostly unconscious from that time until her death. She will be buried in Concord, a day or two hence.

Boston Herald LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. *Mar. 7 1888*

Less than two days after the death of Bronson Alcott his distinguished daughter is called to follow him. For the death of the one the public was prepared, and the change was one over which no one could sorrow, but the departure of Miss Alcott in the prime of life and at the height of her well-earned fame carries sorrow of no common sort to thousands who have grown up with her stories as the delightful and inspiring reading of their childhood. She had been very ill, but was doing well and felt thankful that her father, for whom she had cared during all her mature life with the tenderest solicitude, had been taken without suffering to his final rest. Her own summons was sudden beyond her own or the expectation of her friends. She had, indeed, done her work as an author, though her powers were not exhausted in the field which she had chosen, but it was believed that her fulness of years was unreached, and all the strength of life seemed yet with her. The double affliction of her family is one in which the public will largely share, and will carry pain to the heart of childhood the world over that the hand that wrote "Little Women" is at rest forever. She has left an example of industrious and high-minded womanhood and of patient and joyous performance of duty as a daughter, consecrating her genius to the sanctities of home, which is as notable as her work, and will ever be known as its fitting complement.

Her range of authorship was not wide. It went scarcely beyond the Alcott family, but within that household, which was the microcosm of the world outside, she found the human nature and the vision of ideals which made the studies of her own home the type and reproduction of the constituent elements of other homes, and touched the instincts which make the whole world kin. Every girl saw herself in one or other of the "Little Women," and every boy felt that Miss Alcott, in some secret way, had put into words what he was thinking about among "Little Men." Here was the basis of a large and permanent popularity which neither race nor language could limit. Her career recalls the remark of Dr. Johnson that the incidents of any life truly set forth in their human interest would take hold of humanity as with a spell, and this deeply human interest, sparing nothing which is true to life, and teaching lessons of purity and nobleness in its unconscious truthfulness of portraiture, was the secret of a popularity which, since Mrs. Stowe burst upon the world as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has been enjoyed by no other woman author in this country. Her success was as much of a surprise to her as it was to her publishers or to the larger public, but it was genuine in the sense that it grew out of right conditions; it was the fruit of a home where the best blood and the best virtues combined to educate youth according to the order of natural growths, and never has a great teacher, who had not the gift of literary art, been more fortunate in speaking his thought in a form where it plays a part in universal education than was Mr. Alcott in training his gifted daughter to give his thoughts upon life through the affections the currency where they would do most to mould humanity according to his own ideals.

There is a complement to Miss Alcott's public career which is so inwoven into her character, and has been so much a part of her life, that a notice of her work as an author without some reference to it would be incomplete. What she received as the gift of nature and the fruit of training from her father and mother, she did not fold up in a napkin, but multiplied till it enriched the whole family life as a rich harvest blesses the husbandman in his home. Mr. Alcott was not one to fill his garners with wheat from the soil; he had other garners to fill with something of more spiritual substance than wheat, and it was the privilege of Louisa Alcott, as it was also her joy, to make the home of her youth such a comfort to her parents and to her family that nothing was more touching to those who knew them both than to see the mutual reverence and affection which existed between parent and child. The quiet beauty and pastoral gentleness of Mr. Alcott's later life were fed and sustained by a daughter's love, which was the best illustration of the influence of his own teachings upon childhood and youth everywhere. There is no lesson suggested in "Little Men" or in "Little Women" which is not supported by the deeds of the pulsing heart that has now ceased to beat. When the family history, out of which this remarkable authorship grew, shall be told to the public, it will be apparent that few New England homes have ever had closer converse with the great things of human destiny than that of the Alcotts. More sincere work in literature has never been done, and few authors have ever had so large returns from the hearts of boys and girls whose lives have been shaped and guided by Miss Alcott's books. They have never been pushed into popularity; they have so recommended themselves that the children would not consent to do without them. Her womanliness, her clearness of judgment in all questions where it was fitting for a woman to have a voice, the largeness of her sympathies with her sex, and the habitual rightness of her mind were united with a womanly reserve and good sense, which made her, wherever she chose to go, one of the marked women of her time, and her fine presence carried that impression to the eye. It was always a pleasure to meet her, and those who had her friendship will count it one of the richest blessings of their lives.

None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT DEAD.

N. Y. Times — Mar. 7, 1888

THE AUTHORESS DIES ON THE DAY OF HER FATHER'S FUNERAL.

BOSTON, Mass., March 6.—Miss Louisa M. Alcott died this morning. Coming so soon after the death of her father the suddenly announced decease of Miss Alcott brings a double sorrow to the many friends of the family, while the loss of this talented writer will be felt far and wide among the many readers of her favorite books. For a long time Miss Olcott had been ill, suffering from nervous prostration. Last Autumn she appeared to be improving and went to the Highlands to reside with Dr. Rhoda A. Lawrence. She drove from there into town to visit her father on Thursday last, and caught a cold, which on Saturday settled on the base of the brain and developed spinal meningitis. She died at the Highlands early this morning. Miss Alcott was born on her father's birthday, and it is singular that she should have followed him so soon to the grave.

At the Alcott mansion this morning, within a few hours of the death of the daughter who had solaced his decline, the remains of the venerable A. Bronson Alcott were placed beneath her draped portrait, while words of sympathy were spoken by those who had loved him through half a century's association. The casket was environed with smilax and wreaths of ivy, violets, and white wild roses. There was present a company of notable men and women who represented the philanthropic causes for which the deceased had labored and through which they had been joined. There were the Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Messrs. F. B. Sanborn, Samuel E. Sewell, Frederick May, George May, John May, Mrs. George B. Bradford, Walter Blanchard, Walton Richardson, Mrs. John May, Prof. Shackford, the Rev. J. S. Bush, the Rev. Dr. E. G. Porter, Maria Porter, Col. Henry Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Dr. Emerson, Mrs. Allen Emerson, President Warren, Dr. H. I. Bowditch, Dr. M. Green, and others, representing both the earlier and later phases of Mr. Alcott's career. The service was very simple. It was conducted by the Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol. The body was taken to Concord by train this afternoon and buried in the family lot.

Miss Alcott's life was in its beginning one of poverty, struggles, vicissitudes, and discouraging experiences. Fame, honor, and a comfortable fortune came in its later years. There was probably no writer among women better loved by the young than she. Her fame rested chiefly on her first successful story, "Little Women," and it was that story that endeared her to so many hundred thousands in this country and Europe alike. Its merit lay in its pretty pictures of the simple home life of the author and her little sisters. "An Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Little Men" which followed were nearly equal successes, and though she was the author of nearly a score of other books her fame will rest chiefly on the three named.

She was born at Germantown, Penn., Nov. 29, 1832, two years after her father, A. Bronson Alcott, had married Miss May, a descendant of the Quincy and Sewell families of Boston. It is a noteworthy fact in connection with her life and death that Miss Alcott and her father were born on the same day of the month, and that they died within 24 hours of one another. The parents of the authoress removed to Boston when their daughter was 2 years old, and in Boston and its immediate vicinity she made her home ever after. She was educated as a school teacher under the tutelage of her father and Henry D. Thoreau. In early life, too, she had the advantage of an acquaintance with Emerson, Whittier, Garrison, Sumner, Theodore Parker, the Hawthornes, Phillips, Margaret Fuller, Julia Ward Howe, and others of that brilliant band of writers and thinkers who resided near the Alcotts. These people had much to do with forming her character and giving the particular bent to her thoughts which is noticeable in the more serious of her writings.

When about 16 years old Miss Alcott began teaching a private school in Boston. Though very successful in this field, she did not like the work, preferring authorship to it, so teaching was abandoned for sketch and short story writing. When the civil war broke out she was one of the army of noble women who went to the front to engage in service as a nurse in hospitals. She was assigned to the Georgetown Hospital near Washington and served until she broke down under a severe attack of typhoid fever, from the results of which she never fully recovered. It was from her letters written to her mother and sisters during her months of service that her book called "Hospital Sketches" was compiled. After being obliged to give up hospital work Miss Alcott made a trip to Europe in company with an invalid friend, being gone about a year. This trip was made in 1865, and gave her an opportunity to form acquaintances with many of the literary workers of the Old World, with whom, as with those on this side of the ocean, she was always popular. "Little Women" was prepared after her return to Boston, and with it came fame and fortune. Secure in the constancy of a good income, she devoted her life to the care of her father and mother, the latter dying in 1877. Mr. Alcott was stricken with paralysis in 1882, and since that time and up to that of her own fatal illness, she was his constant and loving nurse.

Miss Alcott once aspired to be an actress and had perfected arrangements for her first appearance. Its untimely discovery by her friends prevented her appearance as a professional, and so saved her to literature. Thereafter she was content to appear as an amateur in performances for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. She was the author of a farce called "Ned Batchelder's Adventures" which was produced at the then fashionable Howard Athenæum. She also wrote a romantic drama, "The Rival Prima Donnas," which was accepted by Manager Barry of the Boston Theatre. There was a quarrel among the actresses as to the distribution of the characters, and Miss Alcott recalled the manuscript and burned it up, much to Mr. Barry's disgust. That is the story of her brief connection with the stage, but she was very fond of dramatic performances, and a constant theatre-goer all the later years of her life.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

N.Y. Times Mar. 7 1888

The most widely-known and most popular of American female authors will be sincerely mourned by thousands of children, and thousands of children of larger growth, wherever the English language is spoken, and by all who in other languages have read translations of her writings. Though not attempting a great diversity of subjects in her efforts, there was such genuineness in her work, such a close holding to fact, such a "touch that makes the whole world kin," that she perforce addressed an audience which included the readers of books everywhere, and there was no bar to her conquests over the hearts of the young. Little boys and girls, so unused to writing that they had to print their words, sent letters constantly to her and to her publishers to express their feelings on reading "Little Women" and "Little Men," and there was such a bond of confidence between author and readers as has seldom been known in the annals of modern authorship. Miss ALCOTT took the public into the sanctuary of her own experience of life, and had such truth of representation in her delightful fictions that every reader, young or old, saw in her portraitures the personality that each was best acquainted with. It was the truthfulness of her portraiture to the natural life that set the character of her fame and gave her, perhaps, the largest yearly income enjoyed by any American author of her time. She was a realist, and all her work was largely based upon what she had seen and known within the limits of the Alcott family; but, like OPIE's pigments, the facts she used were largely illuminated by her vivid imagination. The girl of 15, to whom EMERSON loaned his "Wilhelm Meister," saying that it would not hurt her, and who used to divert her home life with letters to GOETHE, HEINE, THOREAU, EMERSON, and others, leaving her epistles in holes in the wall, as if this would take them to those to whom they were addressed, had in her such stuff as poets and novelists are made of, and when, after the best education possible to a bright girl of her time in America—an education under the man who did more than any one else to initiate a broader method of instruction in our public schools—she addressed herself to the duties of womanhood, it was as natural that she should find herself venturing into authorship as it was that she should draw the breath of life. It was in the vein of all her training.

Her career illustrates two things—the necessity of adequate preparation for authorship, if a large success is achieved, and the power of character to command and ennoble success. She did not attempt to do more than she could do well, and her work did not range much beyond her experience, but where she was strong she held the light up to nature with no uncertain hand, and the ethical influence of the Transcendental epoch in New-England has never been elsewhere expressed as it is illustrated in her stories. BRONSON ALCOTT lives anew in his daughter's work, which has taken the truth acquired at the Alcott fireside to the ends of the earth. The purity and strength of the family and the spirit of its innocent recreations have seldom been set forth as they appear in her imaginary boys and girls, all of whom are variations of the good times that a company of Concord boys and girls had together when they had nothing else to do. There is little in her writings which did not grow out of something that had actually occurred, and yet it is so colored with her imagination that it represents the universal life of childhood and youth. But the noblest part of her life was that which found no expression in her writings because it was in deed rather than in words that it was manifested, and this was the sacrifice of what might have made life different for herself in order to enable her father to continue in that unworldly thoughtfulness in which he tried to serve his fellow-men by assuring their confidence in things unseen. The devotion of the daughter was only equaled by the fondness of the parent for his gifted child. What his daughter was to EMERSON in his last years, this and more was ALCOTT's daughter to her father amid his growing infirmities. She placed him beyond the thought of need, and never seemed more happy than when enabling him to carry out his cherished wishes. The father reached the few and the daughter the many, and excepting the writings of EMERSON the Transcendental movement has found in no others such a setting forth of its fundamental ideas and such a practical exhibition of its ethical influence in the sphere of home as it has found in the complementary work of these two members of a single household. In their lives they were constantly together, and even in their deaths they have hardly been divided.

WOMEN AND MEN.

Harpers Bazar

LOUISA ALCOTT.

Apr. 7, 1888

THE career of Miss Alcott has not only given pleasure to many households, and real benefit to not a few, but it has afforded an example of what may be accomplished by talent and industry in the way of worldly success, and this of rather a high kind. She fulfilled that which is to-day the dearest dream of so many young women. Earning her living first by domestic service, she soon passed beyond that; by her own unaided pen she lifted an exceedingly impecunious household into life-long independence and comfort; and she nursed, in what was for him luxury, the extreme old age of a father whose ideal and unworldly nature had made it very hard for him to afford ordinary comforts and advantages to her youth. This she did without tricks or meanness or self-puffing; without feeling jealousy or inspiring antagonism. She had the delight of sending sunshine into a myriad of scattered homes, and of teaching many young girls, doubtless, the way to a more generous and noble life. She was also always true to her principles, outside of literature, was never afraid of unpopular causes, or forgetful of needy friends. She earned in all, doubtless, much more than that hundred thousand dollars which is popularly mentioned in the newspapers as the standard of her pecuniary success; and how large a part of this she spent for others will never be known, as she ordered, with judicious foresight, that her letters and papers should be burned. In view of all this, she would doubtless be selected by vast numbers of young girls as their ideal woman, and if the qualifications for such an ideal are intellectual ability and a generous use of it, their selection would be very good. It is rare to see a woman who, if tried by her own standard and that of those immediately around her, has led a nobler or more completely satisfactory life than Louisa Alcott.

But since we ought never to be satisfied either with ourselves or with anybody else, and since one of the chief uses of the study of fine character is to discover wherein it could be yet finer, there is always a lesson to be drawn from the very limitations of each career. The finest thought ever expressed by Howells, I think, is where he suggests that success itself may perhaps seem very much like failure, seen from the inside; and there are few eminent persons, probably, so sunk in conceit that they could not afford to others certain warnings as well as examples *from their own* achievements. The obituaries usually miss such warnings; indeed, they are apt to turn expressly away from them and think it a little ungenerous to draw them, the consequence being that such obituaries are as valueless as an inscription on a monument, and like that reduce all character to a level of commonplace and conventional virtue. There are, perhaps, but two points of warning, or even of limitation, that need to be suggested in connection with Miss Alcott's brilliant career; but each of these is of some weight.

First it is fair to ask why this valuable life was cut off so early—at fifty-five, instead of eighty-eight, this last being her father's term of years. Was it not because she burned the candle too desperately, while his burned calmly, and at times even feebly? Of late years she had suffered repeatedly, it is stated, from nervous prostration and other disorders coming from excess of work. She never had any leisure; she was always overworked. Grant that this evil came largely from those exacting demands of admirers and correspondents which have been more than once pointed out in these columns, and which make it often hard for a really useful life to prolong itself. But I suspect there was another reason, which seldom fails to tell upon successful authors. The late Mr. James T. Fields once told me that he asked Charles Reade, when at the height of his fame, "Why do you give us no more of those delightful shorter tales like *Peg Woffington* and *Christie Johnstone*, on which your fame was first founded?" "Because," said Reade, simply, "I cannot now afford it." When he was comparatively poor and unknown he could write masterpieces; when he had achieved fame and fortune, and acquired the habits that come with these, he no longer had the leisure to write them. It is the same with health, time, and life itself. The young girl who earns five dollars by her first published story has an immense sense of wealth; let her cherish it, for she will probably never feel so rich again. As a rule, if you earn $500 a year, you spend it; if you earn $5000 a year, your standard of expenditures almost inevitably expands to match it; and for the most part, the more money one earns, the harder it is to take a vacation. This applies to those who spend money selfishly, but it applies with tenfold force to those who are generous. When the writer was planning in the autumn of 1861 to enlist a regiment for the civil war, it occurred to him to invite the celebrated John B. Gough to go as chaplain, since his personal magnetism and eloquence, although he was not a clergyman, would be felt through the whole Union army. On inquiry it turned out that Mr. Gough was absolutely fettered by his own large earnings and profuse charities; he could easily earn $50 or $100 a day the year round by lecturing; but all this large income was mortgaged in advance to young men whom he was educating and poor families whom he was supporting, so that he absolutely could not afford to stop work for a moment. Had he been poorer, he could have gone. So when one reads of Miss Alcott's coming into the office of the *Woman's Journal*, and bringing a hundred dollars that she had earned before breakfast, one is led to ask whether it would not have been better not to have earned it than to give it away so lavishly as to have to go to work after breakfast for another hundred dollars, instead of taking a day off and letting the tired brain rest. It is the last lesson ever learned by writers and artists to be wisely economical of themselves, and to spare the sources from which prosperity and usefulness too easily flow.

The other lesson goes deeper. Miss Alcott's intellectual work itself found a limitation in its grade by reason of its ready abundance. She had the ear of her public; she was, as was said of her, "a benefactor of households," and perhaps she did—it is impossible to prove the contrary—the very highest work of which she was capable. But it was not very high or very permanent; she never equalled her first successful work of fiction, and for the rest of her life, as in the case of Bret Harte, she simply repeated the same few delineations. They were, of course, more innocent and healthful than Harte's, but they were as monotonous; children doubtless continued to cry for them, but no maturer reader—at least none familiar with literature—cared to keep the run of them. Her muse was domestic, simple, and sociable; the instinct of art she never had: it is difficult to imagine her as pondering a situation deeply, still less as concerning herself about phrase or diction. In this she was curiously unlike Helen Jackson, who was an artist by nature and by habit, and who was able to write *Ramona* so rapidly that it seemed an improvisation, because she had learned the use of her tools before. Morally and socially Miss Alcott may well be a model to all young writers; but if they are moved by a profound passion for the art of literature itself; if they wish to reach an audience remoter than that of to-day; if they wish to do something that shall add to the lasting treasure of the great literature on which they have fed—they must look beyond her to greater and more permanent models.

T. W. H.

ILLNESS OF LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Her Death Hourly Expected—Some Reminiscences of Her Father.

Boston Post March 1888

Miss Louisa M. Alcott is lying at the point of death at the house of Dr. Lawrence, in the Roxbury district, where she has been since last summer, under treatment. The physicians were confident of her recovery until she unfortunately exposed herself on a last visit to her father, A. Bronson Alcott, before his death at her sister's house in Louisburg square, Sunday morning. She was soon after attacked with feverish symptoms, which developed into cerebro spinal meningitis on Saturday last. She has been mostly unconcious since that time, and her death may be expected at any hour.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MR. ALCOTT.

Among the friends of Mr. Alcott there were none who held a warmer place in his heart or toward whom he felt a more sincere affection than Dr. C. A. Bartol of the West Church, with whom he was intimately associated for more than half a century. It was Mr. Alcott's often expressed desire that his friend should speak of him after death from the West Church pulpit, and it is in accordance with this request that Dr. Bartol has chosen him for the subject of his next Sunday discourse. He will also deliver the address at the burial this afternoon. He loves to talk of his almost lifelong friend, and, conversing with a representative of the POST yesterday, paid a warm tribute to his worth.

There was seldom found in one man, he said, such an admixture of gentle courtesy and positiveness of conviction as were the predominant traits of Bronson Alcott's character. Though continually brought into contact with men who had no sympathy for his somewhat eccentric ideas, he ever remained an example of gentlemanliness, politeness and good temper, and on no occasion gave way to anger or uncharitableness. His nature was sincere and ingenuous, and though he was by no means dogmatic nor stubborn, his convictions were so firmly fixed that no power on earth could move them. Dr. Bartol referred to his peculiar dietetic ideas, in which his faith in it never wavered, though the converts to his doctrine were few. For more than half a century he never partook of [illegible]

[illegible]h he [illegible]d not insist on the adoption [illegible]his vegetable principle by others. [illegible]al food may be good for you," [illegible] used to say to his daughter, "but it is not for me." Yet he loved to argue this favorite theory of his, and it played a prominent part in his conversation. The doctor recalled a clever bit of repartee with which Dr. Walker of Charlestown, on one occasion replied to Mr. Alcott's earnest argument. He had been stating his repulsion at the idea of men living on the flesh and blood of their fellow-creatures, and explaining his belief that the consumer of mutton becomes a sheep, the consumer of beef a cow, the consumer of pork a hog. "And is it then

true," asked Dr. Walker, "that vegetable eaters become poor potatoes?"

An incident of his early life well serves to show the honesty and independence of his opinions. He became convinced that taxation was an abomination and that the levying of taxes was morally wrong. Consistent with this conviction, he refused to perform that duty, and was, in consequence of his refusal, imprisoned. Mr. Samuel Hoar, father of the present Senator, on hearing of his commitment, speedily paid the tax and had the prisoner released, greatly to the latter's indignation, however. He was at this time a thorough no government man, a sort of transcendental Anarchist, but with later years his views were altered. He had original ideas also in regard to teaching school, and placed more reliance on the Socratic method of eliciting from the pupil dormant knowledge than on the direct inculcation of facts. He was a devoted reader, and was conversant with all that was best in literature. Emerson was his favorite author, and with his theories he was in entire accord. In the religious fervor of George Herbert, too, he found much to deeply love and admire. For Carlyle's writings he had little affection. When visiting Europe some years ago, at the request of Emerson, with whom he was on terms of cordial intimacy, he called upon the great Scotch philosopher, meeting with little responsive sympathy, since the views of the two were so radically diverse, but enjoying a visit that was of great interest to both. Carlyle subsequently referred to Alcott's theories as a "vegetable gospel." He was a born priest, said Dr. Bartol, and was throughout life a preacher without ecclesiastical ordination. He was above all things fond of talk, and was a very prince of conversation. He believed this a better means of propagating his doctrines than pulpit, press or platform. He listened courteously and attentively, but never forgot that he had his own gospel to preach, and ever craved and delighted in a sympathetic audience. When deep in the discussion of his favorite themes he was in his element, and there were certain things he was always eager to tell. He was deeply meditative and much given to musing, mingled little in politics, and was not a close student of the newspapers or magazines, but earnest in the pursuit of philosophical truth, and an advocate of all measures of reform. He was the real founder of the Concord School of Philosophy, and attended its meetings with great assiduity. "He was an attendant on the lectures as long as he had legs to carry him," said Dr. Bartol, "and has in recent years come out to hear me when it was most difficult for him to do so." He was devout and worshipful, and of a deeply religious cast of mind. Yet even here he asserted his honest independence of thought, and Dr. Bartol recalls a conversation in which, after expressing the greatest veneration for Jesus, he added, with entire respect, "And yet he was a Hebrew, and perhaps a little heady." He was fond of approbation, yet never courted popular applause, and did not covet for himself great fame. He took great pleasure in the companionship of famous men, and never lost an opportunity of coming in contact with them. For his daughter he was very ambitious, and he frequently expressed great pride in her successes. "Bronson Alcott was one of the most remarkable men of his time," Dr. Bartol continued. "He was noble and sincere, loyal to his friends and his convictions and of a most peaceable temper. No one who disliked his views could possibly for that reason dislike him. His mind was broad and well balanced, and his character embraced a dignified gentleness and a mildness that never flinched. As a friend he was one of the best I have ever known, and the memory of his friendship and esteem must ever be one of my costliest possessions."

In his last printed volume, entitled "The New Connecticut," an autobiographical poem, Alcott gives the incidents of his boyhood and youth. They were homely and narrow enough.* The only novel part of this rhyming narrative is that relating his adventures in the South as a pedler of small wares. He visited and talked rather more than he peddled, stopped in any house that contained books long enough to read such as attracted him, and only once indulged himself in an uncommonly sharp bargain; it must have been the first and last time, for he was soon absorbed in the most unworldly pursuits; religion, philosophy, education, early became his passion, and Jacob Boehme and Plato the last names that aroused his fading faculties. On his return from the South he became a schoolmaster, first in Cheshire, Conn., where his uncle, the Rev. Tillotson Bronson, lived. Then, in 1828, he came to Boston, and a few years later he went to Philadelphia, and in 1834, returning to Boston, established his famous Temple school, which brought him into acquaintance with Dr. Channing, Emerson, Margaret Fuller and Miss Martineau. He taught classes of young boys and girls belonging to families of advanced ideas. The old routine was abolished and a very direct, intimate personal relation was sought to be formed between pupil and teacher. There was a great deal of conversation and questioning on the part of Mr. Alcott, and many remarkable answers on the part of the children. The records of this school were edited by Miss E. P. Peabody in 1834, and two volumes of Conversations on the Gospel, the grades of the school, were printed in 1836. At the end of this experiment Mr. Alcott removed to Concord. There he devoted himself to questions of morals in the large sense of living; diet and things belonging to the body were his study, to the end that life, the race might be improved, and become fit for thought and true worship. He was himself, in the main, a vegetarian to the end of his life. He called fruits "solar diet"; and always believed his excellent health and strength due to his simple habits and bloodless food. In 1842 he went to England, at the solicitations of friends there, who had heard of his educational theories and had begun to experiment with them. He returned, bringing with him two English friends, Charles Lane and H. G. Wright, in company with whom he undertook to establish in the town of Harvard, Mass., near Concord, a new Eden which he named "Fruitlands." The old serpent crept in as usual. "What else," asks a writer in the New York Tribune, "could have been expected, when they deliberately determined to eat nothing but apples? They ate from the fatal tree, not of knowledge, but of an impossible idea, and again they went forth into the world."

Alcott first appeared in print as a contributor to The Dial, a magazine edited by Emerson, and the organ of the Transcendentalists. His contributions consisted of "Orphic Sayings." In 1865 he printed, privately, a small volume on Emerson, since regularly published. In 1868 he published "Tablets," then, in 1872, "Concord Days," in 1877, "Table Talk," and in 1881 his single book of poetry, "Sonnets and Canzonets"; the autobiographical poem, "The New Connecticut," being privately published. He leaves behind him in manuscript one of the most voluminous diaries of modern times. It has been faithfully kept for the greater portion of his life and fills fifty-seven large bound volumes, the last one dated 1881. In addition to these there are, also in manuscript, six volumes of autobiographical collections and seven of letters. The last years of his life, preceding 1882, when he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, were very happy. In 1878 the Concord School of Philosophy, the dream of his life, was opened. Some of Alcott's tastes and traits are thus stated:

He valued persons as he did books, for suggestion. His strong social instinct found in conversation the readiest means of delivering to others his views on all those subjects in which he was interested. Alcott's chief claim to remembrance, however, lies in the effect of his personality and conversation upon his contemporaries. He made a sort of profession of conversation. His own definition of conversation is a confession of the peculiar constitution of his mind, and, by implication, his method of conducting it: "abandonment to ideas; a surrender to persons." This is precisely what he attempted and sometimes succeeded in doing. But when he failed, it became the dryest, most barren and grotesque proceeding, so that those who happened to be present at any breakdown in entrapping an idea never forgot or forgave the supposed imposition. Sometimes all that Alcott anticipated by abandonment to persons and ideas did actually take place; and many a happy conception and expression were struck out, so that his claim for the beauty of conversation being in its unexpectedness and saliency, appeared for the moment real and substantial. His social instinct was his strongest and it grew out of his own remarkable personality, which unconsciously sought to absorb that of others and to impart it again, purified it may have been, but faintly stamped with an original impress in the process; like those natural parasites which can only thrive by attachment, and which take on the color of the objects to which they cling. He always needed in their presence, another mind upon which to project himself. He was easily magnetized, and with the most profound unconsciousness reproduced, perhaps often bettered, whatever ideas were offered him by his circle of friends, or by chance visitors.

Mr. Alcott married at Boston, nearly sixty years ago, Abby May, a daughter of Colonel Joseph May, and a descendant of those sturdy colonial folk, the Sewalls and the Quincys. One of her uncles took part with the "Mohawks" in pouring the taxed tea into Boston harbor in 1773, and another uncle, Dea May, was one of the pillars of Theodore Parker's Boston Church. Her brother was the Rev. Samuel May, the philanthropist and courageous anti-slavery advocate. Mrs. Alcott possessed the good sense, the pride and the pluck of her ancestors, and was a true helpmeet to her husband in his struggles with want. Of the four daughters who were the result of this union, only one survives—Mrs. John Pratt. Since his wife's death, in 1877, Mr. Alcott has made his home with Mrs. Pratt and her two sons (who were the "Little Men" of Miss Louisa M. Alcott's fiction); and to this home soon after the death of May Alcott (Madame Nieriker), in 1879, came another grandchild, Louisa Nieriker, now a girl of 8 years. Mrs. Alcott was a vigorous, high-spirited and affectionate wife, and her children partook of these qualities and of the genius of their father. May Alcott was an artist of slow development, but of rare powers, too soon passed by death; the fame of Louisa Alcott is everywhere known.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Boston D. Advertiser — Mar. 7, 1888

That was a true remark of him who said, "The best contribution that A. Bronson Alcott ever made to literature was his daughter." And the truth lay much deeper than in the mere fact of parentage. In a sense which would be applicable only to the loftiest instances of domestic life, it may be said that this father gave this daughter to the world. The sources of Miss Alcott's genius it were in vain to attempt to trace, except partially and dimly. Doubtless she inherited much of it from her father and mother, both of whom were gifted in no common measure. Yet her genius was so different from theirs, in kind and degree, that we are obliged to take into account long lines of heredity and wide reaching, subtle streams of influence. But there is no such difficulty in the problem of character. The filial hand of a daughter has, with infinite delicacy, drawn the curtains and given us glimpses into the sanctuary of a home where the father and the mother, dwelling together in absolute oneness of being, created for their children such an atmosphere that there was no need to have the words of the bedtime prayer interpreted for the little ones who clasped their hands and said, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

That for which the writings of Miss Louisa M. Alcott will be longest remembered is the picture which they afford of an ideal and idyllic home. For it is a genuine home. And it is at the same time a blessed home. Never before was the golden mean so completely kept between a tone of selfish carelessness on the one hand and a tone of rigid and frigid pietism on the other. In the home of the Alcotts there was always the recognition of a divine presence; and the few, simple and sublime doctrines of our Christian religion were most faithfully inculcated. But the effect of this was, as the parents constantly endeavored that it should be, to make the home brighter, to make life broader, to give added zest to every innocent frolic, to make this very present world seem ever so much more worth living in.

Then there was the "plain living and high thinking" so often written about and so seldom seen. We believe that one main secret of the perennial popularity of "Little Women" is to be found in the way it throws over poverty a halo of wholesome sentiment. This, too, is unaffected. There is no pretence that it is a good thing to be poor, but it is shown that poor people can be happy. And this truth is demonstrated, not by preaching, not by philosophizing, but by an object lesson.

There are many suggestive points of view from which we may study the literary career of Miss Alcott. In a certain sweet good sense which enables its possessor to look through all outward conditions and discern what it is that makes the heart glad, the author of "An Old-Fashioned Girl" resembled the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The death of Miss Alcott following so closely upon that of Mrs. Craik, emphasizes this comparison. When it is said that "Little Women" has had a sale in this country second only to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a new force is added to the claim that, after all, the most successful stories are those that are written for a purpose. Again, we have in the works of our lamented author an example of genuine realism; only, instead of being devoted to the delineation of the insignificant or the immoral, it is a Rembrandt likeness of things that are at once real and really worthy to be the theme of art. This, and much more like this, we may say. But, when all is said, this is the sum of it: The chief glory of the father is that he helped to make the humble home in that old "Orchard House" in Concord, on the Lexington road a type of heaven; and the chief glory of the daughter is that she has taught us all how we may make such homes wherever our lot may be cast, under whatever roof, by whatever roadside on life's journey.

DEATH OF MISS ALCOTT.

Daily News (English) Mar. 7, 1888

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, TUESDAY.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott, the most popular American writer of children's stories, died to-day, aged 56. Her father, Mr. Bronson Alcott, a lifelong friend of Emerson, died yesterday. Her death was due to a severe cold taken while driving to her father's bedside on Thursday last. It settled at the base of the brain, and developed spinal meningitis. She began writing stories when young, at first without receiving any payment, and in 1855 published her first book, entitled "Flower Fables." In 1862 she went to Washington as nurse in the army hospital, and devoted herself to her duties there with the conscientious zeal characteristic of her. In consequence she became ill, and narrowly escaped death by typhoid fever. She never again regained the health of her earlier years. She went to Europe for the benefit of her health, and on her return in 1867 wrote the first volume of "Little Women," the work which made her famous. It is well known that the writer and her two sisters were the originals of the characters, Jo, Beth, and Meg. Great popularity was also attained by "An Old Fashioned Girl," issued in 1869, and "Little Men," in 1871. For many years Louisa Alcott made her home at Concord, Massachusetts, with her father, to whom she was always a most devoted daughter. Her domestic qualities and traits as a woman endeared her greatly to her family and friends. It is a singular coincidence that she was born, like her father, on November 29. She survived him scarcely more than a day.

The Critic Mar. 17, 1888.

The Alcotts.

Miss Alcott was buried near her father, in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Concord, on Thursday of last week. Mr. John P. Alcott, the writer's little niece and adopted daughter, and members of the May family were present, together with a few intimate friends. The services included a touching tribute by the Rev. Dr. Bartol, and the reading of Miss Alcott's poem, 'Transfiguration.' To the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette's* centennial number, published a few years ago, the author of 'Little Women' contributed some reminiscences of the writing and selling of her first stories, one of which appeared in that paper in 1851. We extract a passage that may be profitably pondered to-day. Miss Alcott says that after a little experience, she was able to construct a story and write it out at short notice.

A dozen a month were easily turned off, and well paid for, especially while a certain editor labored under the delusion that the writer was a man. The moment the truth was known the price was lowered; but the girl had learned the worth of her wares, and would not write for less, so continued to earn her fair wages in spite of sex. And here it may not be out of place to give another hint to some of the many story-loving girls who read the *Gazette*, and perhaps write for it. Now that women have made a place for themselves in journalism and literature, it is wise for them to cultivate, not only their intellectual faculties, but their practical ones also and understand the business details of their craft. The ignorance and helplessness of women writers is amazing, and only disastrous experience teaches them what they should have learned before. The brains that can earn money in this way can understand how to take care of it by a proper knowledge of contracts, copyrights, and the duties of publisher and author toward one another.

A few months ago Miss Alcott wrote the story of her girlhood for *The Youth's Companion*. It will be published immediately. It is said to be full of reminiscences of the Hawthornes, the Emersons and Channings, as well as of her own early life.

The last poem Mr. Alcott wrote before he was stricken with paralysis was this, on 'Immortality.' It was written the very day before the stroke that disabled him—that is, on October 23, 1882.

> Welcome the tribute sometimes Fortune steals
> From Youth's exchequer to enrich Old Age!
> What ample pension freely forth she deals,
> To gild with glory his gay equipage;
> Whilst o'er Time's track slow roll his chariot wheels,
> Then Heaven's gate enter. He, his heritage
> Of Life receiving, breaks the sacred seals—
> High privilege, sole given to saint and sage!
> Life were but ashes, and one holocaust,
> If no fair future welcomed from its goal,
> No gate swung open to admit us: lost
> Were all companionship, and blank the soul.
> Ah! dead to all Life holds and knows its own,
> If Youth survive not and uphold his throne.

Of his poetry the *Tribune* says:

Alcott's long life was productive almost to the very end. Until about five years ago he conversed with as much vigor and inspiration as ever, and his verse showed more power, as well as art, than in earlier days. Some of his latest sonnets are worthy of preservation. On the Emerson Memorial Day, July 22, 1882, he read his best piece of verse, 'Ion,' an eulogy upon his life-long friend, Emerson. It continues for us that tender strain bequeathed by Moschus's 'Lament for Bion,' Milton's 'Lycidas,' and Shelley's 'Adonais;' but it has a pathos and beauty all its own, and will probably remain his one permanent contribution to our poetical literature, faultless in tone and in art.

GEORGE P. BRADFORD.

Boston Post — Feb. 1, 1890

Died, at Cambridge, on Sunday, Jan. 26, 1890, George Partridge Bradford, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Mr. Bradford had a very great number of personal friends who will wish that some special notice should be taken of his death. Beyond this circle also he is known by his excellent early volume of "Selections From Fenelon," by his later contribution to the chapter on "Philosophic Thought in Boston" in the fourth volume of Mr. Winsor's "Memorial History," and by the frequent mention of his name in Mr. Emerson's diaries and letters. Mr. Emerson was his intimate and life-long friend: it was he who, more than sixty years ago, in a few light touches, drew an outline of Mr. Bradford that stands mainly good today. In August, 1829, in a letter to Mrs. Lyman of Northampton, preserved by Mrs. Lesley, in her charming "Recollections of My Mother," Mr. Emerson wrote: "My friend, Mr. George P. Bradford, has promised to give Mr. Hall a labor of love next Sunday.... But who is Mr. Bradford? He is Mrs. Ripley's brother, and a fine classical and biblical scholar, and a botanist, and a lover of truth, and an Israelite in whom there is no guile, and a kind of Cowper, and a great admirer of all admirable things." At that time Mr. Bradford was a young clergyman only a year out of the Cambridge Divinity School. The praise of "biblical learning," then no doubt deserved, became inapplicable in later days, for the clerical profession soon lost its attraction for him. Although he preached here and there a few times he never was settled over a parish, and soon abandoned the ministry. For this calling he had many qualifications, the highest standards of life and conduct, an austere virtue, many beautiful traits of intellect and character; but he would have been singularly unfit for the every-day dealing with a parish. Even as regards his sermons, he was always fond of repeating the comment of Professor Andrews Norton upon one of his exercises at the Divinity School: "Your discourse, Mr. Bradford, is marked by the absence of every quality which a good sermon ought to have." And yet, in his own way, he had made his mark at the Divinity School, and inducements were even held out to him to remain there, or to come back again as an instructor. I have referred to his relations with Mr. Emerson. How close they were may appear if I avail myself of the privilege to copy here an unpublished line or two from Mr. Emerson's diaries. In the summer of 1838 he writes: "G. P. B. makes my commencement holiday usually, so that this year I feel poor in his absence at Bangor." And again a little later (this was the year of the Divinity School address): "Geo. P. B. has been here, to my great contentment, and to him I have owed the peace and pleasure of two strolls, one to Walden Water and one to the river and North Meadows. I like the 'abandon' of a saunter with my friend, it is a balsam unparalleled. George says his intellect approves the doctrine of the Cambridge address, but his affections do not. I tell him I would write for his epitaph 'Pity 'tis, 'tis true.'"

He was born in Boston on Feb. 16, 1807, the youngest son of Captain Gamaliel Bradford (formerly of Duxbury, the fifth in direct descent from Governor William Bradford of the Mayflower company), and of Elizabeth P. Hickling, his wife. The death of this excellent woman in 1817 left the care and education of George Bradford mainly to his oldest sister, Sarah, who became in the next year the wife of the Rev. Samuel Ripley of Waltham. Under her most affectionate and competent guidance he was fitted for Harvard College. He graduated in 1825 in the same class with Dr. Hedge, who was also his classmate at the Divinity School, and remained to the end his close friend. Two of his classmates, Seth Ames (afterwards Mr. Justice Ames), and A. H. Fiske, who became a leader at the Suffolk bar, married sisters of George Bradford, and their children are among our well-known citizens today.

When he gave up the ministry he became a teacher, and taught in many places—first, and afterwards again, at Plymouth, then at Boston, Bangor, Salem, Concord, Jamaica Plain, Newport and perhaps elsewhere, gathering in each of these places a little private company of scholars. Afterwards he took from time to time a few single pupils, and then, for the last few years of his life, gave up teaching altogether. His wanderings as a teacher were rather, as I have always heard, the result of a constitutional restlessness and self-dissatisfaction than of any real want of success. Certain it is that his old pupils remained his constant friends. Seven times he visited Europe, beginning with a trip to the Mediterranean while he was an undergraduate, in a sailing vessel with his uncle, Captain Gershom Bradford, and ending with a voyage in one of his favorite Cunarders in 1887.

Last week he had taken cold, and there were fears of pleurisy. On Sunday morning last he was persuaded to leave his boarding place and go to the neighboring house of his niece at Cambridge. No one dreamed of any sudden death. He walked upstairs, refusing all assistance, and sat long in his chamber receiving his friends. At last, unwillingly, he submitted to the orders which his physician had left, and went to bed; but still he wished to see his friends. He breathed painfully, but was happy in being among his kindred, and his face kindled with pleasure as one and another came in and he talked with them earnestly and affectionately as of old. Then he wished to sleep. After a time he was heard moving about his room, and when a member of the family looked in to regulate a patient so little used to the duties of an invalid, it was found that he was already losing consciousness and sinking away. He died in a few moments, quietly and without a word, of a failure of the heart. On Tuesday last he was buried at Concord among the family of his sister, Mrs. Ripley, and close by the grave of Emerson. A few words were spoken at the funeral by his old friend, the Rev. Dr. Briggs of Cambridge, words that were very beautiful, very touching and wholly just.

He was never married; and yet all his life, in the high sense, he was a lover and beloved. That might be said of him which Professor Gurney finely said of Chauncey Wright: "As I run over in my mind the women who found a place in his regard I am struck with the sureness of his instinct.... The friendship of such women was the strongest of testimonies, were testimony needed, to a singular rectitude and purity of soul.... and to the native delicacy of spirit and absence of all personal claims which make such relations cordial and easy." Old age brought solitude and grief to him again and again, as it must needs do; it brought increasing deafness and a faltering step, but it left him all the freshness and eagerness of his intellectual interest in all sorts of questions, all the sweetness of his temper and that devoted affection for his friends which marked his whole life. A recent portrait of him by Miss Putnam of Boston, which is said to be an excellent one, is now on exhibition, as it was when he died, at the Art Club in Boston. "The sweetness and high refinement of his face," says a friend, "seem to have been his passport in all society as he travelled."

If now one should seek to give in a few words a true impression of this quaint, accomplished, lovely person, it would be no easy matter. "A sort of Cowper," Mr. Emerson said. True as that is in its suggestion of his gentle spirit, his devoted love of nature and of all animate things, of his affectionate clinging to his friends, and that attractive and peculiar combination of qualities that endeared him to them, of his wit, vivacity and learning, his love of poetry and imaginative literature, and of a characteristic tendency to self-distrust and melancholy, yet one must not carry it further and think for a moment of any settled melancholy, and still less of any abatement, even up to the last moment of consciousness, of the clearness and soundness of his mental powers. Reverent he was, and in a true and deep sense devout, yet never, like Cowper, bowed down with religious gloom. His clear, penetrating, alert intellect, his wholesome outdoor life and the cheerful simplicity of his religious faith must have always kept him out of that. Scrupulous as he was on many questions, refining and doubting to the last degree, full as a woman of all sorts of tender solicitudes and agitations, marked as he was by many delicate, fastidious, whimsical personal habits and ways, he yet had a soundness and independence of judgment, a sense of humor and a Puritan simplicity in his tastes that helped to save him from himself. He had been a "Brook Farmer"; and it was he that first introduced Alcott to Emerson. But although he continued to be always a scholar and an idealist, one with small gifts for struggling in the dust and heat of practical affairs, yet was he a good citizen and always cast his vote, a constant watcher of the current of politics, a shrewd critic of public men, retaining always the keenest interest in every aspect of human affairs. "How interesting," writes a friend, "in so old a man was his fidelity to ideas and not names in these later years, his patriotism and strong feeling of political duty." He was an expert gardener, and a botanist who had been a curious, lifelong observer, and was full of knowledge. "He knew everything," says one who is herself an authority, "and was a sure reference in all matters connected with our native plants." All through his life he was a lover of nature, given to long walks, finding happiness, health and solace in the woods, the sky and the open air. The multitude and variety of his friends, as I have already intimated, and the tender feeling that he inspired in them, was something very remarkable. He was the gentlest, the most tolerant, the most forbearing of men, and the kindest judge of others. Their merits he magnified, his own he rated low. Sensitive, of a tender (conscience), haunted forever by doubts and scruples about conduct and practical affairs, he turned to his friends for counsel, and poured into their ears his anxieties and despondency with the trust and simplicity of a child. If, as sometimes happened, the pressure of a busy life, or the stress of their own cares, or a momentary impatience baffled him in his search for sympathy, he understood it, and took it kindly, and again and again would come back, sure always of love and sympathy when leisure should come again. Never was a man surrounded in his family by a greater wealth of love. For all who knew him well the world is sadly impoverished by his death. There is no one like him, no one that can ever fill his place. But his end was beautiful and consoling, and all gentle, kind and grateful sentiments attend his memory.

J. B. T.

Cambridge, Jan. 31, 1890.

GEORGE PARTRIDGE BRADFORD.

Boston Post — Feb. 4, 1890

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I was pleased to find in your columns an appreciative notice of this delightful old friend, the announcement of whose death gave me a double shock.

The reflection that I should never again hear that voice with its ripple of cheerfulness, never again behold that face beaming with cordiality, mingled with my wonder that my seemingly unchanged friend had reached his eighty-third year. It was such a short time since he, then a young divinity student, was a welcome evening visitor at my father's house, nor has he since then grown old to my eyes.

He was a worthy descendant of the good Pilgrim Governor, William Bradford, and just as he, in the days of his youth, sought counsel of Elder Brewster in their Sabbath walks from Scrooby to Clifton, so did his descendant walk and seek counsel of his wise elder, Emer-

son, on life mortal and immortal. As William Bradford found "oaks, pines, walnuts, beech, sassafras, vines," etc., on Clark's Island, where living men have seen only a few red cedars, so did his descendant espy a varied flora and fauna where to the common eye was barrenness and desolation. As he sowed he reaped, whether he had been wayfaring with eyes open to every feature of sky and hill and plain, to every humble wayside plant, to every rock that cropped out of the ground, finding

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;

or whether he had come refreshed by converse with Emerson, or had just been released from his task as teacher; he met you as a bearer of good tidings, the message was never ended, he began as he had left off, for he was one of the meek who inherit the earth, he had lain down in green pastures, he had been led beside the still waters, his cup, which to the eyes of men seemed empty, was running over and he asked you to partake.

He was as much more refreshing than other men as is the living water gushing from the rock than the same liquid conveyed in a conduit of man's devising. Like Emerson, he was so filled with the Holy Ghost, with love to God and man, that he diffused happiness wherever he might go. The college anniversaries, no longer illumined by the light of his countenance, have lost part of their charm.

Like Emerson, he was bred to the pulpit, and like him he quitted it, not because he had no message for his fellow-men, for he was a great favorite with Professor Norton, who had one or two essays written by him while in the Divinity School published in the Christian Examiner; and it was only his manner that the professor criticised, saying to him, "Your great defect seems to be an entire want of all those qualities that go to make a good speaker." This criticism Bradford characteristically exaggerated, as if it applied to his matter as well as to his manner. The fact was that, like Emerson, he had not played with the boys in the street, but had been kept in the yard or on the shed by his sister, who in after times lamented it, and he was hopelessly shy. This shyness affected his conversation, which was a series of flashes or outbursts of eloquence, brought abruptly to a stop by his hearing his own voice.

From all we think we know of the life hereafter, the change from this world to the other must have been hardly perceptible to one who so dwelt here in the presence of his Maker and in enjoyment of all his works

His life
Was rounded with a sleep, no more.

H. L.

A SERENE LIFE.

A Lofty Tribute to the Late G. W. Bradford.

Geo. Curtis in Harper's Monthly for May. 1890

Mr. Bradford was unmarried, and there was a sentiment of solitude in his life, but it was scarcely more, so affectionate and devoted were his relations to his kindred and his friends. His elder sister, Mrs. Samuel B. Ripley, was one of the most admirably accomplished women in New England, living for some years in the old manse in Concord in which Hawthorne had lived. Mr. Ripley was the son of the clergyman who married the widow of his fellow-clergyman who saw from the manse the battle at Concord bridge. Mr. Bradford was very fond of the old town, and Mr. Emerson had no friend who was a more welcome or frequent guest than George Bradford, who came to look after the vegetable garden and trim the trees, and to long walks to Walden Pond or Fairhaven Hill to discuss with his host philosophy and poetry and life. The small gains of a teacher were enough for the simple wants of this scholarly gentleman, and after middle life he often went to Europe, and few Americans have ever gone more admirably equipped. He travelled sometimes with a tried comrade, sometimes alone, and a life already full was enriched and enchanted still more by these happy journeys.

Indeed, the recollection of George Bradford is that of a long life as serene and happy as it was blameless and delightful to others. It was a life of affection and many interests and friendly devotion; but it was not that of a recluse scholar like Edward Fitzgerald, with the pensive consciousness of something desired but undone. George Bradford was in full sympathy with the best spirit of his time. He had all the distinctive American interest in public affairs. His conscience was as sensitive to public wrongs and perilous tendencies as to private and personal conduct. He lived with strong convictions, and wondered sometimes that the course so plain to him was not equally plain to others.

It was a life with nothing of what we call achievement, and yet a life beneficent to every other life that it touched, like a summer wind laden with a thousand invisible seeds that, dropping everywhere, spring up into flowers and fruit. It is a name which to most readers of these words is wholly unknown, and which will not be written, like that of so many of the friends of him who bore it, in our literature and upon the memory of his countrymen. But to those who know him well, and who therefore loved him, it recalls the most essential human worth and purest charm of character, the truest manhood, the most affectionate fidelity. To those who hear of him now, and perhaps never again, these words may suggest that the personal influences which most ennoble and sweeten life may escape fame, but live immortal in the best part of other lives.

GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

Rochester N.Y. Democrat July 3 1896.

Reminiscences of a Gentleman Well Known in Private Amusement Circles.

To the Editor of The Post Express.

So large a Rochester circle will recall this gentleman, who for successive years just after the close of the war guided unique entertainments here under the auspices of varied charitable organizations that I feel justified in tendering a word, following his death on the 20th ult. Mr. Bartlett was a native of Concord, Mass., his residence through life, and during the war days he co-operated with Louisa M. Alcott and others and by entertainments gathered large sums in aid of the sanitary commission. His aptness and accuracy in stage settings, costumings, illustrated charade, tableaux-vivants and pictures in frames, gave a wide repute, and for years in every part of the states he was engaged in conducting these choice diversions. A pioneer in the field he occupied it alone as manager, until failing eyesight enforced literary work by the aid of an amanuensis. Mr. Bartlett had issued pretentious volumes of parlor amusements as well as an invaluable Guide to Concord, which has added to the interest of that classic locality, and to the fame of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Alcott. He was a contributor to "St. Nicholas," "Young Folks' Magazine," and "Youth's Companion."

Scholar not only, but poet was he. In Emerson's "Parnassus" (1875), is a gem in verse, "Mignonette," from his pen.

Many lines were given by him impressing valued lessons which have never been published outside the columns of newspapers.

One of these was inspired by the legacies, known as the "Smith charities," whose center of distribution is Northampton, Mass.

Under the will of Oliver Smith, five specific purposes were defined, to which funds should be applied in aid of residents near the testator's home, at the time.

First—to the farmer toward a first payment on his farm plot.

Second—To every dependent orphan.

Third—To bear the funeral expenses of the indigent.

Fourth—For a wedding ring to every bride upon marriage in that community, and

Fifth—To the indigent widow left there a resident.

Mr. Bartlett's verse is entitled "The Old Man's Will."

THE OLD MAN'S WILL.

Old Oliver Smith, in his threadbare suit,
Hears the boys of the village laugh and hoot,
"There goes the miser, so poor and old,
Starving and scrimping to heap up gold."
But the old man thinks, with a quiet smile,
"Let these idle scoffers wait a while,
Till time, which sifts the wheat from chaff,
May show that the poor have cause to laugh."
The old man goes to the promise sure,
"Who feeds the hungry and clothes the poor,
To the very least of them all, shall see
He has done it also unto me."

The years roll by and the will is read,
And blessings descend on the giver's head;
For many a farmer of wealth and skill
Owes his start in life to the old man's will.
It hears the orphaned children's cry,
And the blushing maiden's modest sigh;
And it smooths the poor man's dying bed,
For it gives to his starving children bread;
And it claims its share of the perfect bliss
Which crowns the lover's ecstatic kiss:
For it furnishes gold for the golden band
Which binds them together in heart and hand.
"God help the widow! So poor and old,"
And He does, from the miser's hoarded gold;
For His perfect love to the old man gave
Both the wish to give and the power to save.

Ye sordid slaves of the shining pelf,
Who love the gold for its own poor self,
We know that the cash you love so well
Is dragging you down to the depths of hell,—
If how to leave it you'd like to know,
Yet take it with you when you go,
To the bank which seven-fold interest pays,
Where no thieves can steal and no rust decays,
So that riches take wings and upward fly,
And the camel springs through the needle's eye—
Go clothe the poor and the orphan fill,
And follow the text of the Old Man's Will!

In April, 1891, I was favored by a gift from Mr. Bartlett of the following original verses, which have been read but once only at a public recital in Rochester:

OLD DUTCHMAN.

(A true story of Gettysburg.)

As on the field of Gettysburg the loyal legion met,
To count their jewels set in blood on glory's coronet,
And many a heart that never quailed in storm of shot and shell
Was throbbing like a love-sick girl's, its tenderness to tell,
As each survivor called to mind the deeds of valor done
By heroes through whose sacrifice a victory was won,
A famous surgeon in his turn was asked a tale to tell,
"I only think of one thing now, just there old Dutchman fell,
He was a noble great bay horse, the quarter-master sent,
When forward to the seat of war the Fifth Maine battery went,
The captain saw the splendid steed and claimed him for his own,
And suddenly was rolled in dust so quickly was he thrown.
I was a farmer's boy from Maine and knew that I could ride,
But very soon I felt the fall that always follows pride.
Jim was a Southern darkey, half horse the rest all man,
Put Jim on him if he don't stay no other mortal can.
After a mighty struggle the bold and fearless Jim
'Lowed Dutchman was the only horse that was too much for him,
And so they put him on the lead, lashed to a heavy gun,
The old horse seemed to like this work and count it only fun.
Through pathless wood and trackless swamp, and Pennsylvania mire
Old Dutchman proved a horse of steel no work could ever tire.
That fearful night of July second our battery waded in
To that great duel of the guns with its infernal din.
From sunset till it rose again we pounded at the foe,
Till nearly every man and horse lay stiff in death below.
At last the morning brought relief, "fall back and save your gun,"
Rang out the order quick and sharp, but how could that be done?
Old Dutchman with three gaping wounds in side and flank and chest,
Resolved to do as he had done, his very level best.
So when he heard the bugle sound he trotted to his place,
A wounded soldier lying near hitched on the dragging trace.
Then with a mighty effort his failing strength he tried,
And so Old Dutchman saved his gun, and then gave up and died.

The last occasion of Mr. Bartlett's appearing here, was at the Unitarian chapel, in a captivating talk of "Concord Folks and Their Ways."

We have all lost a friend who contributed happiness and renewed the joy of human existence, broadening and ennobling life. De Lancy Crittenden.

Rochester, July 2, 1896.

GEORGE BRADFORD BARTLETT.

Transcript — June 1896.

The pilgrim to Concord who has met a hearty greeting from the living guide to illustrate and expound his printed page, among the scenes and memories in which he dwelt, will no longer find George Bradford Bartlett to welcome him. The old boathouse by the river, which he had thatched so curiously, stored with relics of every kind, where he kept his "log-book" of visitors' autographs and entertained all comers with a frank and simple hospitality, knows him no more. The sick, the infirm, the poor, to whom he ministered unsparingly, though secretly, in his native town, the young scholars whom he befrended and advised, will miss him sorely. Yet the difference to the community in which he filled so considerable a place,—and in a way to the outer world, to which his influence extended,—chiefly consists in the loss of a kindly, human, democratic spirit which affected every circle and every individual with which George Bartlett came in contact. Abhorring all manner of pretence and conventionalism, he believed intensely in the preservation of the old Concord fellowship for its own sake and as a type of the larger human brotherhood. To discourage the growth of cliques and to bring all well-ordered, well-meaning people of all conditions together in every possible way was his enthusiastic and amiable purpose. He had really no sense of any other distinction between man and man than that which concerned essentials. The traditions of plain living, which are a Concord inheritance, were in his eyes a sacred trust. It fretted him to see external badges of "class;" liveries, evening dress, formalities and fuss seemed to him crimes against the local creed, and without personal bitterness he constantly strove, by promoting good fellowship and informal sociability, to counteract the subtle spread of the exclusive and aristocratic habits of which these things are symbols.

His "boats" upon the river, his evenings at the "Old Manse" and elsewhere, to which everybody was bidden by word of mouth, brought all Concord and her visitors together. Mr. Bartlett's own gentle humor and literary and antiquarian knowledge were always at the service of his guests, not eclipsing others' more humble contributions, but stimulating everyone to do his part, filling up blank spaces and making easy introductions for the programmes of these primitive affairs. Mr. Bartlett had followed an honorable business career; he had occasionally contributed graceful verses and essays to the press, and he had given some years to the artistic direction of amateur entertainments; but he will be remembered as a lecturer on Concord worthies, and as himself no mean member of that band of immortals whom he has joined so lately.

In another place than Concord, shops would have closed and bells tolled and all the insignia of woe would have been displayed while the funeral of such an eminent child of the town proceeded; but neither he nor his would have wished it so, and all its placid life went on as usual. There needed no such memorials, but the sky was veiled and the air was hushed, and the silent river, which he loved so well was dark and sad, and we felt that something which was needed to give them all harmony and cheerfulness to us had passed away forever. E. W.

THE UNITED STATES.

Standard (Chester) May 7, 1888.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, TUESDAY NIGHT.

The death is announced to-day of Miss Louisa Alcott, the authoress of "Little Women," and other works well known to English readers. She died from the effects of cold and prostration, resulting from the death on Sunday, at Boston, of her father, Mr. Amos Bronson Alcott, a teacher and author of some repute. Miss Alcott was fifty-five years old.

THE POET CHANNING

A SWEET SINGER OF THE CONCORD GROUP

Boston Transcript Jan. 11, 1902

Some Estimates of His Literary Worth by Emerson, Hawthorne, George William Curtis and Others—A Few Apt Selections from His Work.

The recent passing away of the poet William Ellery Channing at the home of his life-long friend, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, recalls some estimates of his literary worth which Mr. George William Curtis collated in an article welcoming the appearance of Mr. Channing's longer poetic venture, "The Wanderer," thirty years ago. Quoting from the prefatory sketch of Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," he remarks that Hawthorne says: "Or it might be Ellery Channing came up the avenue to join me in a fishing excursion on the river. Strange and happy times were those when we cast aside all irksome forms and strait-laced habitudes and delivered ourselves up to the free air to live like Indians, or any less conventional race, during one bright semicircle of the sun." "They turn their boat from the Concord into the shadowy, sheltered Assabet. The little stream sleeps along its course and dreams of shy and clustering foliage." "But," says Hawthorne, "both the original and the reflection had here an ideal charm, and had it been a thought more wild I could have fancied that this river had strayed forth out of the rich scenery of my companion's inner world. Only the vegetation along its banks should then have had an Oriental character." . . . "So, amid sunshine and shadow, rustling leaves and sighing waters, up gushed our talk like the bubble of a fountain. The evanescent spray was Ellery's, and his, too, the lumps of golden thought that lay glimmering in the fountain's bed and brightened both our faces by the reflection. Could he have drawn out that virgin gold and stamped it with the mint-mark that alone gives currency, the world might have had the profit and he the fame. My mind was the richer merely by the knowledge that it was there."

This is high praise, but Mr. Emerson in an article on "New Poetry" in the Dial for October, 1840, was even more lavish in his encomium on the poet's work, which he had then only seen in manuscript. "Several," says Mr. Curtis, "he," Emerson, "quotes in proud proof that the muse is neither dead nor dumb, but has found a voice in these cold cis-Atlantic States." . . . "Emerson and Hawthorne stand together at the head of our American literature and they are certainly illustrious sponsors for any author."

Emerson said: "Here is poetry which asks no aid of magnitude or number, of blood or crime, but finds theatre enough in the first field or brookside, breadth and depth enough in the flow of its own thought. Here is a self-repose which to our mind is stabler than the pyramids. Here is self-respect which leads a man to take from his own thought more proudly than from Rome. Here is a lore which sees through the surface and adores the gentle nature and not the costume. Here is a religion which is not of the Church of England, nor of the Church of Boston. Here is the good, wise heart which sees that the end of culture is strength and cheerfulness. Here is a poetry more intellectual than any American verse we have yet seen, distinguished from all competitors by two merits—the fitness of perception and the poet's trust in his own genius to that degree that there is an absence of all conventional imagery and a bold use of that which the moment's mood had made sacred to him."

In 1843 a thin volume appeared with the title "Poems by William Ellery Channing," and Mr. Curtis speaking of it in 1871, notes that "by some of the most cultivated and critical readers, and by persons of mark and genius, the author was believed to be the chief, if not the sole poet of our literature."

This little book was followed up by yet another: "Poems. Second Series," "The Woodman," "Conversations in Rome" (a prose volume), and in 1858 by "Near Home," a poem in blank verse of fifty pages, and in 1871 appeared "The Wanderer," a poem in blank verse of 137 pages, which called forth Mr. Curtis's encomiums upon his earlier work; and led him to speak of that "grave sincerity which pervades the poetry of Channing" as being in contrast to the shallow mellifluousness of some more popular men. "It is like the resinous odor of a pine grove." Mr. Curtis quotes the "Lover's Song" from one of these earlier volumes as "full of exquisite melody, and of the deepest and purest feeling":

Bee in the deep flower bells,
  Brook in the cavern dim,
Fawn in the woodland dells
  Hideth him.

I hide in thy deep flower-eyes,
  In the well of thy dark, cold eye;
In thy heart my feelings rise,
  There they lie.

Sing, Love, sing, for thy song
  Filleth the life of my mind;
Thou bendest my woes along
  Like a wind.

Green of the spring and flower,
  Fruit of the summer day,
Midnight and moonlight hour,
  What say they?

Centre of them thou art,
  Building that points on high;
Sun, for it is in thy heart,
  Will not die.

certainly American poetry shows no more delicate love song than this. If it lacks the heavy perfume of an exotic rose it has all the charm of our native wind flower, and may we not recall that remark of Bryant's in his "Invitation to the Country," that

No pampered bloom of the hot-house chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Mr. Curtis justly says of one these songs that "it floats in memory like a blossom upon the air." We have not now space to quote the lines at length, but the observation applies equally to those given above and to these which are also quoted with them.

THE PICTURE

My mind obeys the power
That through all persons breathes,
The woods are murmuring,
And fields begin to sing.
And in me Nature wreathes.

Thou too art with me here—
The best of all design;
Of that strong purity,
Which makes it joy to be
A distant thought of thine.

What a delicious aroma in the concluding lines!

That makes it joy to be
A distant thought of thine.

It is a line that clings in the memory like the subtle odor of the first May flower in our chilling April winds; and recalls to us that this poet is often memorable for utterances surcharged with thought compressed in a jet of music.

Of how many of our poets is this also true? We owe to Channing the oft quoted line—

If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea.

The conclusion of the noble "Hymn of the Earth" is also most noteworthy:

My being in your chorus finds
The echo of the spheral air.
No leaf may fall, no pebble roll,
No drop of water lose the road;
The issues of the General Soul
Are mirrored in its round abode.

The shorter earlier lyric entitled also "The Wanderer" is full of most felicitous lines, and however apparently careless of perfect form these poems, praised so highly by the most thoughtful few and now forgotten by the heedless many, may be there is in all of them a mine of golden ore, which in these days of too facile mediocrity might find a more ready audience among the many now surfeited with insipid sweetness and glad to find a healthier atmosphere. Not that sweetness of a rare kind, too, is here wholly lacking. We have tasted with Mr. Curtis the charm of the "Lover's Song," and the dedication to the long poem in blank verse called "The Wanderer" is far from lacking in felicity. It reminds one of Mr. Arnold at his best, but Mr. Arnold himself has hardly done better work of the kind:

THE DEDICATION

I dreamed a star from unknown skies
  Was shining on the narrow earth:
Or was the beauty from her eyes
  The light that gave my spirit birth?

I dreamed the spring caressed the flowers
  And sunshine danced about the tree:
Or was the light its golden showers,
  That soft perfume, thy modesty?

Across the sea thy beauty came
  To this far shore so darkly chill:
But now a voice, how sweet! I hear
  And those pure eyes—I see them still.

A richer hope and nobler traits,
  The dowry of a splendid race,—
Oh, let us ask the hurrying fates
  To leave the spell in Lisa's face!

Channing's own poem on the lack of early appreciation of Keats might in some measure apply to his own long neglected work, though, of course, it is not intended to suggest a comparison between his frailer shepherd's pipings and the marvellous harmonies of that mighty master who has but, at most, one or two, peers in lyric song, and but one superior.

Yet because they do say what may justly be said of Channing the lines are worth recalling here. They are entitled:

OF KEATS.

Who writes by fate the critics shall not kill,
  Nor all the assassins in the great review;
Who writes by luck his blood some hack shall spill,
  Some ghost whom a mosquito might run through.

I ope my arms to them—the world beside—
  O Awful God! who over verse dost sway,
Thine eye doth scan me, in thy flowing tide;
  I, like a leaf, am eddying whirled away.

Could but the faintest echo from my lyre
  Within thy ear awake one choral thought,
I then had gained my earnest heart's desire;
  This battle, then, securely I had fought.

If his lyre has not awakened an echo in the ear of the Deity, it certainly does reverberate still in many a thoughtful soul, and it is now to be hoped that Mr. Sanborn will be induced to fulfil his long-standing promise and introduce his departed friend to the admiration of a later generation.

WILLIAM P. ANDREWS

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

AN APPRECIATION BY FRANK B. SANBORN

One of the Famous Concord Group of Which Thoreau, Emerson and Alcott Were Members—Emerson's Early Tribute to Channing's Poetic Genius—An Intimate View of the Concord Author

[Frank B. Sanborn's Letter to the Springfield Republican]

There died about 6 A. M. Monday in Concord, at his home in the house of his friend of nearly half a century, Mr. Sanborn—the last surviving nephew of Rev. Dr. W. E. Channing, who was named, as was his nephew, for their ancestor, William Ellery, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He retained to the last his clearness of mind and his quickness of perception, which through life had been remarkable, and must have had anticipations of death, for he made presents to those who had cared for him during his brief illness. His funeral may be held on Thursday, at the First Parish Church in Concord, which witnessed the funerals of his dearest friends, Thoreau, Hawthorne and Emerson. He was the last of that intimate brotherhood which made Concord famous, and like them was an author of marked originality and poetic power, though less disciplined and self-disciplined than they, and therefore less popular. His published volumes number nine, and he has left copious manuscripts, from which selections will be made for a volume preparing, with his approval, for publication in Philadelphia next spring.

His earliest poem to be printed came out in the New England Magazine of October, 1835, before he was seventeen years old, and without his knowledge, having been sent by a friend to Park Benjamin, then editing that Boston monthly. This poem, "The Spider," in a favorite meter of Emerson, appeared in Channing's first series of poems in 1843, and was one of the counts in the indictment which Lowell brought against Channing and Thoreau in his "Fable for Critics." In fact, "The Spider" was written and printed before a line of Emerson's verse had attracted any notice. As the work of a boy this poem is remarkable, and has a finish and melody which many of Channing's later poems lack. There is a remarkable vein of thought, glance of observation and easy mastery of verse which promised much for the maturity of so felicitous an author. Its publication in the last volume of this early Boston monthly, then edited by Park Benjamin, who in the following year transformed it into the American Monthly Magazine, issued in New York, brought Channing into the company of an elder and more successful writer, Hawthorne. In that final issue of the New England Magazine, Hawthorne had four tales and sketches—"The Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet," "The Vision of the Fountain," and "The Devil in Manuscript," besides an account of the White Mountains and of canal-boating. But there was no acquaintance with the recluse Hawthorne until he married and took up his abode in the Old Manse, where he and Channing became close friends.

At his first residence in Concord, where he had visited Emerson before, Ellery Channing established himself in a cottage on the Cambridge turnpike, almost adjoining the estate of Emerson, and there he was living when his intimate friend, S. G. Ward, assumed the cost of printing his first volume of poems, in the spring or summer of 1843. Most of the verses in this book of 160 pages had been written some years earlier; some of them, like the "Song of the Earth-Spirit," were parts of longer poems; others had been printed in the Dial when much praise from Emerson, who seems to have had before him, when writing his essay in the Dial of October, 1840, a manuscript collection of Channing's verses, which still exists, and from which a few poems never hitherto printed will soon appear among the "Early Poems." Emerson entitled his essay, "New poetry," and devoted it almost wholly to selections from Channing's manuscripts, which he finely entitled, "Verses of the Portfolio," and upon which he made this sympathetic criticism:

"Here is poetry which asks no aid of magnitude or number, of blood or crime—but finds theatre enough in the first field or brookside, breadth and depth enough in the flow of its own thought. Here is self-repose, which to our mind is stabler than

the Pyramids; here is self-respect, which leads a man to date from his own heart more proudly than from Rome. Here is love which sees through surface, and adores the gentle nature and not the costume Here is the good wise heart, which sees that the end of culture is strength and cheerfulness. Here is poetry more purely intellectual than any American verses we have yet seen; distinguished from all competition by two merits—the fineness of perception, and the poet's trust in his own genius—to that degree that there is an absence of all conventional imagery. The writer was not afraid to write ill; he had a great meaning too much at heart to stand for trifles, and wrote lordly for his peers alone."

Thoreau himself had early become intimate with his new neighbor, read the poems of 1843 with appreciation, and wrote from Staten Island to Emerson in May of that year, "Tell Channing I saw a man buy a copy at Little & Brown's; he may have been a virtuoso, but we will give him the credit." And again, in July, "Tell him to remain at least long enough to establish Concord's right and interest in him. I was beginning to know the man." Indeed Channing did remain in Concord, with occasional absences, until he had seen the funerals of all his literary friends of the earlier period—Thoreau's in 1862, Hawthorne's in 1864, Mrs. Ripley's in 1867, Emerson's in 1882, and Alcott's and Louisa's in 1888. Thoreau, who had quoted his verses in "The Week," and again in "Walden" (in 1854), had this to say of Channing in that most popular of his volumes:

"The one who came from farthest to my lodge, through deepest snows and most dismal tempests, was a poet. A farmer, a hunter, a soldier, a reporter, even a philosopher, may be daunted, but nothing can deter a poet, for he is actuated by pure love. Who can predict his comings and goings? His business calls him out at all hours, even when doctors sleep. We made that small house ring with boisterous mirth and resound with the murmur of much sober talk. At suitable intervals there were regular salutes of laughter, which might have been referred indifferently to the last uttered or the forthcoming jest."

This implies what has been the constant fact of Ellery Channing's life, in spite of the melancholy shadowed forth in his verse—a lively and humorous turn of mind, with sallies of merriment, which distinguish his letters as much as his conversation—perhaps more. He did not spare his friends in his grotesque observations, and, in spite of his respect and admiration for Bronson Alcott, could not help satirizing him. Thus in November, 1847, after Emerson had sailed for England, and Thoreau had migrated from his Walden lodge to take Emerson's place in the household, Channing wrote to his absent friend thus, concerning the celebrated arbor or garden-cell which Alcott with much labor and good taste was building in Emerson's lawn:

"Now for the Summer-House, that all-important feature. You know to what I refer—the chapel-of-ease which our great philosopher is erecting on the lawn; is erecting and has been erecting. There it is, or the idea of it. This eternal pancake, which not even the all-powerful rays of the Alcott sun have quite baked, has finally drawn on its double nightcap. First a wicker-work skull, then a head of moss, affirmed by those who have seen it to be admirable; lastly, a straw nightcap. Even the thermometer at 16 below zero cannot pinch its ears. In other words, the building of this microscopic cathedral of Cologne realizes eternity. Tantalus's occupation's gone. Our Ancient has his meals brought there, works from morning till night, and dreams (so Mrs. A. affirms) about this Tom Thumb of a St. Peter's."

Between Emerson's return home in 1848, and my arrival in Concord, early in 1855, a plan had been formed for a combined series of walks and talks, in which Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, and perhaps Alcott, were to take part, and a volume made up from them which Channing was to edit. It involved copying from the journals of these intimate friends, as well as actual conversations reported by Channing, and was faithfully elaborated by him into the form of a book, to be published with or without the names of the talkers, as might be judged best. The plan was never carried out; but a dozen years later, or nearer twenty, when printing his "Life of Thoreau, Channing inserted some pages from this manuscript, including passages from Emerson's and Thoreau's journals, and even a few verses of Emerson's which had not elsewhere been printed at that time. His later volumes have had few readers and are now mostly out of print.

Boston Transcript. Dec. 24, 1901.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn's appreciation of his lifelong friend, William Ellery Channing, part of which is published in another column, describes him as the last of that group of authors which made Concord famous. With all deference to Mr. Sanborn's opinion, we may dissent to say that that honor is left to Mr. Sanborn himself. Of the group of Concord authors which included Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Channing and Sanborn, the last-named is left alone. Channing, in spite of the worldly interests which associated him with Horace Greeley, George Ripley and Margaret Fuller as an editor of the New York Tribune, kept his heart always afield and was thoroughly a poet of nature. Yet the gentle melancholy which breathes in his pages was never, to his intimates, a striking characteristic of the man, as Mr. Sanborn tells us, and his humor was almost of a rollicking character, as witness his description of Alcott's summer house. He was the chosen companion of Thoreau in many of his walks about Concord, and between these two there was a rare bond of sympathy. With the world of nature, Channing was at one; the world of life he described as "this stooping age." In spite of his earlier pecuniary failures in authorship, Channing kept on writing, for he must write, regardless of the world's verdict. He knew that it is only their equals who appreciate geniuses, and only the upright age that is able to comprehend goodness.

BURIED IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Boston — Herald

W. E. Channing Laid to Rest in His Beloved Concord.

Dec. 27 — 1901.

Services in the First Parish Church of the Battle Town, at Which Frank B. Sanborn and James B. Garland Speak—Mr. Channing's Recluse Life Described.

The funeral of William Ellery Channing was held at the restored meeting house of the Firsh Parish Society (Unitarian), in Concord, yesterday afternoon. And the burial was the laying at rest of another citizen who had been a lifelong toiler in the ranks of literature.

The service was somewhat different from those usually conducted on similar occasions, and was peculiarly appropriate to the life of Mr. Channing, whom his friend, Thorean, called the moodiest man he ever knew. There was not a large attendance. But the friends present were representative of the culture, education and refinement of the town—men and women who had known the poet for years and loved him. A few old comrades of former days came from other places to pay tribute to his worth.

The body lay in a black broadcloth closed casket in front of the altar. Upon the cover was a picture taken about 25 years ago, supposed to be the only one in eixstence, a volume of Channing's poems and a slip of paper, upon which he had written quotations from other writers, evidently made in view of death.

The service opened with an organ prelude, the dead march from Saul, by the organist of the church, Francis T. Jackson, after which selections from holy writ were read by the pastor of the church, the Rev. Loren B. Macdonald.

Frank B. Sanborn, a close friend of Mr. Channing for many years, and at whose house he latterly made his home, and where he died, then spoke. He first read one of Channing's best known poems, "My Companions," gave a brief sketch of the man's career, called attention to his recluse life, told of his peculiarities and traits and termed him a professional and an unsuccessful poet all his life. During 40 years of intimate acquaintance he had always found him worthy of friendship.

Mr. Sanborn's remarks, pathetic and interesting to a marked degree, were interspersed with the reading of some of Channing's early unpublished poems. He was much affected at times.

James B. Garland, an old friend, read some of Channing's poems, beginning with "An Ode to Sleepy Hollow," which was first read at the consecration of Sleepy Hollow cemetery, and two others appropriate to the occasion.

The Rev. Abraham W. Jackson, another friend, read Channing's poem, "A Hymn," written to Edward S. Hathorn, a young religious enthusiast, who lived a hermit life on the shores of Walden pond about 30 years ago.

The Rev. Mr. Macdonald then read the hymn, "Thou Hidden Love of God," after which Mr. Sanborn read letters from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Mary Russell Watson of Plymouth, both friends, who expressed their sorrow. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, the organist played Beethoven's funeral march, Mr. Sanborn made further remarks, and the benediction was pronounced.

The burial was at Sleepy Hollow cemetery, where rest the remains of so many famous men and women. The pallbearers were Walton Ricketson of New Bedford, Francis B. Sanborn of New York, and Edward W. Emerson, Charles Emerson, Roberson James and F. Alcott Pratt of Concord.

FUNERAL OF CHANNING

Boston — Transcript

CONCORD'S RECLUSE POET RESTS IN SLEEPY HOLLOW

Dec. 27 — 1901.

Concord, Dec. 27—The funeral of William Ellery Channing was held in the First Parish Church of Concord yesterday afternoon. The service was somewhat different from those usually conducted on similar occasions, and was peculiarly appropriate to the life of Mr. Channing, whom his friend Thoreau called the moodiest man he ever knew. The order of it was as follows: Organ voluntary by F. F. Jackson; reading of the scriptures by Rev. L. B. Macdonald; remarks by F. B. Sanborn; selections from Mr. Channing's poems, read by James S. Garland and Rev. Abraham Jackson of Concord and Walton Ricketson of New Bedford; remarks of friends and reading of letters from friends; singing, "Thou hidden love of God!" prayer by Rev. Mr. Macdonald; organ voluntary by Mr. Jackson. The burial was in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, and the pallbearers were Walton Ricketson of New Bedford, E. W. Emerson, Charles Emerson, Robertson James and F. Alcott Pratt of Concord, and Francis B. Sanborn of New York. There was not a large attendance. But the friends present were representatives of the culture, education and refinement of the town—men and women who had known the poet for years and loved him. A few old comrades of former days came from other places to pay tribute to his worth. The body lay in a black broadcloth closed casket in front of the altar. Upon the cover was a picture taken about twenty-five years ago, supposed to be the only one in existence, a volume of Channing's poems and a slip of paper, upon which he had written quotations from other writers, evidently made in view of death.

Mr. Sanborn, of whose home in Concord Mr. Channing had for many years been an inmate, spoke of him with a thorough understanding, such as no other could bring to the subject, considered as poet and as man. "His life," said Mr. Sanborn, "was quiet and almost unknown to most of his fellow-citizens; he added nothing to their burdens or animosities; his duties to those who were his companions, or who served him, were silently performed; he chose a recluse life, not from misanthropy, but because he was so constituted as to admit of no other." Mr. Sanborn described him as "the poet of outward nature and inward sensibility; too keenly alive to all that vibrates in the chords of feeling to pursue, or even accept, the routine of discipline; but also too perceptive of all the shows of Nature not to delineate them well in such verse as the Muse gave him. This was often magical in single lines or whole stanzas. But his impatience rendered him incapable of revising or polishing." His friend read "what I take to be his last poem, found on his table since his death, addressed to the daughter of a friend, not yet two years old; and it shows the same charms and the same faults that his verses had sixty-six years ago, when the first one was printed":

TO MARJORIE. DREAMING

We must not weep, we will not moan,
Let all such things be deemed unknown,
Now for the words of livelong hope
In Marjorie's white horoscope.

Good-bye to all that dims our eyes—
Welcome her, kind futurities!
Anthems of joy and hymns of gold—
All these let Marjorie enfold!

Yes, for that sweet and peaceful child,
That gift of beauty undefiled,
A smile of love, a song of joy,
Shall Marjorie's dream of life employ.

I see the sunset, o'er the hill,
The level meads with glory fill—
A gentle light, a heavenly balm,
Like Marjorie's soul, so clear and calm.

Descriptions of walks with Ellery Channing by Emerson and Thoreau were quoted, and this word of Thoreau, fifty years ago, was characterised as "the best account of Channing that I know":

"In our walks Channing takes out his notebook sometimes, and tries to write as I do, but all in vain. He soon puts it up again, or contents himself with scrawling some sketch of the landscape. Observing me still scribbling, he will say, a little petulantly, 'I am universal; I have nothing to do with the particular and definite.' He is the moodiest person that I ever saw; as naturally whimsical as a cow is brindled. Both in his tenderness and his roughness he belies himself. He can be incredibly selfish and unexpectedly generous. He is conceited—and yet there is in him far more than usual to ground conceit upon. He wants something for which he will not pay the going price."

Among the letters read was one from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, recalling the "veteran poet, liberal and transcendentalist," and saying: "I remember when the early promise of his genius was warmly acknowledged by friends and contemporaries, most of whom must surely have passed away before him. I recall also with gratitude his poem at the public commemoration of Dr. Howe's life and services, held in Boston a short time after his death. I think no mention of Mr. Channing would be complete without a quotation of his admirable line:

'If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea.'"

William Ellery Channing.

Jan. 9 BY REV. A. W. JACKSON. 1902.
Christian Register

Years ago, in the brave days when I read the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, I occasionally came upon poetry written by William Ellery Channing. It was not easy poetry, I am not sure that I understood it. Indeed, I am quite sure that I did not. It was, however, genuine poetry, and it solaced and uplifted as genuine poetry always will; and, though I read it but casually, lines of it to this day cling to my memory. But who was William Ellery Channing? My first thought was of our great divine, and I began to read with a suspicion, which of course very quickly disappeared, that the lines were fished out of his literary remains. But if not the divine, who was he? There was no one near who could tell me. So I carried the question with me, thinking that in my reading I should find the answer. Not only was this not the case, but I had lived six or seven years in the same village with him before I discovered him.

My experience was in its kind a common one, and I tell it to illustrate an elusiveness which pertained to this man. He suggests certain characters met by Dante in Paradise, who shed light, but were themselves invisible. His light, too, however pure its beam, was not for common eyes. He bore the name of our great divine with peculiar right; for he was his nephew,— his last nephew, it may be well to say. He was born in Boston in 1818, and was educated in part in the Boston Latin School, where he had Charles Sumner for teacher. He was for a time at Harvard College, but did not graduate. When twenty-one years of age, he went to Illinois, and lived eighteen months in a log hut built on the prairie by his own hands. From this hermitage he moved to Cincinnati, where for a short time he had a newspaper connection. When twenty-five, he returned to Massachusetts, married and settled in Concord, which was his home for the fifty-nine years yet allowed him.

After this he had two brief newspaper connections, which to one of his intellectual tastes could hardly have been congenial. As a youth of twenty-two, probably while yet in his hut on the Illinois prairie, he had borne aid to the *Dial*, then in the earlier period of its brief and heroic history; and later he gave valued assistance to William T. Harris in his struggle with the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. His real record, however, is nine volumes of verse and prose, which attest a fair degree of literary productivity. His best known poem is probably "The Wanderer," and in it are passages of deep insight and rare beauty. His best known prose is probably a volume on "Thoreau."

He was a man of rare culture, and of poetic capabilities that were fine and high. He had an eye for outward nature which he painted with verisimilitude. He was a poet, too, of interior sensibilities which he touched with faithful pen. His verse, however, while it might please the thoughtful, could not win the thoughtless. In earlier years he knew the smile of Emerson, and of others of the noble company of which Emerson was the centre. He had, however, no gift of popularity. Hence the inevitable result. In his nine volumes who takes the trouble to explore shall find riches to reward his toil, yet it would be difficult to recall another poet who is so little known.

As a man, he was hardly less known than as a poet, and this because his interests were so purely reflective, so little personal. Seclusion was his element, and into it few were ever suffered to intrude. This seems to have been not so much a matter of choice as a necessity of his nature. Mr. Sanborn tells us that "he chose a recluse life, not from misanthropy, but because he was so constituted as to admit of no other"; and he quotes and applies to him these lines of Wordsworth:

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love."

As old age crept on, he went to the home of Mr Sanborn, in the seclusion of which he was lost, not only to the sight, but almost to the memory of his fellow-townsmen. It has been pathetic in moving among those who should have been his friends to observe how little they know of him. For most part they have been able to tell of an eccentricity or two of years gone by, but next to nothing of what he did or was. In this I mean no reproach of my neighbors: it would have been the same anywhere. Hide-and-seek is a pretty game for children, but among men they who insist on hiding will rarely long be sought.

His funeral, December 26, was in the First Parish Meeting-house, whence so many of distinguished name have been carried. The organ pealed forth notes of tenderness, there were Scripture reading and prayer by the minister, fitting selections from his poems were read. An address was delivered by Mr. Sanborn, which concealed no limitation and indulged in no eulogy, but was tinged with sympathy and faithful in appreciation.

Mr. Channing married a sister of Margaret Fuller. A considerable family were born to them, of whom are Dr. Walter Channing of Brookline and Prof. Edward P. Channing of Harvard University. There were sorrowful passages in his life, which probably have their explanation, not in his conditions, but in himself; and, as they obtrude upon the memory, it is pleasant to be able to quote these words of Mr. Sanborn: "In the seven-and-forty years that I have known him intimately, though much was seen that I would have changed, had change been possible, I ever found him worthy of friendship."

CONCORD, MASS.

EMERSON'S WIDOW

Boston Journal
Nov. 15. 1892

The Life Partner of Poet-Philosopher Follows Him.

Sketch of Her Home in Historic Concord.

Where John Brown, Martineau and Thoreau Conferred.

The picturesque and famous Sleepy Hollow Burial Ground at Concord, Mass., is about to receive another notable tenant, as the widow of the poet-philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, will soon be laid to rest beside him. She died on Sunday afternoon.

Her maiden name was Lidian Jackson, and she was a native of Plymouth. She was the second wife of Mr. Emerson, his first having been Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker, who died in February, 1832. Miss Jackson's marriage to the poet took place in September, 1835. Mr. Emerson then left the "Old Manse," where he had been staying with Dr. Ripley, and moved into a house on the old Lexington road, along which the British had retreated from Concord in 1775. In this "plain, square, wooden house," surrounded by horse chestnuts and pine trees, with pleasant garden grounds attached, he made his home with her for the rest of his life, and through his presence there the village became the "Delphi of New England."

The garden fills half an acre at the back and has for years been famous for its roses, and also has a rare collection of hollyhocks, the flowers that Wordsworth loved. From the gate, which is always open, a path leads over the flagstones to the broad low step before the hospitable door. A long hall divides the centre of the house, with two large, square rooms on each side; a plain, solid table stands at the right of this entry, over which is an old picture of Ganymede. The first door on the right leads to the study, a plain room, lined on one side with simple wooden shelves, filled with choice books; a large mahogany table stands in the middle, covered with books, and by the morocco writing pad lies the pen which had so great an influence for twenty-five years on the thoughts of two continents. A large fireplace, with a low grating, occupies the lower end, over which hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's Fates. On the mantle shelf are books and statuettes of men prominent in the great reforms of the age.

Two doors, one on each side of the great fire place, lead into the large parlor, which fills the southern quarter of the house. A fine portrait of the daughter of the deceased is hung in this pleasant and homelike room, whose home circle seemed to have reached around the world; for almost every person of note who visited this country during the life of the master of the house enjoyed its genial hospitality, and listened with attention to his words of wisdom.

Years ago the chatty little Frederika Bremer paid a long visit here, a brisk lady, as restless as her tongue and pen. Here Margaret Fuller and the other bright figures of the Dial met for conversation. Thoreau was a daily visitor, and his "Wood Notes" might have been unuttered but for the kindly encouragement he received here. The Alcotts, father and daughter, were near neighbors, and it was in this room that Mr. Alcott's earliest "Conversations" were held. Here, too, old John Brown was often to be met, a plain, poorly-dressed old farmer, seeming out of place, and absorbed in his own plans until some allusion or chance remark would fire his soul and light up his rugged features.

But a dozen volumes would not suffice to mention in full the many guests from foreign lands who have been entertained at this house. The school children of Concord have been entertained here every year with merry games and dances. The house was partially destroyed by fire in the spring of 1873, and was rebuilt to look as nearly as possible as it did before the fire. During the rebuilding a portion of the family found shelter in the Old Manse, the home of Emerson's grandfather, while Mr. Emerson himself visited Europe. Upon his return an impromptu reception awaited him. All followed his carriage and sang "Home, Sweet Home." Subsequently nearly all the inhabitants of the town visited him in his reconstructed house.

In this house on the 27th of April, 1882, Mr. Emerson died, and the old home became the scene of the last service and tribute to his memory, and from this place he was borne away for interment in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

Of the widow and family of Ralph Waldo Emerson the world has heard little, and for a year past it would be difficult if not impossible to find even a stray paragraph in the newspapers of the descendants of the sage of Concord. Only the widow of Emerson, and Miss Ellen, the unmarried daughter, lived in the old homestead, and if the world heard little of them it saw even less. Mrs. Emerson was in her 90th year at the time of her death. Her eyesight prevented her from reading, and hence the contents of the current books and periodicals were never known to her. Only at rare intervals did she go out, and then simply for a short drive in the old family carryall. Miss Ellen Emerson was the constant companion of her mother. The home itself remains practically the same as when Emerson left it, ten years ago, the room which served as his study being untouched.

The other children of the deceased are Dr. Edward Emerson and Edith (now Mrs. Forbes). As to the relatives of the late widow it may be of interest to note that she was a sister of Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston, so noted in connection with the discussion over the first use of ether as an anesthetic.

The funeral of Mrs. Emerson will take place on Wednesday next at 3 P. M. and she will be interred in the lot occupied by the remains of her distinguished husband in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, near the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau.

Martyrdom of John Brown.

EXERCISES

— AT THE —

TOWN, HALL, IN CONCORD,

On FRIDAY, December 2nd, 1859,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

HYMN,

"Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime."

READING OF PERTINENT PASSAGES.

SELECTIONS FROM BROWN'S LAST WORDS.

SERVICE FOR THE DEATH OF A MARTYR.

DIRGE;

To-day beside Potomac's wave,
Beneath Virginia's sky,
They slay the man who loved the slave,
And dared for him to die.

The Pilgrim Fathers' earnest creed,
Virginia's ancient faith,
Inspired this hero's noblest deed,
And his reward is—Death!

Great Washington's indignant shade
Forever urged him on,—
He heard from Monticello's glade
The voice of Jefferson.

But chiefly on the Hebrew page
He read Jehovah's law,
And this from youth to hoary age
Obeyed with love and awe.

No selfish purpose armed his hand,
No passion aimed his blow;
How loyally he loved his land
Impartial Time shall show.

But now the faithful martyr dies,
His brave heart beats no more,
His soul ascends the equal skies,
His earthly course is o'er.

For this we mourn, but not for him,
Like him in God we trust;
And though our eyes with tears are dim,
We know that God is just.

Concord, Dec. 30, 1859.

RECENT DEATHS

Transcript — Apr. 20. 1898

Geo. Parsons Lathrop, Poet and Novelist

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop died at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, Monday. He was received at the hospital on Sunday, suffering from a complication of diseases. On Monday evening his brother, Francis Lathrop, was notified that he was sleeping quietly, and that his case was not considered at all desperate. Monday morning his temperature rose suddenly, and he died before there was time to summon his wife or any of his relatives to his bedside.

Mr. Lathrop was born in Honolulu, Hawaii, Aug. 24, 1851. He showed a literary bent at a very early age, and as a schoolboy wrote stories and verse. He was educated in New York city and in Dresden, Germany. Returning to America in 1870, he entered Columbia College Law School, but after a brief stay decided to devote himself to literature, and again went abroad. He was only twenty-four when the chair of assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly was offered to him, and he filled it acceptably for two years. After that he became editor of a Boston Sunday newspaper.

Four years before this he had met Rose Hawthorne in London, and married her when he was only twenty. One child, a boy, was born, but he died when about twelve years of age. In 1879 he purchased Hawthorne's former house, "The Wayside," in Concord, and resided there till 1883, when he removed to New York city. Later he resided in New London, Conn. In 1891 both Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop were baptized into the Catholic church, the ceremony taking place in the Church of the Paulist Fathers. He was bitterly attacked by the Independent and other religious newspapers, and published replies. The literary world was again astonished when it learned that Rose Hawthorne Lathrop had given up her home and decided to devote her life to a mission for those afflicted with cancer and other incurable diseases. It was a terrible danger which she faced, but she has never faltered in her purpose, and many a poor, afflicted life has been brightened by her presence.

Mr. Lathrop's published works include "Rose and Rootree," a volume of poems; "A Study of Hawthorne," "Afterglow," an "Echo of Passion," "Gold of Pleasure," and other novels; "In the Distance," "Spanish Vistas," "History of the Union League in Philadelphia," etc. He edited a complete edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's works, for which he wrote a brief biography and introductory notes. This was published in Boston in 1883. Mr. Lathrop was also the author of a dramatic adaptation of Tennyson's "Elaine," which has been successfully staged in Boston, New York and Chicago.

Mr. Lathrop was the founder of the American Copyright League and was its first secretary.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

Transcript Apr. 20. 1898

The late George Parsons Lathrop was a man of varied talents, no one of which was carried to the point of genius. He was a graceful writer, and if his writing had only been less consciously and professionally literary, and more endued with some purpose in life, it might have gained the strength that would have given him a permanent place in American letters. His mind was peculiarly open to every suggestion of the pathetic, and in his writings there are many touches that inspire the hope that he is at last about to touch the deep soundings of emotion, only to disappoint it. Yet with all his limitations, he was always interesting and refined. He worked in ivory rather than in brass or granite.

Perhaps his style was seen at his best in short stories of rather a pathetic cast. One of these tales, "The Pines of Eden," published a number of years ago in the Atlantic, was peculiarly striking, not only in the fineness of its style, but in its revelation of his sympathetic ability to seize upon the salient character points of homely New England life, for in most of his work he rather suggested a delicately perfumed Bohemianism, that kind which is enjoyed as a brief relaxation from the requirements of "our best society."

Poor Lathrop was at the most a semi-successful man. He seemed at odds with life, as men of keen sensitiveness to beauty and harmony are all apt to be; but then this is the roughest country in a hard world for one who has to get his living by letters or art, and it was one of Lathrop's special handicaps, as he used to say, that his boyhood and earliest manhood had been passed abroad, so that he was essentially a stranger in his own country.

MISS PEABODY DEAD.

Sun Jan. 6. 1894

SHE WAS A LEADING EDUCATOR OF NEW ENGLAND.

She Aided in Introducing the Kindergarten System into America and Was a Teacher Under Alcott—Death of W. G. Means—The Duchess of Argyll No More.

The venerable Elizabeth P. Peabody, who died Wednesday at Jamaica Plain, was one of the advanced educators of the century, was directly concerned in the introduction of the kindergarten system in this country, and has been foremost in all educational reforms, especially in that of establishing new and important methods in the existing school system.

She was born in Billerica May 16, 1804, the daughter of Nathaniel Peabody, who was a well known dentist. Her sister Sophia became the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, and another sister, Mary, married Horace Mann, who founded the school for the deaf and dumb.

Miss Elizabeth was the oldest of seven children, and was considered a very precocious child. She received a liberal and varied education, which was directed by her mother, and included the knowledge of several languages. In early womanhood she taught a private school in her own home.

In 1840 she family removed to Boston, and here she succeeded Margaret Fuller as teacher of history in Mr. Alcott's school, which many of the older people in Boston well remember, and her personal acquaintances included Channing, Emerson, Thoreau and other prominent men of that time.

She has been identified with all the movements of the day, and was prominent among the agitators who demanded the abolition of slavery. She advocated woman suffrage and higher education of woman, and aided Mr. Mann in founding his school.

At the age of 60 she learned Polish because of her interest in the struggles of Poland for liberty. Miss Peabody was indentified with the famous old literary coterie of Boston, and probably was the last of the set.

In 1839 Miss Peabody began the business of importing and publishing foreign books. She also kept a library of foreign books, and her store was a rendezvous for many of the most eminent literary men of the day. The importation of materials was undertaken, but the tariff of 1842 killed that branch. The book publishers afterward combined against her, and, although her friend, Dr. Channing, gave her his "Emancipation" to publish, and her brother in law, Nathaniel Hawthorne, gave her his "Grandfather's Chair," the business was finally relinquished. The years 1850 to 1860 found Miss Peabody introducing into the schools of the country Dehni's method of teaching history.

Among her principal publications are "Esthetic Papers," "Crimes of the House of Austria Against Mankind," edited; "The Polish-American System of Chronology," "Kindergarten in Italy," in "U. S. Bureau of Education Circular," and a revised edition of Mary Mann's "Guide to the Kindergarten and Intermediate Class," and "Moral Culture of Infancy," "Reminiscences of Dr. Channing," "Letters to Kindergartners," and "Last Evening With Allston."

For several years Miss Peabody was unable to do any active work. She had passed her 90th year, and unfortunately the feebleness of advanced age crept upon her so rapidly the last literary effort of her life, to write her autobiography, has been frustrated.

ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

Brin Journal Jan. 5. 1894

Well-Known Author and Educator Dies at Jamaica Plain.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, the author and educator, died at her home in Jamaica Plain on Thursday, aged 89 years.

Elizabeth Palmer Peabody was born in Billerica, Mass., May 16, 1804. She was the daughter of Nathaniel Peabody, a physician, passed her early life in Salem, and since 1862 has resided principally in Boston, where she engaged in teaching and literary pursuits. Most of her writings were in the line of educational work. Her sister Sophia mar-

ried Nathaniel Hawthorne and her sister Mary married Horace Mann. Miss Peabody, who was the last survivor of her generation, has for the past decade lived quietly at Jamaica Plain.

She was very successful as a teacher, and was one of the first to introduce the kindergarten system of instruction into the United States. She has been prominent in numerous works of philanthropy.

Among her principal publications are "Æsthetic Papers" (Boston, 1849); "Crimes of the House of Austria Against Mankind," edited (New York, 1852); "The Polish-American System of Chronology" (Boston, 1852); "Kindergarten in Italy," in "United States Bureau of Education Circular" (1872); and a revised edition of Mary Mann's "Guide to the Kindergarten and Intermediate Class;" and "Moral Culture of Infancy" (New York, 1877); "Reminiscences of Dr. Channing" (Boston, 1880); "Letters to Kindergartners" (1886), and "Last Evening With Allston."

Her writings are said to "evince great learning and research," and the North American Review, in the course of an extended criticism of her "Chronological History of the United States," said: "Miss Peabody has performed her work with great fidelity. * * * It is an accurate and valuable school manual of the United States."

THOMAS PARKER SANBORN.

Springfield Repub. ——— *Mar. 5, 1889*

To the Editor of The Republican:—

It is in the kindly order of Nature that the son should pay funeral honor to the father; and, if I now invert this custom, it is not from choice, but from duty. A word needs to be said to those few who knew my oldest son and valued him, and such are more to be found among your readers than elsewhere, since he had learned his art of journalism in your school, and had written much for The Republican since he graduated at Harvard in 1886, at the age of 21. He was born in Concord February 23, 1865, within gunshot of the famous battle-ground, and close beside the river Musketaquid. Except a summer in Ashfield and four years in Springfield during his early childhood, his home was beside this river, until he entered college; and the scenery of no region was so familiar or s dear to him as our meadows, hills, an groves. Gifted with poetic sensibility, an early training himself to skill in the form of verse, he wrote at the age of 17 a description of our stream, which I once read as a centennial poem (March 21, 1882) to an audience of which Mr Emerson was the most conspicuous member; but this, I think, has never been published. It may therefore be given here, with my stanza of introduction:

Concord River.

Lock then upon this picture, early drawn
By one whose life upon its banks began,—
Faint as the colors of the opening dawn,
But sketched with love, as musing school-boys can.

I.

Gently the River with an even flow
Marks the broad plain of grassy meadow-land,
Or, swifter moving when the March winds blow,
Casts on its bank faint lines of shining sand;
But fairest when, by summer zephyrs fanned,
Aglean with the last glow of dying day,
Gold dints appear amid the billowy gray.

II.

Soothly old Pan himself might here abide,
Yea, Pan himself with all his goat-foot train;
Tuning his reedy pipe the stream beside,
Moving the trees in measure to his strain;
And even the gold-tressed Artemis were fain,
As she beheld the tawny flood, to lave
Her gleaming limbs in the dim-sparkling wave.

III.

As the months pass, the stream gives new delight;
Soon, ere the springtime's early freshness fades,
When May's soft fingers, healing Winter's blight,
Open young buds in the far woodland glades,
Then shoots the water grass with slender blades,
And violets don their purple-tinted robes,
Whereon the dew-drops hang their pearly globes.

IV.

Or when hot summer comes across the hills,—
Her wavy locks with roses white and red,
With scarlet poppies, whence soft sleep distills,
And with imperial lilies garlanded,—
She who rich odors all around doth shed,—
Then soothing 'tis, where trees arch overhead,
To moor the floating skiff, and idly lie
Watching the birds high-soaring in the sky.

V.

And next when Autumn (his dark temples crowned
With vine leaves), through the sere brown meadow wends,
When woods re-echo to the baying hound,
And the light leaf slow to the stream descends:
Where the tall gracile elm his branches bends,
Great joy it is along the bank to stray,
Culling the feathery grasses on the way.

VI.

Or, last, when Winter binds the river bright
With hard and gleaming ice,—a swift-forged chain,—
Even in that chill season 'tis delight
To roam across that broad and glittering plain,
Or skim its surface, as the short days wane,
Gliding along with swift and steel-bound feet:—
Truly the changes of the year are sweet.

Is it a father's fondness that deceives me when I feel in these verses the melody of a true poet, and the insight of a born lover of Nature? That at least he was, and he experienced a tender happiness in those walks with his father and his brothers, or with a single companion amidst the scenery of his native town. But childhood passed away and there opened before him the pathways of a bustling world, where good and evil, strength and weakness, beauty and the obstinate commonplace, struggled with each other,—a strife for which nature had not equipped him. His shy and sensitive spirit, ill-mated with a body which denied him ancestral vigor, dexterity of limb, and keenness of vision, turned too much to the use of

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude?

but which hardly fits a youth for the society of his companions. Measuring his performance with theirs, he found himself different, and, as humility taught him, inferior to those of his own age about him. The poet's place in the world is not seen at the first glance, and he despaired of success in more practical pursuits. Gentle by inheritance and by his pious and dependent (though original) character, he could not force his way nor exact love or admiration in return for that he freely gave. In college he passed many happy hours amidst friends who valued him and called forth his talent, but the dark shadow of Care clung to his steps,—

And oft his cogitations sunk as low,
As through the abysses of a joyless heart
The heaviest plummet of Despair can go.

I found, since his later sickness of the spirit began, flung carelessly among his college verses (many of which were printed, reprinted and admired), this sad poem, never quite finished, but which I suppose was written in his senior year—1885-6:—

Grimwood.

In yonder wood the branches interlace,
And weave a wall that mocks all entrance there;
Perchance it is some wood-god's hiding place,
And our poor fallen race he cannot bear
To meet in all their naked foul disgrace,—
Borne down by heavy fardels, sordid care,
Repentance,—and that ceaseless sorrowing
That melts not in the ruddy fire of Spring.

It is the winter time,—the dull clouds flit
Across the surface of the frozen sky
That glares upon the cold world under it,
As ice glares fiercely when the sun is high;
And weary men half-carelessly submit
To living—for it is so hard to die!
And that dread God, who made and bade them live,
Vouchsafes sometimes a meager boon to give.

I look at them as they look at the mist
That from some dreary meadow is uncurled;
I hold them as a maid that's lightly kist
And then forgotten; for in this poor world
One loves the people long, and long is hissed
If he laughs not with them. The brooks that purled
In joy beneath the kissing of the sun,
Hiss loud, and murmur when the day is done.

Ah God! didst thou foresee this wretchedness
When thou didst fuse the soul with senseless clay?
Or didst thou hope that Fate might come and bless
Thy venture? cruel Fate, whose hair is gray
As bitter steel,—could she the hurt redress?
Ah no! she only lives to smite and slay.
Dost thou, O God! that gav'st us being—thou—
Before her smiting and her slaying bow?

. . . . . .

The rest is wanting; but from a more tranquil, yet pathetic poem, written three years ago, as if for his own funeral, we gather a wise answer to the questions of Despair:—

Love Is Enough.

Love is a shape of mist,—yet we are shadows, too,
And Love is more divine than we can hope to be;
So let us through our lives the shade of love pursue,
Although it ever flee;
Yea, to the gate of Death, where all is mistier yet
Than anything in life. Oh, let us follow Love!
Perchance, beyond the doors, some happiness is set
About us, and above.

Faith in the unseen, trust in the Infinite Goodness, was the lesson he was learning; and this led him to the Anglican church, with its consoling ritual. He was confirmed in Springfield during his first year there; and has been a faithful member of that body of believers,—for he *was* a believer in spite of these doubts and the anguish of his later life. If ever the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart was laid upon the altar, it was his,—may it be accepted! The passage from one mansion in the Father's house to another was swift, and we trust merciful:—

So were the hopeless troubles that involved
The soul of Dion instantly dissolved.

Freed from fetters of the body, his unspotted spirit can now seek that hight to which his humbleness dared not aspire, and follow that Love, no longer "a shape of mist," which was the guide of his earthly existence.

Concord, March 4, 1889. F. B. S.

SAD END OF A PROMISING LIFE

Sudden Death of the Eldest Son of Frank B. Sanborn of Concord.

Boston Post ——— *Mar 4, 1889*

Thomas Parker Sanborn, eldest son of Franklin B. Sanborn and a promising journalist connected with the Springfield Republican staff, died by his own hand Saturday afternoon at his home in Concord while suffering from a temporary derangement of his mental faculties. He was 24 years of age and graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1886.

SPRINGFIELD, March 3.—(SPECIAL.)—The Republican says concerning Thomas P. Sanborn's death: His mental and physical health showed signs of unsoundness some months ago. Recently, however, he has been better, and it was hoped that he had recovered from his trouble. There can be no doubt that the suicidal act, the cutting of his throat, was committed in a moment of insanity. The friends of his father and mother in this city will be deeply shocked and grieved for them in their great affliction, and those who knew the young man will feel that uncommon intellectual capacities and energies, which might have been enlisted for the public good to valuable purpose, are now lost forever. He was born in Concord twenty-four years ago, and was a boy of three or four when his parents removed to this city at the time Mr. Sanborn became attached to the editorial force of the Republican as a leading writer. He went to school here and in Concord. Preparing for college at Phillips Academy, he was graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1886. Shortly before his graduation he came to the Republican and began work in the New England news department. Afterward he became assistant literary editor and a writer for the editorial page. He also wrote the notices of the performances at the Opera House. He had a more than ordinary outfit for newspaper work, having read much and remembered well, and possessing a quick, discriminating eye, a clever, vivacious and attractive style and a faculty for turning his hand easily to anything that lay in his way. Much was reasonably expected from him in his chosen profession. On account of his impaired health he left the Republican late last autumn and had remained at home since, helping his father in the work incident to the publication of a book and in the valuable "Boston Literary Letter" which Mr. Sanborn has so long maintained in our columns. "Tom" Sanborn, as he was usually called, was of a peculiar temperament, mercurial and moody by turns. He was exceedingly clever and witty in conversation, entertaining in a high degree. He wrote verse with charming grace, and had a particularly delicate skill in the turning of fine prose sketches, such as "A Golden Christmas," and others that appeared in our pages. He also contributed considerably to Life and other journals, and could hardly have failed of a real literary career had he lived. No one could know him without being interested in him, and his death, with the possibilities of his numerous gifts all unfulfilled, will awaken deep regret. His parents have reposed much hope in him, but of that nothing may be said. Two brothers, Victor and Francis, remain to them.

THOMAS PARKER SANBORN'S FUNERAL.

CONCORD, March 5.—The funeral of Thomas Parker Sanborn, who died on Saturday last, took place at the residence of his father, Mr. Franklin B. Sanborn, on Elm street, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The funeral was strictly private. The services included the reading of the Episcopal burial service by the Rev. James S. Bush of Concord, remarks by Professor William T. Harris of Concord and the reading of a poem entitled "Love Is Enough," written by the deceased, probably about two years ago, and discovered among his papers since his death. It was as follows:

Love is a shape of mist—yet we are shadows, too,
And love is more divine than we can hope to be:
So let us through our lives the shade of love pursue,
Although it ever flee.
Yea, to the gate of death, where all is mistier yet
Than anything in life, oh, let us follow love;
Perchance, beyond the doors, some happiness is set
About us and above.

Boston Post

The interment was in the family lot in Sleepy Hollow cemetery. *Mar. 6, 1889*

Calls unheard; but though the snows of winter fall
And bury much, they cannot bury all.

And sure I am of this—where once we love
Dreams cannot buried be.
I loved the pines, the pond, and far-heard drum
Of partridge—forever gone from me.
This was a love not Time itself can take,
For I can always dwell in dreamland by the lake.

ROBERTSON JAMES

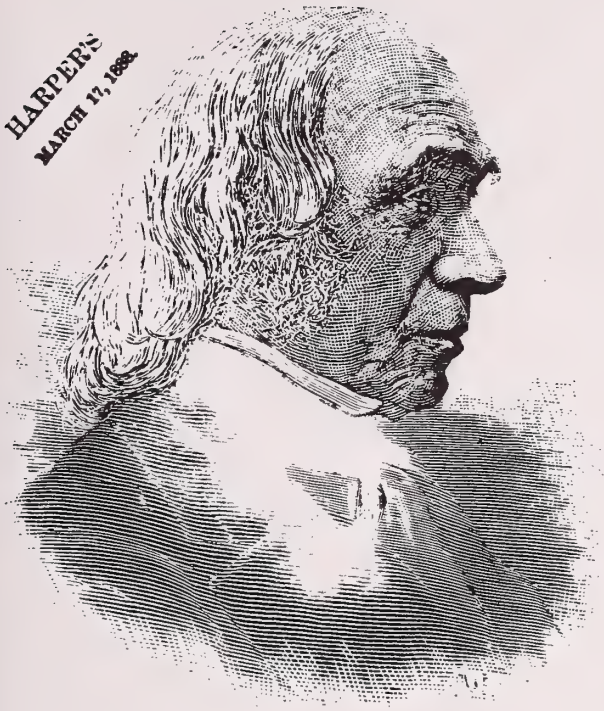
WALDEN WOOD

[For the Transcript]

The whiter wind, the path within the wood,
The chopper's hut,
The loon, which floats in lonely mood
Upon the lake, the falling of the soft snowflake—
Are these where once they were?
I long to know; so sweet the picture is,
I feel old loves within me wake.

The pond I knew of old, the lonely shore
From which in camps
We saw the moon above the pines arise—
The moon with mystery for the schoolboy eyes—
Tonight all these come back in silver light;
But if it be a dream in which I wake,
Let dreamland be my home beside the lake.

There still the call of whippoorwill
The silence wakes;
There still the glorious autumn shakes
Upon the ground the leafy carpet which it makes.
This cannot always stay a dream to me.
O stream of Time which bears us to the grave,
Restore the vision true which boyhood gave.
O Walden Wood, where walked the great and wise,
In days gone by,
In thy dim aisles o'er which the suns arise
The timid deer no longer walk, the partridge



THE LATE AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 187.]

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

LAST TRIBUTES TO THE LATE A. BRONSON ALCOTT

Death of Louisa May Alcott but a Few Hours Before Her Father's Funeral Occurs—Her Life and Work.

Mar. 7

Very simple indeed were the services at the funeral of A. Bronson Alcott, which occurred yesterday from the residence of his only surviving daughter, Mrs. Pratt, 10 Louisburg square. There was no ostentatious display, no massing of huge banks of flowers about the casket, and no long formal ceremonies. The quiet services took on a deeper solemnity from the fact that but a few short hours before Louisa May Alcott, who for so many years had been her father's tender companion, had also passed away. About fifty intimate friends of the Alcotts were present, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Messrs. F. B. Sanborn, Samuel E. Sewall, Frederick May, George May, John May, Mrs. George B. Bradford, Walter Blanchard, Walton Richardson, Mrs. John May, Professor Shackford, the Rev. J. S. Bush, Colonel Henry Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Dr. Emerson, Mrs. Allen Emerson, President Warren of Boston University, Dr. H. I. Bowditch and Dr. Milbrey Green. The burial case was surrounded by smilax, tastefully entwined; on the mantel were wreaths of green studded with violets, while white roses were strewn carelessly upon the shelf. Over all was a draped portrait of the devoted daughter Louisa. The Rev. Dr. Bartol began the exercises, paying a tender tribute to the deceased, whom he had known for half a century. Dr. Bartol spoke as follows:

It is recorded in the evangelical narrations that at the burial of the body of Jesus, certain women, womanlike, came to see the sepulchre and just how the body lay, and brought sweet spices and ointment in their hands. When the women poured the alabaster box on the head of Jesus he told his complaining disciples they had done it for his burial. Nicodemus, not forgetting his early love, brought one hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes, with the same purpose as that of the women. The old idea of embalming practices in Egypt sprang, no doubt, from an instinctive faith in the human mind of something fit and beautiful to endure after death. Men said, O, King, live forever! O, Queen, live forever! We will build a pyramid for your tomb and monument. Socrates told his friends they might catch his spirit if they could after his decease. The embalmers from first to last had the feeling divinely implanted in them of some survival. We bring no sweet spices or ointment, no myrrh or aloes to this coffin; nothing bitter in our hand or in our mind. We do not mourn over these mortal remains. We rejoice in the spirit's release. We come to embalm our friend in our memories, our prayer, our tears, our affection and confident hope. This friend was a man of unquestioning faith.

God, heaven, duty and immortality were never points of debate or subjects of logic and argument in his own thought. They were perceptions, persuasions, convictions—the very life of his soul. I count it a privilege to have known him and have the friendly regard of a man to whom spiritual things were so real. The question with us is of our derivation and date. Is our origin dusty or divine? The only occasion on which I ever saw this man—the movement of whose mind was like the revolution of the globe—greatly stirred was when a friend with whom he had philanthropic sympathy undertook to speak of the elements as the source of our being. With a quick gesture and a slight stamp of the foot, he for once, with a sort of vehemence, declared his utter dissent. We, with him, will not believe that the spirit in man, made in the divine image, a spark of heavenly wisdom and love, can be quenched by all the waters which flow through what we ignorantly call the dark valley and shadow of death, which welcomes with its invitation the worn, footsore pilgrim of time. To so live a person it was impossible to believe in death.

I limit myself to these few words because his incomprehensible affection and favor led him repeatedly, living and dying, to request that I would speak of him after his decease as both the pressure of duty and the impulse of inclination will direct me to do in my own place.

The Rev. J. S. Bush of Concord, at the close of Dr. Bartol's brief remarks, read the Episcopal burial service, closing with prayer. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn then made a short address, as follows:

It is fitting that some expression should be given today, even in this private circle of friends, to that blending of love and admiration for his public qualities, which all who really knew our departed friend have felt. Having been requested to speak on this occasion, can I do better, however, immersed as we may be in a personal sorrow, than to recall to you the lofty and gentle traits of Mr. Alcott, which made him, from the first, a representative American, and have given him a larger share in moulding, or at least typifying, the national sentiment that has controlled social, political and religious activity here for five and twenty years? It is a mistake to suppose that men wield their greatest influence by incessant activity, by the exercise of intrusted power, however vast, or by the outward methods of intellectual achievement. The strongest magnetism is that which character exerts; and the heavenly star shines more usefully, as well as more beautifully, than the rocket or the bonfire. Nature and grace seemed to make known through the serene presence and the unfaltering persistency of our friend some such truth as this: We show mankind that the great American is not the millionaire merchant, nor the matchless orator, nor the idolized political leader—no, but the man who does what America herself has always done—plants himself firmly upon an idea, and holds serenely there until the world has adopted it. Reflect for a moment, dear friends, can you remember a single good cause, a single germinating idea in the last sixty years which did not find its embodiment in Mr. Alcott? These ideas and these causes he maintained, not with the noise of a thunder storm, nor the gusty violence of a March wind, nor the perpetual drizzle of criticism, but with the silent, shining force of the sunlight, which shall presently transform this hard frozen crust of earth into a green and flowery picture of God's providence. To do this required grand qualities—faith, courage, submission to the divine will, cheerful constancy and patient waiting—heavenly qualities that shall find a more congenial sphere in that higher world to which we believe him now translated. This poor, faded, out-worn casket of the flesh, lying before us on the shore of time, which so long has enshrined his dauntless spirit, his loving heart, his aspiring soul, we will lay tenderly in mother earth; but we will look for our friend in the world of ideal existencies, of Platonic and divine realities, where he truly belonged, even while he walked among us for so many noble years.

Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney next spoke, and recalled the many noble qualities of the deceased, whom she had known for fifty years. In that time he had been to her and to others from girlhood to womanhood what no other personality had been. Figuratively, almost really, he lifted the roof and showed the stars; the gates were not simply ajar, they were wide opened. A pleasing experience was her taking a young girl to Concord for an introduction. Her young life was lifted, as was her own, almost by intuition. His serenity was marked; all recognized his quiet influence. He was more tender than a father to all, and his affection for wife, children and grandchildren was immeasurable. His life was unique.

Mrs. Cheney's remarks closed the services, and an opportunity was thereupon given those present to take a last farewell. At 3 o'clock the body was transported to Concord, where it was interred in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, between the graves of Emerson and Thoreau, and not far from that of Hawthorne.

friend Carlyle was, in the last maxim, already marked. He was married in 1829, but his wife died after little more than two years. It does not appear that the life of a minister was at any time very congenial to him, and weakness of health, together with the shock of his wife's death, made a visit to Europe seem advisable in 1833. This was the first of the visits, the result of which is recorded in *English Traits*, and perhaps the most fruitful. Then it was that he made acquaintance with Carlyle—an acquaintance memorable in result on the characters of both. Much that is foolish has been said as to this acquaintance; the early age, settling finally at the Second Unitarian Church in Boston. The general tendency of his teaching may be inferred from a remark of his own about one of his sermons: "I am going to prove the sovereignty of the moral law and to slay the utility swine." It was not a very humble remark, but humility was never Emerson's strong point. Another not uncharacteristic utterance of his was, "To every man the great end of existence is the preservation and culture of his individual mind and character." The divergence from his future

THE ACADEMY
MAY 6, 1882—No. 522.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.*

(*In Memoriam: Ralph Waldo Emerson.*)

He sleeps here the untroubled sleep
Who could not bear the noise and moil
Of public life, but far from toil
A happy reticence did keep,

With Nature only open, free:
Close by there rests the magic mind
Of him who took life's threads to wind
And weave some poor soul's mystery

Of spirit-life, and make it live
A type and wonder for all days;
No sweeter soul e'er trod earth's ways
Than he who here at last did give

His body back to earth again.
And now at length beside them lies
One great and true and nobly wise,—
A King of Thought, whose spotless reign

The overwhelming years that come
And drown the trash and dross and slime
Shall keep a record of till Time
Shall cease, and voice of man be dumb.

At last he rests, whose high clear hope
Was wont on lofty wings to scan
The future destinies of Man—
Who saw the Race through darkness grope,

Through mists and error, till at last
The looked-for light, the longed-for age
Should dawn for peasant, prince, and sage,
And centuries of night be past.

Thy rest is won. O loyal, brave,
Wise soul, thy spirit is not dead—
Thy wing'd words far and wide have fled,
Undying, they shall find no grave.

* In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery are the graves of Thoreau and Hawthorne, and near them have just been laid the remains of Emerson.

William Sharp.

OBITUARY.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The lovers of coincidences have not often had such an instance as the death of the foremost and oldest prose writer of America within a week or two of the death of her foremost and oldest poet. In each case age and rank must be taken together in estimating the claim to these superlatives, but the result is less doubtful in the case of Mr. Emerson than it was in the case of Mr. Longfellow.

Mr. Emerson was born in Boston on May 25, 1803, of a family which, for nearly as many generations as the scanty history of the United States has permitted, had taken to theology as a study and a profession. In his father's time a change had come over the character of the family religion. William Emerson had discarded the ancestral Calvinism for Unitarianism. The future philosopher (who was the second child) followed his father, and, after taking his degree at Harvard, became a minister at a somewhat

truest thing, probably, that can be said is that it had some influence on Carlyle's thought, and very much influence on Emerson's style. Then, also, he saw Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Landor, and showed a certain want of perspective by the memorable remark: "He pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey?" Southey was the best writer of English prose living at the time; but that was a matter not within Emerson's ken. He returned to America, and to lecturing, but not to ministerial work properly so called. In 1835 he married again, and established himself comfortably in Concord. His biographers are not very explicit as to the sources of his income, but it would appear that he was independent. 1836 saw his first book, *Nature*, a result of a certain study of Plotinus it is said, though Emerson does not give one the impression of knowing Greek or Greek thought very thoroughly. He still preached occasionally, but declined regular work. In 1836 and 1838 he published the American edition of Carlyle's *Sartor* and *Essays*. It was about this time that the famous "Boston transcendentalism" began to display itself, and Emerson became its prophet, with Ripley, Margaret Fuller, Brownson, &c., as half comrades, half disciples. He contributed not a little to the *Dial*, but had nothing to do with Brook Farm. It was in 1838 that he ceased to have any connexion with the Unitarians, and practically dissevered himself from any dogmatic or even liturgic form of religion. Indeed (without any unfavourable connotation of the word), Emerson may be said to have been an essentially irreligious person, just as Carlyle was an essentially religious one. A cheerful process of exploration within his own soul, and a confidence in its power of comprehending the universe, was the note of the one; a sense of the vast and terrible unknown surrounding the *ich*, and of a presence pervading that unknown, was the note of the other. The reader of Emerson very soon perceives his attitude towards any "Mother of Form and Fear." Emerson appreciated the excellence of neither. But he had a great faculty of enjoyment of the good things of the visible and the intellectual world, and a considerable sense of humour, and so he did very well. His essays appeared at intervals during the early '40's; and in 1846 the first volume of his remarkable *Poems*, in which his real literary power perhaps best appears, despite a careless or wilful indifference to form. His second visit to England came in 1848, and two years later appeared the best known of all his books, the *Representative Men*. The *English Traits* (a combination of his notes in both his visits) were published in 1856, *The Conduct of Life* in 1860, the charming *May-day* in 1867. These were the chief of his works, though others have followed since. He visited England for the last time in 1872. Of late years he is said, though untouched in his bodily health, to have somewhat failed in his memory and other mental faculties. But his end was as peaceful as his life had been, and as the life of one whose moral character was singularly unblemished deserved to be.

Literary appreciation of Emerson is not altogether easy, because it has to be made with perpetual allowance, a proceeding as annoying to the audience as it is unsatisfactory to the critic. It is probable that in his verse are to be found the most absolutely poetical things yet put into words by any American poet; yet it would be hard to pick out half-a-dozen consecutive lines not disfigured by some capital defect of form or phrase. His prose is of the same unequal kind—nearly always suggestive, often admirably eloquent, not seldom marvellously acute, but, on the other hand, sometimes quite platitudinous, often conceited and grotesque, and not seldom containing a stray morsel of gratuitous bad taste on which the teeth grate with a consequent disgust scarcely to be exaggerated. That his merits far outweighed his defects no competent judge will question, and there is little doubt that posterity will assign him the position of the greatest of American men of letters up to the time of his death. An essay on the bad and good influence on him of what his own people would call his surroundings would be one of the most curious exercitations of the kind possible. But there is one thing very noteworthy in Emerson. No one, however much he might differ with him, could form a dislike to the author as he read, or could affect to see in him other than a great thinker and writer. This came, partly from the fact that, with the most egotistic of all possible creeds in literature, politics, and philosophy, he was personally not in the least an egotist; partly from the sheer literary merit of even his most unequal work.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

EMERSON'S LIFE AND WORK

TRIBUTES BY MEMBERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Addresses by Dr. George E. Ellis and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes — Letter from Judge Hoar—Brief Remarks by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke—Formal Action of the Society.

BDA, May 13, 1882

The regular monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society was held on Thursday, the 11th instant, at three o'clock, P.M. In the absence of the president, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who is spending the summer in Europe, the senior vice-president, the Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D. occupied the chair. The minutes of the April meeting, at which tributes were paid to Mr. Longfellow, were read by the Rev. E. G. Porter, recording secretary *pro tem*. The librarian, Mayor Green, read the monthly list of donors to the library. The corresponding secretary, Mr. Justin Winsor, made his report, after which Vice-President Ellis gave the following address:—

ADDRESS OF THE REV. DR ELLIS.

Many of us who meet in this library today are doubtless recalling vividly the memory of the impressive scene here when, fifteen months ago, Mr. Emerson, appearing among us for the last time, read his characteristic paper upon Thomas Carlyle. It was the very hour on which the remains of that remarkable man were committed to his Scotch grave. There was much to give the occasion here a deep and tender interest. We could not but feel that it was the last utterance to which we should listen from our beloved and venerated associate, if not, as it proved to be, the last of his presence among us. So we listened greedily and fondly. The paper had been lying in manuscript more than thirty years, but it had kept its freshness and fidelity. The matter of it, its tone and utterance, were singularly suggestive. Not the least of the crowding reflections with which we listened was the puzzling wonder to some of us as to the tie of sympathy and warm personal attachment, of nearly half a century's continuance, between the serene and gentle spirit of our poet-philosopher and the stormy and aggressive spirit of Mr. Carlyle.

There are those immediately to follow me who, with acute and appreciative minds, in closeness of intercourse and sympathy with Mr. Emerson, will interpret to you the form and significance of his genius, the richness of his fine and rare endowments, and account to you for the admiring and loving estimate of his power and influence and world-wide fame in the lofty realms of thought, with insight and vision and revealings of the central mysteries of being. They must share largely in those rare gifts of his who undertake to be the channel of them from him to others. For it is no secret, but a free confession, that the quality, methods and fruits of his genius are so peculiar, unique, obscure and remote from the appreciation of a large class of those of logical, argumentative and prosaic minds, as to invest them with the ill-understood and the inexplicable. He was signally one of those, rare in our race, in the duality of our human elementary composition, in whom the dust of the ground contributed its least proportion, while the ethereal inspiration from above contributed the greatest.

The words which I would add, prompted as in keeping with this place and occasion, shall be in reminiscence of years long past. Those whose memories are clear and strong, and who forty-five years ago in their professional, literary or social fellowships were intent upon all that quickened thought and converse in this peculiar centre of Boston and its neighborhoods, will recall with what can hardly be other than pensive retrospects, the charms and fervors, the surprises, and perhaps, the shocks, certainly the bewilderment and the apprehension, which signalled the announcement here of what was called Transcendentalism. Though the word was from the first wrongfully applied, there was an aptness in its use, as in keeping with the mistiness and cloudiness of the dispensation to which it was attached. The excitement here was adjusted to the size, the composition, the tone and spirit, and the unassimilated elements of this community. The movement had the quickening zest of mystery. It was long before those who who were not a part of it could reach to any intelligible idea of what it might signify, or promise, or portend. There were a score, a hundred, persons craving to have ex-

that to the charm and power of which we all love to yield ourselves, in the poise and repose of his placid spirit, in the grace and felicity of his utterance, in the crowding of sense and suggestiveness into his short, terse sentences, in his high reachings for all truth as its disciple, and in the persuasiveness with which he communicated to others what was disclosed to him. He never answered to a challenge by apology or controversy.

At the conclusion of his address, Dr. Ellis read the following letter from Judge Hoar:—

LETTER OF JUDGE E. R. HOAR.

CONCORD, May 8, 1882.

My Dear Dr. Ellis,—I find that it will be out of of my power to attend the meeting of the Historical Society on Thursday next, and I am sorry to lose the opportunity of hearing the tributes which its members will pay to the memory of Mr. Emerson, than whose name none more worthy of honor is found on its roll. His place in literature, as poet, philosopher, seer and thinker, will find much more adequate statement than any which I could offer. But there are two things which the proceedings of our society may appropriately record concerning him, one of them likely to be lost sight of in the lustre of his later and more famous achievements, and the other of a quality so evanescent as to be preserved only by contemporary evidence and tradition.

The first relates to his address in September, 1835, at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Concord; which seems to me to contain the most complete and exquisite picture of the origin, history and peculiar characteristics of a New England town that has ever been produced.

The second is his *power as an orator*, rare and peculiar, and in its way unequalled among our cotemporaries. Many of us can recall instances of it, and there are several prominent in my recollection. But perhaps the most striking was his address at the Burns centennial, in Boston, on the 25th of January, 1859.

The company that he addressed was a queer mixture. First, there were the Burns club,—grave, critical and long-headed Scotchmen, jealous of the fame of their countryman, and doubtful of the capacity to appreciate him in men of other blood. There were the scholars and poets of Boston and its neighborhood, and professors and undergraduates from Harvard College. Then there were state and city officials, aldermen and common councilmen, brokers and bank directors, ministers and deacons, doctors, lawyers, and "carnal self-seekers" of every grade.

I have had the good fortune to hear many of the chief orators of our time, among them Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Ogden Hoffman, S. S. Prentiss, William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, some of the great preachers, and Webster, Everett, Choate and Winthrop at their best. But I never witnessed such an effect of speech upon men as Mr. Emerson apparently then attained. It reached at once to his own definition of eloquence,—"a taking sovereign possession of the audience." He had uttered but a few sentences before he seemed to have welded together the whole mass of discordant material and lifted them to the same height of sympathy and passion. He excited them to smiles, to tears, to the wildest enthusiasm. His tribute to Burns is beautiful to read, perhaps the best which the occasion produced on either side of the ocean. But the clear articulation, the ringing emphasis, the musical modulation of tone and voice, the loftiness of bearing, and the radiance of his face, all made a part of the consummate charm. When he closed, the company could hardly tolerate any other speaker, though good ones were to follow.

I am confident that every one who was present on that evening would agree with me as to the splendor of that eloquence.

Very truly yours,

E. R. HOAR.

Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., vice-president of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes then arose and addressed the society as follows:—

ADDRESS OF DR. HOLMES.

It is a privilege which any of us may claim, as we pass each of these last and newly-raised mounds, to throw our pebble upon the cairn. For our own sakes we must be indulged in the gratification of paying our slender tribute. So soon, alas, after bidding farewell to our cherished poet to lose the earthly presence of the loftiest, the divinist of our thinkers! The language of eulogy seemed to have exhausted itself in celebrating him who was the darling of two English worlds, the singer of Acadian and Pilgrim and Indian story, of human affections and aspirations, of sweet, wholesome life from its lullaby to its requiem. And now we hardly know what measure to observe in our praises of him who was singularly averse to over-statement, who never listened approvingly to flattery when living, and

own? Is it a cryptogam that can never flower, or shall we wait and see it blossom by and by? Is it an endogen or an exogen,—did the seed it springs from drop from a neighboring bough, or was it wafted hither on the wings of the wind from some far-off shore?

Time taught us what to make of this human growth. It was not an annual or biennial, but a perennial; not an herbaceous plant, but a towering tree; not an oak or an elm like those around it, but rather a lofty and spreading palm, which acclimated itself out of its latitude, as the little group of Southern magnolias has done in the woods of our northern county of Essex. For Emerson's was an Asiatic mind, drawing its sustenance partly from the hard soil of our New England; partly, too, from the air that has known Himalaya and the Ganges. So impressed with this character of his mind was Mr. Burlingame, as I saw him after his return from his mission, that he said to me, in a freshet of hyperbole, which was the overflow of a channel with a thread of truth running in it: "There are twenty thousand Ralph Waldo Emersons in China."

What could we do with this unexpected, unprovided for, unclassified, half unwelcome new comer, who had been for a while potted, as it were, in our Unitarian cold greenhouse, but had taken to growing so fast that he was lifting off its glass roof and letting in the hailstorms? Here was a protest that outflanked the extreme left of liberalism, yet so calm and serene that its radicalism had the accents of the gospel of peace. Here was an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship.

The scribes and pharisees made light of his oracular sayings. The lawyers could not find the witnesses to subpœna and the documents to refer to when his case came before them, and turned him over to their wives and daughters. The ministers denounced his heresies, and handled his writings as if they were packages of dynamite, and the grandmothers were as much afraid of his new teachings as old Mrs. Piozzi was of geology. We had had revolutionary orators, reformers, martyrs; it was but a few years since Abner Kneeland had been sent to jail for expressing an opinion about the great First Cause; but we had had nothing like this man, with his seraphic voice and countenance, his choice vocabulary, his refined utterance, his gentle courage, which, with a different manner, might have been called audacity, his temperate statement of opinions which threatened to shake the existing order of thought like an earthquake.

His peculiarities of style and of thinking became fertile parents of mannerisms, which were fair game for ridicule as they appeared in his imitators. For one who talks like Emerson or like Carlyle soon finds himself surrounded by a crowd of walking phonographs, who mechanically reproduce his mental and vocal accents. Emerson was before long talking in the midst of a babbling Simonetta of echoes, and not unnaturally was now and then himself a mark for the small shot of criticism. He had soon reached that height in the "cold thin atmosphere" of thought where

> Vainly the fowler's eye
> Might mark his distant flight to do him wrong.

I shall add a few words of necessity, almost epigrammatic, upon his work and character. He dealt with life, and life with him was not merely this particular air-breathing phase of being, but the spiritual existence which included it like a parenthesis between the two infinites. He wanted his daily draughts of oxygen like his neighbors, and was as thoroughly human as the plain people he mentions who had successively owned or thought they owned the house-lot on which he planted his hearthstone. But he was at home no less in the interstellar spaces outside of all the atmospheres. The semi-materialistic idealism of Milton was a gross and clumsy medium compared to the imponderable ether of "The Oversoul" and the unimaginable vacuum of "Brahma." He followed in the shining and daring track of the *Graius homo* of Lucretius:

> "*Viridu vis animi pervicit, et extra*
> *Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi.*"

It always seemed to me as if he looked upon this earth very much as a visitor from another planet would look on it. He was interested, and to some extent curious about it, but it was not the first spheroid he he had been acquainted with, by any means. I have amused myself with comparing his descriptions of natural objects with those of the Angel Raphael in the seventh book of Paradise Lost.

Emerson talks of his titmouse as Raphael talks of his cement. Angels and poets never deal with nature after the manner of those whom we call naturalists.

To judge of him as a thinker Emerson should have been heard as a lecturer, for his manner was an illustration of his way of thinking. He would lose his place just as his mind would drop its thought and pick up another, twentieth cousin or no relation at all to it. This went so far at times that one could hardly tell whether he was putting together a mosaic of colored fragments, or only turning a kaleidoscope where the pieces tumbled about as they best might. It was as if he had been looking in at a cosmic peep-show, and turning from it at brief intervals to tell us what he saw. But what fragments these colored sentences were, and what pictures they often placed before us, as if we too saw them! Never has this city known such audiences as he gathered; never was such an Olympian entertainment as that which he gave.

late associate, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and recognize the great influence exercised by his character and writings to elevate, purify and quicken the thought of our time.

It was announced by the chair that the council had appointed Mr. James Russell Lowell to write a memoir of Mr. Longfellow for the society's proceedings. The appointment of the society's biographer of Mr. Emerson was deferred till the next meeting.

Dr. Holmes presented a deed of mortgage of a house in Northampton, England, dated 1683, in the handwriting and with the signature of Thomas Franklin, a relative of Benjamin Franklin.

The deed was sent to Dr. Holmes by Mr. Bellows, of Gloucester, England, the author of the miniature French dictionary.

Professor C. E. Norton read two letters which he had received about a year ago from Mr. Darwin, containing interesting facts about the friendship existing between Franklin and members of the Darwin family.

Colonel Henry Lee spoke of a portrait at the state house said to be that of the Rev. Francis Higginson. After careful study and comparison with another possessing similar claims it is believed that the one at the state house is an original.

Dr. Ellis remarked that before the time of Blackburn and Smibert there must have been a portrait painter in Boston, as is proved by the existence of several well-authenticated portraits.

Shortly before five o'clock the society adjourned.

Sleepy Hollow.

They bore him up the aisle,
  His white hands folded meekly on his breast:
He had the very smile
  He wore the night he gently sank to rest.

The words of love were said,
  We prayed and sang together; all was done,
And then the way they led
  Along the street, the people following on.

They reached the place of sleep
  Just as the holy day of spring was closing:
His form it now must keep,
  Beside his kindred and his friends reposing.

The watching hill's looked kind
  Upon our father in his lowly bed;
The sun went down behind,
  And pensive evening glory on him shed.

We covered him with green.—
  He loved the hemlock branches, and the pine,—
And there he lay serene;
  And yet not he, not there the spark divine.

His spirit was afar,
  Shining benignant, in refulgent light,
Like some new awakened star
  Ascending sweetly to its native height.

But will he go away,
  To leave us in our earthly doubt and pain?
Has he not found the day,
  To bring its secrets to the world again?

Be thou not over-sad,
  Dear, ancient town, in thy affliction seen;
Think that what thou hast had
  Is thine to keep and give for evermore.

—[Martha Perry Lowe in the Christian Register.

DEATH OF MR. EMERSON.

(BY ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.)

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, FRIDAY.

Mr. Emerson died quietly, and apparently without pain or consciousness, at fifty minutes past eight last night. The end came peacefully as the close of a summer's day. During the forenoon he had not appeared to suffer greatly, and was apparently resting easily. About noon he exhibited signs of restlessness and began to suffer severe pain. Soon after he became delirious, and his son immediately administered ether, under the influence of which he was kept till the end. The delirium at no time was violent. His only hallucination was that he was away from home. While recognising the faces of those of his own family about him, he begged to be taken to his own fireside. It was not till sunset that his son abandoned hope. It was evident then that a few hours were all that remained for him. Before life had entirely gone there was in the early evening a last rally of his intellect. He knew those about him, and spoke gently to one or two, but said nothing to indicate he knew that death was near. Consciousness soon departed, and he sank, first into stupor, then into a deep sleep, from which he never awakened. The watchers hardly knew when death came; in fact, a few minutes before the end his son said there was a little hope still. Five minutes later he startled the family with the announcement that his father was dead. The news was announced to the townspeople by the church bells tolling seventy-nine strokes, and carrying a sense of personal loss to every fireside. The neighbours say of him that he was the gentlest and most approachable of great men. His home was freely open to them until the feebleness of old age compelled retirement. Even in his last days he did not altogether seclude himself, but responded to occasional brief calls in his own kindly way. He was as beloved by the people about him for his sweetness of disposition and uniform kindliness as he was honoured for his intellectual eminence. It is hard for them to realise that he whose spare figure and kindly face have been for so many years a familiar sight moving about their quiet streets has gone for ever. His last formal appearance in public was several months ago at a meeting of a village club, when, with the assistance of his daughter, who has been his constant companion and helper in literary labours for many years, he read extracts from an unpublished essay. His last appearance in Boston was at a meeting of the Historical Society, to take action on the death of Mr. Carlyle.

The arrangements for the funeral are not completed, but it will take place on Sunday, and he will be buried near Hawthorne, in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, near his late home.

All the morning papers have devoted many columns to his life and works. The *Tribune* says he was one of the most important figures in American literature, and adds that his influence upon poets and scholars, incomparably more powerful than his direct effect upon the public, is the true measure of his service to the intellectual development of his generation. The *Times* says there can be no question that not only America's greatest essayist is dead, but one of the greatest poets in the English language. The *Sun* says, "There are few aspects of human life which are not better known to us for his penetrating vision, and his writings are a storehouse of suggestion and admonition, a shining and enduring monument of genius and beauty."

Though nearly seventy-nine years of age, and though his memory had for some years been failing, Mr. Emerson's general health had been so good that the announcement of his severe illness was a surprise. His philosophy had always included a practical as well as theoretical worship of Health; and it is doubtful if he who in early life wrote, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous," had for ~~forty years lost a~~ day by illness up to the severe shock suffered ten years ago by the burning of his house. A brief tour in Europe appeared to have entirely restored him; but gradually it was found that his memory for the names of persons and things was slowly deteriorating. At the funeral of Longfellow he seemed to be at a loss to know the cause of the agitation and sorrow before him. His attentiveness to every word addressed to him had become of almost painful intensity, showing his struggle to overcome this invisible power which was drawing him farther and farther away from the circle of loving faces around him. But he continued his walks amid the familiar woods and fields around Concord, and in these scenes and solitudes his face is said to have been radiant with happiness.

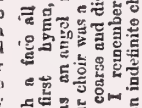
Ralph Waldo Emerson was born May 25, 1803, in Boston, of a family variously distinguished in the colonial and modern history of New England. His father, a celebrated scholar and divine of the early Unitarian movement, died while Ralph, second of five sons, was yet a child. He was sent to the Latin School, as it was called, in Boston, and excelled in classical languages and studies. He entered Harvard University at fourteen years of age, and during his college life was remarkable for his fine translations from classical authors, his enthusiasm for Shakespeare and old English literature generally, and his refined elocution. Brought up under the auspices of such orators as the Rev. Edward Everett, then Professor of Greek at Harvard, and Dr. Channing, whose church the family attended, there was every prospect that young Emerson would become a shining light in the ministry, a profession that had become traditional in the family. After graduating he taught for a time, and then began the study of theology. It is probable that when the story of Emerson's life is written it will appear that his becoming a Unitarian preacher was due to influences other than the suggestions of his own genius. At any rate the study of theology does not seem to have agreed with his health, and he passed the first winter (1826-7) after his "approbation" in the South. At this period he wrote a good deal of poetry. In January, 1829, he was installed as pastor of a large and fashionable Unitarian congregation in Boston, a connection which continued to the autumn of 1832, when he resigned his pulpit on account of having adopted views of the sacraments resembling those of the Quakers. This pastoral work of Emerson, which lasted less than three years, and was never resumed elsewhere, made an important page in the religious history of Boston. For one thing, he was the first to open his church for anti-slavery lectures, a thing that even Dr. Channing had never ventured. Though only twenty-six years at his installation his preaching made a profound impression, and he was made chaplain of the Massachusetts Legislature. He entered with zeal on the philanthropic and educational work of Boston and was regarded as judicious and practical beyond his years. Soon after Emerson's connection with the Boston church he had married Miss Ellen Tucker, to whom as "Ellen, at the South," one of his sweetest poems is addressed, beginning:

The green grass is bowing,
  The morning wind is in it;
'Tis a tune worth thy knowing
  Though it change every minute.

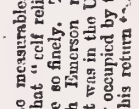
'Tis a tune of the spring;
  Every year plays it over
To the robin on the wing,
  And to the pausing lover.

She died, however, early in 1832. It was therefore from the shadow of a great sorrow that Emerson sought to escape by his first journey to Europe, which occurred in the following year. It was then that he made his pilgrimages to Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, described with so much spirit in "English Traits," certainly one of the ablest and most entertaining books ever written about this country. How thoroughly Carlyle appreciated this visit is shown by a note concerning it quoted in Mr. Froude's recent work. The friendship formed between these two men at Craigenputtock lasted during their lives, a fact not a little remarkable when it is considered how diametrically divergent their views became as time wore on. There is an unpublished legend that on the one evening passed at Craigenputtock by Emerson, in 1833, Carlyle gave him a pipe, and, taking one himself, the two sat silent until eleven o'clock, then parted, shaking hands, with congratulations on the pleasant evening they had enjoyed. It would seem, however, that there was a great deal of conversation on that occasion, though it is probable that Carlyle did not recognise the man before him so fully as he himself was recognised by Emerson. It appears, indeed, that the Boston scholar had been very eagerly studying Carlyle's "Signs of the Times," "Characteristics," and other early contributions to the Reviews, and that these may have had something to do with that discontent with pastoral offices which led to his withdrawal from the ministry. Emerson found Carlyle rather contemptuous towards Unitarianism, and Coleridge claiming that his previous heresy while he was a Unitarian had only expanded in his Trinitarianism. "If," he said to Emerson, "you should insist on your faith here in England, and I on mine, mine would be the hotter side of the faggot." Wordsworth gave the young Bostonian much advice upon his duties as an American citizen. On the whole, however, the amount of help and light which Emerson received from these several shrines was quite measurable, and he had learned much about that "self reliance" of which he afterwards wrote so finely. The one public appearance which Emerson made in England on his first visit was in the Unitarian pulpit in Edinburgh, now occupied by the Rev. Robert Drummond. On his return to

mortals, with a face all benignity, who
out the first hymn, and made
first prayer as an angel might have rend
prayed. Our choir was a pretty good one, but
the best was coarse and discordant after Emer-
son's voice. I remember of the sermon only
that it had an indefinite charm of simplicity and



he declined all inducements to take occ
congregation, though he sl
preached. An eminent journ
Congdon, of the *New York Tribune*,
nisences published a few years ago, desc
Emerson's visit to New Bedford. "Once
there came into our pulpit the most gracio



wisdom, with occasional illustrations from nature, which were about the most delicate and dainty things of the kind which I had ever heard."

The same writer remembers certain lectures given about that time at New Bedford so "enchanting" that, he says, "I have hungered to see them in print, and have thought of the evenings on which they were delivered as true Arabian Nights." Emerson, in 1834, was, evidently desirous of transferring his work from the pulpit to the "platform," which was beginning to be represented by mechanics' and other Institutes. Many of the lectures of these years have never been published. His subjects were chiefly from English biography and literature. In September, 1835, he married Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and immediately went to reside in the house at Concord where the rest of his life was passed. Concord had been the home of his ancestors. Celebrated in American annals as the place where the first resistance was offered to British arms in the War of Independence, that town has now gained a happier fame as the home of the thinker who has won English homage for the best fruits of Independence. It is probable that in no two American homes have more Englishmen received hospitality than in that which has made Concord famous, and in Craigie House, once Washington's head-quarters, whence came Longfellow's hymns of humanity and peace to conquer the hearts of our English people. For some time previous to his marriage Emerson had resided with a relative, Dr. Ripley, in the "Old Manse," at Concord, which has been made famous by Hawthorne's volume of sketches, "Mosses from an Old Manse." There Emerson wrote his small volume, entitled "Nature," published in 1836. The poetic elevation of this essay was generally admired, and its charm of style admitted, but it was to take some time yet before the busy matter-of-fact citizens of America could comprehend this auroral flame of idealism. In the same year Emerson edited "Sartor Resartus," compiled by his friend, Dr. Le Baron Russell, from "Fraser," this American edition being the first appearance of any volume by Carlyle. Emerson's lectures, and his transcendental essay "Nature," had prepared Carlyle's audience in America. Carlyle also had the advantage of an optimistic interpreter able to utilise the quickening breath of his stormy genius, while turning aside with the providence of Franklin's rod any dangerous thunderbolt. Carlyle was warmly invited to visit America; but, as he could not do that, he seems to have been read there through Emersonian eyes, and his teachings hopelessly turned to the service of those "nigger emancipation" and other contemporary "gospels" which he so berated.

What has been known as New England "Transcendentalism" alarmed theologians of all schools in that region, and more especially those of Harvard University who inherited the responsibility of having led the people away from the ancient standards of orthodoxy. This alarm took the form of certain manifestoes from the Unitarian doctors of Divinity College after a famous pantheistic address given by Emerson before the graduating class of that college in 1838. But it did not require more time than it did in the case of Darwin's generalisation to pass from the era of anathemas to that of homage. It is probable that at any time within the past twenty years the majority of thoughtful Americans would have pointed to Ralph Waldo Emerson as the man who had done more than any other to rekindle the religious life of his country, whose chief sign of activity was in the reaction against the relics of a Puritanism long discredited. Emerson's works were first introduced into this country in 1841, with an introduction by Carlyle, in which he said:

The name of Ralph Waldo Emerson is not entirely new in England; distinguished travellers bring us tidings of such a man; fractions of his writings have found their way into the hands of the curious here; fitful hints that there is, in New England, some spiritual notability called Emerson, glide through reviews and magazines. Whether these hints were true or not true, readers are now to judge for themselves a little better. Emerson's writings and speakings amount to something; and yet, hitherto, as seems to me, this Emerson is perhaps far less notable for, what he has spoken or done than for the many things he has not spoken, and has forborne to do. With uncommon interest I have learned that this, and in such a never-resting, locomotive country, too, is one of these rare men who have withal the invaluable talent of sitting still! That an educated man, of good gifts and opportunities, after looking at the public arena, and even trying, not with ill success, what its tasks and its prizes might amount to, should retire for long years into rustic obscurity, and, amid the all-pervading jingle of dollars and loud chaffering of ambitions and promotions, should quietly, with cheerful deliberateness, sit down to spend his life, not in Mammon worship, or the hunt for reputation, influence, place, or any outward advantage whatsoever: this, when we get a notice of it, is a thing worth noting.

The publication, in England, of this and the second series of essays, which succeeded a year or two later, having stamped him as a thinker of indisputable originality and power, many of his friends were desirous that he should revisit England and deliver courses of lectures similar to those he had given in various cities of the United States. The matter was taken up in this country by many, and especially by Mr. Alexander Ireland, whose friendship Emerson had found on the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh in 1833, and who made the necessary arrangements. He came in 1847, and it was in this country that the lectures that make the volume known as "Representative Men" were first delivered. The "Emersonian Sermon" in "Alton Locke" is an indication of the profound impression which Emerson had already made upon the minds of young Englishmen. The works of John Sterling also prove him to ... deeply stirred by the writings of ... it is to be hoped that the letters wh... between these two will now be published. Emerson lectured first in Manchester, then in London, and afterwards in various other cities and towns. In 1848 he travelled on the Continent, and in company with Arthur Clough witnessed some of the revolutionary proceedings in Paris. The influence of Emerson steadily increased in his own country, and the effect of it on a certain order of minds was visible in the famous association at Brook Farm, the scene of Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance." A literary biography of Emerson would be largely that of all the thinkers of his time in America. Happily the materials for that history are fully preserved in the writings of Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, E. W. Curtis, O. B. Frothingham, and many others, who have always been eager to record their great debt to this great illuminator of their lives with noblest ideals. The "Dial," which he edited for some years in conjunction with Margaret Fuller, was the veritable register of a new day. Emerson also exerted a great influence in the direction of negro emancipation. His eloquence and his scholarly enthusiasm, taking the side of the lowly, were the means of carrying to the help of the humble reformers thousands of cultured young men, of the same class with those who made the noble list of Harvard martyrs in the war. Emerson has, indeed, espoused every advanced cause of his time. He has bravely advocated the woman

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A DAY WITH EMERSON.

Young Folk Visit the Concord Philosopher.

The Good Poet Seen In His Own Home.

Sunday Herald — May 7. 1882

Delightful Remembrances of His Words and Deeds.

Two years ago a company of young people formed themselves into a club for the purpose of studying together the works of standard American authors. During the winter months some of the more noted essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson were reviewed, and furnished points for discussion not soon to be forgotten by the members of that little band. The club included all shades and grades of religious conviction. There were sincere Roman Catholics and all degrees of Protestantism, from the adherents of orthodoxy on the one hand to the ardent disciples of Channing and Martineau on the other. To manage such a mixture requires the highest degree of skill, and this was embodied in the person of the leader, a lady who had had a long experience in such matters. The most vigorous discussions were carried on. Each member expressed his opinions freely, and yet, through the consummate tact of Mrs. M., no antagonism was aroused, no feelings hurt, no shocks to a life-long principle sustained. It was proposed that the club spend a day in visiting the various places of interest in Concord, and this suggestion was eagerly taken up by the majority of its members. "It will not be complete without a peep at Emerson," was the universal cry. In the mean time our good friend had been thinking and planning for us. She addressed a letter to Miss Ellen Emerson, describing the club, their winter work, their proposed visit, and the hope that the great master, whom they had learned to love and reverence, would find it agreeable to give them a few moments' audience. A most cordial answer was received.

Mr. Emerson had been much gratified by the account given, and, through his daughter, kindly invited the party to lunch. This, indeed, was far more than we had looked for. Being quite youthful and unaccustomed to contact with genius, we had expected a more formal experience. To quote "Kit," one of the infants of the party, "I supposed that we should all file into the room and look at him, as one does at a funeral, and then file out again." How nearly this supposition proved reality will be soon manifest.

The day selected proved to be one of the most enchanting that May offers to our New England climate. Not a cloud marred the intense blue overhead. The apple orchards were beginning to show clusters of delicate pink and white blossoms, and, by that winding river loved of Thoreau, stretched those green meadows fairly running over with the spicy meadow pink, or arethusa, so welcome a favorite in Concord homes. It was one of those days in which it seemed easy to be good and sweet hearted. Trials and annoyances which had been the nightmares of the week took the background, and we were as happy and lighthearted as the little children we heard singing by the roadside. Our first stopping place was at the battleground. We sat on the rustic seats and listened to the famous description of the event in Emerson's poem, read by one of our number. We tried to form in our minds a picture of the place 100 years ago. It was not difficult work to see, in imagination, the audacious red coats confronted by the resolute little band of farmers in homespun. But the mind would persist in coming back to the present. We were very patriotic at heart, but being children of the present our thoughts were more fully on the present. And, be it confessed, we cared more for what lunch time would give us than for all the stories of battle that could be related. Over to the left of us rose the walls of

THE OLD MANSE.

We took many longing peeps. Visions of the lovely home life of the "Little Women" thronged our minds. We could imagine that we saw distant glimpses of Hawthorne stealing along the shade of those grand old trees. A doll's carriage and some toys lay by the walk. Just so in those olden days played his children —Una, the thoughtful child; Julian, full of wild imaginings, even more grotesque and wierd than his father's, and lovely little Rose. We could imagine the ... [illegible]

reading. It lies in your hands to raise a whole town, perhaps, in knowledge and virtue."

After more conversation Mr. Emerson turned to us and said with much animation, "Will you come into my study? I would like to show you my books." He led the way, and we followed, until presently we stood in

THE FAVORITE ROOM,

so long illuminated by the light of that world-wide genius. Two years have passed since that day, and last Sunday those book-lined walls looked down upon the dead face of the one whose noble spirit had lent grace and glory to the simple room. Never more on earth can our spirits kindle with the fire of his inspiring presence, but no member of that company can look back upon that hour but with a thrill of joy at the memory of that genius which revealed itself in unconscious generosity to our crude, ignorant young minds. We forgot that he was a famous man, one of the greatest of Americans; we felt only the power of simple goodness. An example, never to be forgotten, of the power of a sweet and gracious spirit, strong, yet tender, captivated our minds. He went from book to book, handling each as a mother would a loved child, and speaking with special affection of those worn copies of favorite authors lying nearest his study chair. "Here is my dear old George Herbert," he said, his eyes lighting up with pleasure; "there's a gold mine in between those two covers." A set of his own works, richly bound, attracted our attention. "Are they not beautiful?" he exclaimed; "Mr. —— (a noted author) gave them to me. Was he not kind? And such a rich garb for my poor thoughts!" He showed us a collection of autographs of famous men who had visited him, some curious old manuscripts, pictures and articles of bric-à-brac. We then presented the lovely basket of roses that we had brought. His delight in the rich color and fragrance was very childlike. "Where did you get such lovely flowers?" he exclaimed. "Did you take all that trouble for an old man like me? What a pleasure you have given me. First your kind interest in my works, then your visit, now these exquisite blossoms. How mamma (Mrs. Emerson) will enjoy them. She is very ill today, and regretted that she could not meet all these young people."

Mrs. M. now proposed that our visit should end. "You have been very generous in giving us so much time; we must not tire you." "Not yet," he begged; "I want to talk a little, and then take every kind young hand. I may never see you all again; don't go yet."

How vivid is the memory of that scene. The seer, with his good gray head, so loved by every man, woman and child in his town; at his right hand, the daughter, in full sympathy with her poet father's pleasure; at the left, our kind leader in all good things, and before him the upturned boy and girl faces.

There are thoughts which do not admit of repetition, so delicately set are they in the most choice language; yet their influence enters the soul and abides there through all the years. I cannot quote correctly one line of that discourse; I doubt if any other member of the company can. It was a solemn appeal to all that was noble and true in our natures. It revealed to us the awful responsibility of one who has given to her charge the training of the child mind. It revealed to us the richness of a life in accordance with the divine order. It seemed to say to us that no human heart need be desolate in a world where there was sorrow to relieve, the delights of friendship to enjoy and little children to train.

Then we each in turn took his hand and said "good-by." There was one among the number who had peculiar reasons for loving and reverencing this great soul. Several years before, through illness and sorrow, she had fallen into the dangerous way of thinking that there was no place for her in God's fair world. Her mind was filled with morbid and diseased fancies, which darkened the bright sun to her and rendered each bird note but a discord to her tortured ears. One of earth's best spirits came to her aid. This friend and associate of the Concord philosopher—a physician of the soul as well as of the body—tried to draw her mind from herself by filling it with brave resolves and unselfish aims. And the first words which roused her to anything like courage or comfort were those clarion notes of

"SELF-RELIANCE."

"There is nothing that can give you peace but yourself. There is nothing that can give you peace but the triumph of your principles." So, when her hand touched the kindly palm and the memory of that old time rushed back upon her, she looked up into his face, impulsively exclaiming: "Thank you for 'Self-Reliance,' Mr. Emerson."

His whole face lighted up with that most rare and luminous smile. He turned to his daughter as if to catch that instant sympathy, and pressed the hand he held in the firm grasp of appreciation and friendship. He stood at the window and watched our departure until we passed from sight.

And so we left him, and, though years may pass, that one day will remain to us all the ideal and perfect day. Though our Romanist friends will ever honestly be opposed to many of the points which he deemed divine, they will cherish him as a saint. Though our orthodox members may utterly dissent from that in his thought which they deem heresy, he will be to them a Christian hero. Such is the power of transparent goodness and a lofty courage.

Said a friend once: "I am tired of Carlyle, he growls and frets so. Surely, life is hard and dark enough at times to weigh down even the

strongest soul. We know its shams without having them reëxposed by a master hand. Emerson, on the other hand, while seeing clearly the faults in life, still preserves his independence and sweetness of spirit. He heals where Carlyle tortures."

And thus our day passed. We rambled through "Sleepy Hollow," under Mr. Bartlett's guidance, and visited the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau. We dined on the shores of Walden, and added our stones to Thoreau's hermit monument, and, as the evening fell, we returned to our homes. We may return some day, and it will be to lay with grateful affection our flowers on the grave of the great friend—great because of his goodness, and good because his life was one act of obedience to the divine command.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Independent May 4. 1882

BY THE REV. FLINT STEELE BOYD.

"PROFOUNDER, profounder
Man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive.
The heavens that now draw him,
With sweetness untold,
Once found—for new heavens
He spurneth the old."

"*The Sphinx.*"

MR. EMERSON did not write this for his own epitaph; but it is one of the felicitous expressions of a genius which, all unconsciously, gave us autobiography, for many of the best things he ever said with his pen were but the echo of still sweeter things said by his life. As a man, he was accustomed to live in heavenly places. Breathing in a realm of "high thoughts and pure," he was in his native air and his soaring spirit still sought for higher things.

In his early years he wrote:

"When I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man.
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

In the maturity of age he wrote:

"The soul does not age, with the body. On the borders of the grave, the wise man looks forward with equal elasti[illegible] of mind and hope; and why not after millions of years on the verge of still newer exi[illegible]ence? For it is the nature of intelligent beings to be for ever new to life."

In his address upon "The Preacher," published in 1880, speaking of the Churches, he said: "I agree with them more than I disagree. I agree with their heart and motive; my discontent is with their limitations and surface and language. Their statement is grown as fabulous as Dante's "Inferno." Their purpose is as real as Dante's sentiment, and hatred of vice. Always put the best interpretation on a tenet. Why not on Christianity—wholesome, sweet, and poetic? It is the record of a pure and holy soul, humble, absolutely disinterested, a truth-speaker, and bent on serving, teaching, and uplifting men." To a Harvard student he once said: "I have very good grounds for being a Unitarian and a Trinitarian too. I need not nibble forever at one loaf; but eat it, and thank God for it, and earn another."

His faith in the goodness of the Heavenly Father has always been a strong support for his brave spirit. It is in that faith that he has found peace and serenity and the impelling motive to a life of courageous endeavor. For him this world was a part of Paradise and the *now* was eternity.

The heavenly places in which his spirit has been accustomed to dwell are the high realms of poetry, philosophy, and religion. Religion with him was not a profession,

authority as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. And the writer adds:

"He has left his mark on the century and that his intense suggestiveness is the cause of thought in others; and, as one of the genetic powers of modern literature, his fertilizing influence will survive his inconclusive speculations." "He is original, natural, attractive, and direct; limpid in phrase and pure in fancy. His best eloquence flows as easily as a stream. In an

ers of excessive reticence and cautious hypocrisy, he lives within a case of crystal, where there are no concealments. We never suspect him of withholding half of what he knows or of formularizing for our satisfaction a belief which he does not sincerely hold. He is transparently honest and honorable. His courage has no limits. Isolated by force of character, there is no weakness in his solitude. He leads us into a region where we escape at once from deserts and from noisy cities; for he rises above, without depreciating ordinary philanthropy, and his philosophy, at least, endeavors to meet our daily wants. In every social and political controversy he has thrown his weight into the scale of Justice on the side of a rational and progressive liberty, and his lack of sympathy with merely personal emotions is recompensed by a veneration for the ideal of the race, which recalls a beautiful sentiment of Malebranche: 'When I touch a human hand, I touch Heaven.'"

We cannot do justice to the genius of Emerson without remembering that he is essentially a poet, a seer, one of God's prophets. His strong religious nature, his clear preceptions of all ethical relations, and his loyalty to truth, together with his entire independence of all ecclesiastical machinery, have enabled him to speak the truth God gave him directly and powerfully. With full faith in intuition, that inner light of the soul which enabled the prophets to speak for God, he has spoken without stammering and poured forth the wealth of his genius in song and sermon, in essay and oration, in those marvelous productions of his pen which are always full of the spirit of poetry, even though not taking its form.

His verse is often mystical and obscure. A volume of his poems would find their place on the shelf with Browning, with Coleridge, and Landor. If mysticism indicates strength, he is one of the strongest poets which the world has produced. Some might be published as riddles. His "Brahma" and "The Sphinx" are apt illustrations. His "Snow Storm," beginning with

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,"

is of another quality. It is a clear and beautiful gem and alone would prove its author a great poet. His "Good-Bye, Proud World," is better known, perhaps; that of the "Humble Bee" and "The Apology" are transparent as clear water and should live as long as any poetry written this century. It is as a prose writer, however, that he has chiefly gained his fame. His "Essays," first and second series—"Representative Men,"

not a system of forms or ceremonies; but a life. In spirit he is profoundly religious. He could not easily be otherwise. "How shall a man escape from his ancestors?" he asks, in his direct and concise phrase. He was of ministerial stock. We are told that "eight generations of cultured, conscientious, and practical ministers preceded him." They were able and godly men and belonged to the party of progress. His mother was a woman of deep spirituality, and he studied for the ministry and was ordained the colleague of Henry Ware, Jr., in 1829, when nearly twenty-six years of age. He continued in the ministry, however, but three or four years. His form of thought was not adapted to the popular taste; it was rather outside the traditions of the Church. His peculiar philosophy and purely spiritual interpretation of religion were not in accord with the prevalent style of religious thinking, and he withdrew from the Church. It is said that his preaching was "eloquent, simple, and effective." It was not, however, as a pulpit orator or as a theologian that he gained his fame and high rank in the world of letters. It is chiefly as a philosopher of the transcendental

school, as a lecturer and essayist, as a reformer, as poet and prophet that he has shown the strength of his mind and the beauty of his heart. As an intellectual force, molding in some degree the thought of his age, he "cannot be skipped," if we may rely upon the verdict of so high an

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Christian Union May 4. 1882

THE world loses one of its foremost citizens in the death of Emerson. An American by the accident of birth, he inherited by the divine right of genius that universal citizenship which belongs to those who, like Dante, Shakspeare and Goethe, speak in all languages and are an abiding power among all races. To have given such a man to the world so early in our history, and to be able to trace our first conscious literary life to a nature so high, so fertile, so wide in sympathy and comprehension, is the noblest prophecy of our future. Let it stop the mouths of cavillers and doubters forever that republican institutions have bred and nurtured so sweet, so refined and so lofty a spirit.

It is almost half a century since Emerson spoke the first of those inspiring words which have passed into the education of a continent and become part of the heritage of humanity. He escaped at the very start the provincialism of his surroundings, and although the life of the nation has been marvelously enriched and broadened in that interval it still finds its loftiest ideal in the thought which Emerson had of its possibilities and its destiny. To him the great new world was stronger than Rome and richer than Greece. No man had deeper insight into the achievement of the past, but none ever was less awed and weakened by it. Among the many who are overshadowed and dwarfed by the collective wealth of history he held his own private fortune with modest but undaunted independence. If Greece had done glorious things, that was no reason why he should sit at her feet forever. He was an apt pupil, anxious to learn what Greece had to teach him, but that secret once mastered he turned to the future with a serene faith that religion, art, literature, and philosophy were still unexhausted, were, indeed, inexhaustible. "To-day is a king in disguise," he was continually saying; and he reverenced the nineteenth century in America as truly as he honored the fourth century before Christ in Athens.

This was a noble attitude, and in it is involved the deepest lesson which the world can learn from Emerson's life. To America its teaching was invaluable; it ended the supremacy of European ideas, it gave confidence in the national ability, faith in the national aims, and self-respect to the national character; it was, in a word, the beginning of a literature. Men still grope here and there for the distinctive American element in literature. They think they find it in the eccentricities of Whitman and the crudities of Miller, not discerning that what is essentially new is not the material but the order of architecture, not the notation but the musical harmony, not the style but the controlling thought, the pervading and shaping conception. In this true and deep sense Emerson was a genuine American, as are Lowell and Stedman after him. He had a reverence for man as man and for government and social order as educative and constructive moral and intellectual forces, which are, in their experimental aspects, at least, distinctively American. One of the last of Emerson's publications was a notable meditation on the Republic, full of that enthusiasm for humanity and that inspiring political idealism which have been characteristic of the best American minds.

But we must not lay too exclusive claim to the genius and work of this great man. It was Heine's ambition to be a liberator of humanity, but the pure ideal which he realized so imperfectly through the passion and bitterness of his life shone through and illuminated Emerson's career to the very end. He had cast out fear, and held his place in the mystery of the universe as serenely as if all its clouds had drifted apart for him, and the shining vision of the invisible goal lay clear and beautiful before his eyes.

who lifted their eyes heavenward. He was no toil-worn traveler looking wearily back over the long journey of humanity, but an eager-eyed and eager-hearted seeker after new light and truth. The journey was still inspiring to him, the distant moun-

he added to courage faith, and to faith the peace that passeth all understanding. Life flowed from its ancient fountains with as pure a tide and as fresh a sparkle for him as for the earliest thinkers; day and night for him were hung with curtains of splendor as mysterious and as radiant as to the first men

Carlyle never got beyond the Everlasting Yes, and that was but a foothold on a rugged and threatening mountain path; Emerson had sight of One who sits beyond the storms and makes them His ministers. He was not content, with Carlyle, to live bravely;

tains still lured him with promise of wider continents beyond. These was something beautiful beyond words in his habitual attitude of expectancy, his daily waiting for tidings of some new advance of knowledge, some fresh development of the higher possibilities of human nature. No great man ever gave such courteous attention to the smaller men who came about him; he was always expecting to learn something from them.

The finest outcome of Emerson's idealism was his reverence for humanity, his recognition of the divine element in human affairs, his faith in an ever-present God. For him revelation had not closed nor had the prophets ceased to speak. He reverenced the Bible, but he did not separate it from other books; he honored the prophets, but he refused to set them apart from humanity. He expected to hear the voice of God as clearly as Moses heard it, he looked to see the guidance of God as surely as the pious Jew watched for the march of the pillar of fire, he waited in serene assurance that prophets would continue to speak as long as poets and thinkers and philosophers continue among men. In this most Christian thinkers will not agree with him; but there can be no question that in a conventional and mechanical age this attitude has done much to reopen the ancient fountains of truth and inspiration. It is a teaching which has reconciled noble minds to the hard conditions of life, stirred the pulses of youth with lofty resolutions, cheered and consoled the struggling and fainting in the weary march, and, like the bugle-call of a glorious leader, has rung along the front of a hard-pressed line of battle.

More beautiful and helpful than anything his brain planned or his hand executed was the stainless life which found its rarest and most precious tribute in the love of the simple folk of Concord village. No great writer ever lived nearer his thought than Emerson; there is no chasm between his books and himself. In the hard materialism of our earlier history he paid no homage to wealth or success; from the Philistinism of political parties and commercial standards he held resolutely aloof. The Goulds and the Vanderbilts of American society had no homage from him; sincerity, earnestness, purity, thought, progress alone gave men value in his eyes. He lived habitually in the presence of the everlasting verities of the spiritual life, God and immortality were more real to him than any external thing, and it was natural and beautiful that, as the end approached, he withdrew himself more and more from the temporal and transitional until the hour when he passed serenely and reverently into the fellowship of the Eternal.

PUBLIC OPINION.

May 6, 1882.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Scotsman, *May* 1.

THE announcement that Ralph Waldo Emerson died at his house in Concord, Massachusetts, on Thursday evening, is one for which the public on both sides of the Atlantic were prepared. For two or three years past, the physical health of the venerable philosopher has been very feeble. He was present at the recent funeral of his old friend Longfellow, but it was noticed then that he appeared exceedingly weak; and when it was reported, three or four days ago, that he was prostrated by pneumonia, the most sanguine could scarcely have expected that a man in his seventy-ninth year could rally from an attack of such a disorder. From the accounts which have been received, it would appear that simple want of vitality, rather than the disease, was the immediate cause of his death, which took place in perfect peace, and without physical pain, about nine o'clock on Thursday night.

Emerson was born at Boston in 1803. An ancestor was one of the early Puritan settlers in New England; and for some generations the head of the family, almost as a matter of course, entered the ministry of the Congregational Church. When the growth of latitudinarinnism, towards the close of the last century, led to considerable secessions of the American Congregationalists, and their formation into Unitarian Churches, the father of Emerson was one of those who followed the more advanced tendencies, and he became the minister of a Unitarian Church in Boston. He was celebrated for his eloquence as a preacher, but died young; and his widow subsequently married his successor in the pastoral charge. Ralph was sent, while still a mere boy, to Harvard University, where he graduated in 1821, in his eighteenth year. He had, in accordance with the family traditions, elected to enter the ministry; and after acting for some years as an assistant pastor in various rural charges in Massachusetts, he became the minister of one of the Unitarian churches of Boston. But his views on religious subjects became gradually different from those of the denomination to which he professedly belonged; and as he did not hesitate to declare his opinions in the pulpit, differences speedily arose between himself and his congregation, which, in 1832, culminated in his resignation of his charge and absolute retirement from the ministry. He then took up his residence at Concord, adopted literature as his profession, and devoted himself to the investigation of the principles of ethics and philosophy. He delivered lectures in Boston on æsthetic and philosophical subjects, and contributed articles to the *North American Review*, which speedily gave him a reputation as a profound thinker, the possessor of great acquired knowledge, and the master of an original and, in some respects, very powerful style. Some of the contributions of Thomas Carlyle to the *Edinburgh Review* and other periodicals had come under his notice, and deeply impressed him; and in 1833, visiting Europe, he found his way to the hermit-abode at Craigenputtock, and had a memorable interview with Carlyle, which he himself subsequently described in a well-known passage of his "English Traits." Two years later Emerson was instrumental in bringing out an edition of "Sartor Resartus" at Boston (three years before it made its appearance in book form in England), and contributed a preface. In the meantime his own metaphysical speculations had carried him further away from American orthodoxy, social and religious. He became one of a small society of transcendentalist thinkers, who were accustomed to meet and converse in a private way at each other's houses in Boston. Among them were the celebrated Margaret Fuller, and that resolute foe of conventionalism, Henry David Thoreau. In such sympathetic companionship Emerson's opinions ripened. Their first distinct enunciation was in an essay on "Nature," which he published in 1836. During the next two years he delivered some addresses to students' societies at New England Colleges, which created a profound impression. In them he evolved a philosophic theory of religion, which, while it strongly attracted the younger and bolder minds in the community, gave a shock to the orthodox, who denounced it as nothing other than a species of refined Pantheism. Emerson's teachings also began to attract some attention in England, but their mystical tone made them a sealed book to the great mass of the reading public. In 1840 Mr. Emerson, with the aid of Margaret Fuller and other contributors, set on foot a monthly magazine, the *Dial*, in which for four years the peculiar views of himself and his disciples were set forth in essays, reviews, and verse. In 1843 he published in it a eulogistic notice of Carlyle's "Past and Present." He continued to appear before the public as a lecturer on historical, ethical, and philosophical subjects; and the first series of his "Essays" was published in 1841, both in Boston and in London—a characteristic preface to the English edition being contributed by Carlyle. Three years later appeared a second series of "Essays;" and in 1846 a volume of "Poems," in which there were many striking and forcible passages, along with much that was defiant of all recognised rules of poetic expression. In 1849, he paid a second visit to this country, where he met with a cordial reception in literary circles, and delivered a series of lectures, which subsequently formed the substance of one of his best-known books—"Representative Men." His estimates of the genius and careers of the men he selected as the subjects of his lectures were as original, as forcible, and as full of profound thought as Carlyle's "Lectures on Heroes;" and from that time Emerson has been generally recognised amongst us as one of the leading thinkers of the day. In 1856, he produced another book which had special interest in this country—"English Traits." He had previously taken a share in writing the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller." In 1860, he published "The Conduct of Life;" and subsequently there have appeared from his pen another volume of verse, a book entitled "Letters and Social Aims," and several of his lectures and orations. For some years, however, he has produced nothing which has added to his fame, and it may be questioned whether he has not to some extent outlived the great influence on literature and thought he once undoubtedly exercised.

Times, *April* 29.

IT was the fashion to speak of Mr. Emerson's "philosophy," and a favoured few professed to understand its mysteries and derided the herd of commonplace persons who failed to read the riddle. This way of talking about him has gone out of use. Mr. Emerson's philosophy was not much more than the confession of an impressionable, highly susceptible mind, and he never pretended to have excogitated a definite system of any kind. He claimed at all times the right to contradict himself, and he exercised it freely and above-board. He gave you the *pros* one day, and he put forward the *cons* the next with as much earnestness and force. The final residuum of his teaching would probably be reducible to a few strong instincts and a few simple rules of good sense. If a philosopher at all, he was such only in the large sense in which his favourite Montaigne was one. Some of his best essays are a jumble of pretty things—so many of the choicest pearls which have never been strung. It is only by a special illusion on the part of his admirers, similar to that which enables one to discern an articulate voice in the sighing of the wind, that one can find in his glittering and discursive epigrams a connected series of thoughts. But, dismissing a view of his genius which is put forward only by ill-advised friends, we find in him an essayist of the highest order—an essayist as brilliant as Hazlitt, with powers of drawing by a word sublime moral distinctions which La Bruyère could not surpass, and with unfailing affinities to all that is best in nature. He has very varied charms, and plenty of surprises are in store for his readers. He will stop talking, in his "abrupt, fitful way"—to cite Margaret Fuller's description of him—much dark and questionable matter about Plato, Thor, Woden, and Hafiz, and will drop into a vein of rich, genuine poetry about the beauties of his own New England home. He will hover on the borders of the region which is Mr. Tupper's own, and he will then write you one or two sentences about love or friendship or other high themes which will not suffer themselves to be forgotten in a long life, or he will let fall a *dictum* which seems a newly-discovered aphorism by Bacon, or pen half a page which will read as if an excerpt from Barrow or Jeremy Taylor broken into glittering pieces. It is not given to all students of literature to admire Mr. Emerson's frosty poetry, or to discern the difference between its wingless motion and obscure and awkward prose. But no one can help admiring the acuteness and brilliancy of his "English Traits" or the subtle sympathy of his essay on Montaigne. The world will not be agreed as to the exact nature of the literary merits of Mr. Emerson. But on all hands it will be admitted that his country has lost a man of genius of whom it might well be proud, and his generation a teacher whom it cannot replace.

Daily News, *April* 29.

OF Emerson we should be disposed to say that the man was greater than the written works, and of Carlyle perhaps the world has agreed to think that the written works were greater than the man. Emerson was in fact an enthusiast of a genial poetic nature. He was the leading inspiration of what used to be called the Transcendental school of New England—the school of which *The Dial* was the short-lived organ, and for which it played something like the part of *The Germ* in the history of the English Pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Emerson never was a member of the Brook Farm colony which Hawthorne's "Blythedale Romance" has made famous. He looked with kindly, half-compassionate sympathy on the scheme, and, like Margaret Fuller, he often visited the colony, although he never saw his way to abide with it. "Often," says Hawthorne at the close of the "Blythedale Romance," "in the years that are darkening around me I remember our beautiful scheme of a noble and unselfish life; and how fair, in that first summer, appeared the prospect that it might endure for generations and be perfected as the ages rolled away into the system of a people and a world." Mr. Emerson would probably have looked on the scheme and its failure, its inevitable failure, with equal kindliness and with less despondency. He had an especially hopeful mind, and it is quite

true, as an American critic—Mr. WHIPPLE—has said of him, that "the brilliant Transcendentalist is evidently a man not easy to be deceived in matters pertaining to the ordinary course of human affairs," and that "his observations on society, on manners, on character, on institutions, are stamped with rare sagacity." His book "English Traits," published in 1856, well justifies this last comment. With many casual and natural inaccuracies, it showed a very keen appreciation of some of the leading characteristics of English life. Mr. EMERSON entered with intense interest into all the traditions of England, into her history, her literature, and her art, and he felt himself suddenly at home in old English cathedral cities and in the great centres of English industry. We shall not attempt now to estimate the possible influence of Mr. EMERSON's writings on the intellect of the world. He was not a great systematic thinker. He did not perhaps even give a new turn to thought. But he had a vision and tongue of his own. He saw and spoke at first hand. The history of the development of intellect in the nineteenth century will be incomplete which takes no account of his works, and of the impression he made on all who came in contact with him or who studied his books.

HOME JOURNAL.

NEW YORK:
WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1882.

MR. EMERSON's life was a happily rounded period filled with noble activities and crowned with merited honors. He passed away when he had finished his labors, at the close of his day, without encountering the long twilight of enforced inaction. In the full measure of respect and reverence he vanished from the gaze of his fellow-men, to be conjoined more intimately to the Spirit of Nature which he loved and to the ineffable Over-soul which he adored.

> There the holy essence rolls
> One through separated souls;
> And the sunny Æon sleeps
> Folding nature in its deeps.
> The race of gods,
> Or those we erring own,
> Are shadows flitting up and down
> In the still abodes.

All honor to-day to his high worth and fame, and no word of cavil over the small dust of the balance of any limitations of opinion and life. Enough that his counsel and example will endure as long as men need encouragement in the path of spiritual perfection, need to be emboldened to follow their highest inner light in defiance of current hypocrisies, to dare to be true, to be themselves though legions should be banded in error agains them.

> For this is love's nobility—
> Not to scatter bread and gold,
> Goods and raiment, bought and sold;
> But to hold fast his simple sense
> And speak the speech of innocence,
> And with hand and body and blood
> To make his bosom-counsel good.
> For he that feeds men serveth few:
> He serves all who dares be true.

CHILDREN HEAR ABOUT EMERSON

Rev. Loren B. Macdonald Lectures in the Old South Course of Talks on the Great Philosopher

Rev. Loren B. Macdonald, the pastor of Emerson's own church at Concord, was the lecturer yesterday afternoon in the Old South course for young people. His subject was "Emerson in Concord; the Citizen and the Neighbor." For an hour he held the rapt attention of the audience of children with most interesting stories of the great philosopher as seen at close range. The lecturer has himself lived in Emerson's house; he is familiar with the many associations of the man, and he was able to impress upon the children the fact that what he was telling to them they were receiving at first hand.

A great deal has been said lately on the sources of Emerson's inspiration; I think he got his inspiration, said the speaker, from nature in Concord and the vicinity. He read the poem in which Emerson describes the harvest which he, as poet and philosopher, reaped from the flowers, brooks and trees.

Speaking of Emerson's influence upon his own children, Mr. Mardonald said:

"He held up to them a beautiful example in his own simple, serene life. If they had a childish quarrel or wept, he would divert the attention of the disconsolate ones to some little task or the beauty of the sunshine. He was careful to inquire if they had been courteous and sympathetic with the new scholar at school and watched over their growth. As school committeeman, he is remembered by pupils and teachers for his benign influence more than for the few words he spoke in the performance of his duties. On one occasion the washerwoman of Mrs. Hoar said she was going to hear Emerson lecture; Mrs. Hoar asked her if she understood what he said; the woman replied, 'No, but I just love to watch him and hear him talk as though we all were as good as he.' The people of Concord remember him as a benediction."

EMERSON'S ILLNESS.

The Chances Decidedly Against His Recovery.

Boston Herald Apr 26. 1882.

Sadness and Gloom in Old Concord.

Reminiscences of the Eminent Philosopher.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

CONCORD, April 25, 1882. There is no exaggeration in the story of the critical condition of the venerable Ralph Waldo Emerson. Though his malady is not necessarily fatal, yet, when it is considered that he lacks but a year and a month of an octogenarian age, and that he has been slowly failing for 12 months or more, the chances of his rallying from a serious attack of pneumonia are by no means flattering. While one lung of the patient seems to be perfectly sound and healthy, the other seems to be almost hopelessly diseased. This fact, however, does not imply that dissolution is necessarily immediate. The condition of the patient tonight is not materially changed from yesterday, but it is believed that in the course of two or three days the illness will take a most decided turn, one way or the other. Though there are fond hopes of a favorable development, yet it must be confessed that such hopes are hardly likely to be realized. Without taking into account the immediate complaint from which the gifted scholar is suffering, it should be remembered that he has been a studious worker in his favorite field for many years, and that, though he has ever led a philosophical and well-regulated life, yet his approaching end of existence has been slowly and gradually announced through

FAILING STRENGTH OF MIND AND BODY.

The last time Mr. Emerson was away from Concord was the day he attended the funeral of Mr. Longfellow. It has been stated that on that occasion he contracted a cold which resulted in his present prostration. This, however, is not the fact. Up to last Wednesday he had been in the usual health which had favored him for upward of a year. One or two warm days in the middle of the week seduced him into the imprudence of taking a short walk without an overcoat, and to this lack of caution is due the probable fatal illness of the foremost literary genius of America. Since taking to his bed the patient has at times seemed indifferent to all surroundings. At first he suffered severe pains, and the family was fearful that death would ensue almost immediately. The chief attending physician has been Mr. Emerson's own son, who is not absent from the bedside of his father even for a single moment. Last night and today the patient has rested well and continuously and has seemed to experience very little if any bodily pain. For a long time the great philosopher has been painfully conscious of his failing strength and contracting intellect. To a friend, who called on him last July, he said: "I am glad to see you, yet I fear I can do little. I can only disappoint those who come to see me. I find that I am losing myself, and I wander away from the matter I have in mind. I cannot say much. When I begin I lose myself. And so, when my friends come to see me, I run away instead of going to meet them, that I may not make them suffer. My health is good enough, but when one's wits begin to fail it is time for the heavens to open and take them away."

SADNESS AND ANXIETY THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

The shock and grief which the brief announcement of Mr. Emerson's critical condition has created are something more than local. Not only in the little community of Concord is there the deepest solicitude, but from all over the country there have arrived tender messages of inquiry. If the worst should come, the community in which the gifted man has lived so long will mourn the loss as one of a family. No man ever lived who was more endeared to his neighbors. The old and young, the rich and poor, alike love and honor him. To the youth of Concord the loss of Ralph Waldo Emerson will be irreparable. For many years the school children of the town have been annually entertained with merry games and dances, and they have ever looked forward with great interest to the eventful occasion. Some idea of the feeling which is cherished toward him may be formed from the recalling of the reception which was tendered him on the occasion of his return from his last visit to Europe. The citizens ... the school children were drawn up in two smiling rows, through which he passed, greeted by enthusiastic cheers and songs of welcome. All followed his carriage to the house and sung "Home, Sweet Home" to the music of the band. A few days afterward Mr. Emerson invited all his fellow-citizens to call and see him at his home, and nearly all the inhabitants of Concord availed themselves of the opportunity. Until very recently a general invitation has been very often extended to old and young to assemble on Sunday evenings in his pleasant parlors for conversation.

THE HOUSE OF SICKNESS.

There was an indescribable something in the atmosphere today which told of the anxious suffering going on within the house, which has so often afforded a kindly greeting to many of the greatest minds of the world. Even the grove of pines, which nearly conceal the front and side of the dwelling from the gaze of passers, seemed hushed to silence for fear of disturbing the rest of the weary patient. The drivers of carriages and other vehicles passed the house at a funereal pace, and even pedestrians appeared to muffle their footsteps as they approached the home of the fellow-citizen so dear to them. Of this quiet home of the man who has been so generally denominated as the "sage of Concord," a man whose fame is known throughout the civilized world, a brief description is now peculiarly appropriate. It is a plain, square wooden house, set back in an old-fashioned yard, and liberally surrounded with chestnuts and pines. A garden fills half an acre at the back, and has for years been famous for its roses, and also in season has a rare collection of hollyhocks, the flowers that Wordsworth loved, and most of the old-time annuals and shrubs. The sunflower, it may be stated, does not flourish here. From the road a gate, which is always open, leads over marble flag stones to the broad, low step before the hospitable door. A long hall divides the centre of the house, with two large square rooms on each side. A plain, solid table stands at the right of the entry. The first door on the right leads to the study—a plain, square room, lined on one side with wooden shelves filled with choice books. A large mahogany table stands in the middle, covered with books, and by the morocco writing pad lies the pen which has had so great an influence for quarter of a century on

THE THOUGHTS OF TWO CONTINENTS.

A large fireplace, with a low grate, occupies the lower end, over which hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's "Fates," the faces of the strong-handed women frowning upon all who would disturb with idle tongues this haunt of solemn thought. On the mantel shelf are busts and statuettes of men prominent in the great reforms of the age, and a quaint, rough idol brought from the Nile. A few choice engravings hang upon the walls, and the pine trees shade the windows. Two doors, one on each side of the great fireplace, lead into the large parlor which fills the southern quarter of the house. This room is hung with curtains of crimson and carpeted with a warm color. A beautiful portrait of one of the daughters of the house is hung in this pleasant and homelike room, whose home circle, like the sound of the famous shot, seems to reach round the world, for almost every person of note who has visited this country has enjoyed its genial hospitality, and listened with attention to the words of wisdom from the kindly master of the house—well called the most modest and most gifted writer and deepest thinker of the age. Years ago the chatty little Frederika Bremer paid a long visit here, a brisk old lady as restless as her tongue and pen. Here Margaret Fuller and the other bright figures of The Dial met for conversation. Thoreau was a daily visitor, and his "Wood Notes" might have been unuttered but for the kind encouragement he found here. The Alcotts, father and daughter, were near neighbors, and it was in this room that Mr. Alcott's earliest "Conversations" were held, now so well known. Here, too, old John Brown was often to be met, a plain, poorly dressed old farmer, seeming out of place, and absorbed in his own plans until some allusion, or chance remark, would fire his soul and light up his rugged features. But it would take many columns of the HERALD to detail the many guests of this and foreign lands who have been entertained at the house, around which clusters so much sorrow and anxiety today.

BRONSON ALCOTT ON MR. EMERSON.

Probably there is no more hearty admirer of Mr. Emerson living than the venerable Amos Bronson Alcott. For 52 years they have been kindred spirits in philosophy and literature, and the famous duet has probably done more than all the other surviving geniuses of Concord combined to give the town a national air of culture and learning. Mr. Alcott is the senior of Mr. Emerson by three years, but he still retains the same physical and intellectual vigor that he possessed a quarter of a century ago. In a conversation with the HERALD correspondent this afternoon, he spoke warmly and enthusiastically of his sick friend as a man who had done more than any other to encourage and develop the really great thinking minds of the world. Referring to Mr. Emerson's illness, he was very despondent. He had noticed, during the past few months, that his memory, particularly, had been giving away. This misfortune, however, Mr. Alcott considered in part hereditary, for the ancestors of the learned man were similarly afflicted in their old age. It was about 10 days ago that Mr. Alcott last visited his friend, and on that occasion he read to him extracts from a book of sonnets which will be issued during the current week. In the volume was one referring to Mr. Emerson, and when it was read to him by the author he suddenly brightened up from a thoughtful reverie and eagerly requested Mr. Alcott to leave the volume with him. The tribute which the sonnet paid to the distinguished scholar was as follows:

> Misfortune to have lived not knowing thee;
> 'Twere not high living, nor to noblest end,
> Who, dwelling near, learned not entirely,
> Rich friendship's ornament that still doth lend
> To life its consequence and propriety.
> Thy fellowship was my culture, noble friend:
> By the hand thou took'st me, and didst condescend
> To bring me straightaway into thy fair guild;
> And life-long hath it been high compliment
> By that to have been known, and thy friend styled,
> Given to rare thought and good learning bent;
> Whilst in my straits an angel on me smiled.
> Permit me, then, thus honored still to be
> A scholar in thy university.

A distinguished Boston gentleman of literary reputation, a most intimate friend of Mr. Emerson, Mr. Alcott said, would be the biographer of the great scholar. For upward of two years, he added, this gentleman has been engaged in gathering and arranging the material, and in the task he has had the constant assistance of Mr. Emerson and his family. Mr. Alcott himself, it should be added, possesses an abundance of remi-

niscences of his dying intimate to supply a biography of great interest, and it is not impossible that he may yield to the popular demand for it.

AN INCIDENT OF EMERSON'S EARLY LIFE.

The publication of the life of Thomas Carlyle recalls, very singularly, an incident in Emerson's early career, which was of great significance to the subsequent careers of both, and which affords much material for thought as to the points of similarity and difference which they presented. In the year 1833, when Carlyle was leading a lonely but active life on the isolated Craigenputtock farm, he was surprised by a visit from Emerson, then only 30, but a man of mark and promise. Mr. Froude says of this episode:

"The Carlyles were sitting alone at dinner on a Sunday afternoon at the end of August, when a Dumfries carriage drove to the door, and there stepped out of it a young American then unknown to fame, but whose influence in his own country equals that of Carlyle in ours, and whose name stands connected with his wherever the English language is spoken. Emerson, the younger of the two, had just broken his Unitarian fetters, and was looking out and round him like a young eagle longing for light. He had read Carlyle's articles, and had discerned, with the instinct of genius, that here was a voice speaking real and fiery convictions, and no longer echoes and conventionalisms. He had come to Europe to study its soci[illegible]rson, as to the old Goethe, the most important of them appeared to be Carlyle. He had obtained an introduction to him from John Mill in London, armed with which he had come off to Scotland. Mill had prepared Carlyle for his possible appearance not very favorably, and perhaps recognized in after years the fallibility of his judgment. Carlyle made no such mistake. The fact itself of a young American having been so affected by his writings as to have sought him out in the Dunscore moors was a homage of the kind which he could especially value and appreciate. The acquaintance then begun to their mutual pleasure ripened into a deep friendship, which has remained unclouded in spite of wide divergencies of opinion throughout their working lives, and continues warm as ever at the moment when I am writing these words (June 27, 1880), when the labors of both of them are over, and they wait in age and infirmity to be called away from a world to which they have given freely all that they had to give."

Mr. Froude then copies from that matchless book of travel, Emerson's "English Traits," the account of Carlyle, his hopes and thoughts and opinions, his surroundings and characteristics, which furnish the best and truest insight into the character and philosophy of Carlyle that has ever been written. Now, after a lapse of nearly half a century, the younger, wiser and more happily constituted of the two philosophers is nearing the personal solution of the dread problem which his senior has already solved. In Emerson's record of their Craigenputtock talk, occurs one paragraph that seems particularly suggestive at this time, viz.:

"We went out to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth's country. There we sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carlyle's fault that we talked on that topic, for he has the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken. But he was honest and true, and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future. 'Christ died on the tree; that built Dunscore kirk yonder; that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence.'"

Our Mail Bag

Boston Herald

Defender of Ralph Waldo Doubts Mouse-trap Words

To the Editor of The erald: *8/8/1935*

You speak about "Emerson's authenticated apothegem about the mouse trap." But the difficulty is, my dear sir, that it is not authenticated at all. Emerson never said anything like that. It was an ingenious mouse trap maker who conceived the plan of giving it literary immortality. As near as Emerson came to it is identified by Bliss Perry ("Heart of Emerson's Journals").

"Common fame: I trust a great deal to common fame as we all must. If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs to sell and can make better chairs or knives, crucibles or church organs than anybody else, you will find a broad, hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods."

In "Commodity," Emerson, speaking of the private poor man, utters a like thought. The quotation ends . . . "and cut a path to his door." He had recurrent fondness for the idea. But attempts to link him with the mouse trap have failed lamentably. The late Frank Sanborn chased it, so did Elbert Hubbard, so did Jay House and others, divers and sundry. It remained for Prof. Perry to give the origin ultimate identification and determination. For this we praise him. If you have an Emerson with the mouse trap in it, you will be justified in dismissing it as spurious. JOSEPH HOLLISTER.

Pittsfield, Aug. 5.

Edinburgh Daily Review Apr. 29, 1882

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the American litterateur and philosopher, died at Concord, Massachusetts, on Thursday evening. As was his life, so was his death; Mr EMERSON was not a man of war, and his end was peace. He slept quietly into unconsciousness, dying at the ripe age of seventy-nine years, from a natural exhaustion of vital power, and not from disease. When, shortly after his attendance at the funeral of his friend Mr LONGFELLOW, he first confessed himself ill, it was discovered that he was suffering from a mild attack of pneumonia. By a few days careful nursing this disease seems to have been arrested if not mastered; but the old man was fairly worn out. In a state of gentle langour, in which he was unconscious of pain, he lingered for several days while his scant store of physical strength slowly ebbed away.

Contemplative rather than controversial, a student more than a fighter, Mr EMERSON nevertheless stimulated thought, and therefore controversy in others, all the more so that he early diverged from the beaten tracks of thought, and suggested the revision of many conclusions supposed to be finally settled. But his influence, though to a certain extent unsettling, was in the main healthy and purifying. He never left anyone in doubt that he was not on the side of morality and truth, and he obviously strove to win his readers and hearers to the same side. For he spoke as well as wrote. Like CARLYLE, he was a lecturer as well as a book-maker; and he was like CARLYLE in other and much more important respects. The two men had many affinities, and they not only drew together themselves, but they drew Britain and America together too. The relations binding the two countries the one to the other are all the stronger because of the intimate friendship which subsisted between CARLYLE and EMERSON, with the mutual services that friendship induced each to render. EMERSON popularised CARLYLE for the Americans; CARLYLE taught the British to study EMERSON, and encouraged them to form a very high estimate of his character and talents. The two men worked for the English-speaking nations on either side of the Atlantic; and their memory and works are now the common heritage of both peoples. During his lifetime CARLYLE was frequently asked to visit his American friends; EMERSON twice visited Great Britain, extending, by a series of lectures on "Representative Men," at once his popularity and influence. Seven years ago [illegible] attempt was made to bring him back ag[illegible]ling him in an office reserved f[illegible]d most honoured of our citiz[illegible] stud[illegible] in Glasgow he was nominat[illegible]ate for the Lord Rectorship of [illegible]ty; and if Lord BEACONSF[illegible] w[illegible] the rival candidate, had not then been at the height of his fame, it is extremely probable that the American author and thinker—his nationality notwithstanding—would have been placed at the top of the poll. The candidature failed, yet the incident was, nevertheless, regarded [illegible] Mr EMERSON with pride and gratification, [illegible]er to one of his friends, he referred to the [illegible]port he received in Glasgow as [illegible]rest laurel that has fallen on me."

Both [illegible]d EMERSON rendered a full [illegible] service before they were called from this earthly sphere; and their works, which remain after them, have already for many years constituted the greater part of the men. In view, therefore, of the priceless and unfading memorials they have bequeathed, it cannot be said that their deaths have inspired poignant regret. They are parted with in hope, and meanwhile they are remembered with affection and gratitude.

With reverence and in peace Americans to-day stand by the grave and the coffin of the two great men who have given them a distinct and valued literature.

London Observer, Apr. 30, 1882

If any token were wanted of the sympathy that is slowly growing up between the Old World and the New, we should find it in the sorrow but recently caused by the death of Longfellow, and again awakened by the death of Emerson. It would be idle to pretend that Longfellow was a great poet, or that Emerson was a great master of prose. But Longfellow's verses are pure and sweet, and simple. There is a subtle breath about them of the pine woods, and of virgin soil. And it was this natural freshness that made him a favourite in England. Similarly with Emerson it was the broad, generous instinct in all he wrote that excused faults otherwise unpardonable. He was no scholar in the English sense of the term, and he wrote an essay upon Plato, of which the less said the better. Whatever subject he attempted he handled it roughly, after the style of Froude and of Carlyle. But there was an honesty and sincerity running through his work that excused all its errors. He taught ideas rather than facts. He was a preacher rather than a historian. And as a preacher he exercised a very wide influence. It is not too much to say of him that a hundred years hence, when his writings are entirely forgotten, his name will be remembered and respected. American literature is slowly, but surely, becoming a power. As yet, its development has been uneven and irregular, and there have occurred erratic displays of genius, rather of the skyrocket type, and devoid of that dignity necessary for any permanent addition to the written record of the world's thought. As yet, America has produced no work of permanent value with the exception of a few legal treatises mostly of an international character. But her future is coming. And when it arrives, the name of Emerson will be remembered with those of Longfellow of Hawthorne, of Lowell, and of Irving.

On the day that Emerson died, six Emerson trees, two oaks and four rock maples, were planted in Authors' Grove at Eden Park, Cincinnati,—a fitting memorial of the dead poet.

London Graphic, May 6, 1882

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE grave had scarcely closed over the mortal remains of Longfellow, when it was reopened to receive those of another American writer, also of world-wide, though far less popular reputation.

His family came originally from Durham, England, whence, in 1635, to escape the Laudian tyranny, an ancestor emigrated to America. Most of the male Emersons were ministers of religion, and the subject of this notice once remarked that five ministers of Concord Church had been of his kindred.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston on May 23rd, 1803, and was brought up by a widowed mother, who was much aided in home training by an energetic sister-in-law. From the Latin school he went to Harvard University, where he distinguished himself in everything except mathematics. For a while he helped his brother William in teaching a ladies' school, and then between 1829 and 1832 became pastor of a Church in Boston. This was a noteworthy pastorate. There was a singular charm in his eloquence, and he won the confidence of men of the world and of politicians. The Emersons were Unitarians, and when Ralph helped Father Taylor, the Methodist Missionary, in establishing a Seaman's Bethel in Boston, his followers complained that he should associate with "a Unitarian going to hell." "If Emerson goes to hell," replied Father Taylor, "he will change the climate there."

Emerson had been much influenced by some of Carlyle's Essays. He found some of the forms of his own Church uncongenial, and resigned his pulpit. Much afflicted, too, by the loss of his young wife, he sought peace and repose in a visit to Europe. He made a pilgrimage to Craigenputtoch to see Carlyle, but was disappointed in him as an oracle of truth.

Returning to America he published his first book, "Nature" (1834), married again, settled at Concord in the house which he occupied till his death, and began his famous lectures. In 1841, the first, in 1844 the second series of his "Essays" appeared, and a small volume of "Poems" in 1847.

In that year he revisited England, and lectured here to distinguished audiences. "English Traits," one of his most popular volumes, was the fruit of this journey.

During the Civil War, from its first threatenings in the John Brown raid to its close, Emerson's sympathies were consistently opposed to slavery.

After the War Emerson was chosen as a lecturer in Harvard University, having been condemned there as a heretic thirty years before.

In 1872 his house was burnt, and his health suffered severely by the shock. He again visited the Old World, but he was never again the same man. His last public appearance was when, on the death of his friend Carlyle, he read, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, some reminiscences of him. He died at his house in Concord on the 27th ult., and was buried two days afterwards in the cemetery there, in the same grave where lie the remains of his first wife, his son, and his brother.—Our engraving is from a photograph, and is reproduced from our issue of September 12th, 1874 (No. 250).

Christian World, May 3, 1882

The year 1882 bids fair to be a fatal one for men of letters. We are now only at the beginning of May, and the year's obituary already includes the names of Longfellow, Rossetti, and Emerson, who certainly stand in the first rank, and of James Rice and W. B. Rands—less known than he deserves—who stand high in the second. The most recent loss must be considered the greatest of all. America has produced many distinguished men of letters, but has only given birth to two men of commanding original genius, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Ralph Waldo Emerson; and the death of Mr. Emerson not only deprives Boston society of its brightest intellectual ornament, but American literature of its one impressive figure.

The mere accident that a certain congeniality of intellectual temperament led Carlyle to introduce Mr. Emerson's first volume of essays to the English public resulted in the absurd popular criticism which charged the young Boston transcendentalist with being a mere imitator of the Chelsea sage. The critical commonplace had its day, and ceased to be. It was dying slowly when it had the *coup de grâce* administered to it by Mr. Lowell in that masterly 'Fable for the Critics,' which, though much less read than the *Biglow Papers*, is quite as clever, and is a triumph both of capital criticism and humorous verse. Here are a few lines:

'There are persons mole-blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer.
Carlyle's the more burly, but E is the rarer;
He sees fewer objects, but clearlier, trulier.
If C's as original, E's more peculiar;
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson;
C's the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb;
E's the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,
Where the one's most abounding, the other's to seek;
C's generals require to be seen in the mass,
E's specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;
C gives Nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And ruins common sense with mystical hues;
E sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks calmly around him with sharp common sense.'

There is about twice as much as I have quoted; but this is, perhaps, enough to send readers to the 'Fable.'

Some years ago Mr. Moncure Conway prepared a selection from Emerson's contributions to the *Dial*, the organ of the higher culture of Boston. The papers were printed, but never published; for at the last moment the volume was suppressed, in accordance with the desire of Mr. Emerson himself, who, regarding the articles as immature, objected to their publication—at any rate in his lifetime. They will now probably be given to the world, and Mr. Conway may be expected to prefix to them a memoir of his deceased friend and master.

Complete copies of the *Dial* are rare in England. One of them is in the possession of Mr. Alexander Ireland of Manchester, who was Emerson's first English friend, and who will be able to give some very interesting particulars of his various visits to this country. A letter from Emerson to Mr. Ireland, devoted to a description of his interviews with Carlyle at Craigenputtock and with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, is a graphic sketch of two 'celebrities at home.'

ATLAS.

Boston Herald 8/8/1935

EMERSON'S "MOUSE-TRAP"

"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Correspondents whose letters are in the Mail Bag column today challenge our reference to this famous quotation as "Emerson's authentic apothegm." We are familiar with the facts they cite. The passage in Emerson's Journals to which our attention is called is the nearest approximation to the passage to be found therein.

The best and most complete discussion of the evidence is in Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Quotations," an invaluable reference work lately published. There will be found the story of the discovery of the origin of the epigram. Emerson, while lecturing in California in 1871, used it in an oral variation of the passage in his journals. Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes in a footnote of the journals find "there can be little doubt that it was a memory quotation by some hearer, or quite probably correctly quoted from one of his lectures . . ." Another authority is cited to the effect that Emerson "often varied" his lectures by the introduction of new matter.

The lecturer used the passage either at San Francisco or at Oakland. A hearer copied it in a notebook and contributed it to a small anthology compiled in 1889 by "the ladies of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland." Mr. Stevenson, as careful a student as the country contains, considers this "the essential truth." The "mouse-trap" was a happy improvisation. The Stevenson account includes the facts also about the Elbert Hubbard claim and the passage from a striking sermon on which the ascription to Dr. John R. Paxton is founded.

MAY ALCOTT NIERIKER.

No sadder word, of all sad words today,
Throbbed through the ocean waves,—*May Alcott dead!*
—Those rare, deft fingers stilled; that busy head
At rest; that mind, so tireless, buoyant, gay,
Where every high ambition held full sway,
Nor would nor could be idly quieted,
With life's large, unfilled canvas waiting spread,—
Out of its world of purpose caught away!

Roll back the easel now; put by each tool;
Seal up the colors; wipe the palette clean;
Yet comfort ye your hearts who loved her well;
She has but entered the Great Master's school,
Where splendors passing more than art can tell
A thousandth part of, her glad eyes have seen!

Home Journal.] [Margaret J. Preston.

WILL MEMORIALIZE EMERSON

Free Religious Association Will Have Special Exercises at Its Annual Convention on May 23

The Free Religious Association, of which Emerson was one of the founders, and for many years a vice president, is to make its annual convention in this city, on Saturday, May 23, largely a commemoration of Emerson. The morning session will be devoted to "The Religious Influence of Emerson," with addresses by Edwin D. Mead, the president of the association, Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, Rev. Charles Francis Carter, Rev. Charles G. Ames and Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer.

The evening festival will be a continuation of the Emerson commemoration. Colonel T. W. Higginson will preside, and there will be addresses by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Dr. Francis E. Abbott, Frank B. Sanborn, Rev. Charles F. Dole, Rev. C. W. Wendte, Rev. Daniel Evans and others.

EMERSON CENTENNIAL

A meeting in honor of the ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of RALPH WALDO EMERSON will be held in Symphony Hall, at half-past seven o'clock, on Sunday evening, May twenty-fourth. HON. GEORGE F. HOAR will preside. Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D., will act as chaplain. President CHARLES W. ELIOT will deliver an address, and Prof. GEORGE E. WOODBERRY will read a poem, and the HANDEL AND HAYDEN SOCIETY will sing. Tickets will be ready for free distribution at Herrick's, Copley Square, on Monday morning, May 18th. Applications must be made in person, and not more than two tickets will be given to any one applicant. (A):

Nonconformist, May 5, 1882

Writing of Lowell, the mind naturally reverts to the brilliant group of American writers with whom he is associated, and the gaps made in their ranks within the last few weeks. The death of Longfellow was a loss to the English-speaking world, and last week one of the mourners who stood by his grave—a venerable man, whose writings have exercised a vast influence on the literature of his country and of our country too—passed peacefully away. Some critics have spoken of Ralph Waldo Emerson as the American Carlyle; but there was little in common between the men. Both, indeed, stretched forward into the higher life of the intellect and the imagination; both, after their fashion, preached a gospel not readily understood by men of meaner minds. But the teacher at Chelsea spoke despondingly, almost despairingly—the teacher at Concord lovingly and hopefully. With him truth, beauty, and love were inseparable sisters; and though his creed, so far as he formulated it, was not ours, we must reverence the spirit which animated not the scholar and thinker only, but the man. If he was pantheistic—he never, we believe, claimed the epithet—it was because he found the world beautiful, and believed that beauty and goodness were one. His theory of the "oversoul," as he termed it, was that the Divine goodness surrounded the earth like an atmosphere, and that all who would might breathe it.

Christian Guardian, May 3, 1882

By the death of Mr. Emerson, America loses not so much a profound thinker as a formerly brilliant essayist whose light has been gradually quenched. His friends have probably reason to rejoice that his genius went out calmly, instead of expiring in abrupt and startling coruscations. Mr. Emerson's temper, character, and opinions were in many respects so unlike those of Carlyle, that some wonder is now felt at the readiness with which resemblances were once traced between these remarkable men. But affinities exist which cannot easily be formulated; and perhaps Carlyle and Emerson differed as opposite poles of the same magnet.

Boston Herald, 8/8/1935

BLOOM VS. EMERSON

Although Congressman Sol Bloom lost his bet that George Washington could not have thrown a silver dollar across the Rappahannock, the New York skeptic should not sidestep a chance to disprove the legend that the embattled farmers of Concord fired the shot heard round the world.

Think of the possibilities for an international build-up! Banners printed in every language would be distributed throughout the world, heralding "Sol Bloom's Test To See if Ralph Waldo Emerson Violated His Poetic License." Listening posts would be established in Europe, Asia, Africa and Little America. There would be bands, speeches, and girls, girls, girls! At an appointed moment an embattled Concord Republican would fire his great-great-great-grandfather's musket and the world would listen carefully.

What a story! What a gag! What an opportunity to make the name of Sol Bloom known around the world! Why, it would be twice as good as the Washington bi-centenary which Bloom directed in 1932.

Emerson and Instinct

Father Connolly Gives the Catholic View in Reply to Mr. Dillaway

Boston Transcript Feb. 16, 1935

To the Editor of Religion:

A CONTROVERSY on Emerson's philosophy and influence would be an appalling prospect for controversialists and readers as well. These remarks are not meant to precipitate such a discussion, for I have neither leisure nor inclination to continue it. But there are certain statements in a letter from Newton Dillaway in the Transcript for Feb. 9 that should not go unchallenged.

If in my remarks on "Within the Gates" it had not been necessary, for lack of space, to omit quotations from Emerson, Mr. Dillaway would not, I feel, have been amazed at my question: "How can a person of any intellectual precision find the ideals of individual freedom in one who proclaims the supremacy of instinct and the unimportance of the will in human behavior?"

That Emerson held the unimportance of the will in human behavior would seem clear from such passages as this from his essay, "Spiritual Laws": "Our moral nature is vitiated by any interference of our will. People represent virtue as a struggle, and take to themselves great airs upon their attainments, and the question is everywhere vexed, when a noble nature is commended, whether the man is not better who strives with temptation. But there is no merit in the matter."

The Emersonian belief in the supremacy of human instinct also finds expression in his essays. In the concluding sentence of "The American Scholar," for instance, we read: "If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round him."

It is true that Emerson often uses a capital "I" in speaking of instinct, as in the passage from the essay "Self-Reliance," quoted by Mr. Dillaway. But in that very passage Emerson identifies Instinct with "the aboriginal Self." This is a clear statement of the oriental pantheism that is the very essence of Emerson's belief and altogether incompatible with admitting the freedom of the human will or its importance in determining the nature of human behavior.

Whether Emerson uses a capital or a small letter in writing the word "instinct," in neither case is Mr. Dillaway warranted in saying: "Emerson proclaimed the supremacy of the same spiritual power in man that is defended by Father Connolly? Every Catholic believes in the supremacy of a spiritual power in life. But that power is found in an immortal soul created by God, but distinct from him, in which he is ever present and with the actions of which he concurs. This is a very different spiritual force from the instinct of Mechanism or the Instinct of Pantheism.

From Emerson's philosophical works it is very difficult, if not impossible, to derive a consistent philosophy of life. This is not surprising in view of the familiar passage in his essay "Self-Reliance": "Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict what you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself: What then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hands of the harlot, and flee. A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today."

After asserting that Emerson was not ineffectual as a man, because he was effectual as an orator, Mr. Dillaway proceeds to show that Emerson exerted a great influence upon others. It was he, for instance, who started Walt Whitman boiling! Again, "a Hindu who holds a doctor's degree from Harvard," finds refreshment in Emerson. After citing these and some other instances which will not impress everyone as they have impressed Mr. Dillaway, he concludes: "If Father Connolly needs any more evidence, let him read the opinions of those who knew Emerson."

In following this very kind suggestion, here are some of the opinions I have found. Henry James, Sr., said: "It turned out that any average old dame in a horse car would have satisfied my intellectual capacity just as well as Emerson." And here is Coventry Patmore's impression: "Emerson though a good man—that is, one who lived up to his lights—had little or no conscience. He admired good, but did not love it; he denounced evil, but did not hate it, and did not even maintain that it was hateful, but only held that it was greatly inexpedient. . . . He was a sweet and uniformly sunny spirit; but the sunshine was that of the long Polar day, which enlightens but does not fructify."

Emerson himself was pathetically aware of his own frigidity and aloofness. In his Journal he cites the remark of one of his friends that he "seemed to be on stilts," and then added: "It is even so. Most of the persons whom I see in my own house I see across a gulf. I cannot go to them nor they come to me. Nothing can exceed the frigidity and labor of my speech with such. You might turn a yoke of oxen between every pair of words; and the behavior is as awkward and proud. I see the ludicrousness of the plight as well as they."

No one with a sense of chivalry can fail to appreciate Mr. Dillaway's desire to defend Emerson, who, as he says, "is no longer in our midst and is entitled to a defense by one who does find him an inspiration." But a newspaper is a strange vehicle for a defense of Emerson from one who is so close a student of him. In his Journal he once wrote: "I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said against me, I feel a certain sublime assurance of success, but as soon as honied words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies."

It is I, it would seem, not Mr. Dillaway, who have bestowed upon Emerson's venerable shade that "certain sublime assurance of success," which he cherished in life. It is a unique distinction for an advocatus diaboli.

TERENCE L. CONNOLLY, S.J.
Boston College.

DEAD SUNSHINE.

BY UNA HAWTHORNE.

I saw dead Sunshine, beautiful in death,
Wrapped on its bier in Autumn's yellow shroud;
Gone was its life, that breathed with Summer's breath,
And through green, myriad leaves had sung aloud.

On all the streets a golden impress left
Recalled its spendor to my lingering eyes,
Whose sunny memory could not be bereft
Of Sunshine's soul, that from its grave would rise.

The trees shed down their glory on that bier,
Yellow and crimson, and rich sullen brown;
Till when Night came the earth with many a tear
Gave it a mist for the pale Sunshine's crown.

Farewell, lost brightness! Warmth to life and heart!
O'er thy new grave bows Winter, hoar and chill;
But my prophetic fancy stands apart,
And sees thy springtide gleam on field and hill.

WEEKLY MAGAZINE SECTION, MARCH 18, 1936
Christian Science Monitor

MEN VERSUS THINGS

By Robert Peel

ALMOST ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University and their guests sat listening with startled attention to the speech of a young Bostonian, Ralph Waldo Emerson. "What crowded and breathless aisles," wrote one of them later, "what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!" It was, said another, as though a prophet were proclaiming to them, "Thus saith the Lord." Writing later from England, Carlyle declared: "I could have wept to read that speech; the clear high melody of it went tingling through my heart."

In the intervening century, Emerson's words have gone tingling through many a heart responsive to the challenge of the ideal. His subject was ostensibly "The American Scholar," but by his arresting interpretation of scholarship he expanded the subject to include a prophetic vision of the ideal possibilities of society.

Why was the scholarship of his day, he asked, so little related to the social ends of man? Was it not that the scholars, the bookworms, the pale young men in libraries, were enslaved by the past, by the accomplished fact, by what they knew only as theory and never as living reality? They were scholars first and men second—professional "thinkers," not Man Thinking. They were subdued by their books, as the mechanic was too often subdued by his machines and the priest by his forms.

> The horseman serves the horse,
> The neatherd serves the neat,
> The merchant serves the purse,
> The eater serves his meat;
> 'Tis the day of the chattel,
> Web to weave, and corn to grind;
> Things are in the saddle,
> And ride mankind—

whereas, Emerson pointed out, the hope of the world lay in man's mounting the saddle and riding "things," making material appearances his instrument and not his end, rising from the state of a farmer to that of Man on the Farm, from the state of a tradesman to that of Man Trading, from the state of a scholar to that of Man Thinking.

It is sad to realize how little the world today has profited by Emerson's ideal. "Things" have multiplied so rapidly and society has made so little resistance to their crude domination that it finds itself now on the edge of a whirlpool of blind anarchy, to which it has been urged by the technological and biological morality inseparable from the worship of "things."

As in Emerson's day, the scholars are powerless to help. Their magnificent material achievements have led them into an increasingly microscopic specialization. With eyes fixed narrowly on the "thing," they have renounced the ideal of Man Thinking to submerge themselves severally in the role of physicist, economist, philologist, psychologist, and so forth. Imprisoned within their own closed systems, they move with amazing deftness among the facts which they abstract from the totality of human experience, but are utterly unable to relate their conclusions to the spiritual destiny of man.

And so we have the spectacle of chemists solemnly deploring their failure to discover a poison gas which shall be able to permeate gas masks or any other protection devised against it. We have medical research intended to prolong men's lives indefinitely, regardless of the possibility that those lives may be degraded into a meaningless, brutal struggle for things of no value in themselves. We

nothing so much as on a practical demonstration of this identity. And so with all the branches of learning: their present material success depends

and only one or two eminent scientists daring even to suggest the identity of energy and thought, though man's dominion over "things" depends on

have physicists dwelling in an objective universe of pure energy or force; psychologists dwelling in a subjective universe of wholly mental activity;

to a great extent on their nonrecognition of the *whole* human being, many of whose activities and achievements fall altogether outside accepted scientific categories.

* * *

Of late, however, there have been increasing signs of an awakening. Within the past few months we have had Alexis Carrel's hard-hitting indictment of the failures of specialized scholarship and research, and as if in response to his sharply pointed criticisms, the action of the president and fellows of Harvard University in proposing to establish a new sort of professorship which shall not be attached narrowly or finally to any particular department, but shall be reserved for men working on the frontiers of knowledge and in such a way that they cross the conventional boundaries of the specialties. Such "roving professorships" will be a partial answer to Dr. Carrel's statement that "presidents of universities and their advisers do not realize that synthetic minds are as indispensable as analytic ones."

"I have known," says President Hopkins of Dartmouth, "of no such intelligent and realistic attempt to offset the evils of overdepartmentalization and of high specialization as is represented by this plan. . . . The fact that the words 'wholeness' and 'holiness' spring from the same root is not without an implication to which far more importance could be attached advantageously than is attached in the modern college."

This is getting at the core of the whole problem of scholarship, and likewise of education. The only education worthy of the name is that which leads the student to look at the *whole* human being, to recognize—beyond and above the mechanical, biological, and rational elements which too often absorb the entire attention of scholars—man's dominating spiritual identity.

One cannot afford to be oversanguine about the tentative efforts of educationalists to achieve this ideal; scholarship at its most enlightened is a slow, painstaking, tortuous way of reaching conclusions to which spiritual insight attains in a flash. Holiness demonstrates wholeness by means not susceptible of analysis in the laboratory. But the greater part of the world still needs a preparatory discipline, and there is cause for congratulation in every step taken in the right direction. Each forward step can only go to confirm Emerson's words:

> As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has anything in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form.

For The Index.

LINES

Read at the Celebration of Emerson's Birthday, in Concord, Mass., May 25, 1882.

Why did the Rhodora blossom so late,
And the Spring keep back her flowers?
Did the May-day know of her poet's fate,
And was Nature's grief like ours?

Let us honor our friend indeed
As the Singer of the May;
For he bade New England's wintry creed
To a sunnier faith give way.

His words were the flood of life and light
Which have burst that icy chain,
And he walked himself in the sunshine bright
That never will cease to reign.

The summer of thought draws near,
Bringing truth hitherto unknown;
But the herald of Spring is dear,
And the might of his work we own. F. M. H.

Frederick May Holland

OUR DISTANCE FROM EMERSON

[From the Providence Journal]

Many a person of middle age or beyond, turning now to his once well-thumbed Emerson books because the coming of the centenary of the philosopher's birth reminds him, with something like a prick of conscience, of his long neglect of them, finds with a wonder that is part sorrow that the strong, stirring appeal which once rang out from these then familiar pages rings out thence for him no more. The discovery is unpleasing. It raises disquieting questions, and no man in middle life or after quite likes to be disquieted by his reading. He asks himself sadly whether the failure to see now the old worthiness which he once saw in Emerson's writings is because, tested by the standards of a maturer intellect, the author warmly admired and eagerly studied in youth must be taken down from the pedestal as less worthy than he then seemed, or whether his own mind, dulled, battered, indurated by the turmoil of active life in a sordid world, has lost its responsiveness to utterances from a higher range of living and thinking. And neither of these alternative explanations can be accepted without a pang of regret.

Yet it is but natural, and the most loyal Emersonian need not fear that his leader is depreciated by admission of the fact that the Concord philosopher should appeal to youth in a way that he cannot appeal to mature age. The chief mandate that his peculiar genius gave him was to affect human thought in its formative stage. He was sent into the world, as some would say, developed at his particular time as others would put it, for the definite purpose of animating and inspiring the young, diverting their pliable and forming thoughts from the rigid lines of superimposed formalism in every field of thinking; and it was the young—those young in spirit if not in years—who in his lifetime heard him gladly and profitably. His mission was one of unsettlement, to supply impulses not methods, to persuade to the abandonment of ancient formulæ of thinking, to induce men to look out on the world through their own eyes and not through the venerable glasses that had been handed down to them from their fathers, to inspire them to form new conceptions for themselves by the purification of their own souls.

Necessarily his appeal was almost wholly then, as it is in less degree now, to the young—not to jejune babes, to be sure, but those of eager though perhaps vague aspirations who by reason of their years or their state of mind are still seekers and experimenters and doubters, who have not yet settled all things for themselves and formed their final concepts—catalogued them, labelled them and put them away in a sort of mental alcohol to be preserved unchanged forever. And Emerson's appeal reached and stirred those to whom it was addressed with a promptness of success that with philosophers has been rare. It was the young men's organizations of the day—their debating clubs and lyceums and "mutual improvement" societies—that invited him to lecture; it was the young that made most of his audiences. Their fathers heard him but infrequently and read him but seldom, and then always with a shaking of the head.

They said they could not understand him, could not see what end he was moving toward, could not find any tangible and classifiable system in his philosophy; to them it was all an aimless stirring up of things, a vague reaching out for what nobody could say, an ever-renewed running in and out of mental culs-de-sac; and they laughed scornfully or good-naturedly at those who found in this refreshment and inspiration and a subtle meaning too deep for words. Speaking of Emerson's lectures, a distinguished Massachusetts jurist once said: "I cannot understand them, but my daughters do." The remark was intended to be only a bit of withering irony, but it was doubtless true. The young and simple mind can sometimes understand what the mature and complex mind cannot. Hence that often quoted statement of the rural congregation that wanted the so-called mystic for their regular pastor after he had preached to them a few times. "We are a very simple people," they said, "and can understand nobody but Mr. Emerson."

And these rustics and the jurist's city daughters doubtless did understand him, in so far as getting out of his talk and writing all that he most sought to put into thousands of pulpits, and been so thoroughly absorbed into the life of today that it is difficult for us even to conceive what its absence would mean. We have achieved the mental and spiritual independence which he came into the world to urge and help us achieve.

So we are a long distance from Emerson now, a much longer distance than the count of the years since his death measures; and if he is less read than he used to be, one reason—perhaps the greatest of all the reasons—is that we have outgrown one large part of his message to man, passed beyond the need of listening to it. As a people we have learned, what he taught with a courage that is none the less admirable because it declared itself in gentle persuasion rather than vehement harangue—we have learned to say that "a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom."

Three Glimpses of Emerson

Some Personal Recollections

BY EDWARD S. MORSE

I HAVE always regarded as a curious incident an experience which occurred to me when I was a very young man, at the time so fully absorbed with natural history studies that literature other than scientific or the daily newspaper held little interest for me. As a Portland boy the name of Longfellow was familiar to me. I had of course heard the names of Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier and other great lights of New England. I doubt, however, if portraits of any of these men would have excited my interest or arrested my attention for a moment; in fact the portraits of General McMahon, General Pellesier, afterwards Duc de Malakoff, Lord Raglan and other heroes of the Crimean war were much more familiar to me than any American outside Washington, Franklin and the other great men of our country's early history. These details are mentioned only to accentuate the incident I am about to relate.

An appointment had been made to meet a friend at the Parker House, and after waiting in the public room for some time I became impatient and started for my friend's office. Hurrying down School street, through a current of people that ran both ways, dodging the numerous individuals that crowded the narrow sidewalk and probably keeping an eye out for my friend I suddenly realized that in that motley crowd an extraordinary face had passed me, this realization coming to me only after I had gone some distance. Everything that I was intent upon for the moment was forgotten and I abruptly turned and followed the man, intending to go by him and then standing at one side, get another glimpse of that remarkable face. As I overtook him I observed the tall, spare, slightly bent figure moving along as placidly as if he were following a country path. The black high-crowned hat, out of fashion, as were the black clothing, well worn, but by no means seedy. His whole make-up was that of a well-to-do country farmer, possibly a minister or doctor, clothed in his best for his city visit. Before I was able to pass him, he turned into the Parker House and entered the very room I had just left. So, improving the chance to the full I took a chair on the opposite side of the room and became absorbed in contemplating his deeply thoughtful and benign face. My friend finally came and before any salutation had passed between us, I whispered asking who the man was who was directly opposite, indicating by a slight gesture; he looked at me in surprise as he said, "Emerson." To a hustling and somewhat wide-awake boy who cared more for his study of shells and a good time and less for literature and its creators, it was certainly somewhat surprising that the face of this sweet spirit should have stamped an impression upon his retina that caused him to turn for another glimpse. I did not notice him in passing, it was only after having passed him in that crowd of jostling men that I became aware of the existence of this wonderful face.

EMERSON HISSED AT BY HARVARD BOYS.

In all Emerson's Experience as a lecturer there was only one occasion when he received that tribute to a radical orator's timely eloquence which is expressed in hisses. The passage

of the Fugitive Slave Law stirred him into unwonted moral passion and religious wrath. He accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture in Cambridgeport, called for the purpose of protesting against that infamous anomaly in jurisprudence and insult to justice which had the impudence to call itself a law. Those who sympathized with him were there in force; but a score or two of foolish Harvard students came down from the college to the hall where the lecture was delivered, determined to assert "the rights of the South," and to preserve the threatened union of the States. They were the rowdiest, noisest, most brainless set of young gentlemen that ever pretended to be engaged in studying "the humanities" of the chief university of the country. Their only arguments were hisses and groans whenever the most illustrious of American men of letters uttered an opinion which expressed the general opinion of the civilized world. If he quoted Coke, Holt, Blackstone, Mansfield, they hissed all these sages of the law because their judgments came from the illegal lips of Emerson. It was curious to watch him as, at each point he made, he paused to let the storm of hisses subside. The noise was something he had never heard before; there was a queer, quizzical, squirrel-like or bird-like expression in his eye as he calmly looked round to see what strange human animals were present to make such sounds; and when he proceeded to utter another indisputable truth, and it was responded to by another chorus of hisses, he seemed absolutely to enjoy the new sensation he experienced, and waited for these signs of disapprobation to stop altogether before he resumed his discourse. The experience was novel; still there was not the slightest tremor in his voice, not even a trace of the passionate resentment which a speaker under such circumstances and impediments usually feels, and which urges him into the cheap retort about serpents, but a quiet waiting for the time when he should be allowed to go on with the next sentence. During the whole evening he never uttered a word which was not written down in the manuscript from which he read. Many of us at the time urged Emerson to publish the lecture; ten or fifteen years after, when he was selecting material for a new volume of essays, I entreated him to include in it the old lecture at Cambridgeport; but he, after deliberation, refused, feeling probably that being written under the impulse of the passion of the day, it was no fit and fair summary of the characters of the statesmen he assailed. Of one passage in the lecture I preserve a vivid remembrance. After affirming that the eternal law of righteousness, which rules all created things, nullified the enactment of Congress, and after citing the opinions of several magnates of jurisprudence, that immoral laws are void and of no effect, he slowly added, in a scorching and biting irony of tone which no words can describe, "but still a little Episcopalian clergyman assured me yesterday that the Fugitive Slave Law must be obeyed and enforced." After the lapse of thirty years, the immense humor of bringing all the forces of nature, all the principles of religion, and all the decisions of jurists to bear with their Atlas weight on the shoulders of one poor little conceited clergyman to crush him to atoms, and he in his innocence not conscious of it, makes me laugh now as all the audience laughed then, the belligerent Harvard students included. —[E. P. Whipple, in Harper's magazine for September.

SUNDAY HERALD.

SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1882.

EMERSON DAY AT CONCORD.

The commemoration of Emerson yesterday as poet and philosopher, the first step away from the personality of the man to the public consideration of his work in the world, the first step taken in Concord to recognize him as something more than friend and neighbor, was notable for the variety of the utterances and for the substantial unity of what was said. Such free speaking usually results in discordant notes. Not so yesterday. The company was decidedly Emersonian, nay, intensely so, but it included three generations of those who recognize Emerson as the foremost ethical teacher in America. There were the old companions who fought the battles of political and religious freedom fifty years and less ago, gray-headed, gray-bearded, a stalwart but limited company. There were the young men and women who never failed to hear his lectures in Boston, and whose hearts were thrilled forty years since with his fresh and original thought. There were the bright men and women of today, those who are moving present thought and whom Emerson set to thinking for themselves. There was also the still younger company of those just entering now upon life who are feeling the wider circle of intellectual activity which Emerson's thinking made possible in America. It was the presence of these elements, both on the platform and in the audience, that made yesterday's exercises both interesting and significant. There was an intellectual movement, represented in the Concord town hall yesterday, which is not measured by weight or size, or by any material limits. It was the movement of the better, quicker, higher intellectual life, which has begun to permeate our philosophy and letters from the Emersonian centre. Mr. Alcott's beautiful poem, incomparably the most touching and pathetic word yet said of his great friend, gave the keynote of the occasion, and Dr. Bartol, in his characteristic way, prolonged the note of reminiscence that carried Emerson back to a niche among the ancients, while almost in the same breath he put his work forward as a vital force in the thought of the day. Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Cheney, representative young women into whose minds Emerson's thought in earlier years went as the music of the spheres, stood forth yesterday on the platform as the best illustrations of what Emerson did for the women of his time. Dr. Harris, as is his wont, gathered up the scattered elements of the philosophy of the Concord thinkers into a clear and coherent method that is simply invaluable, as the key to his thought. Mr Albee and Mr. Sanborn, as representing what Emerson did for the young men of a quarter of a century ago, bore ample testimony to his mental hospitality. And the whole day's talk was as free and generous a departure from that merely personal talk about a great man, which must sooner or later come to an end, to the far larger subject of what was vital in his relations to the infinite and to the present world, as any one could have desired. May not the occasion yesterday be prophetic. Concord, in the utterances of Judge Hoar at the funeral, bore testimony to the career of one who seemed remarkably like an "unfallen man." The school of philosophy, which grew out of his thought in the minds of others, yesterday presented him as a fresh teacher in literature and philosophy; and the next step will be to set forth the positive way in which his "natural religion" embraced the humanities and had the vision of the world. A lady in Rome was more impressed by his talk about immortality than by all she ever read or heard before, and his words to her are the words at the basis of the creed of universal religion: "I am so sure that the hereafter will be so much better than the possibility of imagining that the matter does not occupy my thought. So wonderful is the goodness and wisdom of the ordering of the hour." Here is the key to present immortality, and the best earnest of what is yet to be.

AT SLEEPY HOLLOW

May 25, 1903

BY REV. HENRY G. SPAULDING

[Read at the Tuesday Club and the Twentieth Century Club]

Within this wood, this shadow-haunted glen,
A sacred grove where the rapt soul may dream,
We walk amidst the graves of far-famed men
Who dwelt beside fair Concord's loitering stream.

And one lies here, beneath these guardian pines,
Upon this topmost ridge, as fits his fame,
Whose kindling word for coming ages shines,
And Nature on her heart imprints his name.

His presence made these neighboring woods and plains,
The sluggish river, the uncertain fields
Vocal with songs whose animating strains
Set free the soul that to their music yields.

To here, in bleak and unproductive days,
When the dead Past its paisying hand had laid
On life and thought; and old, prescriptive ways
Dwarfed the New World for nobler issues made;

A voice was heard, a strong, commanding voice,
Rousing the slumbering conscience of the land,
Bidding the soul in its own might rejoice
And hear within the Godhead's clear command.

He taught men how to find the Bread that feeds;
To read Life's answer, when the world they scan,
No longer darkly in the glass of creeds,
But face to face with Nature, God and Man.

And where old faiths had once their altars reared
No daring image-breaker was he found;
He laid the idols men before had feared
With sweet and tender reverence on the ground.

Once more, at the glad time that marks his birth,
The royal, heaven-crowned Spring comes to his own;
While Nature's acclamations fill the earth
As May, the queen, conducts him to his throne.

And him, the Springtime's lover, poet, seer,
Nature's true painter and her faithful priest,
Singing again his strenuous songs we hear,
And sit beside him at the Elysian feast.

We see the fresh Rhodora in the woods
And Beauty to our eyes appears divine;
With him we walk the sylvan solitudes
And drink the happy Spring's remembering wine;

Or stray in fancy by his favorite stream
As high and "higher rides the sun of May";
A second river greets us with its gleam,
A light and glow that are not of the day.

But not alone of Nature's ordered life
He sang: the grand ideals of the mind
He made us feel, that in the noble strife
For Truth and Freedom we would Manhood find.

And better than we know, he taught, we build,
When mind is open and the heart sincere;
When with the thought of God the soul is filled
And unto Duty whispering low gives ear.

But why, great singer, strive in faltering verse
Through the wide compass of thy tones to run?
Life, Nature and the Soul thy songs rehearse
And show to fainting Faith its victories won.

When Love lies wounded, thou wouldst bring us balm.
Still may thy starlike thoughts before us move,
A heavenly guide upon our earthly road:
Beckoning our halting minds to realms above,
Lighting the way to Wisdom's high abode.

But thou didst catch the rhythm of whispering pines;
The hills brought thee their strength; and earth and sky
Their shaping influence gave to stamp thy lines
With beauty, grandeur and simplicity.

Would thou wert with us now to give us power
Ourselves to rule, our wild unrest to calm;
For thou wouldst lift us up, and, in this hour
What matter that thy notes have not the sound
Of lutes discouring dulcet Lydian airs;
Or that, at times, the struggling verse is found
Unwieldy with the weight of thought it bears?

Thou didst not soar to Dante's lofty rhyme,
Or strike the strings of Milton's golden lyre;
Nor couldst thou voice great hopes and thoughts sublime
In strains of any idly tuneful choir.

Boston Evg. Transcript, July 27, 1882

HAD EMERSON A PHILOSOPHY?

PROFESSOR W. T. HARRIS'S MEMORIAL ESSAY ON THE UNITY IN HIS TEACHINGS.

In the memorial exercises on Saturday at Concord (fully reported by our correspondent in another column), Professor W. T. Harris spoke as follows:

It has often been stated that there is no unity in Emerson's prose essays, and that they consist of a vast number of brilliant statements loosely connected and bound into paragraphs, with only such unity as is given by the lids of the volume. We hear it said that the experiment has been tried of reading an entire essay, sentence by sentence, backward from the end, without injury to the sense. This lack of order and connection has even been praised as giving variety of form and freshness of style. While it is true that there is no parading of syllogistic reasoning in Emerson's essays and no ratiocination, there is quite sufficient unity of a higher kind if one will but once comprehend the thoughts with any degree of clearness. In a work of literary art, such as a drama or a novel, we expect organic unity as well as logical unity. There must be a beginning in which we form our acquaintances with the persons, their surroundings and the peculiarities of character and situation, then a middle in which character and situation develop into collisions as a natural result, then a solution of the collision by one mode or another, restoring the equilibrium in the social whole. In the prose essay we cannot expect organic unity, but we may expect rhetorical unity and logical unity. There need be no formal syllogisms; the closest unity of the logical kind is the dialectic unity that begins with the simplest and most obvious phase of the subject, and discovers by investigation the next phase that naturally follows. It is an unfolding of the subject according to its natural growth in experience. Starting with this view, we shall discover this and that defect, this and that necessary correction, and in the end we shall reach a better insight, which, of course, will be the second step in our treatise, and must be followed out in the same way as before. Such development of a theme exhibits and expounds the genesis of conviction, and is the farthest removed from mere dogmatism. We pass through all shades of opinion, adopting and rejecting them in succession on our way to the true final conclusion. There is no logical method equal to this one that expounds the genesis of the subject. When we have reached the conclusion, we have exhausted the subject and seen the necessity of our result. Such is the method that Plato describes and indorses in the seventh book of his "Republic." To be sure, the untrained intellect will often get confused amid the labyrinth of conflicting opinions, just as the callow young men did when Socrates applied his method to their theories. The reader is apt to expect a consistency of opinion from the beginning to the end. Difference of views bewilders him. Emerson has furnished us many very wonderful examples of dialectic treatment of his subject. But he has been very careful to avoid the show of ratiocination and the parade of proof-making. The object of his writing was to present truth, and to produce insight, and not to make proselytes. The student of literature who wishes to learn the dialectic art, and, at the same time, to become acquainted with the genesis of Emerson's view of the world, should study the essay on "Experience" in the second series of essays. In this wonderful piece of writing we have a compend of his insights into life and nature arranged in dialectic order. Master his treatment of the topics and you will discover what constitute real steps of progress in experience, and at the same time you will learn how the first grows into the second and that into the next, and so on to the highest view of the world that he has attained, or to the final view reached by men of deepest insight, called seers. He names these steps or stadia in experience, illusion, temperament, succession, surface, surprise, reality and subjectiveness. The first phase of experience, according to him, brings us to the consciousness of illusion. This is a great step. The naive man without culture of any sort has not reflected enough to reach this point. He rests in the conviction that all about him is really just what he sees it. He does not perceive the relativity of things. But at the first start in culture, long since begun even among the lowest savages, there appears the conviction that there is more in things than appears at first sight. Things are fragments of larger things; facts are fragments of larger facts. Change of the totality of conditions changes the thing or fact that is before us. Things escape us, and thus "dream delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion. Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and, as we pass through them, they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus." What experience comes next after this one of illusion? Evidently the perception of conditioning circumstance, the perception of fate or external influence which may be called temperament.

Structure or temperament "prevails over everything of time, place and condition, and is inconsumable in the flames of religion." When experience has exhausted the view of temperament it finds that it has learned the necessity of succession in objects. For there is a process underlying things, and we see that what made us explain illusion by temperament was the discovery that things changed through external influences. Now we see a little better, and understand that there is succession—one phase giving way to another, and thus exhibiting a series of influences instead of one final result. Temperament, therefore, is no finality, for it produces no ultimate state or condition, but succeeds only in making a transitory impression. We pass out of this stadium of experience and enter on the theory of the world that sees change and succession according to some law or other. We look now for that law. When we see the law we shall understand the order of sequence, and can map out the orbit of life and of things. We shall see the true order of Genesis.

This view of the necessary order of sequence is no longer a view of mere change, but a view of the whole, and hence a view of the fixed and stable. The orbit remains, though the planet wanders perpetually. Emerson calls the view of the law of change "surface," as if the seeing of a line as a whole were the seeing of a surface. Various stadia of opinion there might be on this plane of experience. A very narrow orbit or a very wide one might be computed for the cycle of succession. The progress of experience will correct the narrow view. We think today that we have taken in all the metamorphoses of the object of investigation, but tomorrow we discover new ones and have to enlarge our description. "Surface" expands and we make new theories of the law. We are, however, dealing with the law of cause and effect, and cannot formulate the whole under any such law, for the whole cannot be cause of something else or the effect of some other being. Emerson calls the next form of experience "surprise," because it begins with the insight made in some high moment of life, when for the first time one gets a glimpse of the form of the whole. What must be the form of the whole? you ask. The whole does not admit of such predicates as we apply to the part or fragment. The dependent has one law, and the independent has another. The dependent presupposes something; it is a relative existence, and its being is in another. The independent is self-contained, self-active, self-determined, *causa sui*. The first insight is a "surprise," and so is the second insight; all of the high moments of experience admit us to "surprises," for we see the fountain of pure energy and self-determination in place of the limitations of things, and the derivative quality of objects which receive only their allotted measures of being. The soul opens into the sea of creative energy, inexhaustible and ever imparting.

By these moments of "surprise," therefore, we ascend to a new place of experience, no longer haunted by those dismal spectres of delusion, temperament, change, and surface, or mechanic, fixed laws. Things are not fragments of a vast machine, nor are men links in a cosmic process that first develops and then crushes them. Things do not exist in succession, as it before seemed to us, but the true, real existence that we have found is always the same. We enter through the moments of surprise into the realm of insight, into reality, hence reality is Emerson's sixth category of experience. "By persisting to read or to think, this region gives further sign of itself, as it were, in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals and showed the approaching traveller the inland mountains with . . . .

HELPED BY EMERSON.

? Bos. Evg. Transcript. July 16, 1903.

Woman's Debt to Poet Is Told by Mrs. Spencer.

Prof. Schmidt Treats of His Oriental Learning.

Impromptu Discussion on Bible as Product of the East

Last night's lecture in the Emerson memorial course at Huntington Hall was by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer of New York on "The American Woman's Debt to Emerson." The speaker said in part:

"On Sept. 20, 1855, Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture before a woman's rights convention in Boston entitled 'Woman.' In it he declared: 'There is no movement more seriously interesting to every healthy and thoughtful mind than that to benefit the position of woman.' He thus spoke while that movement was still a simple collective claim for woman's rights, before it had differentiated into a struggle for higher education; the effort to secure industrial training and opportunity and pecuniary reward; the distinct appeal for equal legal rights, and the subsequent demand for the ballot.

"Twelve years before, Margaret Fuller had declared in the Dial what women needed and asked for was 'not equal power with men, for of that omnipotent nature will not allow her to be defrauded, but a chartered right too fully recognized to be abused.' This claim was put forward at the first woman's rights convention, in Seneca Falls, in 1848. How narrow the position of women at that time was the younger generation of this day cannot in the least realize, and many of their elders have almost forgotten.

"No single right of individuality was left her in marriage. She could not protect her person or her own right. As Lucy Stone quaintly said, 'If a woman had a leg cut off by a railroad accident her husband might recover damages, but she could not, for her legs were his legs.' She could hold no property in marriage, given to her or paid for her own work. What a strongly radical position, therefore, was that taken by Emerson in 1855, when he proclaimed that no equal right of property or person could be in justice refused to woman.

"The story of the new industrial and professional opportunities for women reads like a romance, so rapid has been the change since 1855, yet it is possible still to read public statistical documents, in which the wages of married women are referred to as 'financial assistance to the family,' instead of the wages earned by an individual worker.

"Much as the American woman is indebted to Emerson for his position in regard to her claims to new rights, she is still more indebted to him for his serious treatment of the problems connected with that claim. He says that it is claimed that 'she has not sufficient moral power or intellectual force to control the perturbations of her physical structure.' To this Emerson replies that 'it is true that women are victims of a finer temperament than are men; they are more personal.' But Emerson regards this as a reason for, and not against, equal sharing by women of all social life. 'Human society,' he says, 'is made up of partialities; the partialities of women are just those which are needed to balance the partialities of men.' Modern science re-enforces this position, by saying that women, 'who are the constants in human progress' and furnish the larger share of the 'motive power of desire and affection,' are needed at every point to counterbalance the 'variant tendency' of men and to furnish field for men's 'directive power.'

"The greatest debt of American women to Emerson, however, is not his recognition and aid given to their new movement to better their own position, but that he taught the necessity of freedom for the development of all human nature."

Dr. Nathaniel Schmidt, professor of Semitic languages and literature at Cornell University, lectured in the morning at Concord in the Emerson memorial course, on "Emerson and Oriental Thought." It was doubtless the first careful study by an expert of a phase in Emerson's product that, while recognized as one of the most alluring philosophic views presented by the Concord writer, is one the farthest removed from ordinary lines of inquiry. The incident of the day was a protest by the Rev. H. K. Hanna, the Episcopal pastor of Concord, against the inclusion of the Bible as a development and expression of Oriental thought, followed by an animated discussion of this sidelight on the topic.

Prof. Schmidt began by indicating the difficulty of setting bounds to the term Oriental thought in terms that make it generic and different from other, say Occidental, thought. Geographical meridians were of little use in this connection, as the field might easily be extended as to include much that would not be eastern. Further inquiry from a philosophic point of view would level boundaries even more, so that the conventional definition, a very imperfect one, must serve for the moment.

Who shall say, for example, what Emerson derived from Japan, the speaker continued. How much did he know of Confucius or La-Ro-tze, the Chinese seers? India may be looked upon as a museum, where philosophic biology has perhaps the fewest missing links. Asia again is an even more heterogeneous mass.

Europe is as one in thought and custom compared to it. How far Emerson explored this region can only be conjectured, at least from his books as sources of knowledge. It may be suspected that he read some of the product of the east in translations by English scholars of the latter part of the 18th century and the first of the 19th, possibly all that was readily accessible, though evidence of some of this work will not be found in a textual survey of Emerson.

The German research into this field, 100 years ago, one of the striking and most fruitful products of German philosophical study, does not appear to have reached him, particularly in his early ears. This message of the East roused Herder and Schlegel, who found the tones of a common song, coming down from the distant centuries. They showed the danger of classifications in ascribing general characters on the evidence of shreds and patches.

A source from which Emerson would derive much from the East was ancient literature. Plato, Plutarch, Plotinus and others reflect much of oriental teaching. Of Mesopotamia and Babylon he can have heard little of value. He lacked the vital tools for their study, in language, history and travel, and was confined to translations, at best an unsteady crutch. It may be premised of Emerson that he evaded the scholar's mode of reading translations; the slow, suspicious, hesitating progress. He was no historian, missing altogether the delirious delights of chronology. His passion for facts was of the coldest, and they were inevitably reduced to symbols as soon as garnered.

The loss of memory experienced by Ralph Waldo Emerson during the years just previous to his death has frequently been spoken of, and a pleasant story is told of him in this connection, showing that something of the element of humor remained with him during the times of his difficulty in this respect. He was going out one day, and his daughter saw him searching for something to take with him. He could not name it. She mentioned two or three articles, to which he returned a negative. At length he turned to her with a twinkle in his eye and said: "It is the thing that people take away." She at once brought him his umbrella, and all was right.—[Ex.

Boston Newspaper, possibly The Advertiser of July 28, 1903, on Nathaniel Schmidt's "Emerson and Oriental Thought"

Emerson's progress through a translation, therefore, must be likened to the flitting of a bee, picking out the drops of wisdom that might reward the search. His was a task of identification, amid the imperfections inseparable from translations, a task in which Emerson excelled, and led him to sure and fairly accurate estimates of great characters and events.

Of the long line of eastern thinkers, Hafiz, the Persian, appears to have been the most welcome to Emerson. He must have recognized in him a fellow-rebel, chafing against the formalism of his day, who sang of the joys of wine, because it was a forbidden joy. Saadi, the wise, sane, serene Persian, was evidently a treasured friend, and he omits no good chance to sing his praises.

The early continental research into the Old Testament, beginning with Astruc and continued by the German critics, does not appear in Emerson's work, except in parallel. The Germans were prompt to recognize that the Old Testament was essentially oriental, and could only be studied intelligently with that in mind.

German was not a common accomplishment in Emerson's day, and moreover, the colonists had other more pressing interests than questions of Babylonian origins, or the status of the Pentateuch as literature. A curious commentary on Emerson's work is his neglect of the book of Job, that Goethe at least regarded as one of the finest and most characteristic products of Hebrew thought.

It is interesting, however, to note that Emerson early recognized the Canticles as a love song, a result that anticipated by many decades the work of historical students in the Old Testament. His recognition of the oriental cast of thought in the New Testament was evident in 1832, when he left his pulpit, proclaiming that by no proper conception of his mission could Jesus be thought of, as prescribing a rite or a ceremony as an adequate remembrance of his teachings.

No review of Emerson's relations to oriental thought would be complete that would neglect the Bhagavad Gita, from which he derived a note of spiritual law that was well in accord with his own soul. His leaning toward Brahma, rather than Buddha, was wholly characteristic, the sombre, fatalistic philosophy of the latter repelling his joyous and buoyant nature. Brahma's profound but hopeful teaching and his proclamation of the prevalence of the ideal found a ready response in the Concord thinker, and was interpreted for the American reader as few such lofty utterances are to students of another clime.

The most recent criticism of Emerson, as the promoter of what is known as anti-imperialism, has a real basis in this insistence on the supremacy of moral law. The insight so much extolled and so readily admitted as real, was nowhere more confident than in the assertion that nations, like individuals, were never exempt from retribution for breach of these laws, and that history inculcates no lesson more plainly than that only thus have empires fallen.

The Rev. Mr. Hornbrooke, in the discussion, threw much light on Emerson's oriental acquirements by telling of his own experience with the Rev. Chandler Robbins, who succeeded Emerson in the Second Church, Boston. Mr. Robbins once had an interest in oriental thought and accumulated a considerable library on the subject which, as his interest waned he placed in a book store to be sold.

Going back soon after, to follow the fortunes of the books, he learned that the oriental library had been bought outright by Mr. Emerson. Mr. Sanborn added that Mr. Emerson, who was much more of a reader than many of his admirers were aware of, had ready access also to the stores of Thoreau's knowledge. Thoreau was very fully acquainted with the oriental literature of his day.

The Rev. Mr. Hanna entered a demurrer at this point against including the Old and the New Testament in oriental literature, urging that their cast of thought and general aim were utterly foreign to what is generally recognized as specifically oriental.

Prof. Schmidt observed that such a question could revert of necessity to definitions. It could be argued that Chinese and Indian thought were utterly different, and yet they were recognized as oriental. The Old Testament may furnish still another difference, but he urged that the test of study would be found to need a reference to oriental standards, for adequate appreciation of the Hebrew writers, and that all our real research, most of which was in the 19th century, led that way invariably. George Willis Cooke and Mr. Sanborn continued briefly.

Today's programme will be: Morning, at Concord, Charles Malloy of Waltham on "The Sphinx," an interpretive venture at one of the most severely philosophic of Emerson's poems; evening, at Huntington Hall, the Rev. Benjamin F. Trueblood on "Emerson and Inner Light."

EMERSON, PARKER, CHANNING

Boston Evg. Transcript, May 22, 1903, p. 8

Emerson's religon found its best pulpit expression in Theodore Parker. The two men, widely different as their manner and methods were, stood for the same religious truth. As we pay honor to that truth and its prophets today, we should cast a grateful glance farther back—back to Channing. The peculiar obligation to Channing of both Emerson and Parker must not be passed unrecognized even in the briefest survey of their religious work and influence. The three names must be grouped together. They make our great triumvirate in the realm of religious progress and reform. They had the same high idealistic philosophy; they stood for the same rational method, and they had alike that reverence for the soul and that lofty social ideal which made them as earnest and constant workers in the field of politics and whatever concerned man's freedom and growth as in the field of religion. Emerson was born in the very year, 1803, that Channing was ordained and installed as minister of the Federal Street Church, and he grew up in a community and especially in a family circle pervaded by Channing's influence. In 1821, while he was a student at Harvard College, he heard Channing deliver the Dudleian lecture there, and expressed his admiration of it as the fruit of "moral imagination" and "the highest species of reasoning upon divine subjects." He began his studies for the ministry under Channing's direction; and soon after the completion of his studies we find him preaching in Channing's pulpit. He pays tribute to Channing's genius and influence as among the more immediate early causes of the transcendental movement. The American Unitarian Association, of which Channing was chosen president, was formed, by auspicious coincidence, on Emerson's birthday, May 25, 1825; and Emerson was one of its first missionary preachers. Of Channing's address on "Spiritual Freedom," given soon after the formation of the association, Mr. Chadwick justly says: "We do not wonder at Emerson's delight in Channing when we read this superb anticipation of his own 'Self-Reliance.'" Mr. Chadwick marshals sundry passages of the kind that "made Emerson bless Channing as one of those who had said his good things before him." He anticipated Emerson in pleading for independence and self-reliance in American literature; and Emerson praised his papers on Milton and Napoleon as "the first specimens in this country of that large criticism which in England had given power and fame to the Edinburgh Review." Channing was almost as impatient as Emerson himself with the growth of what he called a "Unitarian orthodoxy." His deafness kept him from Emerson's early Boston lectures; but his daughter heard them with joy, and borrowed the manuscripts to read to her father, in whom they also found hearty response. When others condemned Emerson for his Harvard address, Channing defended him; and he grew steadily younger, more hospitable and more prophetic, as he grew older. "In our wantonness," said Emerson, "we often flout Dr. Channing, and say he is getting old; but as soon as he is ill, we remember he is our bishop, and that we have not done with him yet;" and on the centennial of Channing's birth, April 7, 1880, two years before his own death, he went from Concord to Newport, to be present at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Channing Memorial Church.

In his paper on "Historic Notes of Life and Letters in New England," published after his death, Emerson pays Channing this noteworthy tribute: "Dr. Channing, whilst he lived, was the star of the American church, and we then thought, if we do not still think, that he left no successor in the pulpit. He could never be reported, for his eye and voice could not be printed, and his discourses lose their best in losing them. • • • All America would have been impoverished in wanting him. We could not spare a single word he uttered in public, not so much as the reading a lesson in scripture, or a hymn; and it is curious that his printed writings are almost a history of the times; as there was no great public interest, political, literary, or even economical (for he wrote on the tariff), on which he did not leave some printed record of his brave and thoughtful opinion. • • • He is one of those men who vindicate the power of the American race to produce greatness."

In Theodore Parker we find the same high reverence for Channing and the same recognition of special obligation. Parker was no sooner settled in his West Roxbury parish than we find him going to Channing often for help in solving his pressing religious problems. He borrows books of him and discusses with him Strauss's "Life of Jesus." Channing was now sometimes preaching sermons which Dr. Gannett thought "suited to do more harm than good;" and Parker writes: "If Dr. Channing were a young man of five and twenty, all unknown to fame, holding the same religious, philosophical, political and social opinions as now, and preaching on them as he does, he could not find a place for the sole of his foot in Boston, though half a dozen pulpits were vacant." Years before the controversy over Emerson's Harvard adddress and Parker's South Boston sermon, Channing said: "The truth is, and it ought not to be disguised, that our ultimate reliance is and must be upon reason. If a professed revelation seems to us plainly to disagree with itself or clash with great principles which we cannot question, we ought not to hesitate in withholding from it our belief. I am sure that my rational nature is from God than that any book is the expression of His will."

Parker went often to a little club to which Channing went, at the home of his friend and parishioner, Jonathan Phillips; and writing of one of these "Socratic meetings," where Channing was the Socrates, and the theme was progress, Parker says: "Had the conversation been written out by Plato, it would equal any of his beautiful dialogues." A week later the subject for the club's discussion was a recent lecture of Emerson's. Channing was no more troubled by Parker's South Boston sermon than by Emerson's Harvard address; and when, the next year, Channing died, Parker wrote to a friend: "No man in America has done so much to promote truth, virtue and religion as he. I feel that I have lost one of the most valuable friends I ever had. His mind was wide and his heart was wider yet." In his journal he wrote: "No man since Washington has done so much to elevate his country." Parker's memorial sermon at the time, and his more exhaustive paper in the Massachusetts Review, a few years later, are among the noblest tributes ever paid to Channing's character and work.

When Dean Stanley returned to England from America, it was to report, Mr. Conway has told us, that religion had there passed through an evolution from Edwards to Emerson, and that "the general atmosphere which Emerson has done so much to promote is shared by all the churches equally." President Eliot has said publicly more than once in recent years that, having listened regularly for a long period to the sermons in the Harvard chapel by the leading American ministers of all churches, he had found that all alike were giving to the people the thought of Channing; and I am authoritatively told that when the statement was once made in the presence of Phillips Brooks he declared the same opinion as to our present pulpit teachings.

It is an impressive coincidence by which we celebrate at almost the same time—exactly within a week of each other—the centennials of the birth of Emerson and of the beginning of Channing's great ministry in Boston. We celebrate the latter by dedicating a statue on the Public Garden, just in front of what ought to be called the Channing church. Perhaps an even better celebration is the publication of Chadwick's noble biography of Channing. It will teach thousands of our people to reflect anew upon Channing's life and influence—influence as potent in behalf of worthy politics and social progress as of rational religion. May it do more than that—may it lead them to read his works! We have fallen too much into the habit of taking Channing for granted. Let us read him again!

EDWIN D. MEAD

Boston Evening Transcript, July 18, 1903, p. 22.

EMERSON AND HARVARD

Rev. Samuel A. Eliot Estimates the Debt of Each to the Other, and Denies That the Philosopher Was Without Honor in His Own Day and Land

Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, in his Emerson lecture in the Huntington Hall series last night, estimated the debt of Emerson to Harvard and of the University to the philosopher, and characterized as nonsense the notion that Emerson was "persecuted" or an "outlaw" in his own day and land. Said the speaker:

"Emerson's father, grandfather and great-grandfather were Harvard men and became ministers of New England churches. Clean blood flowed in the veins of these people from the hearts of English Puritans who could not surrender manhood or conscience to priest or king. Emerson could not have been born in any other part of the world than in eastern Massachusetts. He found his impulse to seek out the secrets of earth and heaven in his own blood, in the atmosphere of the college, in the social and religious conditions of the dear land in which he lived. What then did Harvard do for Emerson? To the ancestral faith incarnate in his blood, to the shrewd Yankee common sense he inherited, to the New England conscience which was his birthright, to the training of a godly and simple home, it added the education which does not consist in conning textbooks, but in a widening of horizon, an enlarging of experience, a deepening of purpose. Harvard taught him not only facts, but what facts stand for and represent and predict. There he found the way in which to turn sight into insight. He discovered how to understand and master circumstances by knowledge and obedience. His education was no formal process. Its distinctive quality may be said to have been, not range of knowledge, but vitality of knowledge; not scope, but depth; not possession of information, but enlargement of view. What did Emerson do for Harvard? His first great service was to deliver the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society on Aug. 31, 1837. Rarely has any one of the annual orations been listened to with such profound attention as Emerson's address on "The American Scholar." In this address and in the divinity school address of the succeeding summer may be found almost all of Emerson's creative ideals.

"A good deal of nonsense has been spoken and written about the social ostracism that Emerson endured because of his heretical opinions, about the persecutions which he suffered, about the enmity and bitterness of the friends of his own denominational household. Most of such false and mistaken utterances have come from gentlemen desirous of posing as martyrs, and anxious to discover in the experience of Emerson some salve for their

own sores. The fact is that these self-made martyrs are generally ostracized, if ostracized they be, not because of the novelty or heresy of their opinions, but because of some roughness of speech or rudeness of manner which makes them personally disagreeable. Emerson never suffered any persecution. He was always lapped in the love and reverence of neighbors and family and friends. It is impossible for those who know Emerson only through his writings to understand the peculiar veneration felt for him by those who knew him personally. The sweetness, elevation and sympathy of his nature gave him a peculiar charm. However much one might differ from him in opinion, homage was always rendered to his character. Those who met him only occasionally felt the attraction of his spiritual power and never spoke of him without a tribute of respect. There never was another man whose system of thought was at variance with accredited opinions who exercised such gentle and persuasive power over the minds of opponents."

Boston Evg. Transcript, May 23, 1903, p. 5.

RARE EMERSON RELICS

Authors' Club's Fine Exhibit for Centennial

No Similar Grouping So Complete and Comprehensive

Many Books, Manuscripts and Portraits

Display to Be Made Monday in the Astor Gallery

Special to the Transcript:

New York, May 23—It is not without warrant that the Society of American Authors claim for their exhibit of Emersoniana, at next Monday's centennial commemoration of the birth of the sage of Concord, that it is distinctly unique and that no similar grouping of Emerson relics and mementos has heretofore been so complete and comprehensive. The committee in charge have been diligent in drawing upon every source of supply, and the many books, manuscripts, portraits, busts, and other memorabilia, to be exhibited in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria next Monday evening, an hour before the dinner and succeeding symposium, will certainly repay careful and leisurely examination.

Naturally enough the publishers are voluminous contributors. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., successors to Emerson Pioneer Publishers, have prepared an elaborate exhibit showing the progressive public appreciation of Emerson, from homely early editions prepared for the general reader to compilations of his essays and teachings for academic and collegiate use. Their binding and typography appropriately illustrates the growth of this country in the bookmakers' art. Taber, Prang & Co. of Boston, will also exhibit in various sizes and settings, Cardezo's famous portrait of the Great Transcendentalist. The Burrows Brothers Company contribute several scarce first editions and a number of other Emersonian rarities, including two copies of the address delivered at the Concord Court House, Aug. 1, 1844, on the anniversary of the emancipation of the Negro slaves in the British West Indies.

Emerson's son, Edward Waldo, sends as his contribution a manuscript sheet from the "Poet," described by him as "a poem which seems to me of great interest, begun by Mr. Emerson about 1837, but never published during his life-time, though it is included in the appendix to the posthumous edition of his poems." With it he forwards a print of the original Emerson homestead, built by Thomas Emerson in 1638, and still standing at Ipswich, Mass., at the foot of Heartbreak Hill, on Labor-in-Vain Creek.

Unquestionably, however, the most interesting Emersoniana on view in the Astor Gallery will be the fine collection of English editions and reprints, the result of many years of diligent browsing around by Professor Samuel A. Jones of Ann Arbor, Mich. The enumeration thereof begins with the Fraser edition of essays, issued in 1841, with the noteworthy preface by his friend, Thomas Carlyle, which heralded the consummation of a friendship which continued for life. It will stir the blood of any Emerson enthusiast to pick up this dingy little, olive green octavo, containing the twelve essays selected by the poet-historian to introduce his American friend to the scholarship of Great Britain, and read therein the ringing eulogium which begins:

"To the great reading public entering Mr. Fraser's and other shops in quest of daily provender, it may be as well to state, on the very threshold, that this little reprint of an American Book of Essays is in no wise the thing suited for them; that not the great reading public, but only the small thinking public, and perhaps only a portion of these, have any question to ask concerning it."

Although this was long before the days of international copyright, Fraser was an honest bookseller, and the American essayist shared in the profits derived from his writings. It is not surprising to learn, however, that two years later another bookseller, one W. Tweedie, not imbued with Fraser's willingness to distinguish between "mine" and "thine," finding the Emerson cult sufficiently established to yield a profit, reprinted these same essays and put them on sale at a lower price. Of this performance Carlyle's honest indignation found expression in this passage of a letter written to his injured friend, Oct. 31, 1843:

"To the horror of poor Nickerson (Fraser's successor) a certain scoundrel interloper here has reprinted Emerson's Essays on grayish paper to be sold at two shillings."

On Nov. 17 Carlyle writes again:

"I hear, however, that the Pirate has sold off, or nearly so, his two shillings edition of the Essays, and is preparing to print another."

However, John Chapman took up the diffusion of the Emerson cult a year later, publishing a second series of essays, and in 1845 he issued still another, this time under the auspices of the friendly Carlyle. It is full of errata, showing, as Mr. Jones puts it, "how carelessly Carlyle read proof." Thenceforward the game of piracy went ahead right merrily, several well-known English publishers taking a liberal hand in the game. For several years after its initiation the buccaneer bookmakers fed their presses from one another's pilferings, but in 1848 the first really wholesale piracy appeared in the form of a book of essays, orations and lectures, bearing the imprint of W. S. Orr & Co. Its brown cloth covers contained the bulk of Emerson's then published works of permanent value.

Enumeration of other succeeding Emersonian issues would be too prolix for the space at command, but it would be impossible to ignore one of Professor Jones's greatest acquisitions, the two-volume Bell and Daldy collection of Emerson's complete works dated 1870. The professor's copy is the one owned by Ivan Tourgueneff, the Russian novelist, whose writings are said to have induced Czar Alexander II. to declare the freedom of the serfs. Its former ownership is fully established by Tourgueneff's bookplate. But if presumptive evidence counts for anything, the Great Transcendentalist's writings were "too strong for the Russian's digestion," as Professor Jones aptly phrases it. In the first volume about a dozen pages have been cut by its first owner, and in the second less than twenty have been separated. The poems had not even been glanced at.

Even more precious, however, to the Ann Arbor enthusiast than this memento of a Continental celebrity, is a little reprint by Routledge, of the Concord Philosopher's "English Traits," picked up in 1857 in a remote little village in North Wales, where not one of ten of the inhabitants spoke a word of English. He regards this circumstance as a most significant one of the eminent author's popularity with the common people.

Of the manuscripts the most enlightening specimens are two pages from the lecture on "Domestic Life." They are written on both sides, and numbered respectively 37 2-7 and 37 3-7, convincingly illustrating Emerson's constructive method, building up his literary creations like a picture in mosaic.

Of the pictorial exhibit, May Alcott's twelve unpublished sketches in sepia of scenes about Emerson's home are sure to prove of more than passing interest. The most romantic feature of this class, however, will doubtless be the crayon portrait of the author of Brahma made by Eastman Johnson for their mutual friend, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. This is Miss Longfellow's contribution to the commemoration.

Bos. Sunday Herald, Sept. 16, 1883

EMERSON'S FRIENDS.

His Notes of Life and Letters in Massachusetts.

Pen Portraits of Everett, Channing and Parker.

The Brook Farm and the Transcendental Club.

eyes. There was that man about this person which distinguishes every piece of genius from the works of talent; these last are more or less matured in every degree of completeness according to the time bestowed on them, but works of genius in their first and slightest form are still wholes. In every public discourse there was nothing left for the indulgence of his hearer, no marks of late hours and anxious, unfinished study; but the goddess of grace had breathed on the work a last fragrance and glitter."

This is by all odds the finest pen portrait of Everett that has ever been made. The touches of nature are all here, and nothing can be added or taken away without marring the completeness of the artist's work. Emerson admired Everett for qualities in which he was himself deficient, but, after all, did not reckon him above his actual value.

Another man who loomed up in the intellectual sky of that day was

Dr. Channing.

He was in morals what Everett was in literature and letters. Of him Emerson says: "I attribute much importance to two papers of Dr. Channing, one on Milton and one on Napoleon, which were the first specimens in this country of that large criticism which in England had given power and fame to the Edinburgh Review. They were widely read, and of course immediately fruitful in provoking emulation which lifted the style of journalism. Dr. Channing, while he lived, was the star of the American church, and we then thought, if we do not still think, that he left no successor in the pulpit. He could never be reported, for his eye and voice could not be printed, and his discourses lose their best in losing them. He was made for the public; his cold temperament made him the most unprofitable private companion; but all America would have been impoverished in wanting him. We could not then spare a single word he uttered in public, not so much as the reading a lesson in Scripture, or a hymn; and it is curious that his printed writings are almost a history of the times, as there was no great public interest, political, literary, or even economical (for he wrote on the tariff), on which he did not leave some printed record of his brave and thoughtful opinion. A poor little invalid all his life, he is yet one of those men who vindicate the power of the race to produce great men."

Many a time Mr. Alcott has given an account of the origin of the Transcendental Club, and Mr. Alcott once expressed to the present writer his deep interest in what Mr. Emerson might say of it and of his part in it. This curiosity is abundantly gratified in the following paragraph:

"Dr. Channing took counsel in 1840 with George Ripley to the point whether it were possible to bring cultivated, thoughtful people together, and make society that deserved the name. He had earlier talked with Dr. John Collins Warren on the like purpose, who admitted the wisdom of the design, and undertook to aid him in making the experiment. Dr. Channing repaired to Dr. Warren's house on the appointed evening, with large thoughts which he wished to open. He found a welch sch assembly of gentlemen variously distinguished; there was mutual greeting and introduction, and they were chatting agreeably on indifferent matters, and drawing gently towards their great expectation, when a side door opened, the whole company streamed in to an oyster supper, crowned by excellent wines; and so ended the first attempt to

Establish Æsthetic Society in Boston.

Some time afterwards, Dr. Channing opened his mind to Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, and with some care they invited a limited party of ladies and gentlemen. I had the honor to be present. Though I recall the fact, I do not retain any instant consequence of this attempt, or any connection between it and the new zeal of the friends who at that time began to be drawn together by sympathy of studies and of aspiration. Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Dr. Convers Francis, Theodore Parker, Dr. Hedge, Mr. Brownson, James Freeman Clarke, William H. Channing and many others gradually drew together, and from time to time spent an afternoon at each other' house in a serious conversation. With them was always one well-known form, a pure idealist; not at all a man of letters, nor of any practical talent, nor a writer of books; a man quite too cold and contemplative for the alliances of friendship, with rare simplicity and grandeur of perception, who read Plato as an equal, and inspired his companions only in proportion as they were intellectual, while the men of talent complained of the want of point and precision in this abstract and religious thinker. These fine conversations, of course, were incomprehensible to some in the company, and they had their revenge in their little joke. One declared that "it seemed to him like going to Heaven in a swing;" another reported that, at a knotty point in the discourse, a sympathizing Englishman with a squeaking voice interrupted with the question: "Dr. Alcott, a lady near me desires to inquire whether omnipotence abnegates attribute." * * * As these persons became, in the common chances of society, acquainted with each other, there resulted certainly strong friendships, which, of course, were exclusive in proportion to their heat; and perhaps those persons who were mutually the best friends were the most private, and had no ambition of publishing their letters, diaries or conversation. From that time meetings were held for conversation, with very little form, from house to house, of people engaged in studies, fond of books, and watchful of all the intellectual light, from whatever quarter it flowed. Nothing could be less formal, yet the intelligence and character and varied ability of the company gave it some notoriety, and perhaps wakened curiosity as to its aims and results. Nothing more serious came of it than the modest quarterly journal called the Dial, which, under the editorship of Margaret Fuller, and later of some other, enjoyed its obscurity for four years. All its papers were unpaid contributions, and it was rather a work of friendship among the narrow circle of students than the organ of any party. Perhaps its writers were its chief readers; yet it contained some noble papers by Margaret Fuller, and some numbers had an instant exhausting sale, because of papers by Theodore Parker."

Nothing is more remarkable in Emerson's writings than his first estimates of his friends. Theodore Parker was one whom he knew intimately, and this is what he says of him as a member of the club: "Theodore Parker was our Savonarola, an excellent scholar, in frank and affectionate communication with the best mind of his day, yet the tribune of the people, and the stout reformer to urge and defend every cause of humanity with and for the humblest of mankind. He was no artist. Highly refined persons might easily miss in him the element of beauty. What he said was mere fact, almost offended you, so bald and detached was it; little cared he. He stood altogether for practical truth, and so to the last. He used every day and hour of his short life, and his character appeared in the last moments with the same firm control as in the midday of strength. I habitually apply to him the words of a French philosopher who speaks of 'the man of nature, who abominates the steam engine and the factory. His vast lungs breathe independence with the air of the mountains and the woods.'"

Emerson, like Parker, sympathized with George Ripley in the

Brook Farm Experiment,

but did not take up his abode there and try to milk Margaret Fuller's transcendental heifer, as Hawthorne did. He regarded the West Roxbury Association of Mr. Ripley as "a noble and generous movement—in the protectors to try an experiment of better living." He says: "The founders of Brook Farm should have this praise: That they made what all people try to make—an agreeable place to live in. All comers, even the most fastidious, found it the pleasantest of residences. It is certain that freedom from household routine, variety of character and talent, variety of work, variety of means, of thought and instruction, art, music, poetry, reading, masquerade, did not permit sluggishness or despondency; broke up routine. There is agreement in the testimony that it was, to most of the associates, education; to many, the most important period of their life, the birth of valued friendships, their first acquaintance with the riches of conversation, their training in behavior. The art of letter writing, it is said, was immensely cultivated. Letters were always flying not only from house to house, but from room to room. It was a perpetual picnic, a French revolution in small, an age of reason in a patty-pan."

The community had its ludicrous side and Emerson does not overlook it. "Of course every visitor found that there was a comic side to this paradise of shepherds and shepherdesses. There was a stove in every chamber, and every one might burn as much wood as he or she would saw. The ladies took to do on washing day; so it was ordained that the gentlemen shepherds should wring and hang out clothes, which they punctually did. And it would sometimes occur that when they danced in the evening, clothes pins dropped plentifully from their pockets. The country members naturally were surprised to observe that one man ploughed all day, and one looked out of the window all day, and perhaps drew his picture, and both received at night the same wages. One would meet also some modest prude in their advanced condition, signified by a frequent phrase: 'Before we came out to civilization.' The question which occurs to you had occurred much earlier to Fourier: 'How, in this charming Elysium, is the dirty work to be done?' And long ago Fourier had exclaimed: 'Ah, I have it! and jumped with joy.' 'Don't you see,' he cried, 'that nothing is delightful to young Caucasian child as dirt? See the mud pies that all children will make, if you will let them. See how much more joy they find in pouring their pudding on the tablecloth than into their beautiful mouths. The children from 6 to 8, organized into companies, with flags and uniforms, shall do this last function of civilization.' In Brook Farm was this peculiarity, that there was no head. In every family is the father; in every factory, a foreman; in a shop, a master; in a boat, the skipper; but in this farm, no authority; each was master or mistress of his or her own actions; happy, hapless anarchists. They expressed, after much perilous experience, the conviction that plain dealing was the best defence of manners and morals between the sexes. People cannot live together in any but necessary ways. The only candidates who will present themselves will be those who have tried the experiment of independence and ambition, and have failed; and none others will barter for the most comfortable equality the chance of superiority."

Our Mail Bag

Boston Herald, 5-15-1938

Pertinent Words of Ralph Waldo Emerson

To the Editor of The Herald:

Today (May 25) is the 135th anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has been called the wisest man that America ever produced. The scenes have been shifted many times on the stage of American life in the 56 eventful years that have passed since his death, but human nature has changed not at all. His counsels are as pertinent and his thoughts are as inspiring now, and as imperative, as when he gave them utterance. He surveyed the conditions of his time and reported that "the appearance strikes the eye everywhere of an aimless society; of aimless nations." Today the same tragic spectacle greets the observer.

He taught no lesson more earnestly than the necessity of self-reliance. "It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and prevail," he asserted, adding elsewhere, "He only who is able to stand alone is qualified to be a citizen." He saw that "self-trust is the essence of heroism," that "every heart vibrates to that iron string," of "Trust thyself." He was convinced that a high courage came from the perception of the inexhaustible resources of inner being and that "God will not have His work made manifest by cowards."

In the purposelessness and confusion of modern existence, with its mechanical civilization and materalistic philosophy, the intellects of men have become bewildered and debauched. Individual self-reliance has become undermined. Men are losing faith in themselves and seeking basic support in the delusive and perishable things of the external world. The voluminous pages of Emerson constitute a priceless legacy of that wisdom which will help to restore spiritual insight, renew self-confidence and point the sure way out of the wilderness and straight on to the goal of a better understanding and ordering of life.

GEORGE R. FARNUM.

Boston.

was born 135 years ago today. How kind the years have been to his memory! Many Americans, who have no concern with transcendentalism and are suspicious of it because of the long name, read him now for his grand common sense, the clarity with which he expressed himself, the depth and simplicity of his thoughts, the epigrammatic sentences, packed with wisdom, the broad intellectual horizons which he opened up. Poet, essayist and philosopher, he had a wide appeal in his period, and it is even wider today. Various recent books which center on Concord have stimulated interest in him, even among our youngsters.

Boston Herald, May 25, 1938

EMERSON ANNIVERSARY

A Mail Bag correspondent calls attention this morning to the fact that Emerson

[Summer Correspondence of the Transcript.]

A VISIT TO OLD CONCORD.

CONCORD, MASS., August, 1870.

Beyond Emerson lives Capt. John B. Moore, one of whose three accomplished and highly-esteemed daughters is distinguished for her skill in professional skating. He is Deputy-Sheriff and farmer of much note, having the finest if not the largest vineyard in the grape-growing town. It is planted on the sandy ridge in the rear of his house, and renders the barren site beautiful. Decisive and out-spoken, the red-faced, sandy-bearded and full-formed police type of the man, he is shrewd, successful, over-ambitious, well-informed on the farming question, and never caught enduring foolish theories. His specialty is the raising of small fruits, in which Concord is beginning to take precedence—being likely, indeed, to supplant Belmont in the strawberry trade.

THE FARMERS' CLUB

is frequently overlooked by those who make pilgrimages to this American Mecca. It was established in 1852, and is, if I am not incorrectly informed, the oldest existing Farmers' Club in the State. John S. Keyes, formerly United States Marshal, is President of the club, and Minot Pratt, who with his wife is the only member of the famous Brook Farm Association still residing here, is the Secretary. Such men as Simon Brown, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and now agricultural editor of the New England Farmer, Judge Henry F. French, author of a standard work on subsoiling and draining, F. G. Pratt, the husband of the oldest Alcott daughter, the subject of the above paragraph, and other well-known gentlemen—in all thirty-one—belong to this useful organization. The meetings are holden weekly from October to April, at the houses of the several members. An essay is read at each meeting, and a collation, usually of oysters, cake, tea and coffee, provided. The places of meeting and the subjects of essays for the following year are appointed in April. The writer has therefore the whole summer for preparation. The essays are neatly transcribed into the record books of the club, and volumes of elaborate and carefully-prepared articles and reports have accumulated on the Secretary's hands. These are invaluable depositories of practical knowledge; practical, I say, because these men are not farmers by book and precept, but by shovel and hoe; men generally who get their living by farming; men who work with their hands, and have no theories until they have gone abroad in the fields and developed them there; men who work directly to their end, and theories only when knowledge and experience warrant; men who, having strong hands, would also have the culture of the intellect attended to, would know, reason and reflect, and not men who, by exercising weak brains in devising poor ways for the employment of other people's limbs, would get "a sound mind in a sound body." They are practical Middlesex county farmers, who can give you more information upon town and society matters, a better version of what their neighbors, the closed thinkers, are doing and what Concord philosophy is, than the philosophers themselves. A Transcendentalist, indeed, is like a poor watch—you must consult the sun of your reason and the opinion of the people to find out what he is. I bespeak for the club a long and vigorous life. The work of the past is promise for the future. The members are of the right character and true spirit. The best proof of all is, that in the literary labors pertaining to membership they do not dodge their duty. As the one who reads the essay is the host of the evening, and entertains the others in his own house, it becomes a part of his hospitality to furnish a literary treat. He must descend into the cellars of his experience, and sweep the stairways of his memory. May I express the hope that some member abridge and prepare for press the papers and proceedings of the club.

He died in 1882, honored and loved throughout the world, soon after his dear friend, Longfellow. Age had made cruel inroads on the great son of Concord. There is a familiar story that, as he looked down on the departed Longfellow's face in the coffin, he said: "This was a beautiful soul, but I cannot remember his name."

Brooklyn Times, Saturday Oct. 25, 1902

Evg. Transcript May 23, 1903, p.5.

EMERSON

[For the Transcript]

'Mong men he was a master; with his eyes
Forever questioning Nature, he grew wise—
The secrets of the Spring unravelling;
And with its laughing rivers, laughed,
And from the Springs of all the ages, quaffed
The attar of their joy, and learned innumerable notes to sing
From birds on wing,
Till into music he could set
The perfume of a violet
And drew, from exhalations of its dew
Into his rippling cadences, the rapture of its blue.

'Mong men he was a master; and drinking deep
From bosom of the heavens that o'er him swept,
Was nurtured on the spheres, and kept
His soul attuned to their imperial sweep;
Yea, travelled with them, till his pace
They could no longer keep,
Then vanished into space,
Up through the ether fine
They only breathe who are divine!—
But still the world sings, and it still will sing
The song wherein the master set
The rapture of the violet;
He cannot die whose spirit caught
The laughter of the streams;
And color of his unhorizoned dreams
Into cerulean music wrought—
In kingly state
He stands out, with the great,
And this the message that the century gives,
The master lives!

MRS. WHITON-STONE

THE LAND OF EMERSON AND THOREAU.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Times:

SIR: I have had a desire for many years to visit Concord in the beautiful Indian summer that Emerson tells us in his essay, "Nature."

"There are days which occur in this climate at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when everything that has life gives signs of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of Indian summer."

Such a morning was October 8, this year, on my arrival in Boston. Concord can now be reached by electric cars, a delightful ride, going by Harvard College, Lexington Battle Monument, and historic scenes. Six miles from Lexington lies peaceful Concord, with a population of 5,000, noted for its well kept homes and shade trees. Sleepy Hollow Cemetery is on the right as you enter the town, and here are the graves of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and Alcott.

Entering Main street is the "First Parish Meeting House," with a large clock, that can be read day or night. The belfry contains a sweet toned bell that strikes the hour. It can be heard in any part of the town. From this church were buried Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, Nathaniel Hawthorne and William Ellery Channing.

Opposite is the famous "Wright Tavern," built in 1747. I occupied one of its rooms which commanded a good view of Monument square. Five minutes' walk and the "Battle Ground" is in view, here was fired the first gun of the Revolutionary War, marked by a monument on each side of the bridge. "The Minute Man" was dedicated by Emerson, April 19, 1867, the inscription is the first four lines of his "Concord Hymn:"

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard around the world.

Returning on the right, standing back from the road, is the "Old Manse," built by the Rev. William Emerson, father of Ralph Waldo, for years the home of the ministers of the "First Church." It was in this house Ralph Waldo Emerson lived before moving to the house on the Lexington road, and wrote his first book. Later it was occupied by Nathaniel Hawthorne, when he wrote his famous novel. Hawthorne describes Emerson at the other end of the village, in his preface to "Mosses From an Old Manse."

I procured a Concord guide and "Salt's Life of Thoreau," from Alfred W. Hosmer, one of the leading merchants. He is well informed with a large library, devoted to Concord's history. We had a pleasant chat about our favorites. Mr. Hosmer gave me a cordial invitation to spend the evening with him at his home. I told him, being a stranger, I did not like to intrude. He said he was glad to meet people interested, and the invitation was so hearty, it was gladly accepted. Besides permitting me to read some of Emerson's and Thoreau's letters that have never been published, I had the privilege of writing with some of the lead pencils manufactured by Thoreau. The evening thus spent is long to be remembered with pleasure.

The Public Library contains 35,000 volumes. Here may be seen a valuable collection of original manuscripts of Concord authors, pictures and sculptures by Concord men and women. Just beyond, on Elm street, the brick house on the right is the home of Frank B. Sanborn. His "Life of Emerson" is the best short life of the "Concord Sage." Mr. Sanborn is the grand old man of Concord. He gave me his autograph.

A few steps further brings you to one of the bridges that span the river. At this point is had a good view of the "Concord," dividing the town from the suburbs. We have read about Hawthorne leaving the village behind in his boat, brought from Thoreau, the same that is described in "A Week on the Concord." About a mile from Monument square, on the Lowell road, in a beautiful home overlooking the surrounding country, lives Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Emerson's son. Although a perfect stranger, he received me with friendly courtesy. His office and library are filled with books. Over the mantle is the noble face of his father, life size. The room also contains a small bust of this great man. He kindly gave me, at my request, his autograph. Nearly the whole of an afternoon was spent in the Antiquarian Society building, filled with relics of Concord. Here may be seen the last picture taken of Thoreau. What interested me most was the chair that Emerson sat in the Old Manse and wrote his first essay, "Nature," and which Hawthorne subsequently used at the same house, when he wrote the "Scarlet Letter." Up stairs in one room is to be found Thoreau's furniture, when he lived at Walden Pond.

The secretary and historian of the society, George Tolman, has resided in Concord the best part of his life, although he has been all over the world, at one time assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly, being acquainted with many literary men of Emerson's time. Mr. Tolman's fund of information was more than entertaining.

A short walk at the fork of the Lexington and Cambridge roads, stands the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson; his study was to the right, on the first floor, overlooking the road. The room remains as he left it. Here Henry D. Thoreau lived before and after he resided at Walden Pond, taking care of the place during Emerson's trip to England, and his lecturing tours. It is a large square house, painted white. I wandered down that way in the morning and in the afternoon watching the sunsets that Emerson enjoyed. The home is now occupied by Emerson's daughter—Miss Ellen Emerson—and the two Misses Haskins, nieces of the late Rev. Samuel Haskins, for over sixty years pastor of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, lately removed for the New East River Bridge, that stood on the corner of Bedford avenue and South Fifth street. The beautiful domestic life of Emerson can be found in "Emerson in Concord," by his son, Edward W. Emerson.

Walking down the Cambridge road we came to the "Orchard House," one of the homes of Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Men" and "Little Women." Her father was a favorite of Emerson and Thoreau. To the rear stands the "School of Philosophy," looking like a little chapel.

The next house on the Cambridge road was the last home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Wayside," now occupied by Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, who, as "Margaret Sidney," is the author of "Fair Maid of Concord." A short distance from the "Wayside" lived Ephraim Bull, who originated and grew the first "Concord Grape" and within an enclosure, near the house, may be seen what is said to be the original vine.

Beyond the distant hills, a mile and a half from Concord, Thoreau built his little "House" on land owned by Emerson, about 100 feet back from Walden Pond. A large pile of stones marks the site, part of the cellar can still be seen. Thoreau moved into his house, which consisted of one room, 10x15 feet, on the Fourth of July, 1845, remaining two years and two months, writing most of his book "Walden." Finding my way to the spot by following the cowpath as directed, I spent one morning at Walden Pond. The air was laden with the perfume of the pines, the sun made the waters transparent and as I washed my face in it, I tried to picture Thoreau doing the same. No sound pierces the stillness, except an occasional train in the distance. Thoreau spent the latter part of his life and died in the house built by his father, John Thoreau, on Main street, the third house from Thoreau street. It is painted yellow. His study was in the garret. The delightful life of Thoreau by Annie Russell Marble, just published, contains a number of hitherto unpublished letters. Many anecdotes of Emerson and Thoreau could be given; told me by their friends, but space will not permit.

Among thinking people Emerson's influence will multiply. His one hundredth birthday will be observed May 25, 1903.

SAMUEL J. CANNON.

Brooklyn, Oct. 22, 1902.

Emerson Takes the Road

Christian Science Monitor Aug. 22, 1944

ON FRIDAY MORNING, August 22, 1823, Ralph Waldo Emerson set out from his home in Canterbury, now Franklin Park, to walk to the Connecticut River. His way led through Newton Lower Falls, Wellesley Hills, Framingham, Worcester, Brookfield, Amherst, Northampton, and Greenfield to Montague; where he crossed the river, "shrunk to a mere rivulet in this place," and turned home again, the journey taking him eleven days.

Picture him, if you will, in the middle of the morning, coming up the hill from the Lower Falls of the Charles River—a thin young man of twenty years, weighing about one hundred and forty-four pounds, and clad in a black coat and waistcoat and broad black bow tie. He was fresh from Harvard, having been graduated two years before, and in his pocket was a notebook and a little money—money to be spent on travel. The previous year, he and his brother had walked to Northborough, where they had boarded a week near Chauncey Lake; but this was the first long journey he had taken alone.

* * *

Just before noon, he reached Warren's Tavern in Framingham and sat down to lunch. The first twenty miles of his tour had been completed and the refreshment offered by the Tavern looked good to him; for he took his notebook from his pocket and wrote: "The profane solicitudes of the flesh elevated the Tavern to a high rank among my pleasures." He also wrote: "In the near recollection of my promenade through Roxbury, Newton, Needham (West Needham, now Wellesley), Natick, I do recommend the same, particularly as far as the Lower Falls in Newton, to my friends who are fond of *fine scenery*."

Like Captain John Smith and George Washington before him, Emerson was struck with the beauty of this locality and thought it worth recording in his notebook. Captain John Smith had called the valley of the Charles "the Paradise of all those parts," and George Washington was so impressed with the beauty that he noticed it in the midst of his heavy cares and responsibilities. In July, 1775, journeying along the Sherburne Road, now known as Washington Street, near South Natick, he wrote: "Nature seems to have lavished all her beauties here." Fourteen years later, in 1789, when he again passed, on his tour of the New England states, he crossed the river in Newton Lower Falls over the new bridge. Before this time there had been only a ford, or "wading-place," at that point. The new bridge, built in 1788, in great part by Indian labor at a shilling a day, was a great improvement. It is said that Washington asked for a drink of water at the Pratt house which then stood

Emerson Would Be Pleased

Christian Sci. Monitor, Feb. 25, 1946

near the foot of the Lower Falls Hill. He, too, kept a diary in which he entered his impressions. "From Watertown till you get near Needham (now Wellesley), the road is very level," he wrote. Then, recollecting the Falls Hill, he added: "About Needham it is very hilly, then level again, and the whole pleasant and well cultivated. . . . Grass and Indian corn is the chief product of the farms."

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That morning in 1823, when Emerson climbed the Falls Hill, it was quiet. No one knew then that he was going to be one of the great men of the country and nobody noticed him. Sitting in the Tavern in Framingham, he went on writing in his notebook, referring to the first part of his journey as follows: "To this stage of mine errantry no adventure has befallen me; no, not the meeting with a mouse." If he met the itinerant tinker, Sam Lawton, immortalized by Harriet Beecher Stowe, he did not mention the fact.

A number of mills were in operation at the Lower Falls—paper-mills, a fulling mill, a grist mill, a saw mill, and a snuff mill, but Emerson did not notice them. "I am in the midst of a beautiful country," he wrote, "and I both thought and talked a little with myself on the way and gathered up and watered such sprigs of poetry as I feared had wilted in my memory." According to Emerson's son, this habit of crooning rhymes to himself as he walked was kept up throughout Emerson's life, even when he was widely known on both sides of the Atlantic. The world usually pictures Emerson walking in the woods in Concord; but the picture of him as a young scholar coming up the Falls Hill, "talking a little with himself" on the way, on that Friday morning in August, 1823, should not be allowed to fade.

JEAN GOSELY

THOREAU, of course, would be angered by the desecrations of Walden Pond. We could only hope that no trailer camp, gas pump, or hot-dog stand encroached on the blackberry patch where he had his hut and wrote about his life in the unspoiled woods. But Emerson would be pleased about many things.

"Concord might sit for its portrait as an ideal New England town," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, more than fifty years ago, and we can say the same today. For Concord has probably changed less than any town of equal fame in the one hundred and eleven years since Emerson bought the Coolidge house at the fork of the Lexington and Cambridge roads. The little river wanders through the meadows as lazily as when he wrote:

> Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,
> Repeats the music of the rain;
> But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
> Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

❧ ❧ ❧

We parked our car by one of the elms along the Square, near the white wooden "Yankee-Greek" church which had been a forum for the eloquence of Webster, Parker, and Channing, and we had our lunch to the dancing tunes of an old Swiss music box, in the tavern where Major Pitcairn ("Disperse, ye rebels!") is said to have dined on that fateful day. Then we strolled to the Battleground where "once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world." Such is the continuity of time and the omnipresence of the past in Concord.

Emerson's Aunt Louisa had been held to one of the tiny windows of the Old Manse to watch the skirmish of the Minute Men and the British soldiers in the meadow below and Emerson, as a boy, had often driven the cow to the battlefield on a fragrant summer morning. There was snow under the lilacs when we came and the house was closed, so we were disappointed in all but our reveries about the Emerson boys rambling through the old Indian cornfields, searching for wild strawberries or swimming in slow Musketaquid. And it was easy to conjure the brooding face of Nathaniel Hawthorne at one of the shadowy little windows of the Manse.

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In September, 1835, Emerson had brought back his bride, Lydia Jackson of Plymouth, to his new Concord home, the "plain, square, wooden house," painted white, with its Doric portico, surrounded by pines and horse-chestnut trees, with high-ceilinged cheerful rooms, and with "the only good cellar that had then been built in Concord."

When the door opened to our knocking, we were welcomed by Miss Grace Heard of Boston. Emerson would be pleased, we were sure, to have so gracious and scholarly a lady, with a spice of New England wit, to entertain the pilgrims to his home.

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We were disappointed, for a second time that day, when we learned that the books on the library shelves were not Emerson's, which had been removed to the near-by museum. Nonetheless, it was in this room that he had done most of his writing, jotted down all those odds and ends of ideas and observations on which he built his poems, essays and lectures. In this quiet conventional room, what wise heresies and incredible prophecies had been expressed, what radical statements made which have been tempered for us by acceptance in our own time. But Emerson risked his reputation when he first wrote against slavery and when he declared that women had the right to determine their place in public affairs: "Let the laws be purged of every barbarous reminder, every barbarous impediment to women." Here he had planned the iconoclastic Declaration of American Intellectual Independence of *The American Scholar* and I wish that everyone entering college would heed his words:

> Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote those books.—One must be an inventor to read well.

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Next door to the library was the parlor where philosophers had munched russet apples and where Thoreau had popped corn for the children, Edith, Ellen, and Edward. There were portraits of Mrs. Emerson ("Lidian") over the piano, and of her sister, who was, Miss Heard assured us, just as beautiful, though the painter had not done her equal justice. We could have fancied the stern mouth curved ever so slightly at her praise. There were the chairs which Lidian had brought with her from Plymouth, the hearth which Emerson had swept each night.

In the dining room, with its hospitable twin table, were pictures of Hawthorne and Carlyle, "the good man, my friend," with whom Emerson had corresponded for forty years. Through these windows long ago, Miss Heard told us, one could have seen Alcott's fantastic summerhouse, with its eaves curving upward, its roof lined with moss, "in defiance of all the laws of gravity and decay," so that unlike the best cellar in Concord it could not long survive. We were out of season for the garden and could only recall what we had read about Lidian's favorite flowers, her bulbs and seeds from Plymouth, tulips and roses, Emerson's orchard with its apples, pears, cherries, plums, quinces and currants and the meadow wildflowers he so loved. Emerson could afford to indulge all his bucolic fancies, when no less a master than Thoreau was there to give him lessons in gardening. There was Emerson's hat, near the door, within easy reach when he felt like a stroll in the orchard after breakfast or a walk with Henry to his woodlot at Walden Pond. What a household it must have been, with Ellery Channing cutting wood, Alcott constructing an Aeolian harp in the boughs of a tree, John Thoreau building a bluebird house on the barn, and David to keep an eye on them all. And how handy it must have been to have Thoreau living in the little room at the head of the stairs, ready to replace a broken pale in the fence, set up stoves, put on the storm doors, oil the hinges or mend one's philosophy!

When the time came for us to take reluctant leave of Miss Heard and the Emersons, we, too, had our special harvest to carry along to Boston:

> One harvest from the new
> Homeward brought the oxen strong;
> A second crop thine acres yield
> Which I gather in a song.

ULRICH TROUBETZKOY

WISCONSIN MAN TELLS OF EMERSON VISIT IN 1867

Concord Enterprise Aug. 21, 1947

"WHEN EMERSON CAME OUR WAY"

By Ivan Clyde Lake

Ralph Waldo Emerson travelled our way on one of his lecture tours in the Middle West.

He was in Madison, Wisconsin on Saturday evening, January 26, 1867—an evening memorable not only for his coming but for the high banks of drifted snow which heaped city and countryside following a blizzardous snowstorm.

I thought of this as the train slowed down for Concord and the town where he had lived arose around me in the fresh greenness of a bright July afternoon.

But he had left a winter-swept village for that west-going trip 80 years before. He had challenged himself to do it and accepted the challenge; and in consequence he had found himself, "a decorous old gentleman," putting up cheerfully with one hardship after another.

When he reached Milwaukee he was stalled there by a raging snowstorm that clogged the highways and stopped the trains. There he remained over a Friday evening when he was scheduled to speak in Madison, 80 miles away; but arrangements were telegraphically made for him to appear the following evening, if the train could come through.

Marianne Ripley met Emerson in Milwaukee. Miss Ripley who died and was buried in Madison, was George Ripley's sister. With her brother she was actively interested in the Brook Farm experiment, had taught kindergarten there and, after coming to Wisconsin, had planned to open a similar school in Madison. She dropped a line to her brother about meeting Emerson and Ripley answered:

"What a treat it was to you, to be sure, to meet the seraphic R. W. E. among you there in your ends of the earth! I have seen him several times within the year—this winter, just before he started for the West. I really think he grows softer and more human in his old age."

When, 24 hours late, he arrived in Madison, Horace Rublee, editor of a Madison newspaper, met him at the station with a sleigh. His audience, he was told, awaited him.

The sleigh drew up in front of the city hall (still in use), where in the third-floor auditorium, he was to speak. Across the street in a snow-filled park arose the capitol which had been a building for a decade, since 1857—the year, also, when the city hall had been erected.

This was Emerson's first visit to Madison, though he had been in Wisconsin several times before, the first in 1854. The Medi-

son Institute had brought him to the capital city as it had brought or was to bring other notables, including James Russell Lowell.

Emerson's lecture was titled "Society." But the reporter seemed to pay less attention to what the philosopher said and more to what he looked like.

He is, it was descriptively reported, "a genuine Yankee, tall, lean and angular. His height must be about six feet. He is narrow-chested and long-limbed. When standing, one shoulder seems a little higher than the other, and . . . he stoops slightly

"His hair is brown, straight, cropped short, and is of obstinate kind, which does not part readily, and which has a tendency to grow over his forehead. His face is thin and his features marked and prominent.

"The nose, in particular, is conspicuous, a prodigious promontory, of a Roman type, with ample nostrils. His eyes are blue and small; his mouth firm and full of character, and his chin massive and strong.

"He shaves closely, all except a little track of very scanty growth at the sides of his face," concluded the limner. "His head looks small but with a good development of a portion which phrenologists assign to the perceptive and reflective faculties . . . He has a peculiarly pleasant smile and a fine, sonorous, flexible, sympathetic voice."

Emerson remained in Madison until the following Monday. On Sunday morning he made a surprise appearance in the Unitarian pulpit where he discoursed on the immortality of the soul. "There was no notice of it published," said the newspaper, "and few of our citizens were aware that he was there." There's no record of what he did in the afternoon and evening but on Monday morning, before the noon train left for La Crosse and St. Paul where he had lecture engagements, he was shown about town, under the direction of Editor Horace Rublee.

He visited the capitol. This was Wisconsin's second statehouse, immediate predecessor to the present; and though it was open to the public, it was not yet completed. Some of its rooms were given over to the growing State Historical Society of Wisconsin and there Emerson met genial Dr. Lyman C. Draper, the Society's superintendent.

Editor Rublee directed the sleigh down State street, which runs west from the capitol, to show his guest the few buildings of the nascent university. It was a young institution then, compared with Emerson's Harvard, for only 13 years before it had graduated its first class of two.

An hour or so remained before train time, so Rublee made a request of Emerson. "Will you have your picture taken with me at the local photographer's?" he asked.

"Yes, I'll do that," Emerson smiled. "But I have always shunned pictures. I can never sit before a camera without having my face divert itself of every semblance of intelligence."

Even though a few days later a St. Paul newspaper gave him three columns of caustic criticism over his lecture on "A Man of the World"—mainly because of his liberalism in religious thinking—Madison liked Emerson and wished him to return. But he never did, though for four years more—until he was 68 years old—he continued his Western lecture tours.

THE MONTH

AT GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP

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EMERSON IN THE ADIRONDACKS
A MANUSCRIPT POEM

THIS time we are going to be unorthodox, for us, and put the horse before the cart. It isn't the Quaker's horse. Dismounting, let us explain that we have the manuscript of Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem, "The Adirondacs," which was printed in *May-Day and Other Pieces* in 1867. It consists of twenty-five quarto pages in Emerson's hand (for the statistically minded, about 350 lines or 2,800 words), the last two pages being apparent in our illustration. At the bottom of the left-hand page you may decipher a pencilled note to the printer: "Twelve lines are to be added here." On the right-hand page, on paper of a different color from the rest of the MS., are the lines in question—the twelve grown to fourteen, headed "Conclusion of Adirondacs," and signed by the author, "R. W. Emerson."

This is the manuscript which Emerson sent to the printer. It contains numerous corrections, those fascinating changes which reveal the process of composition, and several deletions. In one instance Emerson's pen stroked out ten lines which intervened between the lines (as printed), "Beckon the wanderer to his vaster home" and "With a vermilion pencil mark the day." Sometime within a decade of its composition the twenty-five pages of manuscript were bound in half morocco. In a corner of the binder's fly leaf, in pencil, is the inscription "L. W. J. from A. F. Christmas, 1868." It seems a good guess that "A. F." was Annie Fields, wife of Emerson's publisher, and a charming and distinguished woman. The superb manuscript of a long Emerson poem—$750.

To change the figure, the above is the kite. The tail flutters below.

Emerson called "The Adirondacs" a *journal* "dedicated to my fellow travellers in August, 1858." The poem describes the adventures in that season of one of the most select and remarkable of "clubs" in this our nation of club-makers. Most instrumental in forming the Adirondack Club was the man described in Emerson's poem as

Stillman, our guides' guide, and Commodore,
Crusoe, Crusader, Pious Aeneas.

He was William James Stillman, artist, journalist, critic, and diplomat—a remarkable man. If today his name is unfamiliar it may be for the reason implicit in his obit in the London *Times*: "Perhaps his material prosperity and success might have been more signal had his tastes and gifts been fewer." He was also, for a cosmopolitan, an excellent woodsman. In this capacity he formed the Adirondack Club. (He was a Schenectady boy.) The roster was short and shining—Louis Agassiz, James Russell Lowell, Judge E. R. Hoar (later Grant's attorney-general), Dr. Jefferies Wyman, Dr. Estes Howe, John Holmes (brother of Dr. O. W. H.), Horatio Woodman, Dr. Amos Binney, Samuel G. Ward (close friend of Emerson), and Ralph Waldo Emerson himself.

In August, 1858, Stillman guided his distinguished party into the wild Adirondacks of the decade before William H. H. Murray wrote his tales of that "wilderness." In '58 it was indeed a wilderness, and the going was rough. When the natives of the region heard of what was afoot they turned out to greet *the* celebrity—not Emerson, not Lowell, not the great botanist or doctor or lawyer, but Agassiz,

who [*wrote Stillman in his* Autobiography] had become famous in the commonplace world through having refused, not long before, an offer from the Emperor of the French of the keepership of the Jardin des Plantes and a senatorship, if he would come to Paris and live. Such an incredible and disinterested love for America and science in our hemisphere had lifted Agassiz into an elevation of popularity which was beyond all scientific or political dignity, and the selectmen of the town appointed a deputation to welcome Agassiz and his friends to the region. A reception was accorded, and they came, having taken care to provide themselves with an engraved portrait of the scientist, to guard against a personation and waste of their respects. The head of the deputation, after having carefully compared Agassiz to the engraving, turned gravely to his followers and said, "Yes, it's him"; and they proceeded with the same gravity to shake hands in their order, ignoring all other luminaries.

Stillman had hoped to bring Longfellow and Dr. Holmes also, but Longfellow hastily declined when he heard that Emerson planned to take along a gun ("Then somebody will be shot!" said Longfellow), and Holmes knew that he would be more at home in the shadow of the State House than under the pines. The Doctor was wise. Stillman led his party from Saranac by water to a "deep *cul de sac* of lake on a stream that leads nowhere." At Follansbee Pond he had built a shelter of spruce bark, in front wide open to the campfire. The beds were a judicious mixture of boughs of spruce and arbor vitae. There the campers explored and loafed, fished, shot at a mark for sport or at deer for provender, or botanized, or dissected. Each was there to enjoy himself in his own fashion, and there were eight guides to keep the tenderfeet from getting lost.

And of all tenderfeet in the wilderness, who at first thought could be more tender than Waldo Emerson? True, he had tramped many a mile with his young friend, Henry Thoreau, in the amiable woods and meadows of Concord, but the Adirondacks of the fifties were of sterner stuff. It does seem a strange place to find Emerson, in a red flannel shirt, one of "ten scholars, wonted to lie warm and soft" but here faced with "hard fare, hard bed and comic misery."

Actually Emerson comported himself very well in the woods. Though perhaps a little surprised to find himself so far off the Walden road, he was amused at his boldness. He was pleased with camp life and pleased at his own pleasure. He was neither a glutton for solitude like Thoreau nor a city slicker like Doctor Holmes. He would go into the woods for his thoughts but he believed that poets and philosophers should live in man's world and "be men instead of woodchucks." He took seriously this opportunity to adjust his poetic imagination to nature's reality and he delighted to observe the styles and skills of unsophisticated woodsmen. In the woods he saw city values turned upside down. In "The Adirondacs" he wrote:

Look to yourselves, ye polished gentlemen!
No city arts or arts pass current here.
Your rank is all reversed; let men of cloth
Bow to the sylvart chiefs in overalls:
They are the doctors of the wilderness,
And we the low-prized laymen.

What else he saw and thought he put into the poem. "The Adirondacs" is not the greatest of Emerson, not all flint and incandescence, but it was written in a warm and friendly pitch for which one acquires a taste as one goes along. In it you see the poet askance, sometimes pedestrian, sometimes as droll as one of his conversations with a chickadee. And there's many a fine bit, as

the procession of the pines.

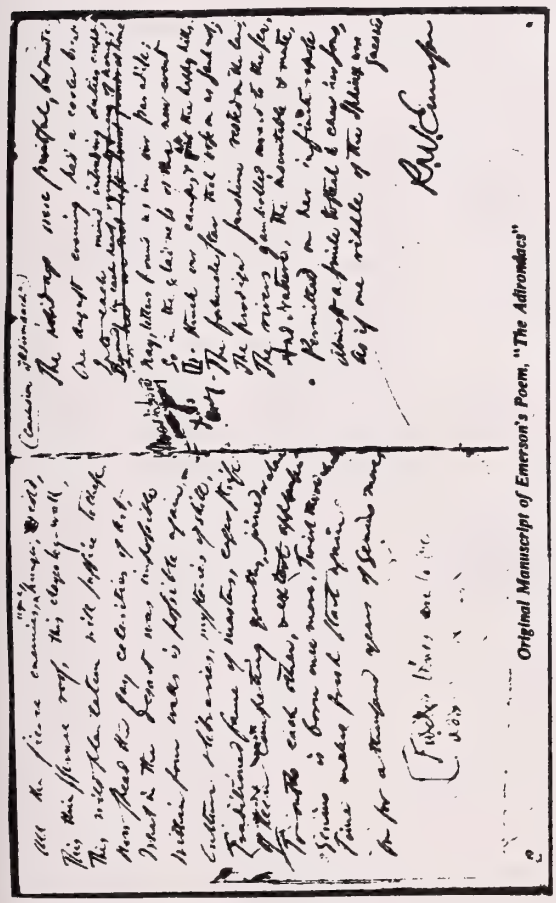
Stillman wrote of the poem: "Knowing that all he saw in this undefiled natural world . . . that all this was the mask of things, he was ever on the watch if perchance he might catch some hint of the secret—secret never to be discovered, and therefore more passionately sought. This seems to me contained in 'The Adirondacs' as in no other work of the philosopher." The poem ends with the lines you may read on the right-hand page of our reproduction of the original manuscript. The printed version has a line which is an improvement on the manuscript—"Burned in each heart remembrance of home," which was changed to read:

Under the cinders burned the fires of home.

Our manuscript continues:

Nay, letters found us in our paradise:
So in the gladness of the new event
We struck our camp and left the happy hills.
The fortunate star that rose on us sank not;

* * *



Original Manuscript of Emerson's Poem, "The Adirondacs"

Ladies' Repository, X (1850), 400 ff.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY MONCURE CONWAY.

"A NATIONAL literature! a national literature!" Yes, that's the piercing plaint that soughs along on our western winds. Our golden prairies wave in lifelike beauty through the leaves of Cooper; our mountains lose no nobility, nor the meads that underlie them no quiet beauty, beneath the vivid pencil of Irving and of Willis; our faith, republican and religious, fascinates the world, interwoven as it is in gorgeous tissue with the lofty moods of Channing, of Longfellow, and of Emerson. And yet, and yet heaven and earth labor with the groans and prayers for a national mind. Come! let us join them: "O, Jupiter, give us a king!" What matter if the frogs *did* make the same adoration, as the story runs, and *were* taken in by a snake for peculiar protection in consequence? Come, snake! take off Longfellow, Poe, Willis, Irving, Fuller, Simms, Taylor, etc.—ALL; and we will abstract us from them, and, ignoring "all the world and the rest of mankind," will commence again! Kind Apollo, listen to this:

"Our writers are numerous—quite as numerous perhaps as, in proportion to our years, our circumstances, and necessities, might be looked for among any people. But, with very few exceptions, their writings might as well be European. They are European. The writers think after European models, draw their stimulus and provocation from European books, fashion themselves to European tastes, and look chiefly to the awards of European criticism. This is to denationalize the American mind. This is to enslave the national heart—to place ourselves at the mercy of the foreigner, and to yield all that is individual in our character and hope to the paralyzing influence of his will, and frequently hostile purposes." (W. Gilmore Simms.)

And this, Phœbus:

"It does not follow, because many books are written by persons born in America, that there exists an American literature. Before such can exist, AN ORIGINAL IDEA MUST ANIMATE THIS NATION, and fresh currents of life must call into life fresh thoughts along its shores." (S. Margaret Fuller.)

Positively, Madame Ossoli, you are as bad as Carlyle, who wants to know what great human soul or idea ever lived in us boors. Not so complimentary either to your copartner of the "Dial," whose name heads this.

But our friend Muscoe Garnett, of Essex, here in Virginia, viewing the topic through political goggles, maintains, "that what America has done best, and what will exert the largest influence on other countries and posterity, is political literature, *and that* is almost exclusively the work of southern minds." Of our northern literature he says, "It wants native force; and there is nothing in the texture of thought which shows it could have been produced no where but in an American loom."

Now, for the quelling of these "angry passions," against the nursery statutes of Mother Goose, we commend the noble views of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in his story of Kavanagh. When we shall embrace the enlarged and humane views of literature therein proposed, and shall establish an honest international copyright law, then our complaint will cease beneath the cathartic, and all this twaddle about nationality in American letters will be hushed up for very shame. Suppose we entreat for a national morality. Sparta had its code—a rather peculiar one on the subject of theft. Let's have a religion *sui generis!* Fie!

But we *have* a certain national spirit in our literature; and that spirit is conceit, or, to clothe it in more respectable term, self-reliance. That this segment of the world called United States, is

"The greatest nation
In all creation;"

that is *our* national spirit; and he who embodies that in his writings is our great spirit. Very well: we don't cavil. When men wade through a Red Sea, as we have done, and reach a promised land of freedom, we don't wonder if, having hymned the glory of God in creation, they should continue on: "For thou hast made *us* a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned us with glory and honor!"

Now, for this reason, we incline to consent with the subjoined passages from Blackwood's Magazine: "As the first efforts of American genius were in the paths of grave and searching inquiry, so, too, at this present moment, if we were called upon to point out among the works of our transatlantic brethren, our compatriots still in language, the one which, above all others, displayed the undoubted marks of original genius—it would be a prose work, and one of a philosophical character, we should single out—we should point to the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. . . . *We are quite sure that no French or German critic could read the speculations of Emerson without tracing in them the spirit of the nation to which this writer belongs.*"

The idea of self, abstract of any thing fore or aft, or any thing that would mold it according to the experience of history, or any thing in the heavens above or the earth beneath that would teach it to draw its motive other than from its individual SELF—that is Emerson, as he says, "an endless seeker of truth, with no past at his back."

Consistency is not "dreamt of in his philosophy;" hear him: "If you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, *though it contradict every thing you said to-day!*"

The apotheosis of Ego: "It is remarkable," he says, "that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. . . . All that Shakspeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself. . . . Why should we make it a point to disparage that man we are, and that form of being assigned to us?"

Love of virtue for its own sake: "It does not ask to dine nicely nor to sleep warm," he speaks with great beauty. "Whenever a mind is simple," he says again, "and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away—means, teachers, texts, temples fall. Whence, then, this worship of the past?"

Now, to our mind, these principles are strangely significant of the non-conservative, democratic, anon provincial, spirit of our government soul and its healthy body. We leave it to the reader.

Mr. Emerson is an orator. Whatever cooler reflection and self-investigation may teach, while we are reading him, his point is carried. Were he required to rise and say, "I trust you not; you err!" who would not feel the word choking him? If his reason is, at times, turned aside by enthusiasm, the fire-works around dazzle you, and inhibit your seeing of it. He is an eagle let loose from your hand; you gaze on him as he soars aloft in the sky; you follow him even when opposite the sun; and you will follow him, not heeding your pain of neck nor the bogs that you tread through! But, alas for *him!* he rises too high for you at times; he is now a dim speck on the clouds; your eyes water; your brain reels; he is lost in the blue ether! But again he descends; you have not followed; and though he bear the snow of a higher clime on his head, though he bear a leaf from another sphere, and bids you have faith in his word, you can not give your heart! You can sympathize with no such transcendental voyage as that—proud soul!

But Mr. Emerson is not the cold intellectual of the baser sort. He has that ennobling passion that is so because it is of the mind; and as passion falls short of this it is animal. His feelings and love of humanity and his susceptibilities of nature join with their parent, his intellect, in portraying those sensuous images that glisten, like dew-drops beneath the morning, in his pages. Let every young man take to heart—they can do him no hurt—this, from an Address to the Students of Theology at Cambridge:

"Let me admonish you, first of all, to go alone; to refuse the good models, even those most sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you will find, who will hold up to your emulation Wesleys and Oberlins, saints and prophets. Thank God for these good men, but say, 'I also am a man.' Imitation can not go above its model. . . .

"Let us not aim at common degrees of merit. Can we not leave to such as love it the virtue that glitters for the commendation of society, and ourselves pierce the deep solitudes of absolute ability and worth? We easily come up to the standard of goodness in society. Society's praise can be cheaply secured, and almost all men are content with those easy merits; but the instant effect of conversing with God, will be to put them away. . . .

"In such high communion let us study the grand strokes of rectitude—a bold benevolence and independence of friends—so that not the unjust wishes of those who love us shall impair our freedom; but we shall resist, for truth's sake, the freest flow of kindness, and appeal to sympathies far in advance. And what is the highest form in which we know this beautiful element? A certain solidity of merit that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue, that it is taken for granted that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it. You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act; but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause."

As we have no room, in this paper, even to express our thoughts of Mr. Emerson, as we are enjoined from giving more than the most vague generalization of his principles, and, above all, as what we say will probably be overskipped for the pearls of his, we will copy one or two other extracts that have charmed us.

From an Essay on Nature we give this excerpt: "But in other hours nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions that an angel might share. The long, slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. *How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.* The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie."

We envy not the man who does not answer, with a tear, the appeal made to his mind by the following divine sentiments on Love, whether he be a "spooney," as we used to designate sensitive swains at college, or something worse. Under his wand this olden giant wakes to new life and beauty. Nothing is trite to Emerson. He says: "What fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them, and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. *All mankind love a lover.* The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are Nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the schoolhouse door; but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough; but one

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Ralph Waldo Emerson is another of America's great writers. Ninety-three years ago he was visiting in England and in his speech at a banquet said this:

"I was given to understand in my childhood that the British Island was a cold, mournful, foggy country, where nothing grew well in the open air but robust men and virtuous women, and these of a wonderful fiber and endurance; that in prosperity they were moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand. Is it not true that the wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colors from the port but only that of the brave sailor which came back with torn sheets and battered sides, stripped of her banners, but having ridden out the storm. And so this England, pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines and com-

Boston February 28 1838

My dear Aunt, the sun has not yet illuminated the arch of Heaven nor begun to display his brilliant beams – this I suppose is the time to feel inspired and this the time I shall improve to write to you – Last night I read the character of Massillon in the Encyclopedia and some anecdotes of him which are not in the Life prefixed to his sermons and which I will most likely be grateful to his Admirer

Upon preaching his first Advent sermon at Versailles he received this Eulogium from the mouth of Louis XIV

"when I hear others preach I am well pleased with them; but when I hear you preach I am dissatisfied with myself." The first time he preached his famous sermon on the small number of the elect the whole audience were at a certain place of it seized with a sudden and violent emotion, and almost every person half rose from his seat by a kind of involuntary movement.

But night with sable wing approaches and compels me to bid

Adieu

Yrs affectionately Ralph –

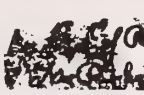
Miss M M Emerson.

Miss Mary M. Emerson

Concord

Mass.

R. W. Emerson



"Dear Aunt"

Why should a few, yellowing old pages of letters, scrawled with a boyish handwriting some 132 years ago, send a ripple of interest across the nation? The letters, it so happens, have been found under a floor board in the attic of the Old Manse in Concord, owned by The Trustees of Public Reservations of Boston. They bear the signature of Emerson, aged 12. And the ancient house which has kept them hidden all these years happens also to be associated with the names of the Concord sage, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the whole famous, middle 19th-century group responsible for the first "flowering of New England" culture.

A boy's letters are always sought eagerly by industrious biographers, especially if the boy, later as a man, chiseled his name deeply in the record society keeps of its spiritual and artistic benefactors. They harbor, often, some whisper of what is coming—as do these letters with their childish gravity of attitude. They occasionally resemble the first sprouts of a talent yet to be unfolded. They are cherished because what did appear at last makes every scrap and fragment of testimony precious.

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peting populations—I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before—indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm and battle and calamity she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon, not decrepit but young and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion."

Boston Globe Apr. 26, 1952

MR. EMERSON OF CONCORD

It may be that the man whose work lasts longest lives the quietest life. Seventy years ago tomorrow one of these quiet lives ended in a white house which is still there as you enter Concord on the road from Boston. Mr. Emerson, as his neighbors saw him, seemed to be forever leaving the village and returning to it. He would climb into his chaise and drive placidly by the turnpike to Cambridge for those Phi Beta Kappa and Divinity School addresses which so shook the walls of convention that after the second he was not invited to Harvard for thirty years, a fact of which President Lowell reminded the Overseers when another radical's scalp was clamored for in the 1920's; and, having delivered this spiritual manifesto with its poetic prologue to a graduating class of six boys, he climbed quietly into the chaise with Mrs. Emerson and drove back.

Or they would see him marching to the railroad station with his valise, black-coated and silk-hatted, for lecture trips which finally took him as far as Chicago and San Francisco. He made light of the hardships, but travel a century ago was an ordeal. Twice he had to cross the frozen Mississippi on ice, and he knew what it was to drive in a buggy forty-eight miles over corduroy roads in Michigan. His lectures brought $10 apiece up to $50, rarely more. Back in Concord he would, like most of the twenty-volume men, be in his study by six o'clock, after a sound sleep and a good breakfast, including two cups of coffee and—it must be owned—a piece of pie, and there he stayed for six hours, sometimes in the afternoon for two or three hours more.

This sage had bought his wisdom over no bargain counter. As a lad he had known a frugality which today would be called poverty. In Wadsworth House, that 18th-century, yellow gambrel-roofed farm homestead which still faces Harvard Square, he was President Kirkland's errand boy; a threat of the family tuberculosis drove him South; he renounced a foremost Boston pulpit on a scruple of conscience; his young wife died, his first-born son died in childhood, his house burned, and the Civil War gravely reduced his income.

Nothing ever curdled his sweetness—though when the Fugitive Slave law was enacted, he wrote: "I will not obey it, by God!" Nor did he cherish illusions of his own importance. "I fancy my readers to be a very quiet, plain, even obscure class." For decades the very name "Emerson" was a newspaper joke, synonym for absurdity and obscurity of thought. Then, seventy years ago tomorrow, in a moment it was all over. Mr. Emerson was dead. Joke no longer. His star was seen calmly rising.

Today he is among the five or six Americans who are indisputably world figures. If anyone doubts this, let him start reading Emerson himself and see what happens to him. Begin with the Essays, first Self-Reliance, "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string"; next, Heroism, "It is the state of the soul at war"; then Compensation, "So disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offense, poverty, prove benefactors. . . . Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults"; and finally, the two greatest, "Spiritual Laws" and "The Oversoul," which can be trusted as life-companions through thick and thin.

The point is that Emerson is a modern man, facing the difficult complexities of the modern world. What! A modern man one hundred years ago? Before world wars, air raids, and atom bombs? Well, take no one's word for it. Read him yourself, pocket editions. But never suppose that such pages as his can be read like an average book. They must be absorbed into one's tissues, incorporated into automatic reflexes so that they become a part of one's unconscious thinking. But so assimilated, these ideas which came not from Mr. Emerson, but through him, are sinew for the climb, armor for the fray, faith for the black night, and gladness for the morning.

UNCLE DUDLEY.

Arizona Gilbert in Apr. 1913, pp. 464-465.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS: LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S GREAT FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR

ONE afternoon at sundown, about a hundred years ago, a slightly built boy in "blue nankeen"—not half so blue as his own eyes—might have been seen driving his mother's cow from pasture, along the streets of Boston. He was eating a big, juicy pear. When the cow came to the old wooden parsonage, at the corner of Summer and Chauncy Streets, near the place where Hovey's store now stands, she turned in naturally, jangling her bell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson turned in after her.

It was a peaceful home, though everything was simple and many things were poor. From the windows you could see the harbor and the ships that came and went; and there were wide, empty fields, neighborly barns and sheds, and always the open sky, and the changing tide, and the salt smell of the sea. It was very near here that, a hundred years before, Benjamin Franklin and his friends had built their fishing wharf of "borrowed" stones; and the five Emerson brothers had the same chance as Franklin to catch "tomcod and flounders."

Let us guess that this night, however, when the cow had been milked and stabled, the boy, Ralph Waldo, did not think of the sweet, familiar view, or even of the morrow's fishing, but of the new book which he had just drawn from the circulating library for the large payment of six cents. It was a novel, and he was part way through. But to-night his Aunt Mary found him reading, and talked to him so seriously of his extravagance and of his mother's need, that, we are told, "He left the story unfinished, and did not take out the second volume."

Yet it must not be thought that the Emerson boys did not love their Aunt Mary, or that she did not love them. She was the "family sibyl," determined that the boys should be defrauded of nothing real, and determined that, poor as they were, they should have not only school but college, for, she said, they were "born to be educated." She, herself, trained in them "all the powers of the mind and heart." She gave them the sturdy maxim, "Always do what you are afraid to do." And no one knows how much that maxim may have braced the hearts of Ralph and Edward, when, sharing as they did the same greatcoat, other boys would call out, jeeringly: "Whose turn is it to wear the coat to-day?" "My grandfather," Emerson says, "prayed every night that none of his descendants might ever be rich," and surely his prayer was answered in the case of that one family.

When Ralph was only eight, his father died, leaving six children, all under ten. His mother took boarders, struggling through the crowded days, rising early and working late, with the fond hope throbbing in her heart that her boys might have every chance. Perhaps those boys shared her care too early and were over-serious; but, at all events, they were not selfishly irresponsible, thinking of no one but themselves; they sympathized with her lovingness and her weariness. Ralph told his older brother, William, that he thought it would be his "happiest earthly moment" when he had "a home comfortable and pleasant to offer his mother."

Though Boston winters are long and snowy, and coasting is fine on the hills, Ralph Emerson never owned a sled. But when we remember that, in the winter of 1814, when he was only eleven, the family were in actual need of bread, it is good to know that he did not whimper for playthings. That year, too, his baby sister died, the only girl of the family. And so circumstances combined to give him a serious face and a serious heart.

Perhaps he cared less than other boys for athletics because he was never physically strong; but he was no "Miss Nancy," and no "saint," and once, at least, he played truant from Mr. Webb's school "to romp on the common." from which there was one school, however, Mr. Webb's

Emerson was willingly excused after a day's attendance. It was a singing-school, and Ralph Waldo had not the slightest ear for music. When his turn came to sing, the master said to him, "Chord!"

"What?" said the child.

"Chord! chord! I tell you," repeated the master.

"I don't know what you mean." The blue eyes looked puzzled.

"Why, sing! Sing a note!" So the boy made "some kind of a noise," as he called it, and the singing-master said: "That will do, sir. You need not come again."

To know that many of our greatest men have been lacking in some particular, as Emerson was in music, seems to make them human, like ourselves; and it is always inspiring to know that most of them overcame handicaps.

The handicap of poverty is one of the simplest to overcome. It makes men of fiber. Every one of the Emerson boys prepared for college, except Bulkley, who had to be cared for all his life because he "never grew up in mind." Each of the others helped himself to an education. Ralph Waldo wrote from Harvard: "I am to wait in the Junior Hall. I do like it, and yet I do not like it; for which sentiments you can easily guess the reason." And so it happened that the boy of brains was servant to the boys of money; while he brought them coffee and rolls, he was bringing himself character.

Meanwhile, matters were simplified at home by his step-grandfather, Dr. Ezra Ripley, inviting Mrs. Emerson and her sons to live with him in Concord. That made Ralph Waldo's climb to culture happier, because less burdened. Some one has said, "The best of his education he gave himself in rambling reading and incessant practice in writing, and by that note-book in which, from his junior year, he began the process of storing thoughts, phrases, suggestions, for future use." Emerson himself said: "A chamber alone, that was the best thing I found at college." And ever after, when he gave advice to young men, it was, "Sit alone; and keep a journal."

He was younger than most of his class, and not physically strong; but, if he failed in athletics (which, in truth, he hardly attempted), he won in other respects, and did it, too, without being a "regular grind."

There were three specially happy days at college: the days he won honors. Although he was made class-poet only after seven others had been asked, he was perfectly delighted, and describes himself as walking up and down his lonely little room "flushed and proud of a poet's fancies." Another year, he took a second prize for a composition on Ethics, and the Boylston prize in declamation. He sent the Boylston prize-money straight home, joyfully hoping that his mother would spend it on a new shawl, and he was bitterly disappointed when a letter came from the eighteen-year-old brother William, "the care-worn head of the family," saying he had used it for the baker's bill.

The years following college were among the hardest of Emerson's life. He tried to teach school, to make enough money to study for the ministry, which he had chosen for his profession, and which had been the profession of *seven* generations before him. But, though he attempted several different schools, he was utterly miserable in them, and by no means successful. At first, when he taught boys and won their love, he seemed to manage fairly well; but when it came to assisting his brother William in a school for "fashionable young ladies," a school held in his mother's house, that was a different story. Let him tell it:

"I was nineteen, and had grown up without sisters, and, in my solitary and secluded way of living, had no acquaintance with girls. I still recall my terrors at entering the school and my timidities at French." Though he carried on the school for more than a year, he never overcame his bashfulness, or his powerlessness to discipline those young ladies of Boston, some of them older than himself. "They would ask him on Election Day to give them a holiday while he voted," knowing all the time he was a minor. "They liked to make him blush." When they got entirely beyond his control, he would send them to his mother's room for study. Here is part of a sympathetic letter written by him to a friend who was teaching: "How my heart bleeds for you! Better tug at the oar, dig the mine, or saw wood; better sow hemp, or hang with it, than sow the seeds of instruction." He called it "keeping school," and found his only comfort in the afternoons when he could get into the speechless company of trees and flowers, and where he was unblushingly at home.

It seems strange that Emerson, who heartily hated the official task of teaching, should have been so great and so understanding a friend to the countless young people who sought his sympathy and advice years later under the elms of Concord. If we could have run in on him in his Concord home, as did his child-neighbor, Louisa May Alcott, we should have known him much better than we know him through any books. Louisa Alcott went to school in his barn, and played there with his children, gathered moss from the woods for his arbor, ate pears from his laden trees, and grew up under his kindly eyes to be her brave, natural self. His library was always open to her; and sometimes, when she browsed among its shelves "for a new and very interesting book," he would wander in and tell her which books she might like, and which she had better wait to know. When she was a little girl, she sang the song of Mignon under his window, and, at fifteen, wrote him many letters—her thoughts, her feelings—all her growing-up ideas; but she never got the courage to send them. All through life, however, he was her idol and her hero.

Not only was he the strongest influence on her character, but he was the best friend her dreamy, unpractical, business failure of a father ever had. Knowing that Bronson Alcott could never earn anything, Emerson had a way of leaving money under a book on the Alcott table, or behind a candlestick. He gave Mrs. Alcott five hundred dollars to buy a place in Concord, and he offered his own home as her husband's lecture-hall. In Louisa's journal we read: "Father had four talks at Emerson's; good people came and he enjoyed them much; made $30. R. W. E. probably put in $20."

Not only in business stress was Emerson a master of sympathy; he helped Louisa in even sadder times. When her dear young sister died—the *Beth* of "Little Women"—he helped carry the beloved body "out of the old home to the new at Sleepy Hollow." And long years after, when Louisa's precious mother had smiled her last good-by, with "A smile is as good as a prayer," he was near the daughter to comfort her. The telegram announcing the death of May Alcott (*Amy*), in Paris, was sent to Mr. Emerson, to "soften the blow." When Louisa came downstairs, she found him looking at May's portrait, "pale and tearful, with the paper in his hand." "My child," he began, "I wish I could prepare you; but alas, alas!" Then his voice failed, and he gave her the telegram. Though she was a woman over forty, she was still his "child," to be deeply helped by a wordless grasp of his hand.

His love for her father, Bronson Alcott, had, it may be, increased his love for the child, but he always had a genial way with young people, and a rare understanding of their thoughts. To her he would say, "What is true for your own private heart is true for others." His essays on "Self-reliance," "Character," etc., helped her to fathom herself, and "life and God and nature," and his life and companionship, helped her to be strong. On his part, he must have admired that "Spartan spirit." Content to wear cast-off clothes, eager to sew, and teach, and write, and work, able to sing and pray over the wash-tub, or to mother sick soldiers in war—that was Louisa Alcott. While he liked the books she wrote for children, he loved her growing, sturdy proof that "though an Alcott, she could support herself."

We have let ourselves wander a little from Emerson's own life to his neighbor's, but we have known him better for the wandering. He soon gave up the distasteful teaching, and, four years after he left college, when he was twenty-three, began to preach. He was too frail, however, for the work. As Professor Woodberry puts it, "He read if his eyes allowed; he walked if his hip permitted; he preached if his lungs held out; he went slow." Yet, somehow, he found time and strength to help Dr. Taylor found a Sailors' Mission, and to keep up his own preaching, too, though, after each attempt, he had a pain in his chest. Finally, he had to go to Florida for the winter, a hard thing to do for a man like him, who did not know how to live luxuriously, and was bored by idleness. "I stroll on the beach," he wrote miserably, "and drive a green orange over the sand with a stick."

In the shadow of great hardships, however, such petty irritations disappear. Two years later, Emerson's brother Edward, who had been working in Daniel Webster's law office and also teaching school, was suddenly taken violently insane. Edward was almost a part of Ralph's self. As boys, they had bravely shared poverty, and sympathy, and love; but now Ralph carried this sorrow alone. For Edward there was no consciousness of the disaster; to Ralph it brought an agony of grief. The sick brother was sent first to an asylum in Charleston, and then to travel on the Mediterranean and among the West Indies. He died in 1834, after a six years' fight to save his mind.

We pass swiftly in *words* over the long darknesses in people's lives; perhaps because we need to seek the sunlight, perhaps because we would not try to utter what is unutterable. It was by bearing sorrow himself, in the death of his brothers, his wife, and his lovely boy, that Emerson learned how to feel for others. His brother Charles died soon after Edward, of lung trouble, the same illness that conquered Emerson's first wife, a frail flower of a woman, who lived less than two years after her marriage.

I am glad he learned to love again, and that he had a home and children, for he and children always "took" to each other. The babies held out reaching arms, to be strongly clasped in his. Then, too, by this marriage he realized, for eighteen years, his boyish hopes of giving his mother a home; and it was, as he had wanted it to be, "comfortable and pleasant."

It stood among the peaceful fields of Concord, not far from its lazy river, a big, square, hospitable house with its thrifty orchards, and shading elms, and sweet air full of song. Almost across the road, Alcott mused and talked; a mile or so away, lonely Hawthorne thought; and deep in the woods near Walden Pond, Thoreau lived in his hut, caught the fishes in his hands, and learned the hidden secrets of the outdoor world. Emerson was Alcott's true friend and practically his business-manager—and if ever a man needed a business-manager, it was Alcott; Hawthorne was too shy and Emerson too reserved for them to get very well acquainted; Thoreau and Emerson were thoroughly congenial, loving the same things in the same way. When Emerson, through his great awkwardness with tools, failed to do all he tried, Thoreau came to the rescue: he was his carpenter, and he planted his larches and pines.

In his fourteen acres, more or less, there were woodlands, fields, and a blackberry patch. Sometimes, much to Emerson's delight, the Indians and gipsies camped on his ground. Then there were the pines where his mother sat; a part of the

shore of Walden, where he and his children swam, and fished, and skated; and his orchard and garden. Here he worked an hour or more a day, pruning trees, digging, and weeding. Emerson's pears brought the highest price in the Boston market. When he hoed his garden, "a crop of comfort straightway sprang up." But the work of weeding was as disheartening to him as it is to other people. "I stoop to pick up a weed that is choking the corn, and find there are two; close behind it is a third, and I reach out my arm to a fourth; behind that there are four thousand and one." His little five-year-old boy, Waldo, worked with him, silently happy by his father's side. Seeing that his father did not use a spade like any one else, he would call out, "Take care, Papa, you will dig your leg!"

Emerson's habits of writing were very irregular; he had a method all his own, and one that few would imitate. One day a friend found him seated at his desk with papers spread all around him on the floor. From these, here and there, he gathered a sentence or paragraph for his essays. Like many other writers, however, he sometimes composed out-of-doors in the woods or fields where he loved to be.

Most of his writing was done in the mornings; in the afternoons, he gardened or walked. In the evenings, he often read aloud. He was a good walker, "light, erect, and strong of limb." Occasionally he hunted, but not to shoot. Though he learned to use a rifle, his best friends believe that he never used it on any living thing; and though one night he paddled out to see a deer, and drew close enough to have fired, he let the sad-eyed creature have his life. To his own question,

> Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
> Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?

he could answer a joyful *yes*. "Anemone and chipmunk, titmouse and rhodora, black ice and starlight, he knew and loved them all, and was almost more than Thoreau a forest citizen." With a child's love for nature he would say, "I expand and live in the warm day, like corn and melons." To him there was "beauty in fog, astronomy in plants and 'punctual birds,'" and song and shine in all things of the earth, for

> In the mud and scum of things
> Always, always, something sings.

"Look," he seems to say, "above your desert and find a star."

> Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
> What rainbows teach and sunsets show?

Here is part of an open letter of Emerson's to his great friend, Carlyle. It gives us an indoor glimpse of his home on May 10, 1838: "My wife Lidian is an incarnation of Christianity. . . . My mother, whitest, mildest of ladies . . . my boy, a piece of love and sunshine well worth my watching from morning to night; these and three domestic women, who cook, and sew, and run for us, make all my household." Other children followed, among them the little Ellen, for whom Louisa Alcott wrote "Flower Fables"; and always the old Aunt Mary, who had been his boyhood adviser, was welcome in his home.

Emerson managed to give more time to his children than such busy men can often give. Awkward as he was with all tools and animals, he knew well how to handle the smallest babies, and they came to him with cooing gladness. At his thoroughly New England breakfast, he liked to eat his *pie* in peace, and would say to his children, "At breakfast all must be calm and sweet; nothing must jar." And if a child cried at the table, he was apt to send it to see whether the gate was shut, or whether the clouds were in the sky, as if he trusted the "great, all-loving Day" to bring it peace. "The small ambassador, a little perplexed . . . as to why he was sent there, returned, solemnly reported, and climbed back into his high chair." "You are bound to be healthy and happy," Emerson would say; "do not have any hobgoblin of the sick sort, but live out-of-doors, and in the sea-bath, and the sail-boat, and the saddle, and the wagon, and, best of all, in your shoes, so soon as they will obey you for a mile. When you have worn out your shoes, the strength of the sole-leather has gone into the fiber of your body."

Though he was a preacher, he allowed his children a great deal of liberty on Sunday. They could walk and read, and bathe in Walden Pond; but they could not have playthings, or drive, or row. They learned hymns, as he had done, and went to their grandmother's quiet room for Bible readings. Their father liked to have them go to church, and they knew it; but the church service was never insisted upon. It was possible that they, like him, would find a church in the solitary wood.

Emerson thought all young people should learn to think of others. At one of the little Emersons' birthday parties, the children got into the haycocks and began throwing the hay all round, much to the distress of the hired man. Out came the father with "long strides." "'Lads and lasses! You must n't undo hard work! The man has worked in the heat all day; now all go to work and put back the hay'; and he stayed and saw it done, working himself."

When pleasures were harmless, however, the father was heartiest of all in his encouragement. Louisa Alcott remembered many such times with his children, "when their illustrious papa was our good playfellow. Often piling us into a bedecked hay-cart, he took us to berry, bathe, or picnic at Walden, making our day charming and memorable by showing us the places he loved . . . so that when, years afterward, we read of 'the sweet rhodora in the woods,' and the 'burly, dozing humblebee,' we recognized old friends." He called the pines "gentlemen," praised the specially tall ones, and once he took off his hat to an extra large red rose.

There came a time, however, when Emerson's heart was robbed of its spirit of play. His little Waldo—a living sunbeam and his father's constant companion, the "deep-eyed boy" who followed him from study to garden without bothering or interrupting—was suddenly taken ill with scarlet fever. Four days later, Louisa Alcott, then eight years old, was sent over to ask how he was. Mr. Emerson himself, worn with watching and sorrow, opened the door. When the little girl saw how changed he was, she could hardly stammer out her question.

"Child, he is dead!" fell the hollow answer. Then the door closed, and she ran home to tell the dreadful news and never to forget that anguished face. Emerson's beautiful "Threnody," in memory of Waldo, is one of the greatest of American poems.

But poetry or prose could not begin to tell the story. "You can never know," Emerson wrote to Carlyle, "how much of me such a young child can take away." He was lost for the "forever of this world." Yet, even out of Emerson's bereavement, he breathed a blessing on John Thoreau, who had urged him to have Waldo's daguerreotype taken. There was, at least, that part of his sunlight child to keep, besides the sacred memory of his love.

We have talked much of Emerson's home and neighbors because through them he is best understood. To many folk of his time he was a mystery, a far-away enigma. And yet he was a man of many friends. Like Agassiz, he belonged to the famous Saturday Club where gathered Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Norton, Hawthorne, and others. He came regularly and sat near Longfellow. To young people he gave himself even more freely than to men of his own age. One little girl always remembered him as the minister who "took her on his lap and showed her the barberry blossom, and how its stamens sprang up at the touch of a pin or an insect." "My special parish," Emerson once said, "is young men seeking their way." Boys and girls came to him with all their problems and confidences; college fellows asked his advice for their futures. Howells said, when as a young man he went to see him: "His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld," though it was a smile given to a perfect stranger. It was he who pushed Carlyle's works in this country, and who continued to push them for twenty years; and, as we have said, he was Bronson Alcott's bank-account, and Louisa Alcott's guiding star.

In farmers who plowed the fields, in sea-captains who hoisted sail, in boys and girls who hoped and worked, he was deeply and permanently interested, but never, never in those who shirked and sagged. "The sun grudges his light," he would say, "the air his breath, to him who stands with his hands folded in the great school of God." When a letter came, then, from a young girl, asking him to write her valedictory, we can imagine that he gave her no gentle answer. "Stand on your own feet; think your own thoughts; live your own life," was his motto.

"To have a friend one must be one," Emerson believed. It was beautifully touching to see the eagerness of his many Concord friends to show the genuineness of their friendship. As fellow-citizen, Emerson had belonged to the fire association. "The leathern buckets and baize bag always hung over the stairs in his side entry," and at many fires in the woods he had helped beat out the flames with pine boughs. And now, in 1872, the Concord citizens were given a chance to fight a fire for him. Very early, one July morning, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson were waked by the crackling of flames, and barely escaped with their lives from the burning house. Though the whole upper half of their home was a ruin, hurrying neighbors saved many of the household goods, Louisa Alcott guarding the precious library, badly soaked by the rain. Moreover, those loving neighbors insisted, much against Emerson's will, in rebuilding the house. Perhaps they saw that the early morning work in the pouring rain had been too hard on their dear friend of nearly seventy. At any rate, the following October, while Emerson, with his daughter, Ellen, took his third trip to Europe, his Concord friends restored his home.

He returned like a conqueror. There were signals to announce his coming, a triumphal arch, and a brass-band; there were carriages to drive him and his family to the "new" house, round which a crowd of old and young were gathered. Even the babies in their wagons came out to smile a welcome. Just before Emerson entered his door, he turned round, and, walking back to the gate, said in his old, gracious way: "My friends! I know that this is not a tribute to an old man and his daughter returned to their house, but to the common blood of us all—one family—in Concord!"

So far, we have thought of Emerson almost entirely as an influence on others, and have forgotten what influence life itself had on him—Emerson, the minister, and yet not the minister, for he preached only three years. In 1832, he reached a crisis in thought which drove him to the White Hills to consider his duty. He was a kind of "walking sincerity," and he was, above all, a believer in religious freedom. "God can be worshiped in a barn," he said; and when some one once remarked that she did "not trouble the church much," he answered quietly, "Then you have somewhere a little chapel of your own." This summer of 1832 he had reached the point where he must be as free with himself as he had always been with others. As the years had advanced, he had concluded that prayer to be real prayer must come direct from a heart-felt longing to talk with "Our Father." It was a Quaker thought. With it had come an inability to follow, sincerely, all the ceremonies of the church. Accordingly, one memorable Sunday, Emerson

stood before his quiet little congregation, and made a plain statement, asking to resign unless he could be privileged to leave out certain ceremonies which to him were insincere. His resignation was accepted, and, in consequence, the man who had spent his youth on teaching, which he disliked, in order to earn money for the ministry, which he hoped to love, found himself adrift, without a profession, poor, and with a family dependent upon him, but too practical and too noble to shirk responsibility.

Let no one think that the decision was easy. It was reached through hours of lonely thought and through the help of the solitary hills, and of the Maker of the hills who helps us all. And it was the steep, white path of truth that he had chosen. His own gentle judgment of others may teach us a gentle judgment of him—with honor added for the sacrifice.

For it was a sacrifice. On his return from Europe, in the winter of 1833–34, Emerson began his life anew as lecturer. It meant hard work in the study and hard work on the road, traveling with those brain-stuffs of his as peddlers travel with their wares. It meant, also, very small pay, —an average of only $20 a lecture,—but Emerson was a "shrewd, sensible Yankee" who knew that "a dollar is a dollar and a cent a cent, and that dollars and cents are convenient things to have in pocket. He was no crank, no dreamer."

He gave more than he got, for, to all who heard him lecture, he was an inspiration. To young men he taught the hardy doctrine, drawn perhaps from his own defeat, that "a good failure is always a good experience." He made them ashamed of frivolity, uselessness, and untruth; it was as if he prayed with them that they might always "know what is sacred."

Over six feet tall, Emerson stood before his audience, slender, graceful, erect, with a smooth face and clear, almost ruddy complexion, and a wonderful smile that warmed. As he spoke in that deep, musical "ground swell of a voice," he was at once rousing and restful. Though by many he was less understood than *felt*, he gave courage and strength like a mountain wind.

"Do you understand Mr. Emerson?" asked one. "Not a word, but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he was."

The impressions of Lowell, who heard him as a young man, are interesting: "It was as if, after vainly trying to get his paragraphs into sequence and order, he had at last tried the desperate expedient of shuffling them. . . . Did you say he was disconnected? So were the stars." And later, in a letter to Norton, "Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as usual with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way—something more beautiful than anything else. . . . Every possible criticism might have been made on it but one,—that it was not noble. . . . He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault, not his. . . . All through it I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha, ha, to the sound of the trumpets!'"

Emerson died of pneumonia in 1882, a few weeks before his seventy-ninth birthday. It was early spring, too early for many of the wild flowers he had loved. But his friends placed vases of lilies of the valley, red and white roses, and arbutus on the mantel in the Concord home; and Louisa Alcott made a harp of yellow jonquils. She and others softened the church pulpit with boughs of pine and hemlock and the tender coral of the maple blossoms,—wild things which many do not see, but which his love had welcomed every year. Then he was laid to rest in Sleepy Hollow, close to his own little Waldo, and a few steps from Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Beth Alcott. There is a great rock of rough rose-quartz over his grave; mating-birds come in the spring to nest in the tall grass, and violets blossom underneath the pines. It is all as peaceful as it should be,—the resting-place of a "royal soul" who had fulfilled his kingship, and a captain who had kept his "rudder true."

Ralph Waldo EMERSON

PROPHET OF UNITARIANISM

A sermon commemorating the 150th anniversary of his birth, preached by Rev. J. Ernest Bryant in the First Unitarian Church of Chicopee, Mass., on May 10, 1953.

"From Some Alien Energy the Visions come"—Emerson.

Two weeks from tomorrow Unitarians will celebrate the 150th anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In this century and a half Emerson has grown into a world figure. It is fitting that we consider the qualities which made him a great Unitarian.

For thoughtful people are aware that not only Unitarians, but the whole of Protestantism, have lost much of that radiant faith which marked Emerson's Christianity. So neglected has he been by the world, that we find him being dismissed by people in places or religious leadership as just another philosopher, while his religious significance is ignored.

But Emerson's Christian faith was the inspiration of his genius, as it was the entire foundation of his life and thought. In 1834 he wrote: "I believe the Christian faith to be profoundly true, to an extent that they who are styled its most orthodox defenders have never, or but in rarest glimpses, reached."

And his faith in God was pictured in these immortal words: "Man is a stream, whose source is hidden. Our being is decending into us from we know not whence. The most exact calculator has no pre-science that somewhat inculculable may not balk the very next moment. I am constrained every moment to acknowledge a higher origin for events than the will I call mine. As with events, so it is with thoughts. When I watch the flowing river which, out of regions I see not, pours for a season its streams into me, I see that I am a pensioner; not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this ethereal water; that I desire, and look up, and put myself in the attitude of reception, but from some alien energy the visions come."

And what is this "alien energy"? Emerson tells us later in no uncertain terms what it is: "O my Brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the center of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none can wrong the universe." And Emerson's life could not be better described than as a fellowship with God.

This profound religious faith held by Emerson was no accident. It grew out of his way of life. He was a mystic. But his mysticism is not difficult to understand. He was one in a series of preachers in the Emerson family, so that one might say that preaching was in his blood. He studied at Harvard Divinity School, making lower grades than did his brothers. But that was because Emerson patterned his own life from the beginning of his Harvard experience. He found Montaigne, whose essays he carried in his pocket, more interesting than Greek and Latin, or than the preacher to whom he was sent to listen on Sunday morning. Emerson preached in Unitarian churches both before and after his pastorate at Second Church.

There was never any difference between Emerson and his parishioners concerning faith in God. The thing that caused him to give up preaching, from pulpits, was his conviction that every man must find God, and worship God, in his own way; that growth of the soul to the stature of the Over-soul, was by means of the strength and insight which come from worship—this was the important fact in every man's life.

The Communion service did not seem to him to serve that end: to Emerson personally, it was a barrier between himself and God. He was a devout believer in prayer; but it must be a spontaneous prayer. And he refused to preach in one church that invited him to become its pastor, except on condition that he be permitted to offer prayer, or not, as dictated by his own soul at the moment. The church did not call him.

But the basis of Emerson's life, the inspiration of his preaching and writing, was his communion with God. Upon leaving Second Church he took a vacation, then retired to Concord, and to Walden Pond. There, his chapel was Nature; and it was while alone in the woods that his greatest and most inspiring thoughts came to him.

The phrase "Came to him" is an important one in any attempt to understand Emerson. For no man ever realized more clearly the fact that "of ourselves we can do nothing." All of us, he declared, are "pensioners," whether we be old or young. And without giving it an oriental name, Emerson adopted the habit of orientals, of waiting, alone in the woods, for God to speak. He learned to wait with patience, with every assurance that God would speak. And God did speak.

In the essay on "Spiritual Laws" we find that which made for greatness not only in Emerson, but in all of our great Unitarian leaders. There has been a growing tendency by Unitarians to take shelter under the names of these men, Emerson, Channing, Parker, Martineau and others, while ignoring the prophetic words of faith that made them great. Some of us have drifted into the habit of trying to lift ourselves by our own bootstraps, aided, perhaps, by a few great names of the past.

What is this attitude of Emerson which makes for true greatness? It is the same attitude which lies at the heart of every religion: Humility. "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself." A recognition of this fact will be found wherever men worship. The thoughtful person soon becomes aware of his limitations. He then turns to God, as naturally as the flower turns to

the sun.

Emerson's method was to put himself in a receptive mood, by forgetting momentarily his own thoughts, interests, ambitions. No one was ever more aware of his limitations. He observed, as few men have ever observed, what was going on in the universe around him. And it became obvious to him that he was but a spectator. But then arose the natural desire to understand what he saw. And he found that when he could put himself into the mood of worship, in an attitude of reverence and expectancy,—it was then that "from some alien energy the

What was this "alien energy" which Emerson met, to which he opened all the doors of his being, and which inspired him with faith and hope? Emerson is content to call it the moral law of God. Men make laws, but find that the expected results do not follow. But the moral law, the law of God, is perfect, as the Psalmist long ago discovered. It never has to be amended. It is always enforced. Certain acts bring certain consequences. There is no escape by buying off judges, or politicians. This is so because the author of the moral law is none other than God Himself. One cannot read Emerson's essay on "Compensation" without becoming aware of the fact that we live in a universe of law.

This moral law does not vary from one generation to another. It is people who vary. We become over-confident in our own strength, and foolishly believe that we we can be a law unto ourselves. But the universe, Emerson learned, is not built that way. It is so constructed that whenever a man is willing to forego self, and to seek after this "alien energy," it will manifest itself to him in visions of a more perfect life. Visions of truth, and beauty and goodness will occupy the mind that has made way for them. And these are the only safe guide to life. The energy which brings them to us may seem at first to be alien. But it will be recognized in time as God.

In recent years Protestantism has progressed backwards. That is to say, we have given less and less attention to the things that matter; to those things which man may hold in common with God. We have denied in practice, if not in words, the reality, the validity, of this energy concerning which Emerson speaks, and which makes the difference between a man, and an animal. Of course it interferes with self-esteem, for a man to admit that "it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." The spirit of our times is more accurately expressed in "I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul." Such sentiments make us feel important, so long as we do not bother to consider their ultimate significance.

But one cannot read Emerson very long without realizing the shallowness of such sentiments. Emerson would have been the last person to claim special powers or genius for himself. The story of his life is a story of failure and disappointment. From a worldly point of view, he is highly impractical.

But Emerson excelled in one thing: He knew his limitations; he knew man's limitations, as few of us know them today. This knowledge caused him to mistrust his own powers, as the source of truth, and to seek, instead, "a higher will than I that I call mine." He found it. While he was in a passive mood, this "alien energy" poured its streams into him. Who has not gone to bed with a weighty problem, only to wake up to see the answer, clear as crystal. We say today that the subconscious had taken over where consciousness left off Similarly in our waking moments the soul can wait upon God.

This "alien energy" ceased to be alien, and became for Emerson the voice of God. He was not in a hurry to go nowhere fast. He could wait, until the "visions" came. It was these visions of truth revealed to Emerson, his awarness of the moral law, that made him the prophet of Unitarianism.

Concord Journal, May 21, 1953

Emersoniana Shown at Concord Library

In connection with the 150th anniversary of Emerson's birthday on next Monday, the Concord Free Public Library has arranged an extensive exhibit of first editions and Emersoniana.

Among the outstanding rarities shown is the original printed Order of Exercises of an exhibition at the Boston Latin School in 1814 when Emerson was only eleven years old, the only surviving copy of which has been generously lent to the library by the Boston Latin School Association. Of especial interest to Concordians is the little leaflet printing of the Concord Hymn—"By the rude bridge that arched the flood"—which was used by the citizens choir when the hymn was first sung in 1837. Only two copies of this scarce little leaflet are recorded. Believed to be unique is an advertising leaflet used by one "S. C. Hewett, Bone-Setter" in which is printed a letter of testimonial written by Emerson in 1832, as well as a similar letter by Bronson Alcott. Two books from Emerson's own collection are: The Greek Testament which he used as an undergraduate at Harvard and his copy of The Bhagvat-Geeta, which had a profound influence on his thinking. One book not usually thought of as an Emerson first edition is the second printing of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, on the cover of which Whitman printed a sentence of Emerson's famous letter to him. In addition to these books of more unusual interest there are a number of presentation copies inscribed by Emerson, including two which Emerson gave to the library. A special mention might be made of his Prose Works which he gave to Thomas Carlyle with inscription by Emerson in Volume I.

The entire exhibition which contains sixty-two items comprises a very nearly complete showing of original appearances of Emerson's works, and it is perhaps the most extensive of its kind to have been shown.

The books will be on exhibition from Saturday, May 23, through Saturday, June 13.

Boston Sunday Globe, May 24, 1953

OUR NEIGHBOR, MR. EMERSON

(1803—1953)

On Summer Street almost at the corner of Washington, in the very thick of Boston's traffic, a bronze plaque marks his birthplace. It was a gambrel-roofed frame dwelling, the parsonage, under elm trees, and across vacant fields below was a view of the harbor and shipping. Here Emerson was born, it will be one hundred and fifty years ago tomorrow.

"When a man comes, there comes revolution. The old is for slaves. When a man comes, all books are legible, all things transparent, all religions forms. He is religious. Man is the wonder worker. He is seen amid miracles. All men bless and curse. He saith yes and nay, only." (July 15, 1838.)

The man had come, and he was just that, a one-man revolution. He had challenged the prevalent thought of New England, which in those days was that of the nation; yet what he had to say, first to his fellow countrymen and finally to the world, sounds and is of the simplest: "Trust thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string." Self-reliance and mutual aid, these are the two poles of his thought; between them lies a world, our world, and he had invented nothing, only discovered what was already there, the infinite riches latent in the people of the rustic republic, riches which had been accumulating in the savings account of their courage and integrity on this continent for the previous two hundred years. The gold was there, he activated its circulation.

* * *

His was the least spectacular of careers. A frail child, not very promising, fatherless at the age of eight, poor as poverty, playing truant from school on Boston Common, swimming with the other boys in the river over on Charles Street, trudging to Boston Latin School in harsh weather, his youth and early manhood one long skirmish with tuberculosis, the family disease, which carried off his brother Edward and his own first wife,—not an auspicious start; and yet between 1803 and 1882 when his life ends at Concord in that square white house which still stands beside the Boston Road we had a Representative Man, (to use his own phrase), one of four typical Americans of the mid-19th Century, the others being Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman, and Henry Thoreau.

Then what was the secret spring? Out in Concord in the 1850's a wash-woman, drying her hands and rolling down her sleeves one afternoon somewhat earlier than usual, was asked by her mistress if she was going so soon.

"Yes, I've got to go now. I'm going to hear Mr. Emerson lecture."

"Do you understand Mr. Emerson?"

"Not a word. But I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he was."

(She did understand Mr. Emerson.)

* * *

This one-man revolution is inner; it takes place silently, and, having taken place, is communicable. This revolutionist's first thirty years, if undistinguished, are nevertheless typical. He is of English stock, in the colonial and Revolutionary tradition starting in 1635, with six generations of Harvard graduates, a family habit. He enters college in 1817, living in that yellow, gambrel-roofed farm homestead which still faces Harvard Square, the house from which General Washington went to take command of the Continental Army. This tall, lean, blond, blue-eyed youth was President Kirkland's errand b..., and no prodigy. There follows school teaching, tutoring, farm work, study, lodging in Divinity Hall, and by 1826 he is a parson.

His break with his pastorate of the

Second Church of Boston was amicable. Ritual was not for him. The lecture platform becomes his pulpit and for nearly four decades he travels, first New England, then the East, the Mid-West, and finally to San Francisco, by almost every conveyance then known to man. Twice he crossed the Mississippi on an ice sled, and once to keep a lecture engagement in Michigan he rode 48 miles over corduroy roads in a buggy and after the lecture 20 miles more before he slept. His fees were from $10 to $50, his audience the American people. The seed-pod had burst and was inseminating the nation.

It had all grown out-of-doors. His first wife died in 1831; in 1934 he settled in Concord, temporarily at the Old Manse which his grandfather had built in 1769, then in a house of his own with land for tillage, and after that a pine woods on the shores of Walden Pond. People want to see his study and they still can, in Concord, but his true study was in the woods and fields. The ideas which came to him out in the open went first into his Journals (for he was an indefatigable "journalist"); from his note books they were worked into his lectures, and from the lectures, pruned, re-written, condensed, into his books, three successive incarnations. His reading was, of course, prodigious, but books were only the ploughing and seeding of his own soil.

* * *

The years of his prime were years of tumult. In Europe from 1816 to 1830, if not to 1848, was black reaction from the Napoleonic wars, a reaction scarcely less ferocious than that which is upon us today, while here at home was the prolonged agony over the abolition of slavery which did not end with the Civil War in 1865. Every earthquake shock of it he felt, every throe, and finally, at the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law he revolted openly and in person, "I will not obey it, by God!" John Brown slept at his house and was given money to arm the Kansans' "Free State". That is, when Mr. Emerson's Government was loyal to mercy, truth, and justice, he was loyal to his Government; when it was not, he was loyal to justice, mercy, and truth. In 1838 when to speak against slavery in Boston was to risk mob violence, he paused in his lecture on Heroism (you may still read the words in his Essay) and, looking full into the eyes of his Bostonian audience, said,

"It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of a mob, for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live."

That for 1838; and this, in his next paragraph, prophetically for the United States in 1953:

"Whatever outrages have happened to men may befall a man again; and very easily in a republic, if there appear any signs of a decay of religion. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers, and the gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind, and with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire how fast he can fix his sense of duty, braving such penalties, whenever it may please the next newspaper and a sufficient number of his neighbors to pronounce his opinions incendiary."

* * *

There it is. If a decay of religion has occurred among us, what religion is it that has decayed? What but that innate religion which Emerson himself spent his life calling forth from latency into active being: independence, self-reliance, mutual trust and mutual aid, adherence to a few plain rules and a few high principles. Here is rebuke to an epoch of hysteria, self-fear, witch-hunt, and herd mentality. This native integrity of the American people is attacked by men who were elected to defend it. There remain among us, however, those who understand our own history, and they are myriad. That history at its noblest is epitomized in the life of our neighbor, Mr. Emerson.

UNCLE DUDLEY.

HARVARD'S EMERSON MEMORIAL

Lectures, Readings and a Sermon Among the Observances of the Centennial of the Distinguished Graduate

Complete arrangements for the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Harvard, have been made. The observance is to take place on five evenings and will include lectures on different aspects of the life of Emerson, readings from his works and a sermon upon his religious ideas. On Monday evening, May 18, at 8 P. M. in the New Lecture Hall, Kirkland street, opposite Memorial Hall, Professor Hugo Münsterberg will lecture on "Emerson as a Philosopher." On Wednesday evening, May 20, at the same time and place, Mr. C. T. Copeland will give readings from Emerson's poetry and prose. On Friday evening, also in the same hall, Professor George Santayana will lecture on "Emerson as a Poet." On Sunday evening, May 24, at 7.30 P. M. in Appleton Chapel, Professor Francis G. Peabody, D. D., will deliver a sermon on "Emerson as a Religious Teacher." The anniversary observance, or Emerson Memorial as it is officially called, will conclude on Monday evening, May 25, at 8 P. M., in the New Lecture Hall, with a lecture by Dr. Dickinson S. Miller, on "Emerson as an American." This will be the actual anniversary of Emerson's birth and the subject chosen is a fitting conclusion to the memorial. All of these lectures, readings and the Sunday service will be open to the public.

National Educational Association

ADMIT BEARER

TO

Mr. Emerson's Study

EMERSON HOUSE ON LEXINGTON ROAD

Between the hours of 2 and 5 p.m.

Good for THURSDAY, July 9, 1903

TABLE D SEAT No. 27 MAY 25th, 1903

PROSPECTUS.

THE subscriber has been induced by the repeated request of many individuals, added to the interest with which Mr. Carlyle's recent History has been received, to collect his Miscellaneous Writings. These papers are widely scattered in journals and magazines from the year 1827 to the present time; and most of them in journals not reprinted in this country. It is thought that a large proportion of these miscellanies would be more acceptable to the general reader than either of the works that have been already printed here. I propose to print the series of his critical and miscellaneous articles in chronological order, according to a list furnished by the author himself. At present, only two volumes will be published, with the intention, however, of completing the series, at a future time, in one or two volumes more. The profits of the sale will be transmitted to the author. As the publishers, James Munroe & Co., relinquish to him all profit on such copies as are subscribed for, I ask of his friends to send so many names as they can procure of purchasers of the work, to JAMES MUNROE & Co., 134 Washington Street, Boston, or to me.

R. W. EMERSON.

Concord, Mass., April 2, 1838.

TERMS.—The two volumes now in press will consist of 450 pages each, 12mo;—the type, paper, and binding to correspond with the first American Edition of SARTOR RESARTUS. Price—*two dollars and fifty cents.*

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	NUMBER OF COPIES.

TWO-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
FIRST SETTLEMENT OF SALEM.

Order of Exercises
AT THE NORTH CHURCH.

ANTHEM.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will towards men.

PRAYER, BY REV. MR. EMERSON.

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE, BY REV. MR. BRAZER.

HYMN.

WRITTEN BY PRESIDENT ADAMS, IN 1802.——TUNE, KENDALL.

When o'er the billows, heaving deep,
The fathers of our race,
The precepts of their God to keep,
Sought here their resting place,

The gracious God their heart prepared,
Preserved from every harm,
And still for their protection bared
His everlasting arm.

His breath, inspiring every gale,
Impels them on the main,
His guardian angels spread their sail,
And tempests howl in vain.

For them old ocean's rocks are smooth'd,
December's face grows mild,
To vernal airs her blasts are sooth'd,
And all her rage beguil'd.

When famine rolls her haggard eyes,
His ever bounteous hand
Abundance from the sea supplies,
And treasures from the sand.

Nor yet his tender mercies cease,
His overruling plan
Inclines to gentleness and peace
The heart of SAVAGE MAN!

And can our stony bosoms be
To all these wonders blind?
Nor [illegible] with thankfulness to Thee,
[illegible]arent of mankind?

[illegible]ious God! inflame our zeal,
[illegible]se one blessing more;
[illegible] thy bounteous love to feel,
[illegible]goodness to adore.

PRAYER, BY REV. DR. PRINCE.

HYMN.

BY REV. DR. FLINT.——TUNE, OLD HUNDRED.

In pleasant lands have fall'n the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and sooth'd our age.

What thanks, O God, to Thee are due,
That Thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.

From them, a pure and chosen seed,
Have sprung a people great and free;
Who ever in their hour of need
Have found a present help in Thee.

With pious steps we love to trace
And mark the spot, as holy ground,
Where first a rest and dwelling place
The weary band of pilgrims found.

Where we sleep safe, they watch'd with fear;
And pin'd in famine, where we feast;
They heard, where we sweet minstrels hear,
The savage howl and prowling beast.

The toils they bore, our ease have wrought;
They sow'd in tears, in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard 'till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and wo through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

DISCOURSE, BY HON. JOSEPH STORY.

ANTHEM.

Glorify the great Jehovah, glorify him evermore. He that smote the foes of Judah—with a strong arm He scattered them and laid them waste. Thou, O Lord, didst lead thy people to the promised land.

BENEDICTION.

TOOTE & BROWN, PRINTERS, SALEM GAZETTE OFFICE.

BOSTON PAYS HOMAGE TO EMERSON'S MEMORY.

THE BOSTON HERALD—MONDAY, MAY 25, 1903.

See next page.

BOSTON AND SUBURBAN PASTORS WHO PREACHED UPON RALPH WALDO EMERSON AT SERVICES HELD YESTERDAY

REV. CHAS. W. WENDTE

REV S. M. CROTHERS

REV. REUEN THOMAS

REV. JAMES BELLS

Photo. by NOYMAN

REV. P. P. FROTHINGHAM

REV. F. H. ROWLEY

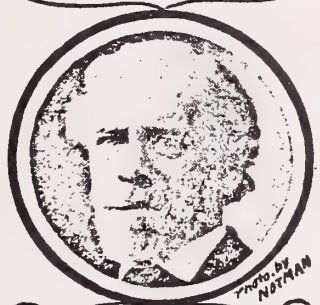


Photo. by NOYMAN

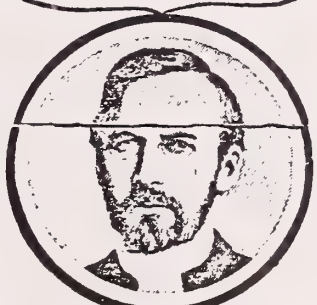
REV. CHAS. G. AMES

Photo. by McCORMICK

REV. H. S. JOHNSON

Photo by PURDY

REV. THOS. VAN NESS



REV. H. N. BROWN

Photo by PURDY

REV. S. H. ROBLIN

SWEETENED PURITAN.

Emerson Outgrew All the Gloom and Sternness.

Sermon at King's Chapel on the Concord Prophet.

Latter Never Saw Darkly Into Unknown Dangers.

Emerson Resigned Rather Than Play Hypocrite.

Mr. Van Ness Tells How Aristocrats Took Him.

He Aroused Their Curiosity, but Not Their Approval

HONEST TO BACKBONE

The "Teaching and Influence of Ralph Waldo Emerson" was the subject of the discourse preached at King's Chapel yesterday forenoon by the Rev. Howard N. Brown, from Galatians v., 25: "If we live in the spirit, let us also walk in the spirit," and he began by saying:

"Shortly after Emerson's death it was said of him by Matthew Arnold that he had been the friend and helper of 'all who would live in the spirit.' At the time this seemed rather faint praise to many of Emerson's disciples and friends, though it was undoubtedly as true and just a word as was ever spoken of our New England philosopher, and it may come to seem in time as great praise as could be given him. To consider how much commendation these words express we must needs ask what it means to live and walk in the spirit, and that question will take us by what may be the shortest and easiest road to the real centre and substance of all that is distinctive in the Emersonian view of life."

In the discussion of this question Mr. Brown referred at length to two types of religious belief, that of divine transcendence and of the divine immanence; that is to say, he explained, there is one type of religious belief which tends to place deity altogether outside of and above the world with which we are familiar, and the other to find and behold its deity within the outward world.

* * *

sight of heaven; enables him to consult the divine oracles in his own secret heart, and permits him to seek forgiveness and help from on high, through the prayer made in his own secret closet. That is the real source of reformation in the church, since it takes away from the priest the power to become a tyrant and compels him to be the servant of the common head. All through the latter history of the church the idea of an indwelling deity has been slowly growing upon the Christian consciousness, and it has had in later days no more winning or convincing champion than it found in the life and teachings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"Emerson was, above all else, the apostle of the god who is the life of nature and of the natural human heart. Most happily was he constituted for this task which the age appointed him, and in a most opportune moment was his voice lifted up to preach the doctrine which had ripened within him as the best fruit of his inmost life. Seldom has any line of human culture produced a personality so gracious, so full of an indefinable charm, so attractive in speech and bearing to every common man.

"Emerson was 'the friend and helper of those who would live in the spirit,' because, first of all, he himself lived there habitually and by inmate, unconscious choice. Heredity does not explain everything, but it is part of all explanations when the character of life is concerned, and, perhaps, we have no better vindication of the soul of the Puritan movement in history than to find this remarkable incarnation of many of the highest spiritual gifts and graces born of a line of Puritan ministers.

"Somehow, in him, the hard, militant, gloomy features of the life of that sect and strain were all outgrown and laid aside. I think, in spirit, no other man of modern times has come so near the spirit of Him whose life is the leader toward which the Christian world is set to strive. He did not argue, and he could not fight. He simply announced the vision of his soul, and the message he spoke so simply and sincerely that no one could doubt it was the real vision of his inmost being, not a mere fanciful speculation.

"Most of us have imaginations more or less prone to torture themselves with unnumbered evils that may possibly befall us, and no doubt this is frequently in its way a useful gift. But the high composure of Mr. Emerson's mind was hardly in the least vexed or broken by such dark conjectures. The absolute rule of an external goodness was to him so real and certain that he dreaded no loss or danger that could overshadow for the moment his own fortunes or the destinies of mankind. It was not merely a whimsical reply that he made to the Second Adventist who announced to him the near approach of the end of the world: 'Very well; we can get on perfectly without it.' That represented his whole mental attitude and disposition. He once counselled a member of his family 'not to look into the dark corners of the universe,' and for him there were few dark corners into which he found occasion to look. He really lived in a divine world, and the indwelling Deity was in all his thoughts as the one great fact of existence.

"We owe it to him in large measure no doubt that certain tendencies of the scientific mind toward a wholly godless universe have received partial check. There was for a time little use for the church to lift up its voice against these tendencies. The champions of scientific theory would not listen to the expostulations of the theologian. They would listen, however, to what a man like Emerson had to say, and we are perhaps at little loss to see why. Perhaps for the fact that the modern world is not wholly swamped by a scientific determinism from which the emergence would have been as long and painful as from any flood of irreligion that has overflowed the thoughts of men."

Emerson's only church, the Second Church in Boston (Unitarian), to which he came fresh from the divinity school in 1823, and from which he retired in 1833, never again to take pastoral charge in the active ministry, gave especial recognition to the centennial anniversary of his birth at the morning service yesterday. There was a large congregation, an elaborate musical programme and a commemorative sermon by the Rev. Thomas Van Ness. The choir sang Emerson's own hymn, written "for the Second Church in Boston, Dec. 4, 1833,"

"We love the Venerable House
Our Fathers built to God."

The pastor especially alluded to Emerson's affectionate remembrance for his old church, even in his later years.

The Rev. Mr. Van Ness said: "Emerson as a preacher is pre-eminently a preacher to youth. Having said that, I add its opposite, he is pre-eminently a preacher to old age. Men in middle life do not care so much to hear him, do not respond so quickly to his message. The reason why is not hard to find. In middle life men are surrounded with the artificialities. Their efforts are directed toward bringing about compromises. Organization means compromise, [illegible] means organization. The man in Congress, the president of a trust company, the woman enmeshed in society, the banker, the railroad manager, the lawyer, the leader of fashion; these men and women in the height of their activities, in the harmonization of interests, are not looking to Emerson, nor reading his "Wood Notes" and "Circles" for guidance.

As old age steals on, as they drop activities, as they long for repose and rest, then once again this preacher of their youth appeals with his former power. "What he has to say of 'Compensation,' of 'Spiritual Laws' and of 'The Over Soul' gives them renewed faith amid the wreck of hopes and ambitions; brings an inner consolation which the world can neither give nor take away.

"What gospel is this which awakened youth and fires resolve, yet at the same time calms disappointed moods, and so gives patience and serenity to old age? It can all be summed up in a single sentence. It is the gospel of the ever-living, ever-present God.

"It is the office of the true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that He speaketh, not spake."

"There you have it in Emerson's own words. It seems a truism now, does it not? It was far from being a truism three-quarters of a century ago. Palestine was the holy land; God had spoken by his prophets of old. That his Bible was still being written, and that he disclosed his glory through every flaming rose bush, as formerly through the flaming bush which Moses saw—well, all this, while not exactly new, was very startling, and almost, if not quite, heretical.

"The Bible—that is, the Old and New Testament—how could Emerson treat it as a thing apart, as something unique, and of quite exceptional inspiration; how could he feel that the word of God was to be found there, and to be found nowhere else? He could not so feel, and he did not so feel, when he took charge of this church. That peculiar sanctity which dwelt about the script-

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minister. The world was aflame with the living God. He was speaking to every soul. He was speaking in 1823 A. D. as in 1828 B. C.

"So Emerson thought, but he was not kept long deceived. He thought the world wanted the truth as it appeared to him. The world wanted no such thing. Every young minister awakes to this fact with a start. When he first goes forth from the divinity school he supposes that somewhere there is awaiting for him a community which will be glad to learn what is true and right. The preacher has simply to reveal truth and righteousness and lo, his words will be appreciated and applauded. They may or they may not be. That depends somewhat on longitude and latitude. Preaching against slavery would not be tolerated in the New Orleans of 1840; preaching against the conventionalities was not considered 'good form' in the Boston of 1830 any more than it will so be considered in 1903.

"The tall, spare young man with the sweet, mild face who stood in 1830 where now I am standing was listened to with astonishment, with interest, with curiosity, but scarcely with approval. The Second Church at the close of Rev. Henry Ward's ministry was a strong and aristocratic church. That is only another way of saying that it was a conventionalized church, where the amenities, the religious usages, and the correct and time-honored customs counted for much, for very much indeed.

"It might seem to an outside observer that no more inappropriate pulpit in all Boston could have been found for the young prophet who came to preach the freedom of the spirit. It might seem so, and yet possibly no better, no more sympathetic one could have been found in which to declare his beliefs.

"It was not by mere chance that Emerson happened to be called to the pastorate of the Second Church, any more than that the Rev. John Lathrop some 60 years before happened to be called by chance. Now, like draws like, whether among the atoms, the stars or among men. The initial impulse of the Second Church you all know. It was freedom.

"The avowed cause of Emerson's leaving this pulpit was not the real cause. The real cause was the conflict between formalism and freedom; the avowed cause was a difference of opinion as to how the Lord's Supper should be celebrated. 'Strange,' said Emerson, in a later day, 'that the same people will gladly hear and accept certain truths when delivered from the lecture platform which they will not tolerate from the pulpit.'

"Rather than compromise, to obscure by phrases his real meaning, to appear to conform, he resigned his pastorate. He went forth from this church not knowing whither he was to go nor upon what to depend for a livelihood. This uncompromising honesty remained a distinguishing characteristic of Emerson. 'Trust thyself. Every heart vibrates to that string,' he tells us.

"This courageous independence was the logical outcome of his thought of the indwelling God. He was a believer in democracy, because democracy, American democracy, is the one political order which frankly admits that all men are children of the Eternal, and therefore members of one great social family. A prominent jurist of this state once said, half ironically: 'I cannot understand Emerson, but my daughters do.' While he did not know it, he was stating a profound truth. Mature life is likely to lack aspiration. 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.'

"Emerson tried to persuade his congregation to abandon ancient formalities, to form new conceptions. He tried to supply his people with impulses, to give them freshness. He tried to make them hopeful, happy, serene, to give them the forward look. 'As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' By this test of St. Paul, Emerson was a true son of God. Ever, until the end came, did he listen, and in humility and childlike submission follow where the Spirit led."

EMERSON A LUXURY.

Not a Necesity to Our Lives, Says Dr. Thomas.

"Emerson as a Spiritual Force" was the theme yesterday morning at Harvard Church, Brookline, of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Reuen Thomas, who said:

There are men who have prejudices so strongly in favor of idolizing Emerson, and men who have prejudices so strongly antagonistic to him, that their judgment is impaired. Advocates pro and con have not the judicial faculty. Emerson's books are all on life and conduct, and these two words are not foreign words. We all have to live, and we all have to conduct ourselves, wise men or fools. And we may learn many wise and helpful words from this man. Emerson has given to the world some dozen volumes of essays and poems, and they have been accepted as fresh and stimulating, especially by thoughtful men. He was a unique New England product.

To say what he was not is easier than to say what he was. If it were easier, the dispute about him could not have continued so long. He is not classifiable. That is the trouble. But men have agreed to say that he was a poet, a seer, a mystic; some have added a word prophet. These words, one and all, may fit the man.

Of certain of his characteristics we may speak without any fear; serious challenge—his independence, his self-reliance, his intuitiveness and his individualism. Of course, these [illegible] run into one another. [illegible] for pra[illegible] purposes it is better to keep th[illegible] apart.

His independence is [illegible] in his conduct. He does not seem to need others. His creed—for every man has a creed—seems to consist of two main articles, God and his own soul, with nature as an intermediate between them. To him, as to Wordsworth, nature is not dead, but living. It suggests thought and emotions. To him it is society. He does not seem, like most of us, to need what we ordinarily mean by society. Men and women go to him, but he seldom goes to them, unless he is invited to lecture to them. Seldom does he fortify his opinions with the authority of others. This independence of his extends to everything, and gives him a distinctiveness which no one can imitate.

He had great self-appreciation. He asks no one's permission to be himself. He speaks with authority, and not as the scribes. If an outside utterance evokes no response in his soul, it does not disturb him. He believes strongly and almost solely in his intuitions. His intuitiveness is the prime mental fact about him. He is ever looking within himself. It follows from all this that he was the most pronounced individualist that literary America has ever produced.

I have no doubt that Emerson for many people has great spiritual value. The question which concerns us is, Was he a spiritual force? Emerson is not a necessity. He is a luxury, like a fine picture, rich clothing or jewels or rare old wines or scarce old prints. More than any other man he is by some counted as the American Plato, more platonic than Christian. And yet out of his essays and poems some of the wisest words might be culled and put into a book, which would not be at all a bad book from which to take daily whiffs of wisdom. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. Every man must bear his own burden. That Emerson has taught us to perfection.

EMERSON PRACTICAL.

As True a Yankee as Franklin, Says Dr. Ames, in Getting to the Heart of a Matter.

"An Emerson Memorial" was the subject of the Rev. Charles G. Ames, at the Church of the Disciples yesterday morning. He said:

"At first, Emerson's hearing was small. It never grew rapidly. His constituency is still in the minority. People who thought the old paths plain and safe were afraid that this strange guide would lead them into the wilderness. Some who led the fashions could not forgive a man for saying new things, or even for saying old things in a new way. Indeed, they could not understand him. Some said the young man must be out of his mind. But there were a few who appreciated him. Margaret Fuller said she had learned from Emerson what was meant by the inward life. James Freeman Clarke was one of the men who found in him a guide and master.

"'Isn't it a pity that young Emerson has lost his mind and gone insane?' said a fine lady to a Boston preacher. 'I wish I was as insane as Emerson is,' said the preacher.

"Emerson has been looked on as the assailant of religion, but it must soon be clear that he was its truest representative. The sham and rant and cant which defile whole ranks of preachers and churches might be cleansed by one drop of his thought.

"It would be unjust to say that this man was merely a dreamer. He was as much a Yankee as he was a philosopher. Except Franklin, he has been named the most practical of all our distinguished Americans. Having settled it that man was here on earth for the development of his inward being, Emerson passes rapidly to the uses of this power. He was full of hope for the time when man on earth would come into his full activities, when nature and the industries and arts and institutions and physical and mental resources will be parts of a beautiful and beneficent ministry to human welfare and human needs. This hope runs through his pages like a thread of gold.

"Emerson declined to share our atheistic anxiety about the safety of the truth. The truth has come to stay and is as sure to grow, he said, as God is to keep his throne, for, in the long run, the faculties of man and the forces of the world work together to expose a lie."

At noon Emerson exercises were held in the Sunday school, with recitations by the pupils from Emerson's poems, and a brief address by Miss Lillian Clarke, daughter of Dr. James Freeman Clarke.

WREATH ON HIS BUST.

Youth Honors Emerson in the Second Church.

An Emerson service was held at the Second Church in Boston, Copley Square, yesterday afternoon, under the auspices of the Young People's Religious Union. It was presided over by John Haynes Holmes. Herbert A. Wadleigh gave readings from Emerson's writing, mostly from the essays on "Self Reliance," occasionally drawing from "The American Scholar," and "Wealth and Power."

President Holmes said: In all the meetings that are to be held [illegible] but fitting that one of the[illegible] should be under the auspice[illegible] young people; that it should [illegible]

The first Congregational [illegible] this country was a protest against the church and state. The dominating principle since then has been the independence of the human soul. It is under this condition that the young people enter life's work.

The "Address on Emerson" was given by the Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, who said: Emerson was a man who in the full wealth of his spirit came to his fellow-men with a message. He bids you face the things which you meet. What are the things the spiritually minded people are afraid of? Because you find there is no immediate answer to your question, you believe you can have no religion. As this man faced mystery, so should we be cheered.

Another element in human life is the conflict between our own personal freedom and the laws of the universe. We are simply the victims of a blind destiny. Emerson would talk of destiny, and as he says: "It never swerves. This destiny is not blind, but cheering, and a friend to all." Emerson was one of the Olympian bards that sang so beautifully below.

Miss Frances B. Keene, secretary of the Young People's Religious Union, said: "In behalf of the Young People's Religious Union, I offer this wreath as a tribute to the memory of Ralph Waldo Emerson." With these words she placed a wreath of ivy on the bust of Emerson which stood in the east transept.

UNIQUE CELEBRATION.

Follen Church Services in Honor of Emerson.

The parish of the Follen church (Unitarian) of East Lexington observed the 100th anniversary of the birth of Emerson by special services in Emerson Hall where Emerson preached in 1835, '36 and '37. The church, which was organized by Dr. Follen, for several years held services in the hall in the Stone building, East Lexington, with Dr. Follen as the first pastor. When he was called to New York, the parish secured the services of Emerson [illegible] conduc[illegible] that time also pastor of the Second Church in Boston. For nearly three years Emerson continued as pastor, and was succeeded by John S. Dwight, who remained till Dr. Follen returned and built the present church.

Miss Ellen Dana of Lexington, whose parents were married by Emerson, found in the garret of the Stone house the ancient pulpit which Emerson used, and it is now permanently fastened in the hall on the spot where Emerson was wont to speak. Yesterday the old pulpit, covered with the same style of material as at that time, and the Bible which Emerson used were brought into service.

W. A. Stevens of Lexington spoke on "Emerson the Inspirer." "Reminiscences of Emerson" were given by Francis J. Garrison of Lexington, son of William Lloyd Garrison of anti-slavery fame. Old stories of the parish gathered from records and old members wer told by the Rev. Thomas Thomp-

son, who was the pastor 15 years ago, and children of the Sunday school recited selections from Emerson's works, prepared by William C. Gannett, who preached at the Follen Church about 30 years ago.

By the suggestion of Miss Ellen Tower, a member of the parish, the order of services and addresses will be recorded under the direction of the Rev. L. D. Cochrane, present pastor of the church, and will be bound in book form for use at the next commemoration of Emerson's birthday.

There were present yesterday three of Emerson's parishioners during his pastoral, Mrs. Dana, Mrs. Lothrop and Mrs. Butterfield, all of Lexington.

EMERSON WAS FIRST.

He Had Highest Vote for the Hall of Fame.

Eloquent estimates of Emerson were given, last night, by personal friends and acquaintances of the poet, in Parker Memorial Hall, to a large audience, presided over by the Rev. C. W. Wendte. An excellent programme of music was contributed by a chorus choir, under the direction of Mr. F. W. Wodell.

Mr. Wendte began by mentioning that the name of Emerson received the highest number of votes for a place in the National Hall of Fame in Washington. "When we remember," said the speaker, "what ... [illegible] while he lived, and how the wealthy, the socially high placed and the learned of his time affected to ignore him, if not to despise him; when we remember, also, how quietly he lived in the little town of Concord, and how long it took for the first edition of the first book to be sold—we cannot but feel what a tribute these celebrations are to his wide popularity and his great worth."

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn of Concord then delivered a eulogy of Emerson in the form of a parallel between Emerson and Theodore Parker. "Emerson," said he, "was a patrician, Parker descended from a family of yeomen. Grace of manner was natural to Emerson; in Parker it had to be acquired. Parker read more books than Emerson did, though Emerson had the wider view. Emerson was a man of the world, and matured earlier than Parker. Emerson preferred the country, while Parker chose the city. Parker met much hostility in Boston, but none in his audiences; he was regularly mentioned by certain of the Boston clergymen as a 'wild man.' In immediate effects Parker far surpassed Emerson."

The Rev. Charles F. Dole said: "They are right who tell us that Emerson was not a Christian. In the same sense, Christ was not a Christian. Emerson had the same sort of religion as Christ had, and was the same sort of a man, being sinless, as Jesus was. There is a call in our time for the same sort of religion as that of Jesus and of Emerson."

The Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge finally said that Boston was honoring a man who resisted the claim of any organization to stand between the soul of man and its duty. "At this time," said he, "when Americans have forgotten the great essentials of American institutions, and of human freedom in the soul, it behooves us to study Emerson again and make ourselves acquainted with his writings."

EMERSON IGNORED SIN.

For That Reason, Says Mr. Roblin, He Was Powerless to Save Men as Christ Does.

At the second Universalist Church yesterday morning, the pastor, the Rev. S. H. Roblin, spoke on Emerson, as "Man, Teacher and Worshipper," saying:

Every great soul makes one or more emphatic and special contributions to mankind. Moses bespake obedience to law, Job integrity at any cost, Paul discipleship to Christ, Plato ideal manhood, Socrates devotion to truth, Augustus Caesar imperial wisdom, Luther private judgment, Carlyle faithful speech, and Emerson wholesome manliness. There was no sham in the great philosopher's nature. He was a devout devotee at the shrine of sincere, earnest manhood. He lived a manly life.

He was the first great exponent of the real doctrine of evolution. He saw small beginnings, the common root, the steady design and definite purpose, the unfolding agencies and the glorious attainments from chaos to man. He saw not as a scientist, but as seer and poet, as a discerner of things hidden. And so he taught the great things he saw and felt, and men believed, and his influence grew until today it is world-wide.

There will be no dispute over the affirmation that Emerson was a religious man, a man believing thoroughly in the sacredness of the human soul, and the being of an eternal and true God. He was a transcendental philosopher, but a worshipper of immanent Deity. It is a matter of the profoundest regret that one owing so much as he to the founder of the Christian religion, the Lord Christ of the gospels and of the hearts of the multitudes for 19 centuries, should be so oblivious as he to his obligations to the first among men.

Emerson, in sounding the depths of human nature, forgot the weight of sin, and so his philosophy was impotent to save men to their better selves. Emerson, a religionist, scintillated, but in his words you had the brilliance of the crystal. Jesus glowed with the fervor of love; His word was vascular, cut it and it would bleed. The religion of Jesus is the need of the world.

EMERSON AND CHRIST

Dr. Rowley Regrets That Former Ignored Jesus.

Otherwise He Admires Him as One of the Greatest Men.

Tells the Young to Drink in All Emerson's Lessons.

At the First Baptist Church, Commonwealth avenue, the Rev. Francis H. Rowley, D. D., made "Emerson's Influence Upon the Religious Life of Today" the especial theme of his sermon. There was a simple commemorative service, opening with a Te Deum by Arthur Foote.

Dr. Rowley spoke of Emerson's influence in the religious life of today. Taking for his text the words, "And we forbade him, because He followed not us," he said, in part: There are, outside all our ecclesiastical organizations, following with none of our churches in acceptance of their creeds or in conformity with their methods of worship, many sincerely and devoutly religious men and women. Theologically they often differ widely from those of us who find a common ground for union in some one of the various Christian churches. Their conception of the person Jesus, of His place and significance in human history, is so far from that which is vitally essential to our own thought of him, that their references to him sometimes sorely hurt and grieve us. Yet we are compelled to acknowledge that their lives and their influence are steadily and persistently on the side of the highest spiritual ideals, that they are men and women of faith, loving all righteousness and hating all evil, and that, in the beauty of their humility and the Christlikeness of their character they show forth the spirit that Christianity would awaken in the heart of man.

Among these was Emerson. We may still be too near him to speak with entire confidence of his future influence in the religious world, but we have been living out of sympathy with the spirit and movement of our age if we have not recognized the fact that he has been, and still is, one of the powerful and inspiring forces of our time. Few men among us have ever believed more absolutely and unfalteringly in the divine than he. He would have affirmed his faith in God and in God's moral government of the world, in the reality and final triumph of truth and goodness of love and justice and mercy, though all the world had laughed him to scorn.

Innumerable youth have heard his clear, ringing call to listen to the inner voices of the Spirit sounding in their own souls and to follow their high commands. The idealism of Emerson has been an inspiration to multitudes in hours when it would have been the easy thing to do to sink into the base and lower life, where time and sense blind the soul to its nobler visions. Think you that it meant nothing when a materialistic philosophy so arrogantly claimed the field, when science was being interpreted, by so many to whom the world was listening, as practically the destroyer of faith in the unseen as after all the real, and of belief in a great First Cause behind all things and in all things and working always toward moral and spiritual ends—think you it meant nothing then, that there should appear a man able to command the attention and confidence of the masters of thought and investigation, and who never wavered in the proclamation of his faith in the divine and in the reality of the things of the spirit? Thousands in our churches who could not follow him ...

But his influence over the great majority of those to whom the teachings of Jesus are life's supreme authority, and to whom the Christ of the gospels is the unique and all-satisfying revelation of the divinity in man and the humanity in God, and of the redemption this union of the divine and human so pledges to mankind—his influence on these is forever a lessened one, because, sublime as may have been his conception of God to him, he refuses to speak of him in terms of personality, leaves us again and again wondering whether he is pantheist or theist; and because his attitude toward Jesus, so indifferent does he seem to his transcendent place and power in history, compels often the abandonment of him as a guide in the soul's striving after the knowledge of Him in whose face it has seen as nowhere else the glory of God.

Still, when all has been said that you and I must say who cannot hold with him for a moment in his estimate of Him who is to us the Christ of God, there remains Emerson the man; so pure in life, so rich in love, so exalted in purpose, in character so beautiful yet so strong, that we honor him joyfully, ungrudgingly, even though we cannot follow into many a path where he would lead us. What he said of Thoreau, who will not say of him: "Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

Learn from this great prophet whom the world is honoring today, my young friends, every high and holy lesson he has to teach you; hear his call to your inner self to realize your finest manhood and womanhood, to be yourselves, to cast off the fettering bondage of mere traditionalism, to come face to face with the things that are real, to be true to your own souls in their deepest moral convictions, and to stand by those convictions though 10,000 thunder no in your ears. But sit with this teacher, and judge his authority, in the presence of Him whose spirit has changed the civilization of the world, whose personality has made the men who have made the Christian centuries. Do His will, put Him and His gospel to the proof by the test of life, and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

EMERSON INSPIRES YOU.

Makes You Want to Do a Thing, Says Mr. Eells, Instead of Telling You How to Do It.

"What shall we set down as a simple and workable summary of this man and his influence?"

This was the question asked yesterday morning by the Rev. James Eells in the course of an address on "Ralph Waldo Emerson—a Tribute," delivered at the First Church in Boston, Berkeley and Marlboro streets, of which Emerson was a member for 20 years.

"First," continued the minister, "that he was inspirational rather than didactic. He does not tell you how to do a thing, but sends you forth determined to do it somehow; and, if you are obedient, you can do it spiritually. You can come at the general import of his message, but you cannot make a system of philosophy out of it any more than you can articulate a theology from the sayings of Jesus. Emerson brings you face to face with God.

"Second, Emerson makes you feel your own worth, and that the best everywhere is alone worth while. If you are burdened by circumstance he shows you how superior you are to circumstance, if you did but know it. If you are successful he elevates you into the soul of your possessions.

"Third, Emerson brings you to idealize the real and thus to go far toward realizing the ideal. Every task has relation both to the seen and the unseen. Every experience is greater than it seems.

"Let us thank God that he has put so near us a man of such excellent spirit as to be the seer and interpreter of whom we stand so much in need."

NEED EMERSON NOW.

Concord Ode Should Rouse Us to Our Old Dignity.

Mr. Frothingham Talks of Emerson the Democrat.

Also of Changed Views in Harvard Divinity School.

"Emerson as a Religious Force" was the subject of the Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham's discourse at the Arlington Street Church yesterday morning, and, choosing for this text Ezekiel ii., 1: "And he said unto me, son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee," he said:

"One of the amazing things in the progress of thought is the way in which the religious influence of Emerson has steadily increased. The man who himself felt constrained, for conscientious reasons, to leave the pulpit, has probably done more than any other American in history, unless it be our own great Channing, to stimulate and direct the religious message of those who still find in the pulpit the greatest opportunity for service and for the exercise of spiritual influence.

"After his divinity school address in 1838 he was shunned as a heretic and attacked as an atheist. He was accused of denying Christianity and of offering insult to all religions. But now, in this year of Christian grace and theological enlightenment, the suggestion is made by a professor in that same divinity school that a tablet should be erected in the little chapel where the great 'address' was spoken, to record the significant event.

"One result of Emerson's religious principles was this, that it adorned and glorified the commonplace. The earth was all enchanted ground. Nature was an ever present miracle. The living soul is like the ancient prophet, and hears the command, 'Take off thy shoes, for the spot wherein thou standest is holy.' He declared that with health and a day he could make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The 'dawn would be his ... The sunset and moonrise his Paphos'; 'Give me an insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds.'

"All this seemed ridiculous to his early hearers. They did not understand his rhapsodies over the commonplace. To them the events of nature were very unimportant. They needed miracles wrought out 2000 years ago to make revelations real and God an actual being. But all is changed at last, and Emerson did no greater religious service than in this. 'God is here around us or he is nowhere; he should be as real to us as he was to those of old, or else our faith is borrowed and not real.' That perhaps is the most beautiful and beneficent of all the religious lessons Emerson has to teach us.

"But the force of Emerson's religious principle was not confined to realms like these. It reached out into the world of very practical affairs. It had its bearing on civic righteousness. It reaffirmed and glorified the principle of political freedom and equality. The doctrine of the 'sovereignty of the individual man' is the very soul of the republican principle in government.

"No one in the course of our history, no statesman out of the wealth of wide experience, no reformer in the light of his

glowing faith, no judge in his flowing robes of learning on the supreme bench of the land, has ever interpreted more clearly than this seer and poet the true foundation in human nature on which our great republic rests, or ever pointed out with clearer vision the high ideals with which her fortunes are involved.

"He had a natural confidence in the people. He was never surprised that a Luther should come from a peasant's cottage to lead a mighty reformation, nor that a Lincoln should be nurtured into greatness on the broad breast of the lonely prairie. And surely we need this gospel now, interpreted anew, as much almost as it was ever needed in the past. We need the call, 'Concord Ode,' and the bugle blast of the 'Boston Hymns' to remind us of the duties and dignities of our democracy."

A BAPTIST ON EMERSON.

The Rev. Herbert S. Johnson Denies He Was Greatest Man Massachusetts Ever Produced.

"A Baptist's View of Ralph Waldo Emerson" was the subject of the sermon delivered yesterday morning by the Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church. His central thought was to accept, without prejudice, whatever Emerson taught that was good. It was believed by some, said the speaker, that Emerson was the greatest man that Massachusetts has ever produced, but he would not agree to this. He would say, however, that he was one of the most remarkable Americans of the times.

In following Emerson there is a feeling that the bulwarks of our own belief are not secure, but in acknowledging his influence one should accept the good in his teachings and set aside that which is wrong. His theological position was difficult to define. Some say he was a pantheist, while others declare he was deist. The speaker considered Emerson believed in a personal God, and while he denied the divinity of Christ yet admired him as a teacher. One reason for Emerson's influence on orthodoxy was because of his great personality and the force he displayed in practicing the truths he did believe.

Emerson did not believe in priests or go betweens, but that we must come into personal touch with God ourselves. The world is only the shadow of truth, and Emerson's great mistake was in saying that nature reveals the whole truth. This creed cannot be accepted, said the speaker.

EMERSON REMINISCENCES.

The Philosopher's Home, Haunts and Companions.

April 30 — 1882

The Grief and Tributes of Fellow-Townsmen.

Interesting Anecdotes of a Genuine Modest Man.

Sunday Herald

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

CONCORD, April 29, 1882. When the last breath of life left the mortal body of Ralph Waldo Emerson, last Thursday evening, there was removed from this transitory sphere of existence the last of the famous men who have given the old town of Concord a literary renown limited only by the confines of the American continent. It was once said by a friend who stood by Thoreau's grave, before Hawthorne had been buried near him, on the hillside where he sleeps: "This village is his monument, covered with suitable inscriptions by himself." Five years ago, dwelling upon this legendary remark, Frank Sanborn thus gave utterance to his reflections: "In future years—when the pilgrim shall stand on the same pine-covered hilltop, where, a little higher up, as befits his genius, will be seen the grave of Emerson—it can be said, with even greater truth, that Concord itself is the monument of him who wrote

> "'By the rude bridge that arched the flood,'

and that other song, unrivalled in the depth of its sadness, whose closing strain is,

> "'The silent organ loudest chants
> The Master's requiem.'

For Concord," continued Mr. Sanborn, "is not only inscribed in all its scenery—its woods and fields and waters—with memories of Emerson, the poet, but is also a family monument to his distinguished ancestors." There is a melancholy truth today in this prophecy uttered so recently by the friend and fellow-citizen of the gifted scholar, so soon to be consigned to his last resting place in the Sleepy Hollow cemetery. The history of the town of Concord is indeed that of Ralph Waldo Emerson and his forefathers, and it is better known by his fame than through any other distinction it will ever enjoy. It only lacks a couple of years of half a century since he made the town his permanent abode. During the past 12 months the familiar figure has not been so often seen on the streets as in years before. For a long time it had been his annual custom to deliver a lecture in the town hall before his fellow-citizens, and the occasion was always anticipated with eager pleasure. The spring time was usually selected for the event, and the fact that it was omitted this year was ominous of the certain decline of the great man's physical and intellectual powers. Mr. Emerson had a genuine and hearty horror of reporters, and one of the conditions of these lectures was that there should be no mention made of them in the newspapers. However much the gentlemen of the press may have admired the eminent philosopher, they found it difficult to resist the temptation of giving to the world these profound utterances to his neighbors and friends. At length the reports became so annoying to him that local detectives were employed to weed out of the audience any suspected persons who could not furnish satisfactory evidence that they were not tainted with journalistic proclivities. The last time he appeared there was a huge sign posted on the outer door of the hall, announcing

"REPORTERS ARE NOT WANTED."

After this earnest effort toward suppression the reporters sacrificed their enterprise, and no mention was made of the lecture. The delicacy of Mr. Emerson in matters of this kind was not affected. He was religiously opposed to all display of a public nature, and it is said of him that he never forgave his fellow-townsmen for giving him a public welcome at the depot on the occasion of his return from a European trip. Subsequently to this reception he arranged to spend a social afternoon with his neighbors, and a couple of shrewd citizens were detailed to keep the premises free from the dreaded reporters. A couple of representatives of the Boston papers anticipated as much, and, when they called at the mansion of the great philosopher, they announced themselves as strangers in Concord, and said they could not think of leaving the town without paying their respects to the man of whom they had heard so much. They were not only cordially received, but invited to remain at the reception, which was about to take place, an invitation which they were not slow to accept. It is hardly necessary to add that the journalists had a very full report of the affair in their respective papers the following morning. For all of Mr. Emerson's aversion to public honors, yet he always delighted in receiving calls from friends, and strangers as well. He was always a sociable, accessible, republican sort of a man. It has been said of him that he was strange compound of contradictions—alw[illegible] right in practice, often right in theory. [illegible] literary liliputians who endeavored [illegible] him to the earth found that he was [illegible] with the gods, and, of cou[illegible]

EMERSON AND THE "OLD MANSE."

The "Old Manse," which is as famous in Concord history as the battle ground near by, has been at various times the home of Mr. Emerson. The house was built 117 years ago for the philosopher's grandfather, and it stands today as one of the few preserved relics of the revolution. Its present occupant is Miss Ripley, one of the descendants of Concord's famous families. It was the principal house of the town for many years, and probably the only one which had two stories, as almost all the houses of its period were built with a "lean-to." Formerly it was surrounded by a grove of beautiful trees, but many of them have died with age. Mr. Bartlett, in his admirable guide book of Concord, gives a romantic legend of the solitary tree now standing, about a party of young girls who were at school at the old manse, each of whom caused a tree to be set out and called by her name. Year by year the girls and trees grew up together in grace and beauty. At length, one by one, the old ladies died, and the trees died, too, until one very old lady and this old weather-beaten poplar alone remained. The old lady, for whom the surviving poplar was named, finally went to her rest, and the tree soon decayed. Now that Emerson is dead the room over the rude dining hall has become the most interesting apartment in the old manse, for it was here that his first book, "Nature," was chiefly written, and also many of his best poems. Hawthorne describes this room, which he also used as his study, in his "Mosses from an Old Manse," which was also written here. It has three windows, with small, cracked panes of glass, bearing inscriptions traced with a diamond, probably by some of the Hawthorne family. From the northern window of this room the wife of Rev. William Emerson watched the progress of the 19th of April fight, and 100 years later, on the same day, her granddaughter, who now occupies the room, pointed out to her guests the honored men who marched in long procession over the old North bridge to dedicate the new monument and celebrate the anniversary of the memorable day. In one of the rooms of the old house a ghost used to appear, according to Hawthorne, but it probably only existed in his brilliant imagination.

EMERSON AS A PEDESTRIAN.

Long after the infirmities of age had begun to tell upon him, Mr. Emerson insisted upon his daily walks through the village and the surrounding country. Mr. Alcott described these to the HERALD correspondent the other day as the moments in which the great thinker was the most eloquent in giving utterance to his thoughts. "Fortunate the visitor," relates Mr. Alcott, "who was admitted in the morning for the high discourse, or permitted to join the poet in his afternoon walks to Walden, the cliffs or elsewhere—hours to be remembered as unlike any others in the calendar of experiences. Shall I describe them as sallies oftenest into the cloudlands—into scenes and intimacies ever new, none the less novel nor remote than when first experienced?—interviews, however, bringing their own trial of perplexing thoughts—costing some days' duties, several nights' sleep sometimes, to restore one to his place and poise. Certainly safer not to venture without the sure credentials, unless one will have his pretensions pricked, his conceits reduced in their vague dimensions. But to the modest, the ingenuous, the gifted—welcome! nor can any bearing be more poetic and more polite to all such—in youth and accomplishment, women especially. His was a faith approaching to superstition concerning admirable persons, the rumor of excellence of any sort being like the arrival of a new gift to mankind, and he the first to proffer his recognition and hope. He, if any, must have taken the census of the admirable people of his time, numbering as many among his friends as most living Americans, while he was recognized as the representative mind of his country, to whom distinguished foreigners were especially commended when visiting America."

MUSES IN THE WOODS.

Margaret Fuller was a frequent visitor to Concord and a companion of Mr. Emerson and his friends. It is related of Hawthorne that, while returning once through the woods from Mr. Emerson's house to the old manse, he encountered Margaret reading under a tree in "Sleepy Hollow," the little park which has since become a cemetery, in which Hawthorne himself is buried, and where the remains of Emerson are to be tenderly deposited Sabbath afternoon. As they sat talking on the hillside, not far from the future graves of the distinguished scholars, "we heard," says Hawthorne, "footsteps on the high bank above us, and while the person was still hidden among the trees, he called to Margaret. Then he emerged from his green shade, and behold! it was Mr. Emerson, who said, 'There were muses in the woods today, and whispers to be heard in the breezes.'" This anecdote serves to call attention to a habit of Emerson. It was for many years his habit to pass his mornings in his library, and his afternoons in the open air, walking alone or with a friend across the pastures and through the woods which encircle the village on all sides. Behind the range of these woods to the southward lies the fair lake called Walden, along whose shores Mr. Emerson owned some acres of woodland, so that he, in some sense, looked upon the fair sheet of water as his own domain. His favorite walk was to these woods and around this pond, and, on the further shore, opposite the cove where Thoreau built his cabin, Mr. Emerson once proposed to build a lodge or summer house for study and for the lovely prospect. For some years, just before Thoreau's death, he kept his boat in the cove beside which his friend's cabin had stood, and from this they now and then rowed forth together. The first poet of Concord, if not of America, has drawn the scenes so familiar to him with the most truthful touches:

> "Because I was content with these poor fields,
> Low, open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
> And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
> The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
> And granted me the freedom of their state.
> For me in showers, in sweeping showers, the spring
> Visits the valley; break away the clouds—
> I bathe in the morn's soft silvered air,
> And loiter willing by yon loitering stream;
> Beneath two hills, in the broad interval
> Through which at will our Indian rivulet
> Winds, mindful yet of sannup and of squaw,
> Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough unburies.
> Sparrows far off, and, nearer, April's bird,
> Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree,
> Courageous, sings a delicate overture
> To lead the tardy concert of the year.
> Onward and nearer rides the sun of May,
> And wide around the marriage of the plants
> Is sweetly solemnized. Then flows amain
> The surge of summer's beauty; dell and crag,
> Hollow and lake, hillside and pine arcade,
> Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged cliff
> Has thousands faces in a thousand hours."

As Mr. Emerson was walking one day with a friend along the Fitchburg railroad track that dikes Walden on the southwest, he threw a stone into the green water and repeated his own lines, which had not then been printed:

> "He smote the blade to please his eye
> With the beryl beam of the broken wave;
> He flung in pebbles, well to hear
> The moment's music which they gave."

The water of Walden, along whose shores Mr. Emerson delighted to roam through the whole of his life, is cool in all weather, and so transparent that objects can be distinctly seen at a depth of 25 feet. When Emerson and the hermit poet and philosopher, Thoreau, used to commune on its banks, the shores were densely covered with pine and oak trees. The pond rises and falls, but it is impossible to tell what laws govern it, as it is often higher in a drought than in a rainy season. It seems to be fed by secret springs and to have a hidden outlet. Emerson said of it once:

> "Waters that wash my garden side
> Play not in Nature's lawful web.
> They heed not moon or solar tide—
> Five years elapse from flood to ebb.'

EMERSON'S NOTABLE FRIENDS.

Probably no man ever lived who could boast of a larger circle of distinguished acquaintances than Mr. Emerson. In the house in which he has just died Mr. Alcott and Mr. Jones, the Illinois Platonist, held conversations in a circle of Mr. Emerson's neighbors. In this house, indeed, have occurred more of those "conversations" of Mr. Alcott than in any other place. Here have sat Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Sumner, Thoreau, the Channings, the Lowells, Arthur Hugh Clough, Jones Very, Henry James and his sons, Louisa Alcott, Lord Amberley and his free-thoughted wife, the English Stanleys, the American Bradfords, Theodore Parker, Elizabeth Peabody, Julia Ward Howe, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, George William Curtis and hundreds more who have made for themselves a name in poetry, oratory, art, literature or politics in all parts of the world. Of the English literary men of renown who have visited this country without seeing Concord Oscar Wilde may be specially mentioned. It was not the fault of Mr. Wilde, however, if Concord gossip is correct, for the rumor is that he resorted to several questionable means to obtain an invitation. The impression became prevalent that his motive was to secure india rubber advertising, and the literary circle of the town decided unanimously to have nothing to do with him. Mr. Emerson, however, had the acquaintance and friendship in their day of some of the foremost thinkers on the other side of the Atlantic. When he went abroad in 1833 he me Horatio Greenough, the first great American sculptor, in Florence, and dined with Walter Savage Landor, then living in a cloud of pictures at his charming villa. In London he saw Wellington in Westminster Abbey, at the funeral of Wilberforce, and called on Coleridge. He made a pilgrimage to the North to visit Wordsworth, at Royal Mount, and Carlyle in Scotland. Had Goethe been living then, he might have wandered into Germany also, but, as it was, the young American returned and settled down in Concord to pass the remainder of his days.

HIS FIRST PUBLIC LECTURE.

In seeking for information in regard to the early life of the distinguished author, from those who knew Mr. Emerson at the beginning of his literary career, the HERALD writer was fortunate enough to meet with a venerable gentleman who listened to the first public lecture that he ever delivered. It was in the town of Plymouth in 1834. It was known beforehand that Mr. Emerson was to visit the town for the purpose of paying his addresses to the lady whom he afterward married, and it was arranged that the young savant should deliver a lecture upon the occasion of his visit. The teacher of the high school, Mr. I. N. Stoddard, who is now living, announced to his pupils that he had purchased a half-dozen tickets to the lecture, which would be given as rewards of merit for the best scholarship during the ensuing week. The gentleman before referred to was the fortunate possessor of one of those tickets, and he says he can never forget the impression which the lecturer and the lecture made upon his youthful mind. He cannot recall many of the details of the argument, but, after the lapse of nearly half a century, this sentiment is vivid in his mind: "Why cannot some little community of men leave others to seem and content themselves to be?" The same gentleman remarked that a few years later, in 1841, he happened to be in Philadelphia, when it was announced that Mr. Emerson would lecture upon "New England Character and Characteristics." In the course of the lecture he spoke of the thrift and generosity of the people, which were generally united with the severest economy. He stated, as a fact within his own knowledge, to illustrate his point, that one of the merchant princes of Boston was waited upon by a gentleman desirous of adding to the funds of some benevolent institution. When the gentleman with his subscription paper entered that merchant's counting room he overheard a somewhat hard rebuke to a clerk from him as to the use of a whole wafer in sealing a letter, where half a one would have sufficed. Mr. Emerson said, my friend told me, that he thought he had called at the wrong place, but he mustered courage to present his credentials and his subscription paper. To these the merchant responded: "I understand the merits of the cause you represent, and will subscribe $5000. When the gentleman holding the subscription paper expressed his surprise at the princely donation, and stated the fact that he had overheard the conversation in regard to the wafers, the merchant responded, "My dear sir, it is because I halve wafers that I have something to give." The statement was greatly applauded by the audience, and, in reviewing the benefactions of the wealthy men and women of Massachusetts, there could hardly be anything more illustrative of the lecturer's subject.

A YOUTHFUL POET.

In some recent references to Mr. Emerson's writings, allusion has been made to his fondness for the Greek when a student. In 1814, when 11 years old, one of his tutors and a friend, with a view of diverting his mind to the study of the Latin, as well as to cultivate his poetical inclinations, advised him to translate into English verse the fifth bucolic of Virgil, and this is his work at that age, in response to the suggestion:

> "Turn now, O youth, from your long speech away;
> The bower we've reached recluse from sunny ray;
> The Nymphs with pomp have mourned for Daphnis dead;
> The hazels witnessed and the rivers fled,
> The wretched mother clasped her lifeless child,
> And Gods and stars invoked with accents wild.
> Daphnis! the cows are not now led to streams!
> Where the bright sun upon the water gleams,
> Neither do herds the cooling water drink,
> Nor crop the grass upon the verdant brink.
> O Daphnis! both the mountains and the woods,
> The Puni. lions and the racing floods,
> All mourn for thee, for thee who first did bold,
> In chariot reins, the spotted tiger hold.
> Daphnis the Bacchanalian chorus led;
> He placed himself at the mad dancers' head.
> 'Twas Daphnis who with beauteous fingers wove
> The stems of leaves he gathered from the grove.
> As the great beauty of a tree is seen
> From vines entwining round its pleasant green,
> As vines themselves in grapes their beauty find,
> As the fair bull of all the lowing kind,
> As standing corn doth grace the verdant fields,
> So to thy beauty every rival yields."

There is hardly anything in the history of English literature, even including the writings of Chatterton, Macaulay and Dryden, which show a greater precocity of youthful intellectual development than these lines. Nothing can be found to surpass them, except, perhaps, the translation of Richard Crashaw, 200 years ago, when a boy at school, from the same Latin, of the miracle of our Saviour when the water was turned into wine: "The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

FAILURE AS A SPEECHMAKER.

Though Mr. Emerson was a terse, vivid and graphic writer, yet he was a very indifferent speaker. It was often difficult to tell at what he was driving. One of his friends remembers particularly his sympathy for him when he attempted to address a mass meeting in Worcester, while he was in the vigor and prime of life. "He responded with great reluctance," said the gentleman, "and then made a great failure. He stammered, halted, blundered, hesitated like a five-minutes' speech. The people were astonished at his awkwardness. He could not make an extemporaneous speech. He would do it have appeared to such great disadvantage, perhaps, had he not followed directly in the wake of Wendell Phillips. But, notwithstanding he lacked the quality of an impromptu speaker," added the gentleman, "yet he was celebrated the world over as a great lecturer, and his prepared addresses were some of the choicest literary gems the world has ever seen." When Kossuth was in this country he fell into the habit of all distinguished visitors, and made a flying trip to Concord. At that time Mr. Emerson was in the prime of his manhood, and his intellect was the very brightest. "His whole appearance," says a friend, in recalling the occasion, "formed a signboard of compressed learning. He had dark, brown hair, blue eyes, a pale, thoughtful face, not a great development of forehead, and was between 40 and 50 years of age." He was selected to deliver the address of welcome to the distinguished visitor, and Kossuth spoke of it often as the most eloquent speech he had ever listened to. "The fatigues of your many public visits in such unbroken succession," said Mr. Emerson, as he shook the hand of the great Hungarian revolutionist, "a may compare with the toils of the campaign, forbid us to detain you long. The people of this town share with their countrymen the admiration of valor and perseverance. They, like their compatriots, have been hungry for the sight of him whose extraordinary eloquence is seconded by the splendor and solidity of his actions. But, as it is the privilege of the people of this town to keep a hallowed mound which has a place in the story of the country—as Concord is one of the monuments of freedom—we knew beforehand that you could not go by us. You could not take all your steps in the pilgrimage of American liberty until you had seen with your own eyes the ruins of the little bridge where a handful of brave farmers opened our rebellion. Therefore we sat and waited for you. And now, sir, we are heartily glad to see you in these fields. We set no more value than you do on cheers and huzzas, but we think that the graves of our heroes around us throb today to a footstep that sounded like their own:

"The mighty tread
Brings from the dust the sound of liberty."

Sir, we have watched with attention your progress through the land, and the varying feeling with which you have been received, and the unvarying tone and countenance which you have maintained. We wish to discriminate in our regard. We wish to reserve our honor for actions of the noblest strain. We please ourselves that in you we meet one whose temper was tempered in the fire and made equal to all events—a man so truly in love with the greatest future that he cannot be diverted to any less. It is our republican doctrine, too, that the wide variety of opinions is an advantage. I believe I may say of the people of this country at large that their sympathy is worth more because it stands the test of party. It is not a blind wave. It is the living soul contending with living souls. It is, in every expression, antagonized. No opinion will pass, but

MUST STAND THE TUG OF WAR.

As you see, the love you win is worth something, for it has been argued through, the foundation searched, it has proved sound and whole, it may be avowed, it will last, and it will draw all opinion to itself. We have seen with great pleasure that there is nothing accidental in your attitude. We have seen that you are organically in that cause you plead. The man of freedom, you are also the man of fate. You do not elect, but you are elected by God and your genius to your task. We do not, therefore, affect to thank you. We only see you the angel of freedom crossing sea and land; crossing parties, nationalities, private interests and self-esteems; dividing populations where you go, and drawing to your part only the good. We are afraid you are growing popular, sir. You may be called to the dangers of prosperity. But hitherto you have had in all countries, and in all parties, only the men of heart. I do not know but you will have the million yet. Then may your strength be equal to your day! But, remember, sir, that everything great and excellent in this world is in minorities. Far be from us, sir, any tone of patronage. We ought rather to ask yours. We know the austere condition of liberty—that it must be reconquered over and over again; yes, day by day; that it is a state of war; that it is always slipping from those who boast it to those who fight for it; and you, the foremost soldier of freedom in this age—it is for us to crave your judgment—who are we, that we should dictate to you? You have won your own. We only affirm it. This country of workingmen greets in you a worker. This republic greets in you a republican. We only say, 'Well done, good and faithful.' You have earned your own nobility at home. We admit you to the same degree without new trial. We suspend all rules before so paramount a merit. You may well sit a doctor in the colleges of liberty. You have achieved your right to interpret our Washington. And I speak the sense, not only of every generous American, but the law of mind, when I say that it is not those who live idly in the city called after his name, but those who, all over the world, think and act like him, who can claim to explain the sentiment of Washington. Sir, whatever obstruction from selfishness, indifference, or from property (which always sympathizes with possession) you may encounter, we congratulate you that you have known how to convert calamities into powers, exile into a campaign, present defeat into a lasting victory, for this new crusade which you preach to willing and unwilling ears in America is a seed of armed men. You have got your story told in every palace, and log hut, and prairie camp throughout this continent. And, as the shores of Europe approach every month, and their politics will one day mingle, when the crisis arrives, it will find us all instructed beforehand in the rights and wrongs of Hungary, and parties already to hear for freedom."

A FELLOW-CITIZEN'S PROPHETIC TRIBUTE.

Mr. Sanborn, in writing of Mr. Emerson four or five years ago, foreshadowed the early coming of the event which has brought such a mantle of gloom over Concord today. "Age came surely on," said his neighbor, though slower than with most men, and was perceived by the poet himself before any of his listeners saw the autumnal shadow. Mr. Eaton's portrait well presents the aged poet, now passing into silence, whose voice, from first to last, has been in a lofty key. It will be for posterity to fix his rank among the poets of the world, but that he must rank among them, and in no obscure place, is certain. With that proud humility which distinguishes him among his contemporaries, and in allusion to the few readers that his poems have yet found, Mr. Emerson once said: 'It has been settled that I cannot write poetry.' The friend to whom he said it asked, 'Has that at last been determined?' 'Yes, that is the voice of the public.' 'It was not so reported to me,' said his friend; 'I heard that you could write nothing else than poetry.' The wise old man smiled, as always when he hears a close reply, and said: 'I suppose everybody who writes verses at all has had this experience—you must have had it—they sometimes wrote lucky verses which seem excellent to themseves, however they may appear to others—so good that they do not get finished.' His hearer might have responded that the unfinished poems are always the best, that the great world is but one verse in an endless song, and that the briefest fragment of a noble strain is more imperishable than the heavens themselves:

'An unrequested star did gently glide
Before the wise men to a greater light.'"

ca. July 24, 1882

SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The exercises in commemoration of R. W. Emerson as Poet and Philosopher, were held at the Town Hall, Saturday, July 22, under the auspices of the Concord Summer School of Philosophy.

The day was all that could be desired. The morning dawned a little cloudy, but before long the sun shone out in all its glory, and soon Concord, the home of philosophers, poets, authors and thinkers, was seen at its best.

The hall was fragrant with the aroma of hemlock and flowers, which were tastefully arranged about the platform and lamp fixtures. On the right of the platform, on a table completely hidden under its weight of evergreen and roses was Mr. D. C. French's bust of Emerson, and in front of the speaker's desk was Stacy Tolman's fine crayon portrait of Mr. E. On the wall directly behind the speaker, with the American flag draped at the sides and above it, hung an oil portrait of Mr. Emerson, by Mr. Ives.

Over the entrance door was a large picture of Col. Prescott, who died in the War of the Rebellion, the picture garlanded by his daughter.

The column of sweet peas on the left hand end of the platform and the pyramid of pink roses below the bust, were by far the most attractive and ornamental pieces.

The decorations were put up under the direction of Mr. George B. Bartlett by the ladies and gentlemen of the town who are always willing and anxious to do all they can to honor the memory of one who is held dear to the heart of every inhabitant of Concord.

At both sessions—9 A. M. and 3 P. M.—the hall was well filled, a very large per cent. of the audience having come from out of town.

After prayer by the Rev. R. A. Holland of Chicago, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who presided, briefly addressed the audience, in part, as follows:

Friends and neighbors: It is three months today since we began to dwell with earnest fear on the thoughts that our Concord poet and philosopher, whose name and fame had become, as it were, a part of our own, and far the greater part, was passing from this haunt of life to another. Even then we imagined, contrary to what we had known of the high singularity of his career among us, that his departure would be like that of other men, a period of illness more or less extended, in which we might become familiar with the thought of death, and habituate ourselves to what the town and the nation must be without his gracious presence.

But he, with the speed of genius, made haste to be gone, and, when the moment came, we felt in his death that surprise which the achievements of his life had so often given us. Emerson existed, indeed, to surprise, as the poet does, and to console and strengthen, as does the philosopher. He was the poet and philosopher in one, and as such we wish to celebrate his memory today. It is peculiarly fitting that the school of philosophy should thus commemorate him who was and must always remain its most illustrious teacher. He did not hold, or else, holding, he did not value greatly some of the opinions announced in our yearly conferences; his method was his own.

It is not given to us and to few men can it be given to measure the height and depth of Emerson's genius, either as poet or philosopher. But there is an aspect of his philosophical character which we cannot too often dwell upon—his flowing, unfailing courtesy to all men, his hospitality to everything that bore the upright face of thought, his deep sympathy and fellowship, beneath an exterior sometimes cold, with all that is human and aspiring. His friend Jones Very once said, in an essay on poetry too early forgotten: "The fact is, our manner, or the manners and actions of any intellectual nature, can never become the representatives of greatness. They have fallen from the high sphere which they occupied in a less advanced stage of the human mind, never to regain it." But this remark, like almost everything in daily American experience, found its constant contradiction in Emerson, whose manners represented nothing else than greatness, and that not in a dazzling, overpowering way, but with the sweetness of sunlight.

Mr. Sanborn then introduced Rev. C. A. Bartol, D. D., of Boston, who read a paper on "The Nature of Knowledge,—Emerson's way." In it he said: Emerson had no code or system of creed; no comprehensive, practical view of principles, but only keen, single perceptions, fatally certain within whatever field he surveyed and brought his perfect instrument or brain theodolite to bear. He was an insulated sun as was Milton, Dante, Wordsworth—an island rather than a star; and as Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe were not, and the mighty Browning is not. His style is crisp and insular; he himself is a robe without seam, all of one piece; his leaf is a carcanet. His thoughts are a selection of beads to be strung, all belonging together, by their perfect shape and hue. But the best lines are like a succession of rockets, with their fierce sallies, shining trains and handsome curves opening wide glimpses of the sky. His poems and essays are songs, not symphonies: odes, and not dramas. But there was a tune in his mind so constant and sweet that he cared not for chords and pipes. Emerson delighted in a good voice, and no man had a better; this sage was a bard, too, supreme on this side the sea, and destined to survive all the rest. His strains are gifts, chimings of nature, sounds of the mind "blowing where it listeth," tidings from some far-off celestial shore, articulated, but not created with any cunning ventriloquism. He rides and converses with the Lord; he pitches his key as he listens to repeat some seraphic strain; and so to receive and communicate is the highest reach of the human soul.

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott was then introduced and read a monody on Emerson entitled "Lon," which was one of the author's most poetical productions.

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Blameless was lon, beautiful to see,
With native genius, with rich gifts endowed,
He might of his descent be nobly proud;
Yet meekly tempered was, spake modestly,
Nor sought the plaudits of the noisy crowd,

When duty called him in the thick to be.
His life, flowed calmly, clear, not hoarse or loud.
He wearied not of immortality,
Nor like Tithonus, begged a time-spun shroud;
But lifelong drank at fountains of pure truth.
The seer, unsated of eternal youth.
'Tis not for Ion's sake these tears I shed,
'Tis for the age he nursed, his genius fed;
Ion immortal is, he is not dead.

* * * * * * * *

Rev. George W. Cooke then read a short essay on "Emerson as a Poet," by Mr. Joel Benton of Amenia, N. Y. He said in substance: Our delight in Emerson springs from his altitude of vision. No writer I know of is so high. Proverb-like fulness, magnetic force, perpetual surprise, characterize his writing. The Æolian harp and the pine tree fitly express his genius. Emerson's poetry is alive with moral purport and motive. He never revels in art for art's sake. His poetry is the masterpiece of the moral sentiment, the breadth of the "oversoul." Prof. Reed said: "It is the office of the great poets to enlarge the moral sensibility." Again he says: "Each original poet dwells in an atmosphere of his own." Emerson reports the correspondence between the soul and material things. He reminds one of Swedenborg, or, again, of Wordsworth. The sea and the mountains spoke to him. He constantly surprises us by crowding unexpected meaning into his words.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe began by expressing her due sense of gratitude to Emerson's memory. She said: "I first remember him, as the author of 'Nature.' When I first saw the little book, which had no external attractions, I thought nothing of it; I said to myself, here is some American publication. Have we not great thinkers in England and do we need them in America? I next heard of Emerson apart from his book. I heard him spoken off as a heretic, a man [illegible] could understand. I thought him a bad man. Later I was intro[illegible] to him by a Boston friend, but [illegible] from the acquaintance. The cha[illegible] his voice and countenance struck [illegible] not the best. Next I saw him [illegible] waiting-place where all of us [illegible] shivering with the cold. In the [illegible] pany was a child two years old, w[illegible] he put on his shoulders and pre[illegible] to me, saying in his original 'This is a young traveller.' [illegible] steamer we were to take was [illegible] and we had our ride by day. Emerson sought me out. I was cha[illegible] by his manner, but still I though[illegible] was only a more charming perso[illegible] of Satan in the world than I had [illegible] fore seen. He asked me if I [illegible] Margaret Fuller. I told him I th[illegible] her an ugly person. He then [illegible] upon her mind and conversation [illegible] was still more charmed by wha[illegible] said and the sweetness of his m[illegible] of saying it. When I next heard [illegible] he was delivering a lecture, and voice and words brought their own [illegible] nation. I then understood how a m[illegible] previous reputation may fail to ex[illegible] him to the public. He was univ[illegible] ly laughed at then in high society. [illegible] it is not pleasant to remember tha[illegible] icule now. I was pleased to [illegible] him called Christ-like by Dr. Ba[illegible] He had a look of power that did [illegible] show itself in the garb of power. [illegible] can give us that look of inward m[illegible] ing again? Even in his serenity [illegible] a charm! He had a genuine lo[illegible] of speech. He told me once I [illegible] dull. I liked his honesty and frank[illegible] It is a pleasant thing that most [illegible] have seen and known him, but to [illegible] the legacy of his thought will be [illegible] manent. The lessons he taught s[illegible] kept and understood and appl[illegible] more and more.

At three o'clock the audience [illegible] assembled and listened first to a [illegible] by Prof. W. T. Harris upon "T[illegible] ity in Emerson's prose writings."

Speaking of the complaint th[illegible] erson's essays lack unity, that [illegible] tences could be read in any other [illegible] well as that in which they are p[illegible] Professor Harris said that in th[illegible] essay we cannot expect organic [illegible] but we may expect rhetorical [illegible] and logical unity. There need [illegible] formal syllogisms; the closest t[illegible] the logical kind is the dialecti[illegible] that begins with the simplest an[illegible] obvious phase of the subject, a[illegible] covers by investigation the nex[illegible] that naturally follows. It is a[illegible] ing of the subject according to it[illegible] ral growth in experience. E[illegible] has furnished us many very w[illegible] examples of dialectic treatment [illegible] [illegible]ject. But he has been very careful [illegible]void the show of ratiocination and [illegible] parade of proof-making. The object of his writing was to present truth, [illegible] to produce insight, and not to make [illegible]selves. The student of literature [illegible] wishes to learn the dialectic art, [illegible] at the same time, to become [illegible]quainted with the genesis of Emerson's [illegible]ew of the world, should study the [illegible]say on "Experience" in the second series of essays. In this wonderful piece of writing we have a compend of his insights into life and nature arranged in dialectic order. Master his treatment of the topics and you will discover what constitute real steps of progress in experience, and at the same time you learn how the first grows into the second, and that into the next, and so on to the highest view of the world that he has attained, or to the final view reached by men of deepest insight, called seers. He names these steps or stadia in experience, illusion, temperament, succession, surface, surprise, reality and subjectiveness. The first phase of experience, according to him, brings us to the consciousness of illusion. This is a great step.

At the first start in culture, long since begun even among the lowest savages, there appears the conviction that there is more in things than appears at first sight. Things are fragments of larger things: facts are fragments of larger facts. Things escape us, and thus "dream delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion. Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and as we pass through them, they prove to be many colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus." What experience comes next after this [illegible] of illusion? Evidently the perception of conditioning circumstance, the [illegible]ception of fate or external influence, which may be called temperament. Structure or temperament "prevails over everything of time, place and condition, and is inconsumable in the [illegible]mes of religion." When experience has exhausted the view of temperament [illegible] finds that it has learned the necessity [illegible] succession in objects. Temperament is no finality, for it produces no [illegible]timate state or condition, but succeeds [illegible]ly in making a transitory impres[illegible]. We pass out of this stadium of [illegible]perience and enter on the theory of [illegible] world that sees change and succession according to some law or other. [illegible] look now for that law. When we [illegible] the law we shall understand the or[illegible] of sequence, and can map out the [illegible]it of life and things. This view of [illegible] necessary order of sequence is a [illegible]ew of the whole, and hence a view [illegible] the fixed and stable. Emerson calls the view of the law of change "surface," as if the seeing of a line as a whole were the seeing of a surface. We think today that we have taken in all the metamorphoses of the object of investigation, but tomorrow we discover new ones and have to enlarge our description. "Surface" expands and we make new theories of the law. Emerson calls the next form of experience "surprise," because it begins with the insight made in some high moment of life, when for the first time one gets a glimpse of the form of the whole. The whole does not admit of such predicates as we apply to the part of fragment. The dependent has one law, and the independent has another. The dependent presupposes something—it is a relative existence, and its being is in another. The independent is self-contained, self-active, self-determined, *causa sui*. By these moments of "surprise," therefore, we ascend to a new place of experience, no longer haunted by those dismal spectres of illusion, temperament, change and surface, or mechanic, fixed laws. Things are not fragments of a vast machine, nor are men links in a cosmic process that first develops and then crushes them. Things do not exist in succession, as it before seemed to us, but the true, real existence that we have found is always the same. We enter through the moments of surprise into the realm of insight, into reality, hence reality is Emerson's sixth category of experience. "By persisting to read or think, this region gives further sign of itself as it were, in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals and showed the approaching traveller the inland mountains, with the tranquil eternal meadows spread at their base, whereon flocks graze and shepherds pipe and dance." One more step experience takes—it identifies the deepest reality as of one nature with itself. The absolute is mind. Emerson names this step of insight subjectiveness, because in it we arrive at the conviction that the absolute is subject and not merely unconscious law or power. At this highest point of experience we reach the station of the seer, the culmination of human experience. The seer as philosopher sees the highest principle to be reason; the poet sees the world to be the expression of reason; the prophet and law-giver see reason as the authoritative, regulative principle of life; the hero sees reason as a concrete guiding force in society. In a certain sense all of Emerson's writings are expansions and confirmations of some one of these phases of experience. The essay on "The Over-Soul" treats of succession, surface, and reality, under other names; that on Spiritual laws on reality and subjectiveness; that on Fate treats of temperament and succession; those on worship, history, gifts, heroism, love and such titles, treat of subjectiveness. His treatises on concrete themes use these insights perpetually as solvent principles—but always with fresh statement and new resources of poetic expression. There is nowhere in all literature such sustained flight toward the sun—"a flight," as Plotinus calls it, "of the alone to the alone"—as that in the over-soul wherein Emerson, throughout a long essay, unfolds the insights, briefly and adequately explained under the topic of "surprise" in the essay on experience. It would seem as if each paragraph stated the ideas of the whole

and then again that each sentence in each paragraph reflected entire the same idea. In those essays in which Emerson has celebrated this doctrine of the highest reality and its subjectivity or rational nature, its revelation to us, he writes in a style elevated above dialectic unity and uses a higher form of unity,—that of absolute identity. To give one specimen of this I offer a very short analysis of the contents of the essay on "The Over-Soul." He says in substance that man has some moments in his life when he sees deeply into reality: what he sees then has authority over the other parts of his life. He sees principles of justice, love, freedom and power,—attributes of God. This seeing is the common element in all minds, and transcendent of the limitations of particular individuals. Just as events flow down from a hidden source, so these ideas and insights descend into the mind. He calls this the "over-soul," a "unity within which every man's being is contained and made one with every other. Although we live in division and succession, and see the world piece by piece, yet the soul is the whole, and this is the highest law." These glimpses of the eternal verity come on occasions of conversation, reverie, remorse, dreams and times of passion. We learn that the soul is not an organ, but that which animates all organs; not a faculty, but a light, and the master of the intellect and will. Individual man is only the organ of the soul. These deeps of the spiritual nature are accessible to all men at some time. The sovereignty of the over-soul is shown by its independence of all limitation. Time, space and circumstance do not change its attributes. Its presence does not make a progress measurable by time, but it produces metamorphoses causing us to ascend from one plane of experience to the next,—as great a change as from egg to worm or from worm to fly. Society and institutions reveal this common nature, or the higher person or impersonal one; for, in order to prevent the confusion of attributing to the over-soul the passions and imperfections of human personality, Emerson sometimes speaks of him as impersonal (using Cousin's expression). The thought of the revelation of the soul in man and nature is the idea that forms the unity of all that Emerson has written, whether it be in essays like "The Over-Soul," or in historical and critical studies like "English Traits and Representative Men," or in poems of nature like "Monadnoc." One will find everywhere, though under slightly different names, the elements of experience in this sublime poem prefixed to the essay on experience:—

The lords of life, the lords of life,
I saw them pass
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,
Use and surprise,
Surface and dream,
Succession swift and spectral wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game,
Omnipresent without name;
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west;
Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look,
Him by the hand dear nature took,
Dearest nature, strong and kind.
Whispered: "Darling, never mind!
Tomorrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou; these are thy race!"

Mr. John Albee of New Castle, N. H., then read a paper, in which he gave an extended account of an interview with Emerson in 1852, which was arranged in response to a letter from Mr. Albee, then a student at Phillips Academy, Andover, who had read "Representative Men," and had been set to thinking by it. It was to him a rare occasion. He found Thoreau already Emerson's guest, and had the two men all to himself for an afternoon and evening. The conversation was both fresh and lively. His note book was put to use when he reached his house, and had been laid away till Emersons's death. It contained almost a complete account of Emerson's sayings on education, books, the things worth doing in life, his hopes of the rising generation of young men and the open talk of an intellectual leader with a student who had begun to understand his thought. Thoreau's opinions were blended with Emerson's in the note book, and the contrast gave spice and force to the sayings of the two.

He was followed by Mrs. Martha P. Lowe of Somerville, who read her original poem entitled "The Consolation," with fine effect.

EMERSON'S FUNERAL.

An Address by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D.

Tributes from Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar and Mr. A. Bronson Alcott.

Boston Evening Journal

Private Service, and Burial in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

May 1 1882

The obsequies of Ralph Waldo Emerson at Concord yesterday drew one of the most notable gatherings that has ever been seen in the neighborhood of Boston. A large number of ladies and gentlemen distinguished in literary or professional life went out from Boston by the trains at 1 P. M. and 2.15 P. M. At 2.30 P. M. a private service was held at the home of the Emerson family, the Rev. Dr. Furness of Philadelphia officiating. The funeral procession then went to the Church of the First Parish, where public services were held, including introductory words by the Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, Scripture reading by the Rev. Dr. Furness, an address by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, prayer by the Rev. Howard N. Brown of Brookline, and a poem by A. Bronson Alcott. The remains were then conveyed to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where they were interred with fitting solemnity.

THE PRIVATE SERVICES.

Not since the solemn scenes of the obsequies of Hawthorne in that balmy spring day seventeen years ago has an event occurred at Concord to compare with the committal to earth of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The same venerable church witnessed the parting tribute to the dead, and the same lovely plot of ground received all that remained. The company that gathered also was to a large extent identical with that which paid tribute to Hawthorne, and was of kindred pursuits and sympathies.

Visitors to the town were at once impressed with the feeling of general bereavement that seemed to have fallen upon the whole community. A subdued and saddened air seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of the place, notwithstanding the genial sun that gilded the Concord River and valley. On every home, from the richest to the lowliest, were display'd the emblems of mourning. From the tall st... cupied the centre of the town common the flag drooped at half-mast, with long streamers of black depending from it. At 2.30 P. M. a private service was held at the house, and this, though in keeping with the spirit of the deceased, entirely unostentatious, was singularly impressive in its heart-touching simplicity, and in the mute eloquence of the face upturned beneath the lofty array of books with which he loved to commune.

"Dead he lay among his books—
The peace of God was in his looks."

It was the same calm and thought-chastened countenance, though whiter now and more reposeful than ever before, the same lofty head, with the thin and blanching locks that his friends have noted of late, and the same clear outline of form and feature that was seen in the typical vesture of white resting in the plain casket and affording emphasis to the prayer and praise of all the hearts that clustered near him. Peace and placidity marked him in death as in life, and thought and an intuitive fitness was spoken in all his surroundings.

There, in that modest study, rich only in the products of thought and memory, were the symbols of his life work and the representatives of the world-wide friendship it had won for him. On the simple casket in which he lay was graved:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON,
Born May 25, 1803,
Died April 27, 1882.

Just below this inscription was a tiny wreath of pansies, and further down a chaplet formed of Jacqueminot and Souvenir roses. On the long mantel shelf, amid memorials of friends and old-time visits, were large clusters of forget-me-nots, and on an *escritoire*, in a quaint embellished bowl beneath his bust that recalled the days of his mental prime, stood a radiant cluster of flowers he loved.

The company that filled every space in the study, the passageway and the home room to which it led was not the least notable feature of the scene. There were gathered the representatives of three generations, the friends who had been with him at school, at college, at the unions of the Transcendentalists and the social circle, the parishioners who sat beneath his preaching in the Church of the Second Parish in Boston, the bookmakers and publicists who had sent forth his works to the world, the professors who had blended their thought with his in the school of philosophy; but nearer than all were those who had been allied to him by the double claims of kinship and literary sympathy. The words of tribute and prayer over the deceased were fittingly given by one who had been with him more than sixty years before as a classmate in the old Boston Latin School, the Rev. Dr. Furness of Philadelphia. The service was simple, indeed—no music or chorister was heard, and no labored eulogy; but the penetrating words and expression of the speaker went directly to the hearts of the hearers, reminding them that however gifted and wise, however exalted above his fellow-men by mental worth, it is in the pure heart and high purpose of good that final greatness is to be sought. Such he showed was Emerson's lasting claim. The prayer and Scripture passages ended, the silent company arose, and passing in turn to look at the form of him who lay in the casket prepared to join the cortege to the church. First came the tall and venerable form of his life companion, Mrs. Emerson, whose pallid face told only too plainly the unspeakable sense of loss that was felt within, and after her came the nearest relatives and loved ones of the deceased. The body was reverently borne from the house and placed in the waiting hearse by the pall-bearers, who were Messrs. Charles Emerson, Haven Emerson, William Forbes, J. E. Cabot, J. B. Thayer, Dr. Emerson, Ralph Forbes and William Thayer. As they passed, the venerable men who had come to pay their last tribute stood with uncovered heads on either side of the walk. The picture was such as is rarely seen. The solemn procession then moved to the church, the immediate relatives and most intimate friends of the deceased occupying carriages immediately following the hearse, and several hundred ladies and gentlemen proceeding on foot in pairs. Among those who participated in the obsequies were his three surviving children, Dr. Emerson, Miss Ellen Emerson and Mrs. Wm. H. Forbes and her six children; also Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, Rev. Dr. Bartol, Col. T. W. Higginson, Julian Hawthorne, Frank B. Sanborn, Prof. James P. Thayer, President Eliot of Harvard, Prof. Harris, Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. John A. Andrew and daughter, W. W. Pritchard of New York, Prof. C. E. Norton, Elizabeth Peabody, Dr. Le Baron Russell, Dr. Charles Putnam, Dr. James Putnam, Rev. Mr. Dahl, Henry James, Samuel Bradford, Mrs. G. R. Russell, Mrs. Agassiz, Judge Lowell and wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Higginson, George Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. Parkman Blake, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Haskins, Mr. and Mrs. McLean Heyward, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cobb, David French, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Nash, Thomas G. Appleton, Dr. and Mrs. George Faulkner, Miss Faulkner, Col. H. S. Russell and family, J. Malcolm Forbes and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Eliot Cabot, Mrs. Storer and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Q. A. Shaw, Mrs. Tappan, Dr. and Mrs. Hedge, Prof. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Husey Goodwin, Prof. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, Rev. G. W. Cook, Dr. Asa Gray, Rev. N. S. Folsom, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, Henry James, Jr., Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Miss Abby W. May, Capt. Nath. Appleton, Senator Gerry, George Putnam, Thomas G. Appleton, Miss Alice Longfellow, Darwin E. Ware, Solomon Lincoln, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Judge Henry F. French, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Mrs. Susan Coolidge of Newport, Gen. N. P. Banks, Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins, Miss Louise M. Alcott, Miss Sarah O. Jewett, Charles Emery, Col. J. B. Moore, Miss Ann Whitney, Nathaniel Henderson, W. W. Gannett, Prof. A. S. Hill, M. Horsford, Rev. Julius P. H. Ward, Prof. W. T. Harris. Among the publishers represented were Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, Smith, A. Williams, J. G. Cupples and Mr. J. S. Clark. The Second Church, Boston, at which Mr. Emerson once officiated, was represented by a committee consisting of the pastor, Rev. E. A. Horton, ex-Gov. Talbot, F. W. Lincoln, S. M. Crosby, G. H. Hagar. The Social Circle of which the deceased was the oldest member, having joined in 1842, was represented by Robert Barrett, R. N. Rice, H. N. Grout, Samuel Staples, E. C. Damon, E. R. Hoar, Lorenzo Eaton, H. J. Walcot, G. P. Howe, J. F. Barrett, Geo. Keyes, James B. Wood, H. J. Hosmer, J. S. Keyes, I. M. Smith, H. F. Smith, N. B. Stowe, Geo. Heywood.

THE CHURCH SERVICE.

As early as two o'clock a few people were on the steps of the church of the First Parish awaiting the opening of its doors, and in the meantime watching those who were favored with the privilege of attending the exercises at the house, many of whom passed the church on their way to the home of the family in whose mourning thousands were participating. Rapidly these waiters upon time increased in numbers, accessions of those who were driven up or of those who walked continually being received. At 2.45 the doors of the edifice were swung open to admit nearly if not quite as many as there were seats that were not reserved. A large corps of ushers, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Hoar, saw that all that could possibly be done to insure comfort was done, but in spite of their tireless efforts later on the crush was something from which one might well be thankful to have been delivered. This overplus of sympathizers did not occur until the arrival of the special train from Boston. The people it brought thronged aisle and passage, until admission for one more was an impossibility. But the congregation was as orderly as it was large, each of those composing it sharing in the solemnity of the event by which they had been assembled. While the congregation was of its original magnitude Mr. T. W. Surette, organist of the church, played softly "Chopin's Funeral March," repeating again and again its dreamy harmonies. At length the clergymen who had been at the house came in—an indication that the public services were about to be commenced. The organ tones were changed to those of Pleyel's hymn, which was given at the request of the family, and to these solemn notes the honored dead was borne in and placed at the foot of the altar at which so often in life he had worshiped. After the subdued bustle of the entrance of the relatives and intimate friends had subsided, the lid of the casket was turned back, exposing to view the intellectual face, reposing amid folds on folds of white, and the hands that once translated into words the thoughts of the busy brain, now so quiet, calmly folded across a white robed breast in which the heart throbs had forever ceased.

Around and above the simple receptacle for the dead were tasteful decorations. The pulpit was covered with pine boughs, in which were purple pansies and calla lilies. In the centre was a harp of jonquils, the gift of Miss Alcott, and on the right, occupying a pedestal, was a floral book from the scholars and teachers of the Emerson School. Its final page, of white carnations and tuberoses, bore the word "finis" in blue violets; its cover was of dark pansies, a dash of golden yellow here and there lighting up the purple expanse. On either hand were clusters of geranium flowers, with a few roses and lilies. Unostentatious, yet sweet and pungent, were the surroundings of Emerson's last resting place, ere his body reached its final bourne.

In the midst of a silence that was oppressive Hon. E. R. Hoar stepped to the foot of the casket and began the services. As he spoke he made long pauses in his words, looking, as he did so, at the face of his friend, each glance at that immobile countenance adding to the intensity of the tremor that ran all through his utterances.

Hon. E. R. Hoar

Said: The beauty of Israel is fallen from its high place. Mr. Emerson has died, and we, his friends and neighbors and townsmen, with this sorrowing company, have turned aside the procession from his home to his grave to this temple of his fathers that we may here unite in our parting tribute of reverence and love. There is nothing to mourn for him; that brave and manly life was rounded out to the full length of days. That dying pillow was softened by the sweetest domestic affection, and as he lay down to the sleep which the Lord giveth His beloved his face was as the face of a child and his smile seemed to give a glimpse of the opening heavens. Wherever the English language is spoken throughout the world his name is established and secured. From beyond the sea and throughout this great land will come innumerable voices of sorrow for this great public loss. But we, his neighbors and townsmen, feel that he was ours. He was descended from the founders of the town; he chose our village as the place in which his life-long work was to be done; it was to our fields and orchards that his presence gave such value; it was in our streets in which children looked up to him with love and the elders with reverence. He was our ornament and pride.

He is gone—is dust; be the more fortunate! Yea, he hath finished!

For him there is no longer any future.
His life is bright—bright without spot it was
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance.

The bloom is vanished from thy life,
For O! he stood beside me like my youth;
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished and returns not.

That lofty brow, the home of all wise thoughts and high aspirations—those lips of eloquent music—that great soul which, trusting in God, never lost its hope of immortality—that great heart to which everything was welcome that belonged to man—that impressible nature, loving and tender and generous, having no repulsion or scorn for anything but meanness and baseness—our friend, brother, father, lover, teacher, inspirer, guide, is gone. Is there no more that we can do now than to give thee our hail and farewell?

A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books!
I trow that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was ever eye did see that face,
Was ever ear did hear that tongue,
Was ever mind did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long?
But eyes and ears and every thought
Were with his sweet perfections sought.

There was one hymn of Dr. Watts that Mr. Emerson especially liked, and which it seems proper should be read at his funeral:

Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to Thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of Thy face;
And Heaven without Thy presence there
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

My God! And can an humble child
That loves Thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from Thy face exiled
Without the pity of Thy eye?

Impossible. For Thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to Thee
And in Thy Book the promise stands
That where Thou art Thy friends must be.

The congregation are invited to unite in singing Roscoe's hymn commencing

"Thy will be done, I will not fear
The fate provided by Thy love."

The Scripture Selections.

Rev. Dr. Furness of Philadelphia read these passages of Holy Writ: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." "Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died. But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus saith unto her: Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto Him: I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus saith unto her: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believeth thou this?" "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, which things I also did in Jerusalem, and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Whereupon, as I went up to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O King, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art Thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." "For one light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory!" "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore be ye steadfast, unmovable; always abounding in the works of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D., followed with the eulogy.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke's Eulogy.

This assembly has come together not only to testify its respect for one of the greatest thinkers and writers of our time, but also it is drawn to this place by gratitude for the strength, help, inspiration which has been given to us through the mediation of this noble soul. It is not for me, it is not for this hour, to say what ought to be said of the genius which has kindled the fires of thought in two continents. The present moments belong to reverential love. We thank God here for the influences which have made us all better. The voice now hushed never spoke but to lift us to a higher plane of generous sentiment. The hand now still never wrote except to take us out of "our dreary routine of sense, worldliness and sin" into communion with whatever is noblest, purest, highest. By the side of this revered form we thank God that through all these years we have been made better by his words and his life. He has been a preacher of righteousness to this and other lands. When he left the pulpit, he said, in his farewell sermon, that he did not relinquish his profession—that he hoped whatever was his work, to be still a teacher of God's truth. How well he kept that promise! No one can say, till the day of judgment declares it, how large a part of the genuine faith in the things not seen but eternal has come to us from the depths of his spiritual insight. He was one of God's seers, and he was sent to us at a time like the one of which it is written, "The Word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision." Men lived by past inspirations, with no faith in the possibility of any new revelation to the soul of the divine will. No doubt they did well to resort to the words of ancient prophets until the day should dawn and the day star arise in their own hearts. That day dawned anew when the sight of the divine truth kindled a light in the solemn eyes of Channing and created a new power which spoke from the lips of Emerson. Yet the young and hopeful listened with joy to this morning song—they looked gladly to this auroral light. When the little book "Nature" was published it seemed to some of us a new revelation. Mr. Emerson then said what has been the text of his life, "Let the single man plant himself on his instincts, and the great world will come round to him." He did not reply to his critics. He went on his way—and to-day we see that the world *has* come round to him. He is the preacher of spiritual truth to our age. We understand through him what Jesus meant when he said, "You must eat my flesh and drink my blood." Our souls have been fed by his life. We have been nourished by his *character* more than by his words. He has been bread and wine to us—the bread of strength, the wine of joy.

The saying of the liturgy is true and wise, that "in the midst of life we are in death." But it is still more true that "in the midst of death we are in life." Do we ever believe so much in immortality as when we look on such a dear and noble face, now so still, which a few hours ago was radiant with thought and love? "He is not here; he is risen." That power which we knew—that soaring intelligence, that soul of fire, that ever advancing spirit—*that* cannot have been suddenly annihilated with the decay of these earthly organs. It has left its darkened dust behind. It has outsoared the shadow of our night. God does not trifle with his creatures by bringing to nothing the ripe fruit of the ages, by the lesion of a cerebral cell, or some bodily tissue. Life does not die, but matter dies off from it. The highest energy we know, the soul of man, the unit in which meet intelligence, imagination, memory, hope, love, purpose, insight—this agent of immense, resource and boundless power—this has not been subdued by its instrument. When we think of such an one as he, we can only think of life, never of death.

Such was his own faith, as expressed in his paper on Immortality. But he himself was the best argument for immortality. Like the greatest thinkers, he did not rely on logical proof, but on the higher evidence of universal instincts—the vast streams of belief which flow through human thought like currents in the ocean—those shoreless rivers which forever roll along their paths in the Atlantic and Pacific—not restrained by banks, but guided by the revolutions of the globe and the attractions of the sun.

Mr. Emerson stated such indications of immortality as these: That all great natures love stability and permanence. "Everything here," he says, "is prospective." "The mind delights in immense time." "We are not interested in anything which ends." "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for what I have not seen." "All the ways of virtuous living lead upwards and not downwards."

In his "Threnody" he shows us how the Deep Heart said to him

"When the scanty shores are full
With Thought's perilous, whirling pool;
When frail Nature can be more
Then the spirit strikes the hour:
My servant Death, with solving rite
Pours finite into infinite."

There are few who remain who remember the beginnings of this long progress. The first time I saw him I went with Margaret Fuller to hear him preach in the church on Hanover street. Neither of us then knew him. We sat in the gallery, and felt that a new influence, sweet and strong, had come. Then I recall his kindness, after I came to have his acquaintance, and how he gave me to print in a Western magazine four of his early poems—the first ever printed. Next I think of the group which always collected at his lectures, ever the same persons, those who came to be fed, and never went away hungry. After that were the days of the Transcendental Club, which we called the "Like-minded"—I suppose because no two of us thought alike. One summer afternoon we came to Concord and had one meeting in his parlor. There was George Ripley, admirable talker, most genial of men, and Orestes A. Brownson, full of intelligence, courage and industry, who soon went over into the Roman Catholic Church, and James Walker, of whom Mr. Emerson once said to me, "I have come to Boston to hear Dr. Walker thunder this evening," Theodore Parker and many others. Days of enthusiasm and youthful hope, when the world seemed so new and fair, life so precious, when new revelations were close at hand as we thought, and some new Plato or Shakspeare was about to appear. We dwelt in what Halleck calls "the dear charm of life's illusive dream," and the man who had the largest hope of all, yet joined with the keenest eye to detect every fallacy, was Ralph Waldo Emerson. We looked to him as our master. And now *the world* calls him its master—in insight, judgment, charm of speech, unfailing courage, endless aspiration. We say of him as Goethe of Schiller, "Lo, he went onward, ever onward for all these years—then, indeed, he had gone far enough for this earth. For care is taken that trees shall not grow up to Heaven," not by the quantity the ancient was in him—not by mere power of intellect—but, "by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Spirit, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and the left."

Let us, then, ponder his words:

"Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying—*What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
* * * * * * *
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

The Prayer.

Rev. Howard N. Brown of Brookline offered this prayer: O God! most holy and most merciful, Thou who art the giver of our life and who makest the angel of death a messenger of Thy will, wilt Thou help us, Thy children, when Thy decree takest from us the dearest of our treasures, the life that has grown to be a part of our best life? Wilt Thou aid us to say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord who doeth all things well?" Here we humble our spirits before Thee, confessing that in the presence of Thine infinite wisdom by which all things have been made and are sustained, our sorrow should be dumb, acknowledging that it is not for us, the creatures of a day, to enter into judgment with Thine Almighty will. But Thou, God, hast made Thyself known unto us as a loving father, and to Thy mercy do we appeal for comfort and help when the waters of sorrow come in upon our souls. Help us, we pray Thee, to lift up our hearts to Thee that we may be faithful to all we can see and know of Thy goodness, and may trust with unwavering constancy when Thy purpose is hidden from our sight. We do thank Thee out of an infinite gratitude for the hope of endless life which Thou hast set before us—the hope of a world where we shall be free from the losses and pains that burden our spirits here, and where we shall rejoin the loved ones who have passed out of our sight in the valley of the shadow of death. The nearer and dearer the ties that have knit our souls to theirs, the purer their lives, the more blessed their presence has been to us, the more do we thank Thee that, through Christ Jesus, our eyes have been turned toward the new heaven and the new earth that are to be the home of the soul, and the more earnestly do we pray to Thee for increased confidence in the reality of that spiritual "house of many mansions," in which the Master has prepared a place for us. We thank Thee, O God, for all grace and peace and beauty of the noble life that is now ended. Thou, O God, art the giver of life of which our human lives are feeble images and reflection, and to Thee our thanks are due for the kindliness, the patience, the wisdom, the love, above all, for the nameless charm of person and of spirit, such as those which are treasured in the grateful memory of the inmates of the household to which he belonged, of the community in which he lived, of the friends near and dear throughout the world. Here, O God, amid the scenes which were to him as the workshop of his genius; here, where a great soul has forged noble utterances of truth to be the guide and the strength of men in all parts of the earth; where a clear-seeing and brave heart has held communion with Thee and received from Thee messages of sacred and lofty import; here do we thank Thee for the work he has done for truth and righteousness by which the life of all mankind has been enlarged and this whole people has been ennobled. We thank Thee for the words of wisdom which found their way from his heart into a multitude of hearts and homes. We are grateful that we have been privileged to know face to face and in the intercourse of daily life a spirit so radiant with the beauty of holiness. O God, be who has gone from us was a wise teacher of Thy truth and of Thy laws. His life was a fresh revelation of the graces and virtues which shone unto the world through Jesus Christ, and we praise Thy love and Thy goodness which gave us this instructor and friend to make our pathway in life more peaceful and more sure. And now that the work of his hands is finished; since our hands can no more minister to his comfort and his needs, here we commit to Thine infinite love the spirit which Thou gavest without remaining, and trusting to reclaim what we have learned to call our own when Thou dost call us, too, to the home which Thou hast prepared for the soul. We pray for Thy blessing upon the household in which this life has now been quenched, and we ask that the light of Thy spirit may make good the loss which has befallen so many sensitive and loving hearts. O God, to the widowed wife, to the fatherless children, to the intimate friends, whether distant or near this day, to all our hearts let that spirit bring that same serene content and trust which beautified the noble life that has gone from us. Forgive us, O Lord, that under any stress of grief we ever doubted Thy willingness and power to provide for the needs of Thy children, and ever questioned that Thou will preserve the soul that puts its trust in Thee. Here and now wilt Thou meet and answer such doubts and questionings, as Thou alone canst, with an inward assurance, which is, indeed, too broad and deep to be put into words, that it is well with the soul in life and in death, which works by such visions of truth and right as Thou furnishest to them. Let the lips now silent speak to us forever of the divinity of which life is full, and which attends all our footsteps, that we may be made so perfectly aware of Thy presence here as to know that we can never drift beyond Thy love and care, and that our portion in Thy spiritual universe shall be endless life and unceasing love. Thus, O God, may the great words which these silent lips have spoken to us and which will live on in the pages of men's books and upon the tablets of their hearts, the fragrant memory of this pure, complete and saintly life help to make all men better, through all time to come, and to keep their souls in the way of eternal life. We ask it as disciples of Christ and for Thine infinite mercy's sake. Amen.

The congregation sang Mrs. Barbauld's hymn:

"How blest the righteous when he dies."

And then Mr. Alcott stepped quietly forward. Standing near the head of his dead friend he read this sonnet:

A. Bronson Alcott's Sonnet.

His harp is silent: shall successors rise,
Touching with venturous hand the trembling string,
Kindle glad raptures, visions of surprise,
And wake to ecstacy each slumbering thing?
Shall life and thought flash new in wondering eyes,
As when the seer transcendent, great and wise,
World-wide his native melodies did sing,
Flushed with fair hopes and ancient memories?
Ah, no! that matchless lyre shall silent lie;
None hath the vanished minstrel's wondrous skill
To touch that instrument with art and will,
With him winged poesy doth droop and die;—
While our dull age, left voiceless, must lament
The bard high heaven had for its service sent.

The Benediction.

Dr. Furness said: If the congregation will rise I will dismiss it. Every one stood in reverent silence and with bowed heads as he pronounced these words: And now may the God of peace, He who brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good word and work, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight. May grace, mercy and peace from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ be with us all forever.

Judge Brooks invited all who wished to look once more on the gentle, venerated face, so peaceful in its last, long sleep. There was a general response to this call; for more than half an hour townsmen and those from afar, the college professor and the farm laborer, the merchant and the mechanic, filed by the casket containing the beloved form. When all these friends had secured the glimpses, so much desired and long to be cherished, the relatives took their last, fond farewell; the casket was closed, not to be reopened; the services in the church were at an end.

THE BURIAL.

At the close of the church service the funeral procession again moved, the members of the Social Circle going before the hearse, and as the long and picturesque lines passed, the tolling of bells was heard and manifestations of popular love and sorrow were visible on every side. The procession moved slowly past the drooping flag and by the Town Hall, and, turning up Bradford street, reached the peaceful and beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow. Moving up the path that leads to Ridge Hill, it paused at last at the highest point. here a beautiful picture was presented. The sun, which was about to set, shone over the hill and vale, gleaming on white headstones and glancing through groves of pine; birds twittered in the boughs overhead, and beyond the eminence were viewed the winding stream and the expanding meadows that environ Concord with beauty. From this spot could be seen the last resting place of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and not far off that of Henry Thoreau. The grave was made in the Emerson lot at the foot of a wide-spreading pine; its sides were lined with boughs of hemlock and the neighboring earth carpeted with pine sprays. Here were to be noted also the last resting place of the wife of his youth, of a son, a brother and others who died many years ago. The service of committal to the earth was read after the Episcopal form by the Rev. Dr. Haskins of Brooklyn, a near relative of the dead, and as the words "dust to dust" were uttered the remains of Ralph Waldo Emerson were laid away forever in the soil to which his ancestors belong and to which his genius had added fame.

The Concord Freeman

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MAY 4, 1882

Concord's Irreparable Loss!

The Death and Funeral of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

To say that Concord is in mourning, would be to repeat what the civilized world knows: what those who lived or came within her borders during the last few days of the sickness of Ralph Waldo Emerson, could sense would be the case should he not survive.

The world mourns for the loss of genius, for the stilling of a mind that discovered and illumined so much of truth: mourns that the limited circle of philosophers and poets of which he was the most conspicuous, is painfully marrowing.

Concord mourns for all this, and more. Here, for half a century, he walked up and down among the people, grandly, yet humbly: thinking and living at times in a realm far above and beyond the people, yet like all truly great men, in sympathy with his surroundings, and interested in the commonest family and neighborly events.

He whom Ellery Channing, Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, George Ripley and a host of others felt honored in knowing, he whom many of the great and good from every clime who came to our shores were glad to meet and visit in his unpretentious home, he who never sought, but always received flattering consideration from the world's intellectually and spiritually distinguished, loved this village and this people: as a neighbor, he was kind-hearted and considerate: as a citizen, interested in the public weal, and in sympathy with every movement for the physical and moral beautifying and improvement of this town.

The sympathizing neighbor, true friend, valued citizen, eminent philanthropist, scholar, and writer, and the venerable sage, has crossed the bourn separating the finite from the infinite, which to him was a mountain range bathed in perpetual sunshine and warmth, and not a dark valley.

Silently, and to human perceptions, alone, he stepped into that mystery of which many have spoken so feebly, but he so grandly and confidently, and solved it.

The phyiscal presence that has borne itself so nobly and purely for four score years, is prostrate; but the rare product of those years remains, and the truths he discovered and told shine with new and increasing lustre: and we, and generations yet unknown, will stand within the sacred precinct of his study, walk the paths and grounds he had walked, read and profit by his writings, and live with him as we walk and live with the few truly great men who have gone the same mystic way before him.

His youth, maturity, and advanced years were filled with work: and as the feebleness of age impaired his powers, and he moved serenely down the western slope of earth being, it was amid cultivated fields of thought and life, teeming with a rich and golden harvest largely due to himself.

Everywhere we hear and see the words "Emerson is dead;" sad faces and sable color continually suggest it: but the life we saw and felt, which is the real Emerson, is not dead, but like the warm, golden life-giving orb of day, gone down behind the western horizon, at and beyond which life is not broken or disturbed, but sinking away from human gaze continues to shine with an ever-increasing radiance and warmth in and upon other conditions.

The particulars of Mr. Emerson's sickness, death, and obsequies have been exhaustively told the civilized world over, and do not need more than general mention at this late hour.

The hush that pervaded the chamber of the husband, father and friend, as the silent messenger approached, fell upon all hearts. In Concord, at about the hour of 9.30 p. m., the deep toned bell of the Unitarian Church, slowly and solemnly tolled the number of the years of the life that had departed, and over the land and under the sea spread the news and followed the hush, until the wide world knew the great philosopher had departed, and bowed their heads in sympathy with the bereaved family. The simplicity of everything that transpired from the hour of his death to that when his remains were consigned to their last resting-place in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, was in perfect accord with the spirit of the deceased. When the hour arrived for the last sad rites to be performed, Rev. Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, for many years the intimate friend of the deceased, rose in the midst of the immediate family, friends and neighbors, and in low and tender tones spoke words of wisdom and consolation to them. The family and others having taken their last farewell, the procession was formed and the body taken to the Unitarian Church, where a large number of people from far and near had assembled, crowding the aisles, the doors and the grounds in the immediate vicinity. Soon after three o'clock the bearers entered with the body enclosed in a plain black walnut coffin, which they deposited in front of the pulpit.

The musical selections by the organist, T. W. Surette, were Chopin's "Funeral March" and "Pleyel's Hymn," the latter by request of the family.

The solemn tones of the organ having ceased, a painful and impressive silence followed, broken by the Hon. E. R Hoar,— who was one of the few present at the bedside of the dying man— who spoke for a few minutes with a lofty, yet simple and touching eloquence, that had nothing of doubt, but all of hope and consolation in its tone and sentiment. He read a hymn of [illegible] that was very precious to Mr. Emerson, and announced a hymn for the congregation to give, after the singing of which Rev. Dr. Furness read appropriate selections from the scriptures.

The principal address of the occasion was given by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, prayer was offered by Rev. Howard W. Brown of Brookline, the congregation sang "How blest the righteous when he dies". A. Bronson Alcott read a tender and beautiful sonnet to his dead friend whom he so loved, the services ending by a benediction by Rev. Dr. Furness. Judge Brooks then invited all who wished to look once more upon the venerated face, to do so, and the response was general.

Among those who participated in the obsequies were his three surviving children, Dr. Emerson, Miss Ellen Emerson and Mrs. Wm. H Forbes and her six children; also Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, Rev. Dr. Bartol, Col. T W Higginson, Julian Hawthorne, Frank B Sanborn, Prof. James P Thayer, President Elliot of Harvard, Prof. Harris, Mrs. James T Fields, Mrs. John A Andrew and daughter, W W Pritchard of New York, Prof. C E Norton, Elizabeth Peabody, Dr. Le Baron Russell, Dr. Charles

Putnam, Dr. James Putnam, Rev. Mr. Dahl, Henry James, Samuel Bradford, Mrs. G R Russell, Mrs. Agassiz, Judge Lowell and wife, Mr. and Mrs. H L Higginson, George Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. Parkman Blake, Mr. and Mrs. D G Haskins, Mr. and Mrs. McLean Heyward, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cobb, David French, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Nash, Thomas G Appleton, Dr. and

Mrs. George Faulkner, Miss Faulkner, Col. H S Russell and family, J Malcom Forbes and family, Mr. and Mrs. J Eliot Cabot, Mrs. Storer and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Q A Shaw, Mrs. Tappan, Dr. and Mrs. Hedge, Prof. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Husey Goodwin, Prof. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, Rev. G W Cook, Dr. Asa Gray, Rev N S Folsom,

Rev. Dr. Briggs, Prof. T Sterry Hunt, Henry James, Jr., Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Miss Abby W May, Capt. Nathaniel Appleton, Senator Gerry, George Putnam, Thomas G Appleton, Miss Alice Longfellow, Darwin E Ware, Solomon Lincoln, Col. Robert G Ingersoll, Judge Henry F French, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Miss Susan Coolidge

of Newport, Gen. N P Banks, Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins, Miss Louise M Alcott, Miss Sarah O. Jewett, Charles Emery, Col. J B Moore, Miss Ann Whitney, Nathaniel Henderson, W W Gannett, Prof. A S Hill, M Horsford, Rev. Julius P H Ward.

Among the publishers represented were Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, Smith,

A Williams, J G Cupples and Mr. J S Clark.

The Second Church, Boston, at which Mr. Emerson once officiated, was represented by a committee consisting of the pastor, Rev. E A Horton, ex-Gov. Talbot, F W Lincoln, S M Crosby, G H Hagar.

The Social Club, of which the de-

ceased, was the oldest member, having joined in 1842, was represented by Richard Barrett. R N Rice, H M Grout. Samuel Staples, E C Damon, E R Hoar, Lorenzo Eaton. H J Walcott, G P How. J F Barrett, Geo. Keyes, James B Wood. H J Hosmer, J S Keyes. I M Smith. H F Smith. N B Stowe. Geo. Heywood.

The pall bearers were Messrs. Charles Emerson, Haven Emerson, William Forbes, J. E. Cabot. J. B. Thayer, Dr. Emerson, Ralph Forbes and William Thayer.

The grave is upon one of the ridges of Sleepy Hollow, in the family lot where lie his ancestors. and near to where the remains of Hawthorne, Thoreau and others of his friends and compeers lie buried, to whose spirits his own has undoubtedly again entered into intelligent companionship.

"Although it was the expressed wish of Miss Ellen, the daughter of the deceased, that no floral emblems should be contributed to the funeral, this wish also being published in the daily papers, still it was not strictly regarded. for the interior of the Unitarian church bore evidence that busy hands had wrought some very fine devices for the occasion. The most noticeable one was the beautiful floral book which stood at the left of the pulpit, being spread out on a stand. It was the contribution of the Emerson school at Concord. Its last page was composed of white carnation pinks, white daisies and light-colored immortelles. In the leaf was displayed, in neat letters of purple immortelles, the word 'Finis.' This device was about two feet square. and its border was composed of different colored tea roses. The other portion of this book was composed of dark and light colored flowers. The front of the large pulpit was covered with a mass of white pine boughs laid on loosely. In the centre of this mass of boughs appeared a large harp composed of yellow jonquils. This was the contribution of Miss Louisa M. Alcott. [illegible] was a handsome [illegible] of dark pansies. On each side of it appeared clusters of large calla lily blossoms.

"On both sides of the pulpit bouquets of greenhouse flowers and plants. and also pots of plants were displayed. but not to a very great extent.

"In front of the organ, opposite, a plain earthern pot of German ivy was placed and the pot had a few branches of white pine laid about it. These decorations were in charge of the regular decorating committee of ladies in the Concord Unitarian Church, with Miss Amelia M. Pritchard as chairman."

Further Incidents and Facts.

The maximum estimate of the great concourse of people who assembled either at the church. or finding it impossible to get within hearing distance of the exercises, visited places of interest about town, was 1000. More than one-half probably came from out of town. 700 coming on the train from Boston. and several hundreds in single and double teams and in barges. some of them from places a long carriage drive away. No such body of people have packed the church since the funeral of Col. Prescott, or the visit of Gen. Grant.

The management of the affairs at the church was under the direction of Judge Geo. M. Brooks, assisted by the following ushers: Samuel Hoar, Richard F. Barrett, Edwin S. Barrett, W. Barrett. A. G. Fuller and Sherman Hoar, who, considering the difficulties that environed them on that occasion. ministered to the comfort of all with marked ability and ease.

The quartet who led the vast congregation in the hymns that were dear to the deceased, hymns that were full of sweetness and tender expression, were Mrs. W. H. Brown, Miss Alice Wheildon, William Barrett and Charles E. Brown.

Not far from 1000 were within the pews and aisles to the very altar, and the galleries until it seemed to be impossible to crowd one more in. A report that the floors were felt to bend or settle was entirely without foundation.

When the opportunity was given to view the remains, all seemed to avail themselves of the privilege, an hour being occupied in passing.

Emblems were uniform in size and style, the ladies assembling in the Concord Club room, and making fully 200 large black and white rosetts with streamers, which were distributed to those who wished for them, every house between the bridges, and every store and house on the Mill Dam except one, having one of these symbals affixed.

The flag which floated at half mast had mourning streamers attached. The Public Library, Post Office, and stores of Richardson Bros., L. D. Surette & Co., Walcott & Holden had additional evidences of mourning.

Two thousand persons are estimated to have visited the grave or its immediate vicinity. over 1100 having been counted by one person on Bedford St.. the procession at one time reaching from the entrance to the cemetery back to the Catholic church, the people being two and four abreast.

The most noticeable feature of the day was the number of distinguished people present. not one of the daily papers getting the names of them all.

The second noticeable feature was the number of elderly and silver-haired persons present, who reverently bowed their heads. mindful. perhaps, that ere long the messenger would summon them.

The absence of great grief on the part of all and the quietness and simplicity of all the services were especially marked.

W. T. Farrar tolled the bell that told Mr. Emerson's departure. and of the years he had lived and also performed the rites of burial.

Among those present not previously named were Ex-Gov. Talbot and Ex-Lieut. Gov. Lincoln of Boston. John Russell and John G. Whittier.

The family lot in which Mr. Emerson was buried is in that portion of the cemetery which is known as the "New Lot," and it is interesting in this connection to recall the fact that the dedicatory address at the consecration of this quiet resting place of the dead was pronounced by him twenty-seven years ago.

Addenda.

The suddenness with which the end came was remarkable.

Mr. Emerson's last literary work was the compilation. with the help of his daughter Edith,—Mrs. Wm. H. Forbes of Milton—of "Parnassus," a collection of his favorite poems by other authors, which is a cluster of real gems.

"The sorrow has not been local and transient. but universal and abiding. Among the religious denominations all seem to feel that a sincere Christian man and teacher has departed, and at the regular weekly prayer meeting of the Congregational Society the prayers that were offered and the [illegible] made referred very generally to the great loss which the town and the people had sustained. Rev. Mr. Grout, the pastor of the church, spoke in a feeling manner upon the life and character of Mr. Emerson. and referred to his long and honorable career in his chosen field of labor. Other members of the church added their testimony to that of the pastor in reference to Mr. Emerson as a true man and a devoted friend. The townspeople are anxious to pay tribute in some public manner to the memory of their illustrious fellow-citizen. but their thoughts have not developed into definite plans as yet. and they will. in a great measure, be governed by the wishes of the family. Mr. Emerson always took an active interest in the public affairs of the town, and the Emerson School. erected a short time ago. is an enduring monument to the memory of one whom all the school children learned to love and honor."

"Among the associations of which Mr. Emerson was a member. the 'Social Circle,' which embraced a coterie of his intimate friends and neighbors, was held high in his regard. This organization. of which Mr. Henry J. Walcott is secretary, included among its members such men as Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar. Mr. Emerson. Judge Keyes, Mr. R. N. Rice, Rev. Dr. Grout and others. and recently observed its centennial anniversary at the residence of Mr. Rice. It is the oldest club in Concord. and Mr. Emerson, at the time of his death, was its oldest member, having been connected with it for over forty years. It was the custom of each of the members to entertain the club one evening during the season. meetings being held every Tuesday evening from October 1st to April 1st. The club will probably hold a special meeting to take action upon the death of its distinguished member."

His was the second death in the Social Club during last week, the other being Elijah Wood. the last previous death being that of Dr. Bartlett.

The membership of this Club is limited. the vacant chairs in which will probably not be filled until the next regular meeting. which occurs in the fall.

"Another organization that will miss the genial presence of the philosopher, is the club formerly known as the "Atlantic Club," a purely literary circle which has had on its rolls of membership such men as Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell. Alcott. Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow. Motley. Agassiz, Whipple and others of high literary character. The 'Social Club of Concord' will have a vacant chair at its meetings hereafter. This club is composed of the younger portion of Mr. Emerson's friends and neighbors, and he was an honorary member. The membership of the circle is limited to thirty, and the meetings are full of interest. Mr. Emerson was usually present, and entered into the conversation which generally followed the reading of papers on special topics. At one of the last meetings of the club that Mr. Emerson attended, Professor W. T. Harris gave a lecture on Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' which was followed by an interesting discussion by many of those present."

A pleasant incident of last Sunday was the preaching of Rev. C. M. Haskins, rector of an Episcopal parish in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. H. is a cousin

of the late Mr. Emerson and read the committal service at his grave from a prayer book once belonging to Mr. E's. mother.

Our second page gives herewith a number of pertinent selections from other sources, and we shall recur to this fruitful theme from time to time. being sure the story of such a life will ever have an attractiveness to our people that will warrant frequent reference thereto.

"A fact showing that not always is it true that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. In the year 1880 he delivered his one hundreth lecture before the Lyceum in Concord. his subject being "New England Life and Letters." Mr. Emerson lectured frequently in other towns near Concord and was a welcome occupant of the platform in all parts of the region of which Concord has been so long the intellectual as well as the geographical centre."

Mr. Emerson was possessed of warm, patriotic impulses. as was shown by his attitude during the anti-slavery agitation and by frequent published and spoken utterances, notably by a speech which he made at Concord when the news came of the assault upon Sumner.

A friend and acquaintance of twenty-five years gives a marked illustration of Mr. Emerson's singular modesty and amiability. Once riding in the cars together his friend said, "Mr. Emerson. we all feel as if we don't get enough of you, that we would like to listen oftner to an expression of your thoughts." Mr. Emerson replied, "Some friends think I know considerable, but I am only a learner." This was at the time [illegible] fame, and indicates how impervious he was to flattery.

Another fact in regard to him. one which illustrates the rapid growth of his fame, is that twenty-five years ago. this same friend was forced into a heated controversy with a rigid Unitarian, with reference to Emerson, who at that time was outside the Unitarian embrace: the Unitarian remarking that "he should be ashamed to be seen walking in the street arm in arm with Emerson." Since then said church has in a measure occupied his position, and all bow in recognition of his virtues and of his beautiful, practical faith; a faith that made his countenance luminous with heavenly light, a luminosity as natural as his smile or his voice.

The following tribute was paid to Mr. Emerson by his tried and venerable friend, Alcott, in his "sonnets and canzonets" recently published:

Misfortune to have lived not knowing thee:
Twere not high living, nor to noblest end.
Who, dwelling near, learned not entirely,
Rich friendship's ornament that still doth lend
To life its consequence and propriety.
Thy fellowship was my culture, noble friend:
By the hand thou took'st me, and did-st condescend
To bring me straightaway into thy fair guild:
And life-long hath it been high compliment
By that to have been known, and thy friend styled.
Given to rare thought and good learning bent:
Whilst in my straits an angel on me smiled.
Permit me, then, thus honored still, to be
A scholar in thy university.

Our tribute to the departed cannot be more appropriately sealed than by quoting from his "Threnody" how the Deep Heart said to him.

"When the scanty shores are full
With Thought's perilous, whirling pool;
When frail nature can be more,
Then the spirit strikes the hour:
My servant Death, with solving rite
Pours finite into infinite.

Concord paper, ca. May 11, 1882, vols. 3-5.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Born in Boston, May 25, 1803.
Died in Concord, April 27, 1882.

The Home of Emerson.

Of this quiet home of the man who has been so generally denominated as the "Sage of Concord," a man whose fame is known throughout the civilized world. a brief description is now peculiarly appropriate. It is a plain, square wooden house, set back in an old-fashioned yard, and liberally surrounded with chestnuts and pines. A garden fills half an acre at the back, and has for years been famous for its roses, and also, in season has a rare collection of hollyhocks, the flowers that Wordsworth loved, and most of the old-time annuals and shrubs. The sun-flower, it may be stated, does not flourish here.

From the road a gate, which is always open, leads over marble flag stones to the broad, low step before the hospitable door. A long hall divides the centre of the house, with two large square rooms on each side. A plain solid table ~~stands~~ at the right of the entry. The first door on the right leads to the study—a plain, square room, lined on one side with wooden shelves filled with choice books. A large mahogany table stands in the middle, covered with ~~a, the morocco writing pad~~ [illegible] the pen which has had so great an influence for a quarter of a century on the thoughts of two continents. A large fireplace. with a low grate. occupies the lower end, over which hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's "Fates," the faces of the strong-minded women frowning upon all who would disturb with idle tongues this haunt of solemn thought. On the mantle shelf are busts and statuettes of men prominent in the great reforms of the age, and a quaint, rough idol brought from the Nile. A few choice engravings hang upon the walls, and the pine trees shade the windows. Two doors, one on each side of the great fireplace, lead into the large parlor which fills the southern quarter of the house. This room is hung with curtains of crimson and carpeted with a warm color. A beautiful portrait of one of the daughters of the house is hung in this pleasant and homelike room, whose home circle, like the sound of the famous shot, seems to reach around the world, for almost every person of note who has visited this country has enjoyed its genial hospitality, and listened with attention to the words of wisdom from the kindly master of the house—well called the most modest and most gifted writer and deepest thinker of the age.

Years ago the chatty little Frederika Bremer paid a long visit here, a brisk old lady as restless as her tongue and pen. Here Margaret Fuller and the other bright figures of the Dial met for conversation. Thoreau was a daily visitor, and his "Wood Notes" might have been unuttered but for the kind encouragement he found here. The Alcotts, father and daughter, were near neighbors, and it was in this room that Mr. Alcott's earliest "Conversations" were held, now so well known. Here, too, old John Brown was often to be met, a plain, poorly dressed old farmer, seeming out of place, and absorbed in his own plans until some allusion, or chance remark. would fire his soul and light up his rugged features.

Mr. Emerson's Death.

The death of Mr. Emerson, following only a few weeks after that of Mr. Longfellow, is a painful reminder of the rapidity with which the older school of American authors, the men who began to write when American literature was beginning to take shape, and who have exerted a formative influence not only upon literature, but upon the life and thought of the people, are passing away. Whittier, Holmes and Lowell among the poets, Bancroft among prose writers, and Winthrop and Phillips among the great orators of the platform, are left to us, but Lowell is the only one of these who has not passed the boundary line of three score years and ten; and the departure of Emerson not only recalls old sorrows, but suggests other losses which are to come.

The death of Emerson does not touch with grief so wide a circle as did that of Longfellow. His influence was not directly felt by the masses of people. There was something deterrent about the thought-compelling quality of his books, to many minds; there was a subtlety about his methods of thought. and an absence of sequence and arrangement in his manner of grouping ideas, which made it by no means easy for an untrained and impatient reader to follow him. He was an excellent author to read by detached passages; all over his writings there are sentences that sparkle with brilliancy, and there are seed-thoughts which are wondrously fruitful if they do but find congenial soil. But it requires a pretty robust mind to read page after page, essay after essay, of his writings, without any sense of weariness. As Alcott aptly expressed it, his logic was the logic of a galaxy of stars. There was brilliancy there—a flashing and dazzling brilliancy often, like that of the stars, as seen through a rarer and clearer atmosphere than that through which we ordinarily view them. but it was a brilliancy which defied analysis and arrangement. Nor was it only his subtle qualities of thought and style which kept his writings from finding a place among the familiar books of average readers; the subjects with which he dealt were often lofty and abtruse, and removed from the ordinary thought of men.

When the final estimate comes to be made up upon Mr. Emerson's work and the results of it, we are quite confident it will be found that the indirect influence which it has exerted has been not only vastly wider but more potent than the direct. It is an influence which has been felt by many minds who were quite unaware from what source it came; and this because it was a reflex influence, reaching them by radiation, as it were, from other minds which were directly touched by Mr. Emerson's thought. Mr. Emerson's work has been the fructifying of some of the noblest minds of his generation, and through the operations of these minds, and by others touched by these in turn, he has made an impress upon many people to whom he himself was hardly more than a name. He died tranquilly and painlessly, as a child might fall asleep; and he has passed to a more intimate knowledge of the mysteries which, during his lifetime, engaged his deepest thought.—[Journal.

How He Looked.

In figure, Mr. Emerson was slender, with a quiet and noble air; his features were strongly marked, and his hair. until age whitened it, was dark. His eye was clear and bright, and had a pleasant yet searching expression. He usually enjoyed good health, and seemed to have but little understanding of

the physical infirmities of others; in certain well-known passages of his essays he wrote with contempt and strong rebuke of people who make their ailments a subject of conversation. Some one, once writing of his appearance on the lecture platform, remarked that one of his great attractions as a lecturer consisted in the perfect harmony between the genius and his external presence and expression. "His countenance is of serene and intellectual beauty, through which the mind shines like light through a slab of thin alabaster; his manner is simple and dignified; and his voice, of naturally fine quality, has been so skillfully trained that all semblance of art is lost. His reading of poetry is especially admirable—as far as possible removed from spouting or declamation, and yet bringing out completely every hidden shade of meaning and every delicate grace of expression." This description of him remained essentially true down to his latest appearance in public, though, as the infirmities of age grew upon him, his eye was less clear, and a certain dreaminess and absent-mindedness were apparent.

The Failure of his Powers.

Mr. Emerson has been failing mentally for some years. The Springfield Republican says: It was the external that he lost his grasp of; at first his sense of place was gone —whether he were in this town or another, or whether such a college and such a friend were in the same place or in two places far apart quite passed his realization. These were really matters of no consequence and even later, when he could not continue his own thought in utterance, he had within a serener sense to which his spirit withdrew itself and was continuous. But he was sensitive, less for himself then for his fellows. "When my friends come to see me," he said, I run away, instead of going to meet them, that I may not make them suffer."

Emerson's Notable Friends.

Probably no man ever lived who could boast of a larger circle of distinguished acquaintances then Mr. Emerson. In the house in which he has just died Mr, Alcott and Mr. Jones, the Illinois Platonist, held conversations in a circle of Mr. Emerson's neighbors. In this house, indeed, have occurred more of those "conversations" of Mr. Alcott than in any other place. Here have sat Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Sumner, Thoreau, the Channings, the Lowells, Aurthur Hugh Clough, Jones Very, Henry James and sons, Louisa Alcott, Lord Amberley and his free-thoughted wife, the English Stanleys, the American Bradfords. Theodore Parker, Elizabeth Peabody, Julia Ward Howe, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, George William Curtis and hundreds more who have made for themselves a name in poetry, oratory, art, literature or politics in all parts of the world. Mr. Emerson, moreover, had the acquaintance and friendship in their day of some of the foremost thinkers on the other side of the Atlantic. When he went abroad in 1833 he met Horatio Greenough, the first great American sculptor, in Florence, and dined with Walter Savage Landor, then living in a cloud of pictures at his charming villa. In London he saw Wellington in Westminster Abbey, at the funeral of Wilberforce, and called on Coleridge. He made a pilgrimage to the North to visit Wordsworth, at Royal Mount, and Carlyle in Scotland. Had Goethe been living then, he might have wandered into Germany also, but, as it was, the young American returned and settled down in Concord to pass the remainder of his days.

The Final Estimate.

The final estimate of Mr. Emerson's life and work must take in his influence as a theologian, a teacher of ethics and culture, a philospher upon nature and life, an essayist and lecturer, and a poet. It would be quite beyond the purpose of this sketch to forecast this final estimate. As has been already intimated, his influence has not been very wide—it has never touched the popular thought and feeling—but it has been very deep, and has had a moulding power upon some of the choicest minds.

As a religious thinker and teacher, he early deviated even from the liberal lines of thought of the Unitarian churches; and his position in mature and later life may be best described as he himself chose to describe it, as that of a Christian theist. Said he: "You must not leave out the word Christian, for to leave out that is to leave out everything." And in The Preacher he said: "Unlovely, nay frightful, is the solitude of the soul that is without God in the world. To see men pursuing in faith their varied action, warm hearted, providing for their children, loving their friends, performing their promises—what are they to this chill, houseless, fatherless, aimless Cain, the man who hears only the sound of his own footsteps in God's resplendent creation."

His earlier writings were thought by some to have a drift toward pantheism but there is certainly nothing of pantheism in the words cited above. The ethical element is a prominent one in all of his writings, and with this there is manifest a quick sympathy with nature and an ardent delight in her manifestations. Miss Bremer wrote of him as "the worshipper of nature, who does not belong to any church, and who will not permit his children to be baptised, because he considers the nature of a child purer than is commonly that of a full grown, sinful man."

A Day in Old Concord.

BY WILLIAM F. BARNARD. 1884

On one of those lovely summer days the last of July, of which the whole month of 1884, will ever be a memorable one on account of its cool atmosphere, refreshing breezes and copious showers, I in company with others, took a ride for recreation and pleasure to this quaint, staid, historic old town.

Passing through the east part of Hudson, we soon came to the new and flourishing town of Maynard, named from Mr. Amory Maynard, a native of Marlboro, who, together with his sons by their enterprise and perseverance in their large manufacturing business and large water power, have added much to the growth of the place in wealth and population.

The next place of any note is the powder mills, and here I should judge they were busy, for I noticed several workmen making additions to their buildings. Several times since my remembrance the sad news came to us "powder mills blown up," one or more killed; others rush in and take their places and the work goes on. Continuing our ride due east through wood and dale, nearly two miles, we come to West Concord called Westvale, and now, I believe, Damonvale, in honor of Mr. Damon who is the proprietor and manager of a large manufacturing establishment here on the Assabet River, making flannels for which there is now quite a demand, and for which his help find steady employment. As we go up the hill from the River and mills, we come to level land on both sides of the street. Here are some very fine residences recently built. On the left is the old Brown House built the year of the

CONCORD FIGHT.

I noticed one of peculiar architectural style, but unique and pretty, belonging to Mr. Damon, the owner of the mills. The juncture of the Framingham and Lowell with the Fitchburg R. R. just below, afford excellent R. R. accommodations to all who live near this place. Near the railroad crossing I saw what I took to be a straw hat manufactory. North of the Fitchburg R R. here and near the junction, we have a fair view as we pass along of the New Concord State Prison and the immense pile of buildings belonging unto and connected therewith composed of wood, brick, stone, mortar and cement; a place that should be regarded as a terror to evil doers and wilful transgressors of the law. Nearly a mile beyond the Fitchburg and Lowell R. R., as you emerge from the woods, forest trees and shrubbery which skirt the way, you come in full view of a large tract of plain and meadow land extending south towards Wayland and Sudbury, and east towards Walden Pond and on the north towards Carlisle. On both sides of the Fitchburg R R. which passes centrally through the town, you can see as you pass along large farm houses and barns in the distance. A considerable portion of this large tract of land is under a high state of cultivation. The farmers here furnish large quantities of milk for the Boston market, hence, they keep large herds of cows adapted to that kind of business. A large amount of hay fodder and root crops are gathered for feeding stock for which the land under high cultivation yields abundant crops. Mixed farming receives special attention, such as market gardening. Of smaller fruits such as strawberries, large quantities are raised I should say judging by the size of the fields.

GRAPES

are cultivated too quite extensively back on the high farm lands. The "Concord grape" so celebrated as a great grower and bearer, and of good flavor withal, originated with E. W. Bull of this town. A short distance from the village in the direction nearly east, you pass the Fitchburg R. R. at grade, and a few rods beyond you pass the Concord River, made famous by the classic pen of Thoreau. The Old Middlesex Agricultural grounds and buildings are on the right, and the foundation for a new Episcopal church on the left, is just being laid. Just before you enter the village. Tthe main street is of good width, good side walks. On either side of the street are beautiful shade trees reaching out their branches overhanging the street. On both sides of the street, for nearly a mile, there are beautiful and commodious residences with green and velvet lawns in front, of wide extent, between the buildings and the street, with circular drive ways, and groups of flowers and flowering shrubs in the distance, making the whole prospect most charming, picturesque and beautiful. There has been a wonderful change wrought in the appearance and growth of the place since the courts were held here as one of the shire towns of the county. I recollect some of the places then and the names of the residents but hardly able to locate them now. One place I recollect well, the residence of the

HON. SAMUEL HOAR,

an able jurist and the ablest pleader at the Middlesex bar, if not in the state. I presume the place is now occupied by his son, Judge E. R. Hoar, and that the stock holds good and is not degenerating. After passing the residence you come to the business portion of the street, in a northerly direction leading to the Public Square. Here are located the Post Office, the Banks, Savings and National, stores, halls, &c.

religious subjects; for the promotion of a correct public sentiment in the community, in the dissemination of great and important truths. From the character and high literary attainments of the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the association as authors, speakers and writers, I predict for it in the future an onward movement and glorious success. I was pleased with the good order observed, brotherly kindness and charity manifested in the meeting in all the exercises to its close. The late R. W. Emerson was one of the strong pillars and patrons of the school. Other distinguished names might be named as Alcott, Hawthorne, Sanborn, Cook and others. Among the ladies belonging to it are Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Peabody, Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Shattuck, and a number of others of eminence might be mentioned. I left, favorably impressed with the Concord School of Philosophy, believing that controversy is productive of good if conducted properly and in a right spirit, and will serve to elicit truth. Nearly a mile from the village as you go north west towards Acton, you come to an avenue leading from the Main street directly nearly south to the "Old North Bridge." There are large forest trees on both sides of the avenue. Here on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, was fought the first battle of the Revolution, and opened a war that lasted 7 years, or till the British government acknowledged the states free, sovereign and independent. Now you cross the bridge here which spans the Concord river, and on the west side of it and but a few feet away, you may see at once a large granite block several feet high, and on that a bronze statute representing a Minute Man in the act of discharging his gun across the river into the ranks of the

BRITISH SOLDIERS.

by his side stands a plough of the same material, showing the hurried manner in which the yeomanry of Middlesex County rushed to the scene of conflict on the morning of that eventful day by leaving their ploughs in the field, turning their oxen adrift. On a panel in this monument are inscribed these touching and thrilling words by Ralph W. Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flags to April breeze unfurled,
There once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

There is a circular carriage road around the monument. We recross the bridge. On the other side of the river opposite, stands another granite monument about 20 feet high with the following inscription upon it in commemoration of the battle: "Here on the 19th of April, 1775 was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia, here stood the invading army; and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the war of the Revolution which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God and in the love of freedom this monument was erected A. D. 1836. Two of the British soldiers killed near the bridge were buried on the spot where they fell and a rough stone and an inscription on the wall marks the place. On the left as we return to the Main Street and but a short distance from the battle ground stands the old Emerson House where the grandfather of R. W. Emerson lived at the time of the Concord fight and who joined the Concord company and was engaged in the battle. The old residence has been preserved intact. A random bullet went through the clapboard and the spot has been preserved and is still visible as a reminder of what took place on that day. As we retrace our steps from the old battle grounds and when near the

TOWN HALL

we turn northerly on to a street that leads directly to one of the old cemeteries. There are two near the centre and there are some very ancient burials. Concord was the first inland town settled in the state. It was incorporated Sept. 2, 1635, but 15 years after the landing of

the Pilgrims at Plymouth. We enter the cemetery by the gate on the South side and pass along the road for carriages in a northerly direction and find the grounds quite extensive, as large additions have been made within a few years. We notice two or three guid-boards upon which we read "Sleepy Hollow," the name given to this last repository of the dead. We soon reach the place and enter by a circular driveway on to the crown point and can drive clear on the outside, looking into the valley below. We obtain a splendid view of the tombs, monuments and all that wealth and art could bestow. I asked the sexton if he could point me to the grave of Hawthorne; he said he could. We went directly to it. It is on the north side of the cemetery and the highest point of land in it. I inquired of the sexton if he had ever heard it said that it was an expressed wish of Hawthorne before he died, that no stone or monument should mark the spot where his remains were laid. He said he had, but what his reasons were, he did not know. This distinguished author, novelist and writer was born in Salem, Mass., July 4,1804, died in Plymouth, N. H., May 18, 1864, age 60, and was buried in Concord, where he lived several years previous to his death studying and preparing his works for the press. His books are found in nearly all the libraries of the country. His home was called the "Hillside", situated on Lexington Avenue embowered among the trees. He he

At the corner of the two streets, as you turn on to the Boston Avenue, there stands an old building used for an hotel, and the only one in the place open for the entertainment of travellers. Looking up I saw that it had one of the old, high roofs, and at the gable end were painted in plain figures 1745, the year that it was erected, or 30 years before the Concord battle. On the opposite side and on the south side of the Public Square stands the Middlesex Hotel, long celebrated as one of the best in Middlesex County, but is now closed up, and the whole story can be told in two words "No License", Concord would be a very unsafe place for the rumseller. This noted hotel used to be thronged with customers and the stables filled with horses, and many who applied for entertainment were turned away for want of room. As you go down on the Boston road, some distance after passing the Unitarian Church, you come to Lexington Avenue. A short distance down this avenue you come to a chapel standing back a few rods from the street on the hill, embowered among the trees, and it is the place of the meeting of the

"CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY."

I have had strong desire to visit this distinguished school of which I have read and heard much, and of which its name gives it such wide-spread publicity that I was anxious to come and see it with mine own eyes and judge for myself, and this has been one of the strong inducements that brought me to this place. Arriving at the gate in front of the chapel I noticed several horses and carriages, some hitched to the fence and others taking people to and from the meeting. We alighted from our carriage and went immediately up to the chapel. The usher came and told us the chapel was quite full but that he thought he could find us a seat, but if we chose to remain outside by passing around to the north-east corner of the chapel, the door being open, we could hear distinctly, as the land rises from the basement of the chapel being on the side hill it brought us on a level with the door of the audience room. The speaker was Dr. Peabody, his subject, "The Immortality of the soul." The Dr. soon closed his discourse. I was sorry that I did not arrive in season to hear the whole of it. He took Biblical side in support of the question the christian view of it, and judging from what I heard, it was an able exposition of the subject and just what we might expect from so able a writer. He closed quoting Christ's own words, "Because I live ye shall live also." A gentleman came to the door after Dr. Peabody closed and invited us in and gave us seats on the platform where we could see the whole audience, every seat being occupied with attentive and anxious listeners. The next speaker was Miss Peabody, an elderly lady, whom I took to be the Dr's sister, but am not quite certain. She did not rise while she spoke but sat in her chair. She spoke from the same standpoint the Dr. did, taking the scriptural view of the question going back to childhood. She said when any one asked her a question, the only answer she could give would be because. But when she arrived at more mature age and the mind became stronger, she could give a reason for things being so, or the difference between

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

She quoted many passages of scripture in proof of immortality of the soul. Her remarks were listened to with marked attention and were very interesting. The next speaker was Prof. Harris, the gentleman who invited us into the hall. He is an earnest looking man of fine physique, an interesting speaker and writer, and of marked ability. He discussed the question from a philosophical point of view, closing his remarks on the germ or development theory. There were several other speakers that followed in quick succession, giving their views upon the question. No time was lost. One man wanted a privilege of asking a question, which was granted by the Chairman (Prof. Emery.) One person thought so much anxiety was felt about the life beyond this that it robbed us of much enjoyment here. He said he did not believe in a continued existence beyond this life; further than that, he did not say what he believed. Prof. Davidson and Dr. Holland made some remarks. So much interest was manifested in the subject, that it brought out some of the ablest speakers and writers. Evolution was brought into the spiritual realm as was also self consciousness to prove the immortality of the soul. The morning session now came to a close, being limited to two hours from nine to eleven a. m., and the audience immediately left. The sixth annual session of the school is limited to ten days, and the number of subjects for discussion to two. This session the subjects are, the distinguished characteristics of Emerson, and Immortality. This session closes with increasing interest in the school. One of the subjects for discussion at the next session of the school is

GOETHE.

He was born in Frankfort on the Main August 28th, 1749; died in Weimer, March 22, 1832. The historian says of him, that he was the most eminent literary man of 19th century. Now, what is to be the outcome of this "Concord School of Philosophy." Is it an attempt to pattern after the old Greek school of ancient philosophers; Or a modern and model school, which shall meet the present wants of society. Is it to be a school open and free for the discussion of great moral, intellectual and a tower built on the top of his house with one room where he used to retreat from the world for writing and study. It is said he was not fond of society. On the opposite side of the path, a few feet away from Hawthorne's grave, is the grave of

HENRY D. THOREAU.

He was born in Concord, died May 6,1862, aged 45 years. He was one of Nature's noblemen. "He held communion with her visible forms. He went forth under open sky to list to nature's teachings"

The work that he spent on Concord river with a companion, will indicate the amount and object of his work. They lived mostly by hunting and fishing, rowing on the water by day and camping on the shore by night. He kept a diary, and noted down everything he saw with wonderful exactness. He gave the names of the different species of flowers and herbs, their English and botanical names, also the names of the forest and other trees; the names of the grasses, fish, animals, birds, etc. With the same assiduity he extended his observations on the Merrimack in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, from its source to the ocean, with a companion to help him row his boat. He spent several weeks in the woods of Maine, with an Indian to paddle his canoe on the rivers and lakes, sometimes hundreds of miles away from any inhabitants, carrying their canoe on their shoulders around the falls when they came to them. He gave an account of his journey through the wilderness, length, depth, width of rivers and lakes, and height of mountains, subsisting on fish and wild game, roots and herbs, sometimes making their own bread from flour and water.

He spent a portion of his remaining years on the north side of Walden pond, where he built a cabin in which he dwelt, amusing himself in talking occasionally with the birds and small animals, having no other companions. It was here he prepared most of his works for the press, of which there are several volumes—they can be found in the public library. He had a fertile mind and his works were quite interesting. A heap of stones mark the spot where he lived near the Walden.

Another grave near by is that of

RALPH WALDO EMERSON,

no less renowned in history than either of the others, which completes the trio of Concord's authors and sages, though there are other eminent men and women and well-known authors, of whom honorable mention might be made.

Mr. Emerson was a native of Concord, where he lived, and died in 1882. He was a distinguished writer and scholar. He was genial to all in business relations, and affable to strangers and fond of children.—few men have so many good qualities combined. In politics he was conservative, in religion it has been said he was a transcendentalist. One writer said of him at the Concord School of Philosophy, (Rev. James S. Bush,) that Emerson's was the most beautiful Christian life on record since the life of our Lord himself. In style of writing he resembled somewhat the great English author, Thomas Carlisle, with whom he corresponded occasionally.

The sexton told me that there were several hundred visited the cemetery in the course of the year, and nearly all inquired for the graves of these three men, and he had to point them out to all that inquired. A small stone is placed at the head of Hawthorne's grave, with his name on it; Thoreau has a stone with his name on it; Emerson has none, but we presume he will, as his wife and daughter survive him.

Now, as I am about to leave the spot, probably for the last time, where repose the mortal remains of distinguished men, I look up and see the tree-tops waving in the breeze, the branches are reaching down, and the dew and rain drops fall and moisten the soil where the myrtle grows over their graves, and the rustling of the autumn leaves will chant the mournful requiem of departed worth. As we pass along and descend into the valley below, I can see some very nice monuments of granite and marble, perpetuating the memory of departed, distinguished family names of Concord. There are beds of beautiful flowers that emit fragrance, and hydrants of the Concord water works to wet the grounds and keep them fresh and blooming. As I pass along I come to some graves unmarked by any stone, and soon all traces of them will be lost to view. These lines of the poet Gray, said to have been written in a church-yard, came to my mind as appropriate here:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot
There lies some heart once glowing with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstacy the living fire."

as I passed along thinking over the frailties of human life I said to myself we are all equal here at last—dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth, earth. Having arrived at the gate that leads to "Sleepy Hollow" I passed out into the street on my way back to the village. In the Public Square nearly opposite the Town hall is the Soldiers' Monument, built of granite blocks, of 30 feet or more in height, with the names of the 34 who fell during the war of the Rebellion engraved on a panel. True to the principles of liberty and independance on the morning of April 19, 1775, this good old liberty loving town equally as true in 1861 to defend what our fathers fought and died for and were ready to adopt the language of President Lincoln that this "government of the people, for the people, and by the people, shall not perish from the earth." Passing up the Main street to where a road branches off to the Fitchburg R. R. depot and at the junction of those streets is a beautiful lawn, adorned with flowers, enclosed with a substantial fence, with surroundings attractive. You pass into the enclosure over concrete walks. There are plenty of hose lying at length and attached to hydrants for use to keep down the dust on the streets and walks, and to sprinkle the lawn and make the flowers blossom and look thrifty. On this beautiful spot is erected the Public Library. It is built of brick with stone trimmings and something, I should think, of the gothic style of architecture. It is a beautiful edefice, complete in its arrangements throughout. As you enter the hall of the building on the left is a marble tablet on which are inscribed these lines: "Wm. Munroe, born in Concord June 24, 1806, built this library and gave it, with funds for its maintainance and extention, for the use of the inhabitants of his native town." Its cost, I am told, was about $75,000. It is considered fire proof. You pass from the hall to the reception room which is circular and has a beautiful finish about six feet high and from this it is open clear to the ceiling, so by standing in this room you can see into the alcove or library in the first story and also second and third stories above. The books are all classified and arranged on shelves and there is a circular passage way around each story giving free access to any book in the library. Each passageway is protected by a railing. The library contains 16,000 volumes. By the curtesy of the Librarian, Miss E. F. Whitney, I obtained valuable information. There are suspended from the walls around the room just below the second story the busts, in plaster and marble, of the following distinguished men: Emerson, Hawthorne, Agassiz, Horace Mann, Munroe. Pictures of Lincoln, Washington, Garfield, A. B. Alcott and Henry D. Thoreau. You can pass from the reception room to the reading room on the east corner of the building. Here you will find a large table covered with the leading newspapers of the day, pamphlets, magazines and monthlies There were plenty of chairs for the accommodation of those who wish to spend their leisure moments in reading. There were excellent printed rules to govern all who visited the library. Now as the day is far spent and the night is at hand those sweet and cheering words come to my ears after the labors and fatigues of the day are over: "Home, home, sweet, sweet home, there's no place like home!" and I leave, with many pleasant reminescences of old Concord.

Reminiscences of Old Concord.

"OLD CONCORD."

Random Recollections of an Old ?1878 Inhabitant.

CHANGE THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.)

Much is being said and written about Old Concord, Concord authors, Concord men, and Concord manners, and no better time than now could be chosen for saying it, for the ancient town is undergoing a change which will ere many years leave little of the celebrated community of twenty years ago but its name. Not that the town's people are becoming less intelligent or less aristocratic, not that they less persistently claim to have discovered the meaning of "Brahma," not that they are forgetting the historical and literary facts that have made this Middlesex town the most celebrated of American rural communities. The change is in the outward aspect of the town. Twenty years ago Concord, as one walked through its ever dusty streets decidedly suggested

ITS COLONIAL ANTECEDENTS,

and abounded in souvenirs of the Revolutionary era. The landmarks of the latter period are, it is true, religously kept up, but the old-fashioned houses with gambrel roof, door yards thick with lilacs that hid the lower windows from the streets and filled the apartments with their fragrance, have passed away with the flowers that bloomed before them, giving place to French cottages, closely shaven lawns and brilliant parterres. These changes have introduced a new beauty, and everywhere one sees evidence of assured ease and refined taste, but to one who looks back to the Concord of his vanished youth there comes the feeling that the old town was then in its truest character. Concord has become stylish, decidedly so, and if the progress of modern improvement is to continue for the next few years in its unsympathetic course, it is to be doubted whether

THE "OLD MANSE"

itself will escape its devastating hand. The grand old house, as innocent of paint as in Hawthorne's time, still rears itself, a mute protest against mutability, and though weather-beaten by the storms of far more than a century looks as if it might, unless disturbed by the hand of man, witness the bi-centennial of the battle that raged around it. Hawthorne loved the "Old Manse." His whole heart went out towards it as it never did towards his more modern residence on the Boston road. The venerable house which had been the home of so many clergymen, that it seemed to have acquired something of the austere aspect of its clerical occupants, was ever associated with the delightful years of his early married life. Those who have read his note books (are there any who have not?) will remember his long days in the attic when the rain was on the roof; his queer makeshift housekeeping when his wife was away from home, and his frequent indebtedness to his neighbors for assistance in his culinary efforts. Hawthorne was a man of many peculiarities, though these have been exaggerated by rumor and report. He was shy but not sullen, and made comparatively few acquaintances. It was long the boast of one of the townspeople that he heard Hawthorne unaddressed, utter one entire sentence, his emotions having been strongly stirred at the time. The occasion of this excitement was his participation in the labors of a party who were dragging the river by night for the body of a young girl who had sought rest in its dark depths. The body was unexpectedly found, and Hawthorne, as it was raised dripping and pale from the river, was profoundly moved. Several spectators subsequently thought they recognized a reproduction of the scene in one of the most striking episodes of

THE "BLYTHEDALE ROMANCE."

Singularly enough one of the most incorrect estimates of Hawthorne's social character was published by one who enjoyed unusual opportunities for uninterrupted studies of his peculiarities. In this estimate it is said that Hawthorne took little or no interest in the observation of animal life. Yet many residents of Concord remember the great black Newfoundland dog, the pet of Una Hawthorne, and to whom his master was fondly attached. Then there are the blase hens and chickens in "The House of Seven Gables"; and the sedate old dog, mentioned in the note books who, offended by the attention bestowed by the spectators upon a hand organ, danced solemnly after his tail, to attract notice.

THE HAWTHORNE FAMILY

is fortunate in the continuance of its ability beyond the first generation. Candor compels one to say that Julian Hawthorne, the romancist's only son, was, when he left Concord, an instance of the lack of honor a prophet receives in his own valley, and when his first novel, "Bressant," made its appearance, the encomiums it called forth from the press were received with something like incredulity by the Concordians. Its great and now undisputed merits soon won for its author a kindlier feeling on the part of the people, and a ready appreciation of his talents, which his subsequent works have gone far to confirm. It must be said, however, that there was one drawback to the popularity of "Bressant" in Concord. His author had attached Concord names to some of its characters, probably because they were typically New England, and in the case of another had caricatured the physical deformities of a young man whom he had never known, but who, dead at the time of the novel's publication, had left one of those memories which are precious. What aggravated the case was that the moral character of the paper personage bore not the slightest resemblance to the object of the caricature but the two attributes were so closely connected in the novel, the true and the false, as to cause this mitigating circumstance to be entirely overlooked, and made many, erroneously, one can but think, believe Mr. Hawthorne guilty of sacrificing others' sensibilities to his own love of the grotesque. Hawthorne had two daughters, Una, who died in England a year ago; and Rose, who is the wife of Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known litterateur.

THE THOREAU'S.

The Hawthorne's were more fortunate than the Thoreau's (whose name by the way is *not* pronounced *Torreau*), who have entirely died out. The last of the family, Miss Sophia, died at Bangor, Me., where they had relatives, a couple of years ago. She was the beloved sister and favorite companion of the naturalist whose affection for his sisters Sophia and Helen was such as their many virtues should have commanded.

Both were women of rare abilities and accomplishments, sharing in their brother's tastes and studies, and, it is said, turning their talents to a practical account in helping him through Harvard. Helen died some years before Henry. There was another child, John, who died in his young manhood and is buried not far from Henry in the village cemetery of "Sleepy Hollow." Thoreau was very chary of taking life, and was once known to carry some canker worms he had found in his bed-room down into the yard rather than throw them out the window, saying in reply to a remark on the subject that we knew not of what value they might really be in some of the subtle processes of nature. His peculiarity in this respect, combined with his habitual diffidence, once made him the hero of a ludicrous incident. Desiring to catch a woodchuck alive, without permitting the animal to injure itself in its frantic efforts to escape, he applied to a veteran trapper, a dissipated Nimrod and village hanger on, for instruction.

"Mr. W——," he began, "is there any way to get woodchucks without trapping them with—"

"Yes; shoot 'em, you —— fool," replied the disreputable mentor, without waiting for the naturalist to complete the sentence.

Thoreau's nature was essentially kind and loyal. A ripe scholar, and, for his constant occupation, a prolific author, he was, to the few acquaintances he made, a delightful companion, possessing the manners natural to a cultivated gentleman, with just enough shyness to make him the more interesting. Thoreau when a young man was a tutor and sort of factotum in the family of Ralph Waldo Emerson, with whom he always maintained the most cordial relations. Quite recently a statement has gained currency that

THOREAU'S LIFE AT WALDEN

was a sort of fanciful hermitage—that of a hermit who had his cell within a mile of churches, schools and the haunts of men. Such was not the case. Walden, though little more than a mile from the village, was, until within fifteen years, as lonely a lake as one could desire. Even now the woods, except where the railroad company has set up the picnic buildings, come down to the water's edge; and in the twilight of a summer day, when all is still, you may hear the loon's lonely call come across the water, or mark a fox starting from his covert for his nocturnal foraging. The truth is, Thoreau was a consummate master of the rare art of woodcraft, and he was equally well fitted to fill a professor's chair at Harvard.

Emerson, Alcott, and Ellery Channing are the three

SURVIVORS OF THE ILLUMINATI.

Mr. Emerson outranks the others in the matter of continued residence in the town, and comes of Concord stock. His house is an old-fashioned one near the Boston road, and is just such a residence as one might expect of him. He has three children: Edith (Mrs. Forbes), Edmund Waldo, a physician, and Ellen, who makes her home with her parents, and is one of those specimens of perfect womanhood to be found in quiet New England towns. She is her father's constant companion in his lecture tours, and is conspicuous among his most attentive hearers, and not infrequently as a prompter, the philosopher having an unfortunate habit of disarranging his manuscript notes, the proper order of which is as well known to her as to him.

THE ALCOTTS

mix more with the generality of the townspeople than the other distinguished families of Concord. By those who are so fortunate as to possess her acquaintance, Miss Louisa is described as charming, having all the geniality to be expected of the writer of "Little Women." By the way, it would not be difficult for any one acquainted with Concord people to hazard some very plausible conjectures as to the originals of many of the characters in Miss Alcott's books. It is difficult of belief, but nevertheless true, that Miss Alcott was ten or fifteen years ago a writer of sensational fiction. The story goes that, in the spirit of fun, she wrote a remarkable narrative intended as a palpable burlesque on the prevailing school of fiction. In this direful narrative horrors on horrors' heads accumulated. Everybody came to an untimely end; the male characters were picturesquely brutal, *a* "Sword and Gown," "Guy Livingstone," etc.; the readers' feelings were intensely harrowed, and the curtain fell on a general catastrophe. This "thrilling" performance was sent to a well-known weekly, and was accepted and paid for. We have, ourselves, read a very clever story of this character, which, but for the express declaration in the title, one could not believe came from the pen which has since then drawn so many fresh pictures of innocent childhood and gracious youth. Miss May Alcott, whose marriage was recently chronicled, is an artist of no mean ability. No one can describe Channing's life. He lives in an old house not far from the railroad depot, the world forgetting, if not by the world forgot, a recluse in the midst of a thriving town.

THE HOARS.

Another distinguished family are the Hoars. E. Rockwood, George F. and Edward are sons of the late Samuel Hoar, the eminent jurist. The latter long had an office in Concord in the days when it was a shire town, thronged with lawyers during terms of court, and when such men as Webster and the elder Hoar struggled against each other at the bar. Until within a comparatively brief period this building remained exactly as the old lawyer closed it the day he went home to die. The open book he had last consulted, the pen he had put down, as it proved, forever, were preserved for years with scrupulous care precisely where he had left them, nor were the accessories of the apartment disturbed. Elizabeth Hoar, who died recently, was his daughter, and was as well the heroine of a touching romance of woman's fidelity and the love that survives death. In early life she was betrothed to Chauncy Emerson, brother of the philosopher. Death prevented their marriage, but she always considered herself the widow of his heart, and went about in mourning robes, carrying his memory as her most cherished possession to her grave.

ANOTHER FAMILIAR FIGURE

has disappeared from Concord streets with the death of Dr. Josiah G. Bartlett, for sixty years the village physician. He had seen two generations grow up around him, and sustained relations as confidential as those of a clergyman to almost every family in the town and country round. Of hearty, if somewhat brusque manners, his outward ways reflected his kind and compassionate heart. His was a hand always open to the poor, never more tender and consoling than in some luckless home where

"—lonely want retired to die"

and where, as he well knew, the blessings of the poor must be his only recompense—and he had them in abundance. His practical Christianity and his outspoken frankness are well illustrated by an anecdote related of him by one of the older residents of Concord. He had been called to the bedside of an old lady dying of that "vague disease" which we call old age, for lack of a better appellation. Inclined to form her own opinions on religious as well as worldly matters, she was conspicuous among a church-going family by her non-attendance at divine worship. Her well-meaning relatives, anxious to snatch a brand from the burning, importuned her to connect herself with the church of which they were members. One evening, while the doctor was seated by her bedside, watching the slow ebbing of her life, she bethought herself of asking his advice on the momentous question agitating her mind. After stating her case, she earnestly affirmed that all her life she had "loved mercy, dealt justly, and walked humbly with her God." "My faith!" was the reply of her spiritual adviser, "I wouldn't trouble myself, Mrs. M——. If that won't save you, nothing will." Thus fortified in her resolution, the old lady dismissed the subject, and her relatives did likewise.

What is to become of Old Concord when all the old Concordians are gone? Time must be left to answer that question; and should its future be marked only by the continuance of that culture which signalizes it above all other American communities, the world will not forget what it has been, or find fault with what it may be.

What Charles Dudley Warner Thinks of Concord.

The following article from the Hartford Courant, from the pen of this most facile of American writers and entitled "A Model Fourth," will be read with special interest here:

"There came within our notice one celebration of the Fourth—doubtless there were many more—which was a perfect example of the town celebration suggested by THE COURANT on the morning of the immortal day. It occurred at Concord, Mass., a charming village, which is conspicuous for patriotism, for public spirit, for a thorough democratic simplicity, as it is for culture and refinement. If we wished to direct a foreigner to the best results of American institutions, we would show him Concord. It is vaguely thought of in the public outside as the home of the transcendental philosophers, and by the more charitable and better informed as a town that has retained the old tradition of "plain living and high thinking." But probably few know how completely the democratic problem has been solved there, in a community which preserves simplicity of manners with the highest intellectual development, and a genuine democracy without the slightest intrusion upon individual independence. We might expect that we should find there no ostentation of wealth, but we should hardly expect to note also the absence of anything like intellectual arrogance, which may be as offensive in its way as pride of attainment and culture.

It was Thoreau's belief that Concord is a microcosm of the globe, that everything can be found there—except perhaps the fully developed elephant and hippopotamus—that exists anywhere. It would not be safe for a naturalist less accomplished than he, to controvert his opinion. Certainly the town, with its meadows, gentle hills, forests and waters, has great variety and beauty. The lazy Concord river winds through it most picturesquely, and in its facilities for pleasure and recreation, and a constant image of tranquil life, may be said to be to the town what the Nile is to Egypt. The town is saturated with Revolutionary memories, and the latest news the idle visitor hears there is of the fight at the old North Bridge. Some of the old houses that stood by the road-side, when the red coats marched in and were peppered out of it, yet linger as witnesses; and there is no rude transition from the colonial time: in a hundred years the elms have grown, and, always under the guide of refinement, the village of the fine old-fashioned mansions and well kept grounds and gardens, has simply blossomed into comfort and beauty. Even the new library, surrounded by greensward does not seem a modern innovation, but a growth in the line of the original culture. The river encourages a test for athletic sports and out door life which are in perfect harmony with the open hospitality, the "good neighborliness" and the intellectual pursuits of the people. Because a young lady can read Homer, it is no reason why she should not be far to see, and able to pull a good oar in a dory, or whatever the little boats are called that lie at the bottom of every garden.

The Fourth opened early at Concord, and yet not with that rude explosiveness that is often regarded as the only expression of patriotism. At half past eight, in the freshness of a charming morning, the neighbors assembled in the little town hall, and began the home-made and home-bred celebration, young and old, cultivated and simple, with kindly greetings. Upon the platform was a chorus of neighborhood talent, which opened the exercises with an original patriotic anthem, very well sung, but more naturally from the fact that the singers sang with feeling, and seemed to believe every word they uttered. Judge Rockwood Hoar, in his capacity of president of the day, then spoke for a few moments, pleasantly and simply, about the old-fashioned day—only simple words being necessary to the descendants of the Concord fight. After another anthem Mr. Emerson arose to read the Declaration of Independence. It is impossible to convey any sense of the tender veneration in which Mr. Emerson is held by his neighbors. It is not all explained by pride in his great fame and recognition of his majestic intellect; the love for him is a reflection of his sincere regard for his neighbors and his unassumed attachment to the dear old town. Mr. Emerson was born in 1803, and at his advanced age does not any longer trust himself to say much in public beyond the written word before him. We see in the face, indeed, evidence of a student's life of three-quarters of a century, but there is little abatement of intellectual force in those strongly marked features which are alternately swept by a half smile and a shade of sadness. Without any introduction he began to read, in his old way, with the old hesitation at a word, the old emphasis that searches out of the words their hidden meaning. He made the immortal document his own. We seemed to hear it for the first time, so fully did he reveal its spirit. The catalogue of grievances was read very much as a catalogue would be read, a sort of dry, persistent and yet fascinating iteration, but in the important enunciations, protests and pledges, the reader's voice swelled into a strong, full and solemn tone. The reading brought out all the legal precision of the document, as well as its patriotic fervor. It was something memorable to hear in Concord, where the first gun of the Revolution was fired, the American declaration against political tyranny read by the great poet and protestant of intellectual freedom.

The whole audience then joined in singing "America," and the president announced the programme of the day—a home programme:—A base-ball match (alas that it should be so) at 10, a regatta at 1, an athletic contest on the fair grounds at 3—in all of which the contestants were the youths of the town—and in the evening on the river a "carnival of boats." The latter was a fairy like scene:—upon the winding river a long procession of row-boats,—with extemporized masts and lines or cordage upon which hung colored lanterns,—filled with gay merry-makers discharging rockets and Roman candles, and passing in intricate files of twinkling colors under the illuminated bridges. Here and there on the banks were lines of illuminated lanterns, some of the houses that were favorably situated were decorated in like manner, and from chosen spots could be seen the whole gala panorama reflected in the placid stream.

Many of the elements for such a home celebration exist elsewhere, though it is not every town that has a Concord river or an Emerson to read the Declaration."

TYNDALL ON EMERSON. At the unveiling of the statue of Thomas Carlyle, on the London Embankment, Professor Tyndall expressed the wish that somewhere upon the embankment should be raised a companion memorial to Ralph Waldo Emerson, "the loftiest, purest and most penetrating spirit that had ever shone in American literature." These words (says the London Telegraph) have been read by thousands, not one of whom, we venture to say, has regarded the proposal thus to honor a man who was technically "a stranger and a foreigner," in any other light than that of a tribute paid to one of ourselves. Professor Tyndall spoke of Emerson as the life-long friend of Carlyle, and a community of feeling suggested to him a community of honor. Nevertheless, were we to erect a statue to the American philosopher, we should commemorate in him very different attributes from those recognized in the sage of Chelsea. Emerson was attracted to Carlyle by qualities which were, in some respects, the opposite of his own, and it is amusing to read between the lines written concerning his friend a record of wonderment half comical, half serious. It is to be feared that the time has not yet come for Emerson statues. The philosopher has no disciples, and only here and there one understands the man. Indeed, there are very few, if any, points at which Emerson touches the average mind. The world must be greatly wiser than it is before discerning in him something higher and better than an intellectual gladiator. But if men in general are not likely to recognize in Emerson the hero for whom a statue is fitting honor, the more thoughtful among them do this already, and would gladly combine to carry out the project were it put before them in a practical way. There are some, undoubtedly, who, though out of sympathy with his teachings, only await an opportunity to show reverence for the memory of a great and good man. In doing homage to that sweet nature, we do it to the highest type of our common humanity—mayhap to something more, for he himself has taught us in effect that it is not we who have a reason, but a reason which has us. Be this as it may, Emerson was a splendid manifestation of reason in its most comprehensive form and with all its most godlike aspirations. After the good he ever strove. He pursued it as, in his poem, "The Forerunners," he depicts himself following "happy guides."

"Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows;
I thenceforward and long after
Listen for their harp-like laughter,
And carry in my heart for days
Peace that hallows rudest ways."

Such a nature as this shines with a light all eyes can see, and if Longfellow is to have, as he well deserves, an English memorial, why should not the man who had a deeper poetic insight than the author of "Evangeline" and who spoke with further meaning? Why, too, should we not seize this opportunity of practically asserting the right of inheritance in American literature which belongs to all who speak our common mother tongue? In community of greatness lies one form of the truest alliance between kindred nations.

Mr. Emerson.

The critical illness of the venerable Ralph Waldo Emerson has impressed the people of Concord with a sense of deep mourning as if in expectancy of an event which all seem to feel was a foregone conclusion. As late as Wednesday his malady was not considered necessarily fatal, but his age, his recent feebleness and, of course, limited vitality, were not considered sufficient to cope with what is conceded to be a very serious attack of pneumonia.

The last time Mr. Emerson was away from Concord was the day he attended the funeral of Mr. Longfellow. It has been stated that on that occasion he contracted a cold which resulted in his present prostration. This, however, is not the fact. Up to last Wednesday he had been in the usual health which had favored him for upward of a year. One or two warm days in the middle of the week seduced him into the imprudence of taking a short walk without an overcoat, and to this lack of caution is due the probable fatal illness of the foremost literary genius of America. Since taking to his bed, the patient has at times seemed indifferent to all surroundings. At first he suffered severe pains, and the family was fearful that death would ensue almost immediately. The chief attending physician has been Mr. Emerson's own son, who is absent from the bedside of his father hardly for a single moment. Apr 27 1882

Social Circle Centennial at Concord.

The residence of R. N. Rice, esq., in Concord, Mass., was the scene of a notable gathering on Tuesday evening last, at which time the Concord social circle celebrated its centennial anniversary with appropriate literary and social exercises. The membership roll of the club, limited by its constitution to twenty-five gentlemen, has had inscribed upon it the names of some of Concord's most noted men both of the past generations and of the present day. The circle has held its meetings on each Tuesday evening during the winter season, at the houses of its several members in rotation, and the exercises of Tuesday evening constituted a happy and fitting termination of the first century of its existence. The spacious drawing-room of the host was transformed into a bijou theatre for the occasion. Beautiful bouquets adorned the mantels and lovely stands of flowers filled the available niches of the room, while portraits of several of the past members of the circle depended from the walls. While the company was gathering, it was entertained with piano-forte selections by Miss Florence Whiting and Miss Florence Hoar. Among those present were Ralph Waldo Emerson (the senior member of the club), wife and daughter, the Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar and wife, the Hon. George Heywood of the governor's council, Judge George M. Brooks and wife, Frank B. Sanborn and wife, the Rev. Grindall Reynolds and wife, the Rev. H. M. Grout, D.D., and wife, Mr. E. W. Bull (the originator of the Concord grape and the second oldest member of the club in point of years), W. W. Wheildon, the well-known journalist, and many others. Judge Hoar presided in his usual felicitous manner and made the opening address, which was followed by papers and reminiscences by Judge John S. Keyes, the Rev. Dr. Grout, the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Dr. E. W. Emerson, W. W. Wheildon and Mr. E. W. Bull, and a poem by Mr. F. B. Sanborn. A letter was received from Dr. Jarvis, an ex-member, regretting his inability to be present and expressing his good wishes for the continued welfare of the club. At the conclusion of the intellectual repast, the members and their guests partook of an elegant supper, after which the remainder of the evening was spent in social converse and reminiscence. March 82

THOREAU.

A Bookish Naturalist—An English Estimate of Thoreau—Comparison of Him With Borrow—His Magnetic Power Over Animals, Etc.

How a man like Thoreau, says the London Athenæum, who by his own confession went into the woods "to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles," and who, as Emerson (unconscious of irony) says, "as soon as he had exhausted the advantages of that solitude abandoned it"—how such a man could observe nature as closely and describe her aspects as admirably as Thoreau did is a standing enigma. To study nature the student must forget not only convention, but forget himself—this is the great axiom of the genuine nature worshipper. But here was a man who did most intelligently study her and yet never for a moment could forget the little conventions of Concord. The very opposite of George Borrow, the truest and most simple-minded lover of nature, perhaps, that has lived in our time, he was profoundly self-conscious when confronting nature, and yet free from Borrow's shyness in the presence of man. To Borrow the enjoyment of nature was all-sufficing. It must be remembered, however, that, while Borrow was born in England, Thoreau was born in America, the very "pimple," to use Hawthorne's word, of modern self-consciousness. With all our admiration of a great and wonderful people, we are obliged to say that, at present,

NATURE WORSHIP

such as Borrow's, or even as Wordsworth's, is scarcely possible in America. The proud self-sufficiency of a Wordsworth is needed for the soul to be able to draw itself from human surroundings and bring itself *en rapport* with nature. Like a great eagle unfledged, who feels, but, as yet, dares not trust, the power of his wings, America, while in her heart knowing how foolish is convention, yet answers to convention's idle breath like an Æolian harp. Not knowing how really great she is, her chief desire is still to show to the European world that, without a long history, she is a great country, and that, without a titled aristocracy, she is patrician and perhaps genteel. M. Taine could, no doubt, if he would, take up the subject, find some harmonious general principle connected with the climate, air or food of the parent country that would fully account for this infirmity; yet it is somewhat disappointing to those who must needs look to America as the promised land. But, in truth, the whole history of the warring of the peculiar instinct for change which belongs to the human race alone with the great primary instinct of conservatism which runs through the entire animal kingdom, acting, indeed, as a drag even upon men, but keeping the woodchuck a burrower and without a literature still, learning nothing and losing nothing. Much has been said about the self-sufficiency of Thoreau, about its being more pleasant for him to say "No" than "Yes," but we have only to read this interesting and delightful diary, "Early Spring in Massachusetts," to see how different was this self-sufficiency of Thoreau's from that English stolidness which is probably requisite for the mind to free itself from the trammels of opinion and confront nature with calm eyes. Nothing else was really of so much moment to Thoreau as educating his mind up to the Emersonian standard. Therefore the puzzling question in relation to Thoreau is, Will nature reveal her secrets to a man who can never look at her with the frank eyes of a child, but looks with the eyes of an interviewer of the bookish, self improving, transcendental species?

That an immense objective power can co-exist with an entirely subjective temperament is seen in the case of Goethe, perhaps in the case of Shakespeare, too. In Thoreau, though always occupied with his scheme of self-improvement, the senses were as acute as those of an Indian. His extraordinary intimacy with the lower animals has not improbably, however, led people to take an exaggerated view of his intimacy with nature. The animals are not trustworthy witnesses in the question of a man's relation to nature. Of human character they are, of course, exceedingly poor judges. Bill Sikes' dog fully and honestly believed his master to be the first hero in the world. The fact is that gratitude is a passion with all the lower animals, and this demarcates them very sharply from man, who (though he knows generosity and magnanimity, which the lower animals do not) knows nothing of gratitude, save as a mere sentiment, except in very rare and fine natures. While a greatly caressed child results in the inevitable enfant gâté, a greatly caressed puppy results in a dog that would rejoice to lay down its life for you if it only knew how. By arousing this passion of the lower animals and playing upon it, anything can be done with the most ferocious creature, as Thoreau knew before he began his remarkable experiments. Moreover,

THOREAU'S MAGNETISM,

consciously or unconsciously exercised, was of that peculiar kind which, while it will attract a dog or a heifer, has no influence over man. Under no circumstances could Thoreau have dominated men, but, perhaps, he possessed the kind of magnetism we are alluding to more strongly than any other man who ever lived. Wonderful as must seem to most people the power of attracting fish from a river, it is almost incredible to the adept, for the eye of the magnetizer can here play no part. Yet the evidence seems quite clear that the fish would suffer Thoreau to put his hand into the river and lift them out.

But all this, as we have said, is no evidence that he had more than the mere observer's intimacy with nature—the very intimacy, in short, which he was perpetually sneering at in the man of science. It is strange, indeed, to read these sneers at science from Thoreau, who was himself somewhat of a man of science, though without scientific education. The scientific method is the only method of approaching nature at all, save for the very rarest temperaments, and Thoreau was not one of these. The chief point of interest about Thoreau, indeed, is that it is impossible to classify him. He cannot be called a man of science; he cannot be called a poet; he cannot even be called a prose poet, like Carlyle and Emerson, who, without the gift of verse, had still the poet's impulse for subjecting matter to the demands of expressional form. The examples of Thoreau's so-called "poems" are more unmitigated doggerel than even Carlyle's and Emerson's. Mr. Sanborn gives with much praise some specimens from Thoreau's poem "Sympathy," which first appeared in Emerson's Dial. They are commonplace itself. With regard to men of such splendid gifts as Carlyle, Emerson and Thoreau, the remarkable thing is not that they should have no sense of metre—many fine and perhaps great writers have had no sense of metre—but that, having none, they should try to write in metre. We only wish that men of this type could write in metre.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY. Having received a cordial invitation from a kind friend to spend a Sunday with him and his family in the country, I most cheerfully accepted, and left the city on Saturday, the 1st inst., at 4 P. M., for Concord, where I arrived after one hour. My friend took me into his carriage and rode about the town, showing me the fine farms and objects of general and public interest. We stopped at Mr. Barrett's place, a farmer, residing where the military stores were secreted,—so eagerly sought by the British on the ever memorable 19th of April, 1775. Mr. B. showed us his extraordinarily fine herd of cows and heifers, several of which are Ayrshires, deemed by many the best breed for milk now known;—also several grade animals, as well as some fine ones, denominated natives. Mr. B.'s premises gave every indication of his being a good practical farmer. He sells his milk by the can, for the city market. But as evening drew on my friend turned his face homeward, where we soon arrived, and were met with a most hearty welcome,—such as rural wives and daughters know how to give husbands and fathers, when returning from the business cares and toils of the day, whether accompanied with friends or not. Such greetings gave birth probably, to the oft repeated words—

Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like Home.

Here for the first time this season, while sitting in my friend's house, near the river, was I entertained with a reptilian concert, whose performers comprised frogs, toads and peepers, the latter being a peculiar, and very small species of the frog family. To me this was a pleasant entertainment, though it did indicate that the lands about Concord river were not all well drained. How cheering to a denizen of the city, thus to enjoy the sights and sounds of Spring,—and especially on the hallowed grounds of Concord, whose early settlers, looking to God as their sovereign, were led to choose this pleasant valley as their habitation,—whose happy agreement and union may have suggested the name of the town, one whose memory no true American will ever fail to cherish, no matter where his lot may be cast, or what his fortune.

Sunday morning came. It was overcast and calm. The reptiles were quiet. But the birds were full of cheer and song. And, notwithstanding, it was what the old Puritans called "Sabbaday," they seemed not a whit less intent on vocalizing and nest-building, than if it were Monday. So of the bees, the brooks, the river, and the gentle breeze which came up with Old Sol,—all were merry and joy-inspiring. Man, however, was hushed from business, and seemed wrapt in meditation. "Six days shalt thou labor," was commanded by Him who said "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," or wholly, i. e., entire, as a day for meditation, reading, prayer, praise and worship.

As the morning advanced, the clouds dispersed, the sun shone out with all his wonted brightness, and the bells sounded the note of preparation for public worship. Having faith in the words of Him who once said: "The Sabbath was made *for man*, and not *man* for the Sabbath," I remarked to my friend, that I preferred going on a hill in the rear of his cottage, to meditate, read, and worship, to descending into the valley where are located the consecrated houses for worship. I know, as of old, that it is now maintained that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. But our fathers, we read, "worshipped in the mountain." So I concluded there could be no objection to worshipping on a hill, and as my friend did not dissent from my view of the case, although he went in one direction, with his wife, and I another, with no such pleasant companion—taking along Walden, as a fit liturgy of nature. After a short walk, I arrived at the place of worship, and, taking the recumbent or reposing position, approved by ancient usage, I passed the hours usually devoted to church-service and Sunday-school lessons, most happily in reading, observing the insects, and listening to the sweet choral-chanting of the birds that came into the trees near where I was reposing.

The spot selected overlooked the battle-field of Concord, where, on the 19th of April, Buttrick, after receiving the fire from the British at the North Bridge, leaped into the air, exclaiming, "Fire! fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire!" "Fire!" "fire!" "fire!" ran from lip to lip. When they did fire, two of the British fell, and others were wounded; they soon retreated. The farmers and artizans of Concord were again left in possession of their bridge. This, says the American historian, "was the world-renowned battle of Concord;" more eventful, he might have added, than any other ever fought. Well did Samuel Adams exclaim, on the beginning of that day, as with the ken of a seer, "Oh! what a glorious morning is this!" It was a glorious morning, aside from its being the precursor of American freedom from British bondage, for the grass was verdant and rank, the fields had been ploughed for the reception of seed, and the fruit trees were fragrant with blossoms, and the birds sang on that morning as merrily as on the 2d of May, 1858.

Without further detail it may be truthfully said, that no equal period of probation has been more crowded with incidents of the highest and most inspiring character. The time, the place, the liturgy and all things else seemed to combine to make these hours a foretaste, as it were, of that happy future, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the good have joys that no tongue can describe.

After returning from this hill to the valley, one could hardly fail of being reminded of the Eastern shepherd of olden time, who went up from the plains of Moab to Mount Nebo, Pisgah's top, or a hill, to hold communion with God, who is worshipped in spirit by all regenerated hearts, whether on this hill or at Jerusalem. Would not such opportunities serve to relax the hold of man upon lucre,—to make him less covetous of money and worldly glory and fame, and more happy while sojourning in this beautiful world? Never did the saying that "God made the country, and man the town," seem more truthful, than when descending from Mount Nebo, to the plains of Concord.

Before leaving the town, which was on Monday, I visited the monument that marks the spot where the British fell in the King's service; also, the old mansion where Hawthorne lived when he wrote that beautiful book known as "Mosses from an Old Manse,"—the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, just such a place as one might fancy the sage of Concord would select,—the dwelling place of Henry D. Thoreau, the author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,"—and "Walden," or "Life in the Woods," a very attractive and interesting volume to all lovers of nature,—the residence of Alcott, the transcendentalist,—the future home of the gifted Hawthorne, when he returns to his native land,—and the grapery of E. W. Bull, whose life has been devoted to the successful culture and improvement of this delicious, desirable, and healthful fruit. The well known and approved Concord grape is a seedling of his. He is now engaged producing hybrids, a very delicate and nice kind of business. Mr. B. satisfied me, before leaving him, that he can produce from the Concord grape as delicious sherry as can be imported.

I have thus but alluded to some few of the notable things of the memorable old town of Concord, which, if any one doubts, or deems overwrought, let him go thither and see, and he will return with the conviction of an Oriental Queen, saying, "the half was not told me."

Boston Evg. Transcript, ? May 8, 1858

Mr. Alcott on Thoreau.

In one of his lectures, Mr. Snider's allusion to Thoreau, as a disordered genius who broke away from the contradictions of life and fled to the woods to reconcile them, brought Mr. Alcott to his feet with fresh facts about his friend Thoreau that are too good to be lost. "Thoreau," said Mr. Alcott, "was an extreme individualist. He was named after old Thor, the Northman, who originated the saying, 'I will find a way or cut one' and never lost the spirit of his great ancestor. He said to himself, 'I will be as independent of the human race as possible.' He had prodigious common sense, no one more. He also had a high ideal and rare poetic gifts. He was more in sympathy with nature than with any human being. The animals knew him and selected him as their representative. He was a simple, natural man. In my family, when we had a visit from him, the word passed, 'Mr. Thoreau has come; we will all listen.' When he projected the Walden cabin he came to me and said, 'Mr. Alcott, lend me an ax,' and with this he built the temple of a grand primeval man. Here, with Homer and the Bible, he lived a practical and ideal life. He annexed the universe to Concord." Then, turning to the custodian of Thoreau's MSS., Mr. H. G. O. Blake, who was in the room, Mr. Alcott said that Mr. Blake

had spoken to him in this wise: "Well, really, the Bible is a good book, but Henry's ideas come so near I sometimes take a text from his writings and think of it all day." Then Mr. Alcott added; "Henry Thoreau was one grand man." All this was said with a glow and flash that thrilled the audience.

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A party of ladies from Boston visited Concord last autumn in search of the fringed gentian. A Concord literary man who was on his daily way to the city met them at the railroad station and gave them, as he thought, ample directions where to find the habitat of the sky flower; but being more accustomed to brick pavements than to woodland walks, they tramped for half a day all around the country between Annursnac and Sinking Pond, without finding the object of their search. At length they discovered a house, at which they determined to seek for further guidance. The honest old lady, on hearing their inquiries as to where they could find the fringed gentian, looked puzzled at first, but at length went to the door and blew the horn for her husband, who was afield. The old man heard the renewed query, which was coupled with the information that Mr. X. (the literary man) had told them that it was somewhere in that vicinity.

"Well!" he replied with emphasis, "that's just some of X.'s cussed nonsense. He's been a-foolin' ye. There ain't no such place as French Junction; it's *Concord* Junction, and it's only a little ways off over there, and if you hurry some you'll jest be able to ketch the next train for Boston!"

They hurried, and they did catch the train.

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Concord Social Amusements.

January 1884

As this famous village has long been known as a literary centre, and of late as a headquarters of philosophy, this article will aim to establish its claim as a promoter of social amusements.

Perhaps no spot within its boundaries can better picture forth the three above-named objects, than the half-acre of ground on which stand "Wayside," the home of Hawthorne, the "Orchard House," where Alcott and his gifted daughters lived, wrote and painted; and the rustic School of Philosophy where Harris, Jones, Alcott, Sanborn, Emery and their disciples met and taught.

So much has been said in the papers about the teachings of this school, that we will glance at the farm house now occupied by Prof. Harris, which was for many years the play-house of the Little Women whose merry pranks have been chronicled all over the world. Many are the merry games, plays and frolics with which the old beams of this ancient house have rung in contrast to the grave conversations and artistic studies for which the house is renowned. The posts and walls of some of the rooms still bear the marks of the gifted pencil of Amy, who, after winning high honors as an artist, rests from her labors under foreign skies. Wherever the famous book was written, the reader cannot fail to locate here the home of many of the chief characters of Jo's heroes and pets.

Inside, the two great rooms, one each side of the narrow hall, offer fine opportunities for merry games, and the kindly smile of the noble mistress gave to all a hearty welcome.

"THE WAYSIDE."

As the inmates of both houses will appear again in the accounts of the Dramatic and other clubs, we will glance at the "Wayside," in the square tower on top of which the later works of Hawthorne were written. This house was once occupied by Alcott, by whom it was, like the Orchard House, remodeled from a plain old farmhouse, and the hill behind it was cut into terraces and divided into picturesque forms, where rustic seats and arbors surprised the traveller.

Above these artificial paths is one more interesting than all the others; a little narrow path, worn by feet of the strange genius as he paced up and down meditating on the curious conceits which were to be crystalized into the enduring life of his perfect style.

Although Hawthorne seemed to shrink from general society, his family gave regular receptions for a long time, receiving their friends on a fixed evening of each week. For some years after his death the family remained abroad, and as there the mother and daughter died, "Wayside" was used as a boarding-school for young ladies, but the house at last came into the possession of Mr. G. P. Lathrop, the author and poet, who married Miss Rose Hawthorne.

On the last day of summer (1882), they entertained their friends to the number of fifty by a Sunset Party.

The guests arrived at six o'clock, and spent a pleasant hour in wandering about the paths, now overgrown in many places by tangled shrubbery, and watched the sunset from the romantic poet's walk, or swung in hammocks from the overhanging larches, or reclined on rustic seats or bright blankets on the grassy banks.

At seven they were summoned to a fine supper, and they were entertained with merry games until nine o'clock.

The newest of the games used was the "Whispering Gallery," for which the players were divided into two companies, the leaders of which were seated in two chairs, placed as far apart as the size of the room would allow. They then arranged their sides as near their chairs as possible, so that the whispering need not be overheard. Each either chose fruit or flower and decided by lot which side should begin, and an umpire was chosen by the two sides, who took his place in the middle of the room between the two contestants. The umpire told which side to begin, and the players on that side, having chosen "fruit," the leader hastily called out the name of some fruit beginning with A. The leader of the other side gave another; they replied with great speed; for if the umpire counted ten before one of the leaders replied to the other, one player of the losing side went over to the winning one.

The players helped their leader by suggesting to him some fruit beginning with the desired letter, but whispered it so as not to be overheard by the other side, for they could use any word they chanced to hear. At each victory the letter was changed, and also the flower took the place of fruit; and as the winning side always selected one of the losing side to swell their own numbers, the luck continuously changed, and great fun was inspired by the manmistakes which occurred; for if any fruit was named in the place of a flower, or if any one of either had been mentioned before by either side, they were obliged to lose one of their players and to submit to a change of article and letter for the next trial.

At nine the scene was changed to an old-fashioned candy party, and old and young rivalled each other in their efforts to pull the "lingering sweetness long drawn out" into a state of white purity, which pleasant occupation closed the sunset party, at the hour when many fashionable people begin to dress for the far less sensible ones.

THE SOCIAL CLUBS.

In considering the causes which have contributed to make the social life of Concord so attractive as to draw to its ~~quiet~~ shades every person of note who comes from abroad, as well as many of the brightest of the literary stars of America, its clubs deserve a prominent place, the oldest of which is the Concord Social Circle, which claims to have originated in the famous Committee of safety, which was formed before the Revolution by a few patriots who met to devise means which resulted in the independence of the colonies.

At any rate, the Social Circle is the oldest of the clubs, as it has just celebrated its one hundredth anniversary; and its chief aim seems to have been to stimulate social sentiment and to avoid topics which might cause dispute among its members, which have been composed of citizens representing many varieties of opinion and belief. Its simple lunches seem to have grown into sumptuous banquets with the growth of luxury in the village. A younger rival to this old organization has of late been started by the younger householders of the town, who, like all modern housekeepers, seem not content to begin as their fathers did, but on the contrary, strive to excel them in the variety and style of the weekly suppers to which every luxury of the market is made to contribute. Many members of these two organizations unite in the Concord Club, which has been in successful operation for two years.

Unlike the other clubs, which meet at each member's house every Tuesday during the season, this one has a regular club-house, which is provided with every appliance for indoor amusement, the lower hall being furnished with billiard-table, rowing apparatus and all the paraphernalia needed for modern light gymnastics, as well as with tables for newspapers and writing materials. At the eastern end of this main room a short flight of steps leads into a long and well-lighted bowling alley, completely furnished with everything needful for the games. Over the billiard-room is a neat hall provided with all games of a quiet nature, and also with a piano for use at the receptions, which occur often during the winter months.

A President and Vice, Secretary, Treasurer and Board of Directors compose the cabinet who manage the social and financial affairs of this club, meeting every week in the upper room, which is tastefully decorated with pictures, curtains and other ornaments, prominent among which is French's bust of Emerson, who was the only honorary member.

In this room was held the impromptu meeting of the ladies who, gathered together hastily by an energetic member, made long mourning badges for every house in town on the evening previous to the funeral of Mr. Emerson.

At the Concord Club ladies have their equal rights, for all are cordially welcomed to avail themselves of its privileges free of charge. In fact, their supremacy has been acknowledged in the town for many years; for in 1822 they were locked out of a building which they had a right to occupy for their singing society by an organization who held it subject to this permission, which was given to the ladies by the town authorities, who paid a part of the expenses. The ladies came as usual to their regular meeting, but finding the door barred against them, they broke in by force and went on with their practice harmoniously.

The Charitable Society, designed and carried on wholly by ladies, has been the most successful and enduring organization ever started in the village, and is ever on the watch for opportunities of doing good to the poor, besides striving to mingle in social union persons of various shades of opinion and belief.

The Frolic Club, also wholly composed of ladies, meets every other week purely for social amusements, and these meetings are very well attended and are of the most genial and attractive character. Each member receives the club at her house in turn and directs the games during the evening, and all strive to invent or discover some wholly new method of having a good time: for this purpose not only all foreign and native books are drawn upon, but as many original games and puzzles as possible are invented. Many doubtless predicted a short and dull life for this club without the help of the opposite sex; but it has proved itself to be a great success in every way, and its membership is only limited by the size of the rooms, so many are always anxious to avail themselves of its benefits.

The Saturday Club, composed in part from all the others, is the most aspiring and perhaps the most literary of any, as its honorary and regular membership comprises the most distinguished of the Concord authors and persons of note, Emerson, Alcott, Channing, Prof. Harris, Mrs. and Miss Emerson, Miss Alcott, etc., being on the former list, while the regular membership comprises twenty-five persons from the principal families of the town.

Under the able Presidency of F. B. Sanborn, Esq., this club has gone on very successfully for ten years, since it

was originated by the gifted May Alcott, who hoped to unite the study of art with that of literature, but as she soon after left for her very successful artistic career, too soon brought to a close by her early death, the club gradually assumed a literary and social character.

As often as possible essays are read by noted men in every department of literature and science, after which all join in an open conversation in which the ideas of the essayist are still farther evolved by questions from any member, and are also very often strongly combated, as many hold fixed opinions on very opposite sides of the great questions of the day.

When no visitor from abroad happens to be present to excite interest or debate, the member at whose house the meeting is held reads some original article or proposes some topic for conversation, and upon two occasions a magazine has been read to which each member contributed anonymous articles in prose and verse which were criticised and commented upon by all, and several of which afterwards found places in the magazines of the time.

Thus many papers well known to fame have had their first reading before this club, and several articles by well-known writers, of too personal a character for general publication, have found their only audience in it. Many of the chief writers of America have here exercised their hobbies.

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Concord Dramatic Club under many names has flourished for many years with varying fortunes, and now occasionally produces standard comedies with fine effect. Its present elaborate appointments contrast very strongly with the very simple appliances of ancient days, when the Alcotts, Hawthornes, Pratts and Sanborns united with the author and many other schoolmates in their very primitive and often half-impromptu performances.

This club seldom used any elaborate plays, and often introduced novelties which have since become very popular. Among them may be mentioned the far-famed Jarley Wax Works, which certainly found their second if not their first representation at the hands of this club.

Many have been the ORIGINAL claims to the authorship or rather adaptation of these scenes, which have in the hands of one masculine Mrs. Jarley built a chapel. In those of another, these tableaux have been an efficient means of raising money for charity in nearly every city of the United States, and under the direction of a Southern lady have also earned thousands of dollars; but to the author of "Little Women" the fame of being the first as well as the best Mrs. Jarley is certainly due, as she assisted Mr. Holyoke of Syracuse in the very first representation over thirty years ago, and improved upon his idea for the Concord Club the next season.

Every one has doubtless seen this very funny performance, which he can never forget, if well carried out, and after much careful search the origin of it is believed by the author to be definitely settled as above. Many other very successful dramatizations from the works of Dickens were also produced.

In the Bumble Courtship one of the best of them, a lady, kept the audience amused for ten minutes during an interval by her pantomime performance at the wash tub. One of the managers of this club, has been invited direct great charitable entertainments in nearly every city from Montreal to St. Louis, and from its records two successful books on amusements have been compiled.

Several of the noted names above mentioned may also be found in the list of the Fireside Club, which met every Saturday night for many years, and which lives yet in many branches and imitations in different cities, and also continues its meetings from time to time in its original birthplace.

This was an old fashioned square room ornamented with bright curtains and pictures, and lighted by a blazing fire of pine knots. Under the general idea of amusement, games of many kinds were played which tended to the improvement of the mind, the strengthening of the memory, and to the acquirement of the rhyming faculty.

These games have been collected in a book, but it is unfortunate that the many bright sayings and witty and musical verses should not have been preserved, for all the papers were burned on the hearth. Some of them, however, are still extant, having been preserved like the songs of Homer by the memory of one of the distinguished guests, who not only could commit them to memory after hearing them once, but could retain them fresh after a lapse of thirty years.

Whether from practice or from the inspiration afforded by this unique club, many of its members have since made for themselves worthy names in literature, and some of them often meet to play again the merry games with the same interest which they felt in youth.

These clubs with the more common and universal gathering known to every village, such as parish and Sunday school supper parties, are the chief features of in-door social amusement.

The various societies who wish to raise money for their charities, seek to vary the entertainment provided, and to tempt the pleasure-seekers with novelties of every sort. Japanese tea-parties, where tea is sold in gay pagodas by dark-eyed maidens in Yankee-Japanese costumes, the buyer being allowed to keep the cup as a souvenir of the seller, vie with bazaars of every nation under the sun.

The Holidays have each their distinctive parties, that on the 4th of July showing the progress of time by devoting the day to children of a different age. At two o'clock the hall is filled with babies who are amused with toys of every sort, and at four, larger children take their places with game and marches, and so on until eight o'clock, when the youths and maidens join in the merry diversions, to the admiration of gray-haired gossips who gather later to talk over the glories of the good old days, when they were young.

Christmas brings each year some new method of commemoration. In spring a grand costume-party calls out the energies of old and young, who seek for unique characters everywhere. The guests are usually received by some notable personage, and many curious devises each season are invented, to add interest to the motley scene.

These public gatherings are all held in the Town Hall, which will ever be memorable from the fact that on its platform Mr. Emerson has delivered one hundred free lectures for the benefit of the Concord Lyceum.

OUT-OF-DOOR AMUSEMENTS.

Concord depends for out-of-door amusements chiefly on its abundant water-supply. Three great ponds lie just outside the village, one of which furnishes the purest water in such abundance that every lawn is kept in "living green when the fierce drought turns the outlying pastures brown and bare." On these green lawns, croquet and lawn-tennis courts abound, and flower culture pleasantly employs the labor of many fair hands.

The garden of the Emerson house has for years set a good example in horticulture, the gentle lady herself having devoted much time to her roses and hollyhocks, which became famous before ladies gave their flower-beds up too much to the less poetic taste of the hired gardeners. Walden Pond lies near the one mentioned above, and White Pond three miles away to the westward, both once reflecting the deep green of the unbroken forest in their crystal depths, until the railroads, whose iron wheels delight to invade the most delicious wooded privacies, have cursed both with their destroying presence.

The latter pond preserves its solemn quiet, for the trains pass so seldom that when resting under the great pines on the eastern side, the lover of solitude can imagine himself far from mortal haunts, and for this reason it is used as a swimming-place by the young people, as the water is perfectly pure, and the sand forms a hard floor as white as snow. Walden is now chiefly given up to public picnics, and is little visited in the summer by the young people of the village, except by the philanthropic fair who on every Thursday receive one thousand children from the worst parts of Boston, who are fed and washed and entertained with merry games under the trees, and by dances in the pavilions with which the railroads have ornamented their extensive grounds.

Thoreau's cove, so long the abode of solitude, is devoted to the very social amusement of over two hundred boys, black and white, who may be seen swimming there at once, on the occasion of the Poor Children's Summer Picnics. A pile of stones only marks the site of Thoreau's hut, which stood on the hillside behind the cove a hundred rods from the water. The place is constantly visited by pleasure-parties, who come nearly every day, to the myriad picnics of every kind, and pilgrims from many a distant city also picnic daily at the Battle Ground by the majestic Minute Man.

Every pleasant day finds some merry party of pleasure-seekers exploring its beautiful banks for new picnic grounds. For eleven miles it presents a tempting variety of lovely places in which to camp, many of which may be found described in Thoreau's well-known book.

Ball's Hill, three miles from the village, is the favorite of the most distant places within an easy row down river. A great oak-tree spreads its branches close to the landing-place, from which beautiful wood-paths tempt the wanderers in every direction, and lead to lovely views of the great meadows five miles long, and a mile in width, which first tempted the early Pilgrims of 1635. Rowing up river from this hill on their return at sunset, the scene of the tragedy is passed where Curtis and Hawthorne took from the water a drowned girl, who furnished the latter writer with the climax of the Blithedale romance.

Above this high bank is the home for two years of George William Curtis, and the musteringplace of the "embattled farmers," just before they marched down to give "the shot heard around the world." Beside this hill is the farm of the great Brook Farmer, who has written his everlasting autograph in all the by-places and secret nooks of Concord woods and fields, for wherever the astonished botanist discovers some rare plant or botanical curiosity, unknown to the locality, he exclaims at once, "Minot Pratt."

Among the many out-of-door diversions we may name:

The gipsy party with its camp-kettle, fortune-telling lodge, weird dances and funny songs. The Shakespeare festival, where his out-of-door comedies, As You Like it, Midsummer Night's Dream and The Tempest are read in character. The Harvest Home, with its grand supper of hot corn and roasted potatoes, cooked in the ashes of a huge drift-wood fire. The Dickens, Scott and Burns parties, where all personate some creation of the chosen author. The popcorn party, where poppers are shaken over the glowing coals, and the quieter, but not less pleasant hammock parties, where

each one swings his own hammock in the leafy shade, near enough to enjoy the quiet conversation or pleasant reading of some congenial friend.

Space forbids a more extended account of the many social amusements for which this town has long been known, but enough hints have been given to make it very easy for persons who have a genius for such amusements, to enlarge and carry them on in their own way most successfully. A country village may be the dullest or the most delightful resort, and the decision rests upon its inhabitants wholly. If broken up into little cliques and clans, social life becomes a dreary routine, which can often be changed into a healthful channel by a little effort in the right direction.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1884.

A VISIT TO CONCORD.

On a certain day not long since, the roaring lion who ravages New England for three months of the year, under the name of Beautiful Spring, assumed a disguise. Remembering, perhaps, all the pretty things that have been written and sung and painted concerning him, and realizing how utterly undeserving he was of them, this windy monster withdrew his sharp claws from New England vitals and stroked with velvet paws her worn and irritated nerves. His breath grew as balmy as that of his fair sister, the ardently-longed-for Summer. The sky was of a softest blue, and men left off their overcoats, while graceful feminine figures came out peeled of their heavy concealing wraps, and clad in light, close-fitting garments.

On such a day the city was intolerable, and a long-planned pilgrimage to the classic ground of Concord was made by the writer and one congenial friend. There was a third who wanted to join us, but we would n't let him; two, even when they are of the same sex, are better travelling companions than three. At the station we were taken in charge by a worthy citizen of Concord, he of the one arm who so skilfully manages his pair of horses and the large, old-fashioned vehicle to which they are attached. The price he asks us seems extravagant, but that empty sleeve forbids our questioning it. It is better that he should sell his labor dear than that, like many another veteran, he should pass his life in the idleness of one of the great "Homes." His company is well worth paying something for, we soon find.

"What will you see first?" queries the Jehu.

"The Old Manse," both exclaim at once, and away we are rattled at a sharp pace towards that mysterious dwelling. "It looks just as it ought to look," exclaimed my companion as we descended from the carriage which had drawn up on the greensward. A half-dozen worn stones sunk into the earth led to the porch overhung in summer time with sweet climbing roses. These worn stone steps, over which Nathaniel Hawthorne's feet had passed so often, seemed to bring us nearer to him than anything else which we saw on that day. The Manse is a large, comfortable-looking house, with sloping eaves, and large windows twinkling with many small panes of glass. It is very gray, and the moss clings about the stone at its threshold and creeps tenderly from under the eaves. A bit of this green, feathery stuff stands before me in a saucer as I write, and near the saucer stands a volume of "Mosses from an Old Manse."

The house is divided directly in the middle by an entry running the whole length. On the left hand is a bright, sunny room, fitted as a study; but we learn that at the time when the Hawthornes lived here it was used merely as a storeroom. He was so shy a man that he preferred to work in an upper back room, where there seemed less chance of interruption by visitors. The view from the windows of this room had doubtless much to do with his preference for it. The sweeping hillside and the breadth of water beyond, with the shadowy trees softening the horizon line, must have often served as the background on which he drew his strange, beautiful figures. In the dining-room beneath this there are some precious panes of glass, where a diamond has left records of the events which were all-important to the young couple who began their life journey together in the mysterious Old Manse. On such and such a date Rose Hawthorne stood on the window seat. She measured two feet and three inches, says one legend. Another reads, "Endymion painted in this room, Feb. 24, 18—." A more illiterate than cultivated visitor on reading this once exclaimed—

"Why, I did not know that Endymion was a painter!"

Mrs. Hawthorne had great skill with her pencil, and besides the "Endymion," many lovely things were painted during their stay at the Old Manse. Among other things, I have been told by a lady who made her wedding visit to the young couple, of the fanciful pen-and-ink drawings with which Mrs. Hawthorne enriched the perfectly simple white wooden furniture with which her own room was furnished. Her exquisite taste redeemed any want of elegance which the simple house might otherwise have shown; it was then, as it is now, expressive of a perfect taste and refinement. Though the day was so warm, a fire crackled on the hearth, and as the flames leaped up the wide chimney I looked at them with a new sense of the power and beauty of fire—fire in which the master of the Manse saw such wonderful sights, which he has so marvellously interpreted.

The Emerson house is a fine, stately edifice of strong, solid wood, built in the days before the rage for knick-knackery in houses clothed itself in the wide-stretched phrase of the Queen Anne style. Its dark green blinds are in the tone of the evergreen trees that stand near by, and the brass knocker and door-handle harmonize nicely with the sober colors. We are kindly received and admitted to the library, the room wherein Ralph Waldo Emerson lived and did so large a part of his life work. It is a sunny, bright room, on the left of the front door; the intrusion of friends in this study was not so much feared as in the upper library of the Old Manse. A portrait of Thomas Carlyle is hung with green creeping feathery plants, and on a shelf of the bookcase stretch the works of that great writer in an unbroken row. From a corner, between two windows, stands a copy of French's portrait-bust of Emerson. It is a very beautiful likeness, tender and expressive. The face is of a younger man than we remember him to have looked in the soft, silvery twilight of his life. This face is of a man still strong and vigorous, with powers not yet spent, and busy brain still active and creative.

In the features of the daughter of the great man we trace a strong resemblance to these stronger outlines which French has so forcibly reproduced. Seeing her there in the room where she bore so large a share of his labors, sitting near the table at which such grand thoughts were transfixed to paper for mankind to read and grow wise from reading, the cross which she and we and all humanity have suffered in his death comes strongly home to us. To sit silent for a moment in the chair where he so often sat, to let one's eyes rest upon the landscape so familiar to him, was indeed a privilege which richly rewarded our pilgrimage to Concord.

A glance at the house where Thoreau lived, a brief visit to the new library and to the academy, a passing glimpse of the Alcott homestead, and our visit—all too brief—is at an end. A handful of green moss from the Old Manse, a spray of gray-tipped pussy willow from the trees which shade the heroic battle-ground of Concord, and a score of tender recollections — these we brought back with us. The next day the soft blue sky was bleached to a slaty gray, the greening grass was spread with a light, downy carpet of snow, and this but enhanced the beauty of our memory of our first spring day.

AUGUST 4, 1887

Boston W. Transcript

THE LISTENER.

Yesterday the Listener, taking a mid-afternoon train from the city, visited a spot some twenty miles out of town, which has exercised over his own fancy and over the fancy of many others as well a peculiar fascination. This spot is upon the summit of a little wooded hill, which overlooks on the one side broad and quiet meadows, with a free growth of grass and a sleepy river meandering along, and on the other a peaceful hollow, hemmed in by thickets. Both the wooded hill and the hollow are populous with graves, and upon the summit of the hill, amid some tiny mounds marked with small stones, there is a big pinkish-white rock that seems to have grown there and been left undisturbed when the hill was prepared for the purposes of burial. About this big white stone there is a beaten path, which keeps clear, however, of the tiny graves that surround the rock. Walking along the hill-top toward the setting sun, the Listener came upon a plot of ground surrounded by a rugged arbor-vitæ hedge, and at the westernmost edge of the plot a long, long grave, with a little rounded slab at either end, scarcely more than a foot high. This grave, too, was surrounded with the graves of children, and about it wound the same strange, beaten path. The hill and the hollow, save for the dull grating sound of a gravedigger's spade half way down the slope, was as silent and deserted as death could be; and yet here were these beaten paths about this rock and this long grave, looking as if they were trodden afresh every hour, perhaps at that very moment by guardians of whom nothing was seen, but who left their footprints on the earth. Turning aside from this plot, the Listener saw still another grave about which the same path ran—a little fainter here, as if the guardians had trodden more lightly, but still plainly visible. At the head of this grave there was a plain, dark sandstone slab, marked with the name of the man who lies below it; and around it there were other slabs almost exactly like it. The strange path did not appear again.

It is not the Listener's purpose to mystify the reader, but simply to sketch, with the fewest lines, the appearance of the graves of three of our Commonwealth's greatest men of letters—Emerson's and Hawthorne's and Thoreau's. The pink-white rock is the only memorial that marks the grave of Emerson—a sufficient one for this generation at least, which needs no carved record to mark the burial place of its greatest native spiritual guide. The little slab at the head of the long grave in the enclosure of arbor-vitæ bears upon it the word "Hawthorne"—that is all. The low head and foot stones have already grown mossy and ancient in the shade on the hill top. And the third gravestone bears upon it the name of Henry D. Thoreau, and the brief record of the birth and death of the man whose wood-notes still so widely echo. Where else in all the world can be found the clustering graves of three great men, that are so simply marked as these? The rich, pretentious man is pretentious after death, and his monument, in glittering marble or imposing granite, emphasizes to the living the littleness of his life. The simple marking of the resting-places of these great men, on the contrary, impresses upon the beholder, in a degree that no lofty shaft could possibly attain, the lesson of the greatness of their stature above that of common men. The beaten path of the pilgrim does not encircle the rich man's grave at the foot of the hill, nor would it wind otherwise than as it does, in homage and respect, about the grave of Emerson, if the grave were totally unmarked.

It is not to be assumed, because this contrast has been drawn, that Sleepy Hollow is like the common, pretentious city cemetery, with its multitudes of monuments, in wretched taste, crowding the ground with the vainest of all ostentation, the ostentation of the dead. Sleepy Hollow is a quiet, simple, lovely burying-ground, which Hawthorne, Thoreau and Emerson, living, might well have chosen for their place of burial. But even the little pretence that is found there, in behalf of men whose story, if it is told to future generations at all, must be told on their gravestones, serves to emphasize the lesson of the lives of the great men who lie there. It is to be hoped that the resting-places of Emerson, of Hawthorne and of Thoreau will always be unmarked save as they are now. Let monuments and cenotaphs be erected elsewhere, if men wish to honor their memory, but let their graves in Sleepy Hollow remain as they are, marked off, as they must always be, by the respectful tread of mankind.

Concord remains as it has always been, fittingly unchanged. The old Hoar mansion's simple elegance is as it always has been, and as it always ought to be. The Emerson house glitters in undue whiteness among the pine trees; the Listener, as he passed it, could not help wishing that it was of some softer color. A farmer's cart, with no farmer visible about it, was drawn up before the door of the old yellow stable, and gave a touch of rusticity to the place that would have been altogether lacking without it. The Orchard House, with the tiny School of Philosophy tucked up on the hillside, looking prematurely shabby—which is, perhaps, fitting for the home of philosophy—has all its old inspiration. The placard, "Private grounds—no trespassing," tells its melancholy story of impertinent intrusion. The Wayside is smart and young in new paint and summer-house looking adjuncts. The old road which leads on toward Lexington and Arlington, which the Listener followed reverently, is unchanged, and the prevailing milk cans, with the men in overalls and broad straw hats, tell a story of genuinely rustic uses, without much intrusion on the part of the suburban resident or the summer boarder.

Life in Concord must, indeed, be delightful, but evidently it has more than one phase. Instructed by the police apothecary on the corner where to go for a lunch, the Listener visited the neatly kept eating-house of a colored woman, who took infinite pains to serve him with the best fare she had—and good fare it was, too. The Listener fell into conversation with her. "Have you lived long in Concord?" he asked. "Lor' no," she said, "only a year, and it won't be another year, if I can get out of it before that time!" "Indeed! don't you like the town?" "The town may be good enough," said the woman, "but it ain't no sort of a place to make a livin' in, sir." The wayfarer at Concord will have occasion, the Listener fears, to regret the withdrawal of this excellent woman from her Concord business. He did not observe in her establishment, however, nor elsewhere in the town, any evidences of penury on the part of the permanent and all-day inhabitants of the town. They all seemed to be reasonably prosperous and quite contented. Perhaps the Listener may indulge a hope that his colored hostess may take a term at the School of Philosophy, and, having learned a little of the wisdom of submission to circumstances, may change her mind and stay in Concord.

The mountain stream is a prime attraction of mountain scenery. Sometimes a stream starts from the base of a high cliff. The tiny rivulets have gathered themselves together and pressed down through narrow crevices, and out they pour with noisy delight into the sun and air. Through some green field it has worn a pathway over stones smooth and glistening, so sweet and cool that the ferns have sprung up along the sides of its course, and clustered together too deep and delicate beneath trees that are sure to form a group in its widest path. It passes under some rude bridge that has been thrown together, and flows, at last, ignominiously, into a wooden trough, the delight of passers-by, and the reservoir of a mountain farmhouse. It is a noisy flow—no seeking to hide its work; one hears it, and turns aside from the road only to follow it back to the cliff where, in darkness and seclusion, it has been filtered into sparkling purity. There is another watercourse that glides down some hill, with no sound of its going; you catch a glimpse of fresh verdure here and there, and notice the moisture of a spot. But you come, with surprise, upon a tiny ground basin lined with white sand. The water overflows its brim. Put your ear close down, and there will be no voice of running rill; but muddy the little brook, stir it up as you like, and in a moment or two it has worked itself out of all impurities, and away it goes into the low land where the sweet flag is growing. No Castalian fountain ever sparkled clearer than a goblet of this water.

DEATH OF HENRY D. THOREAU. This charming writer died this morning in Concord. His disease was consumption, and his last hours were among the calmest of his life. Thus has passed away one of the most original thinkers our country has produced. His works will always be read with profound attention, as no man ever lived closer to Nature, and reported her secrets more eloquently. His "Walden" and "Week on the Concord River" are striking marks of his genius. A writer in the April "Atlantic Monthly," in an article called "The Forester," gives a fine estimate of the rich qualities of his mind, and now that the "white-winged reaper" has come to bear him hence, that paper will be studied with a new interest. Henry Thoreau's place in American literature is among the best.

—"The Wayside" at Concord, which is about to be sold, is the only house Hawthorne ever owned. It is a quaint and picturesque old house, situated about a mile from Concord village on the Lexington road. The house was built before the Revolution, and, although its gambrel-roof has been changed in its original outline and many of the huge beams have been covered, it still wears its ancient garb. Hawthorne purchased it in 1852, and made numerous alterations in it, erecting a tower over the ell, in which he fitted up a study. It was here that he wrote the "Tanglewood Tales," and after his return from abroad he wrote there "Our Old Home" and "Septimius Felton." He was buried from here, and the house has remained in the Hawthorne family ever since until now, when Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop have decided to sell it. The sale had not been consummated at last accounts, but it is said that a Boston gentleman, who looks at the place from a sentimental as well as from a business standpoint, has about decided to purchase it.

May 1883

Concord, Mass., Dec. 6th, 1875.

Mr. W. W. Wheildon,

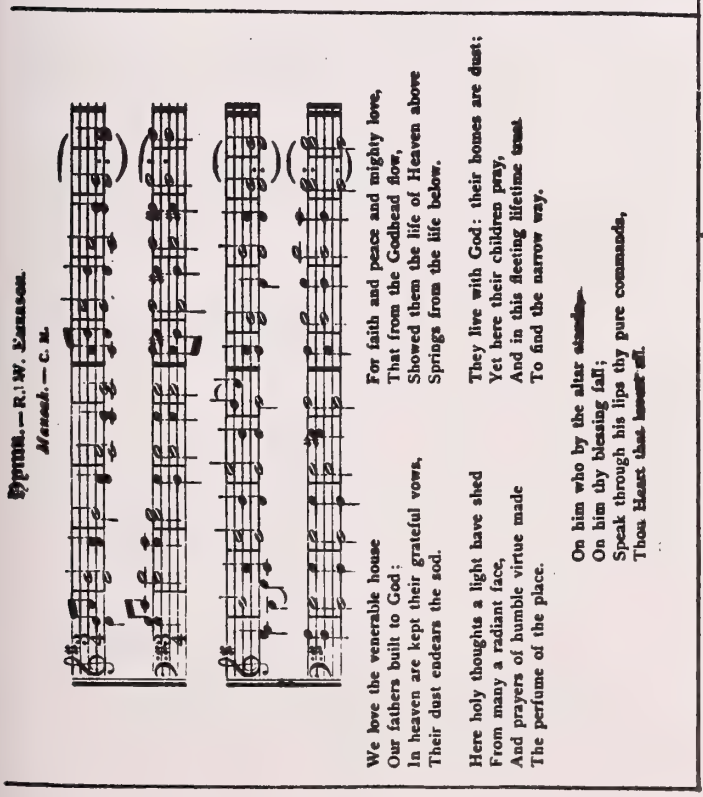
Sir

The Library Committee gratefully acknowledge the receipt from you of the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, in behalf of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, as a gift to the Concord Free Public Library.

R. Waldo Emerson, Chairman of Library Committee.

Placed in Library.

E. F. Whitney, Librarian.



CONCORD LYCEUM.

SEASON OF 1874 AND 1875.

The course of Lectures, etc., for the present season is as follows:

1. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will deliver her lecture "Concerning Husbands," Wednesday Evening, November 25, 1874.
2. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will give a Concert, Wednesday Evening, December 9, 1874.
3. Bishop Gilbert Haven will lecture Wednesday Evening, December 16, 1874. The title of his lecture is "Grip."
4. Rev. W. B. Wright will lecture on the "Story and Stories of Christmas," Wednesday Evening, December 23, 1874.
5. Prof. Wm. H. Niles will explain the system of "Weather Probabilities" in a lecture, Wednesday Evening, December 30, 1874.
6. Judge J. P. Putnam will lecture on the "Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages," Wednesday Evening, January 6, 1875.
7. Dr. Isaac I. Hayes will describe "Iceland and the Northmen" in a lecture, Wednesday Evening, January 13, 1875.
8. Rev. Edward Everett Hale will read his new story, "Back to Back," Wednesday Evening, January 20, 1875.
9. Mr. Wm. W. Wheildon will lecture on "The Natural History of the Lobster," Wednesday Evening, January 27, 1875.
10. Rev. J. H. Hartzell will lecture on "The Enthusiasm of Genius," Wednesday Evening, February 3, 1875.
11. Mr. R. W. Emerson will close the course with a lecture, Wednesday Evening, February 10, 1875.

Of several of the lecturers, whose names are presented above, it is unnecessary to speak. A few words in regard to the others may be acceptable:

Bishop Haven is a prominent leader in the M. E. Church, and has also enjoyed for years a wide reputation as a journalist and lecturer of ability.

Rev. Mr. Wright is the popular pastor of Berkeley Street Church, Boston, a forcible and attractive speaker, and his *Story of Christmas* has received the most favorable commendations.

Judge Putnam (of the Superior Court of Massachusetts) witnessed the famous performance of the *Passion Play* at Ober Ammergau, in 1871, "and the vivid description that he gives of the play, of the villagers who take part in it, and of the surpassing grandeur of the scenery which surrounds the spot, never fails to attract attention."

Rev. Mr. Hartzell is a Universalist minister residing in Connecticut.

"Dr. Hartzell is a tall, genial-looking man, with a sympathetic, nervous manner. As a writer, he is graphic, poetical and startling. As a speaker, he is electrical, impassioned, and energetic, throwing his entire nature into his voice and thoughts, which gives a certain fire and intensity to his elocution hardly describable."—*Albany Argus.*

"His eloquence is not rhetorical, but consists in a subtle, magnetic spirituality, and a touching pathos, which, at times, melts his whole audience into a sympathetic mood, that sways responsive to his words. In the genuine eloquence that creates and controls and inspires the emotional nature, we hardly know his equal."—*Liberal Christian, N. Y.*

The Lectures and Entertainments will be in the TOWN HALL on the evenings named, commencing promptly at quarter before eight o'clock.

TICKETS are furnished in slips at $2.00 for the course, dated and numbered to correspond with the lectures. No ticket will be good for any other evening than the one for which it is issued, and no person will be admitted without a ticket.

Single Tickets to the CONCERT, 50 cents. Other evenings, 35 cents.

TICKETS for the Course or for a Single Lecture may be purchased at the store of Henry L. Whitcomb.

ALBERT TOLMAN, Curator.

Concord, Oct. 28, 1874.

Tolman & White Printers, 221 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Concord Lyceum.

SEASON OF 1876 AND 1877.

The following course of Lectures and other Entertainments has been arranged for the coming winter:

1. *Tues., Dec. 5*—Concert by the Temple Quartette, of Boston, comprising Messrs. D. F. Fitz, W. H. Fessenden, H. A. Cook and A. C. Ryder; accompanied by Miss Abby R. Clark, Contralto and Pianist.
2. *Wed., Dec. 13*—Rev. Geo. W. Hosmer, D. D., of Newton. Subject: "The Full Life."
3. *Wed., Dec. 20*—Geo. W. Minns, Esq., of Concord. Subject: "The Wonders of the Ocean."
4. *Wed., Dec. 27*—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Boston. Subject: "The New West and its Problems."
5. *Tues., Jan. 2*—Concert by the Hyers Sisters, the company consisting of Miss Anna M. Hyers, Miss Emma L. Hyers; Messrs. J. W. Luca, Wallace King and

SAM LUCAS.

6. *Wed., Jan. 10*—Prof. EDWARD S. MORSE, of Salem.
Subject: "THE WONDERS OF GROWTH IN ANIMALS."

7. *Wed., Jan. 17*—J. W. BLACK'S STEREOPTICON. 100 VIEWS: Part I. A Trip across the Continent from San Francisco to Greenland. Part II. Miscellaneous European Views and Works of Art.

8. *Wed., Jan. 24*—Miss GEORGIA E. CATVAN, of the Boston School of Oratory, engaged on the recommendation of Prof. Lewis B. Monroe.
READING OF SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS.

9. *Wed., Jan. 31*—Rev. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, of Concord.
Subject: "THE SHAYS REBELLION."

10. *Wed., Feb. 7*—Hon. WILLIAM PARSONS, of Dublin, Ireland.
Subject: "MICHAEL ANGELO."

11. *Wed., Feb. 14*—RALPH WALDO EMERSON, Esq., of Concord.
Subject to be announced hereafter.

12. *Wed., Feb. 21*—THE CONCORD DRAMATIC CLUB will give an entertainment; particulars to be announced hereafter.

Season Tickets, $2.00. Tickets for Single Evenings: Concerts and Stereopticon, 50 Cents each; other Evenings, 40 Cents.

For sale at WHITCOMB'S Book Store, and at the door.

Doors open at 7. Lectures begin at quarter before 8 o'clock, P. M.

CHARLES H. WALCOTT, } Curators.
JAMES C. MELVIN,

CONCORD, Nov. 9th, 1876.

Tolman & White, Printers, 383 Washington St., Boston.

CONCORD LYCEUM.

Several changes in the Course having been rendered necessary, the remainder of the Course will be as follows:

Feb. 6th.—Mr. R. W. EMERSON.

Feb. 13th.—Prof. E. S. MORSE, of Salem.
Subject: "FROM MONAD TO MAN."

Feb. 20th.—BARNABEE CONCERT COMPANY.

Feb. 27th.—Hon. WILLIAM PARSONS, of Dublin, Ireland.
Subject: "OLD HOMER; TROY AND DR. SCHLIEMAN."

Mar. 6th.—Mr. IVAN PANIN, a native of Russia.
Subject: "RUSSIA."

Tickets for the remainder of Course, $1.50.

CONCORD, January 30th, 1878.

CONCORD LYCEUM.

SEASON OF 1877 AND 1878.

The following course of Lectures and Entertainments has been prepared for the coming season:—

1. *Thurs., Dec. 6.*—Concert by the TEMPLE QUARTETTE, of Boston, consisting of Messrs. D. F. FITZ, 1st Tenor, W. H. FESSENDEN, 2d Tenor, H. A. COOK, Baritone, and A. C. RYDER, Basso; accompanied by a well-known Soprano singer and pianist.

2. *Wed., Dec. 12.*—Mrs. MARY A. LIVERMORE, of Boston.
Subject: "THE COMING MAN."

3. *Wed., Dec. 19.*—Prof. EDWARD S. MORSE, of Salem.
Subject: "FROM MONAD TO MAN."

4. *Wed., Dec. 26.*—Miss GEORGIA E. CATVAN, of Boston.
READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

5. *Wed., Jan. 9.*—Concert by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, of Boston, consisting of Messrs. S. E. JACOBSOHN, 1st Violin, GUSTAV DANNREUTHER, 2d Violin, THOMAS RYAN, Clarinette and Viola, EDWARD HEINDL, Flute and Viola, RUDOLPH HENNIG, Violoncello, ALEXANDER HEINDL, Contra Basso.

6. *Wed., Jan. 16.*—Prof. BENJAMIN W. PUTNAM, of Boston.
Subject: "THE POTTER'S WHEEL AND ITS PRODUCTS."
This Lecture will be illustrated by the use of the blackboard, and by specimens of different kinds of pottery. The Lecturer will be accompanied by a practical potter, who will make jars, jugs, vases, &c., on the platform in view of the audience.

7. *Wed., Jan. 23.*—Rev. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, of Concord.
Subject: "EPISODES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY CAMPAIGNS IN THE NORTH."

8. *Wed., Jan. 30.*—Rev. E. C. BOLLES, of Salem.
Subject: "A MAY-TRIP THROUGH ENGLAND;"—illustrated by the Stereopticon.

9. *Wed., Feb. 13.*—Mr. R. W. EMERSON, of Concord.
Subject to be announced hereafter.

10. *Wed., Feb. 20.*—Concert by the BARNABEE CONCERT COMPANY, of Boston, consisting of Mrs. H. E. H. CARTER, Soprano, Miss CLARA POOLE, Contralto, Mr. J. C. BARTLETT, Tenor, Mr. H. C. BARNABEE, Basso and Humorous Vocalist, Mr. R. SHUEBRUK Cornet Soloist, Mr. H. M. DOW, Pianist and accompanist.

11. *Wed., Feb. 27.*—Hon. WILLIAM PARSONS, of Dublin, Ireland.
Subject: "OLIVER GOLDSMITH, THE MAN OF IMPULSE; HIS FRIENDS AND HIS CRITICS."

Tickets for the Course, $2.00; Single Evenings: Concerts and Stereopticon, 50 Cents each; other Evenings, 35 Cents.

For sale at H. L. WHITCOMB'S, and at the Hall.

Doors open at 7. Lectures will begin at 7.45; Concerts at 7.30.

☞ The Curators beg leave respectfully to remind the public that the Lyceum will be managed by them primarily in the interest of the holders of season tickets; and single admissions will be restricted to the gallery if necessary.

CHARLES H. WALCOTT, } Curators.
JAMES C. MELVIN,

CONCORD, Nov. 14, 1877.

Concord Lyceum.

FIFTY-FIRST SEASON.

1879.—1880.

The following Course of Lectures and Entertainments has been arranged for the coming winter:

I.
FRIDAY Evening, Dec. 5, 1879.
GRAND VOCAL CONCERT, by the SCHUBERT CONCERT CO.
This company consists of fourteen gentlemen, all of whom are members of the finest musical organization in Boston.

II.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Dec. 10, 1879.

READINGS, by Prof. J. W. CHURCHILL, of Andover.

Prof. Churchill has the reputation of standing at the head of the professional readers of this country.

III.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Dec. 17, 1879.

A LECTURE, by ADAMS AYER, of Boston.

Subject: "LONDON AND EXCURSIONS AROUND."

This lecture is descriptive of London and vicinity, and is illustrated by the stereopticon.

IV.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Dec. 31, 1879.

Mrs. MARY A. LIVERMORE, of Melrose.

Subject: "SUPERFLUOUS WOMEN."

V.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Jan. 7, 1880.

ALFRED P. GAGE, A. M., of Boston.

Subject: "THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH," illustrated by the Stereopticon and a large and expensive collection of electric apparatus.

The various systems by which electricity is practically applied to useful purposes, are fully explained and illustrated. The fire-alarm system of Boston, the several methods of distributing time from an astronomical observatory, as adopted by different countries, the Atlantic cable in operation, the transmission of fac-similies of handwritings and pictures by telegraph, are a few only of the topics which lend their interest to this lecture.

VI.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Jan. 14, 1880.

Col. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, of Cambridge.

Subject: "HOW TO READ HISTORY."

VII.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Jan. 21, 1880.

GRAND INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL CONCERT, BY THE

MENDELLSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, and Miss FANNY KELLOGG, Soprano.

VIII.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Jan. 28, 1880.

R. J. De CORDOVA, of New York.

Subject: "MRS. GRUNDY."

Mr. De Cordova is one of the few lecturers who treat their subject with humor, and has the reputation of being one of the best of that few. Though he has never spoken in Concord he is a veteran lecturer, who has for a number of years appeared in the best courses of Boston.

IX.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Feb. 4, 1880.

READINGS, by Miss IDA PERRY DAWES, of Boston.

X.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Feb. 11, 1880.

Maj. Gen. JUDSON KILPATRICK.

Subject: "THE IRISH SOLDIER IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION."

XI.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Feb. 18, 1880.

Prof. WILLIAM I. MARSHALL.

Subject: "THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK," splendidly illustrated with the calcium light.

Mr. Marshall has lived and travelled ten years in the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific slope, and has brought from the Yellowstone Park a great number of admirable photographs to illustrate his lecture.

XII.

WEDNESDAY Evening, Feb. 25, 1880.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Subject to be announced.

Season Tickets, - - - - - - - - $2.00.

Single Admission,—Concerts, and Lectures illustrated by Stereopticon, 50 cents.

Other Lectures and Readings, 35 cents.

For sale at H. L. WHITCOMB's and at the Door.

DOORS OPEN AT 7. CONCERTS begin at 7.30; LECTURES and READINGS at 7.45.

In view of the annual increase in the sale of season tickets, the Curators may be obliged to decline selling tickets for single evenings or to limit such sale to the gallery.

W. S. Blanchard, }
F. W. Griffin, } Curators.

THE LATE MR. EMERSON.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MAY 6, 1882.—437

The death of Longfellow has been soon followed by that of Emerson, who was, next to the poet, of all the American writers in this generation, one most highly valued by a large number of readers in this country. Ralph Waldo Emerson had probably as many disciples as Carlyle among the serious-minded English youth of thirty or forty years ago; and their early attachment to his teachings, with regard to "The Conduct of Life," was never so rudely checked and shaken, as in the case of Carlyle's disciples, by harsh and perverse tendencies of the Master, in after years, to the arbitrary exaltation of despotic or revolutionary violence, outraging the sentiments of equity and of human brotherhood. Emerson, so far from becoming a defender of slavery, an admirer of military conquest, and a supporter of aristocratic privilege, seemed to grow more of an earnest practical Reformer, philanthropist, and consistent moralist. He did not, like Carlyle, from an excessive admiration of historical figures and actions that appeal strongly to romantic imagination by their display of lawless force and vehement self-will, lose the purity and integrity of his first ideal of human virtue, and his faith in the Divine benevolence over all. Hence it was that the sympathy of an age which cherishes Liberal principles and humane dispositions, and which trusts to find them still hallowed by a true religion, was not estranged from the gentle and placid sage of Concord, as latterly it was, in a great measure, from the rugged Chelsea preacher of a less charitable creed.

Emerson had nearly reached the seventy-ninth year of his age; he had long ceased to add considerably to the sum of his well-known writings, which consist mainly of Essays and Lectures, ethical, critical, biographical, always didactic, and a few short poems, of rather mystic and sometimes enigmatic character. His life, in outward circumstance, was very uneventful, and may be narrated in a few lines.

Born May 25, 1803, at Boston, the son of a Unitarian Minister, he was educated at Harvard University, and was introduced to the same profession. Its greatest ornament, at that period, was Dr. Channing—William Ellery Channing—one of the purest and loftiest teachers in that school of religious doctrine, and one of the best English writers in the nineteenth century. Emerson became, in 1829, minister of a Unitarian meeting at Boston, but resigned that office in 1832. He visited Europe in the following year, and made the acquaintance of Carlyle. On his return to America, he declined to hold the position of a professional minister of Christianity, choosing instead that of lecturer upon social ethics and literary or biographical topics. His discourses of this class may be said to have been the staple of his life's work, being printed usually as "Essays," and not less eagerly read in England and Scotland than in the United States. "Nature," "Self-Reliance," "Compensation," "Spiritual Laws," "Love," "Friendship," "The Over-Soul," "Man the Reformer," "The Conservative," and "The Transcendentalist" were the most characteristic examples of his tone of thought and style of expression. It was a doctrine of idealism, akin to that broached in "Sartor Resartus," the outcome of Fichte's and other German philosophy, but cast in a mould of exquisite grace and refinement. "Emerson," it has been well said, "is the prophet and philosopher of young men;" he is also "the knight errant of the moral sentiment." The old man, the experienced, perhaps disappointed, man of the world, if he be a wise and good man, will never treat this generous kind of teaching with scorn.

In 1847, Emerson again came to England, and sojourned a few months at Manchester, with his friend, Mr. Alexander Ireland, lecturing there and elsewhere. He discoursed of "Representative Men," Plato, Shakspere, Goethe, Montaigne, and Swedenborg. On his departure, we should say, his mantle fell upon the late George Dawson of Birmingham, who became the secondary Emerson of this country. Having returned to his native Massachusetts, Emerson took up his abode in the quiet little country town of Concord, and there passed the remainder of his life. He was early left a widower, with a daughter and sons, one of whom is a physician at Boston. He lived in constant association with all those eminent scholars, humourists, and critics, men of Boston, or of the Harvard University—Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Nathaniel Hawthorne, H. D. Thoreau, and the naturalist Agassiz—whose works are quite as familiar to us as they are to American readers, and quite as much prized in this country. Emerson's last visit to England was in 1873. We believe that his writings have also obtained much influence over the minds of thoughtful and earnest Frenchmen of the Republican party. They have a classical perfection of style which will ensure the favour of posterity, and some of his ideas will be best appreciated by a future generation.

Our Portrait of Mr. Emerson is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

Saturday Review May 6, 1882.

MR. EMERSON.

ON this side of the Atlantic we were still newly mourning for the greatest of English leaders in science, when it was told us that another life had fallen of one no less widely held in reverence by English-speaking men; the life of the only man, perhaps, if comparison may be made between fields of action so widely different, who exercised on the ideas of a generation younger than his own an influence comparable in its depth and penetration to Mr. DARWIN's. In one way, at least, the parallel is not fanciful. Some of those who have been forward in taking up and advancing the impulse given by DARWIN, not only on the special ground whence it started, but as a source of energy in the wider applications of scientific thought, have once and again openly declared that they owe not a little to EMERSON. The parallel holds, again, in the sort of people who failed to appreciate the power of the great men whom America and England have jointly lost; we say jointly, not severally, for the loss to either nation is the loss of both. It is needless to refute the shallow criticism which affected to treat EMERSON as an imitator of CARLYLE; but we met with it not many years ago, and it proceeded, strangely enough, from a person who had taken on himself at the meeting of some obscure Society to refute Darwinism in a nutshell. Mr. DARWIN's observations on the variation of domesticated animals proved nothing in this learned gentleman's opinion; for, when all was said, all the artificial breeds of pigeons, however different in appearance and even in anatomy, remained "essentially pigeons." This is the stupidity against which the gods themselves fight in vain; and it was fitting and congruous that the same intellect should perceive in EMERSON nothing but a second-rate and eccentric essayist. As DARWIN vexed the souls of those good naturalists who had cut up the boundless continuity of nature into little bits, and safely classed and stowed away genera and species, as they thought, each to remain so labelled on its proper shelf till the end of the world, so did EMERSON plague and confound the good orderly souls for whom every man who deals in thoughts must have his proper shelf too, and be assignable to some recognized class of the writing variety of man, on pain of being set down as a deceiver and babbler out of season.

There would be nothing more difficult, as there is happily nothing more needless, than to specify with what kind of authors EMERSON ought to be ranked. He was neither the follower nor the founder of any school. He learnt from

many and owed allegiance to none, and he taught without making disciples. Even in his lightest work he was always many-sided and unexpected; not for the sake of being unexpected, but because the natural working of his mind led him in paths that were not as other men's. If he criticized, it was with a certain ardour of practical application and looking to things to be done in it. If he exhorted, it was with a tempered edge of criticism barely concealed. He was discursive with dominant ideas, and spread out oracular axioms into a train of epigrams. He philosophized like a poet, and wrote poetry like a philosopher; wherefore specialists in both kinds are disappointed with him. Yet for this very reason his work has a higher strain and a subtler charm than faultless verse or rigorous dialectic often attains. As for those who go seeking after definite precepts, EMERSON is their despair. All he has to say to them, if perchance they would hear it, is that they are not even beginning to seek rightly, and will have to begin over again. He is a more deadly enemy to formulas than CARLYLE, because a profounder one. The resemblance between their thoughts (as between their styles, in so far as there is any) lies only on the surface. CARLYLE taught men to mock at formulas, EMERSON to rise above them. CARLYLE's prophesyings and testimonies became at last a string of opposition formulas after their own kind, and just as easy, when a man had learnt them, to make intellectual counters of as the old ones. We greatly doubt if any one ever succeeded in extracting a formula from EMERSON. This fluent quality of his thought makes him first repulsive and then fascinating. There is nothing proposed, no argument; you cannot see what the man is driving at. No more can one see what the wind and the cloud-fleeces in a sunny sky are driving at. But the sun and air chase cobwebs out of the brain, and leave the senses in better harmony with the world; and EMERSON leaves one with a serener belief in the nature of things and the hopefulness of man's estate, combined with a modest, but not abject, resignation to the imperfection of all individual achievement. The happy composition of spiritual forces by which this is brought about is precisely the secret of EMERSON, and it is incommunicable. He would have said himself that the only clue to it is to go about one's own business, and work altogether in one's own way; and that if we find no successful issue in this, we cannot have been in earnest, or must have been deluding ourselves all the time, and really working in somebody else's way.

Reason and usage demand that EMERSON should be called a philosopher; and yet he was a philosopher standing alone. He imbued himself with speculation, but stripped it of its forms. The student of philosophy who comes back to EMERSON finds himself walking in a familiar air, but cannot make out the landmarks. No modern writer is fuller of the philosophical spirit, or less explicit on particular philosophical questions. Perhaps EMERSON had an opinion on the technical merits of the Nominalist and Realist controversy. But whether he had, or what it was, are the last things his essay called "Nominalist and "Realist" will tell us. He contemplated not only without dogmatizing, but without criticizing in the ordinary sense. He found PLATO's greatness not so much in his eloquence or intellectual subtilty as in his being "a "balanced soul," "a man who could see two sides of a "thing." He relished the Oriental mystics, and enjoyed the active life of the modern world; not alternately, or as correctives one to the other, but at the same time, and with full consciousness of both being good in their kind and embodying truth. EMERSON is called a transcendentalist, and so he was. But he did not regard transcendental systems as exhausting the world and man more than any other systems. He had a good word for the sceptics, and celebrated MONTAIGNE as their patron saint. If it were not evident that he never wanted a system, we might say that he would not afford himself one, thinking the best of possible systems too dear at the price of narrowing the mind's activity and the play of intellectual sympathies. And yet his difference from the philosophers in a stricter sense is less than it seems. All of them who have preserved a lasting power have done it by something which transcends their systems, and is more vital than the theories in which it is clothed. EMERSON has this something without any pretence of a system at all.

In EMERSON's later work he was more condescending to the plainer sort of readers, and even allowed himself to become didactic. These essays of his old age are good by way of a gentle introduction to his manner, which has to be learnt and fallen in with: but we miss in them the full and unique power of the man. What EMERSON has to say on the reading of books, for example, is the advice of a wise and ripe scholar; but it has the unreality that clings to all specific advice of that sort. A fixed rule never to read a book less than a year old is not only impracticable, but a derogation from EMERSON's own best mood. If a new book be good, why not now? If not, why a year hence? But there remained always the clear contemplation, the condensed and pointed words, and the fresh sincerity of manner. Originality is one of the attributes most commonly ascribed to EMERSON, and justly. Nevertheless, like most men of creative mind, he thought very meanly of originality in the popular sense. One cannot imagine him, if questions of priority had been possible in his line of work, disputing one with anybody. Neither did his speculative turn exclude practical activities. He was a powerful and attractive speaker; Mr. LOWELL has preserved a record of the impression he used to make in that quality. What is more, he could speak effectively on questions of urgent political interest, and so as to command the respectful ear of a hostile audience. This contemplator was no dreamer; like the ideal Athenian described by PERICLES, he was in no wise unmanned by philosophy. EMERSON, in fine, was a man of notable and singular power in English letters; a thinker the operation of whose works is more easily reflected on than described, more easily felt than reflected on, and goes deeper than that of instructors who make more formal professions.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Golden Rule — *May 6, 1882*

One by one our great men disappear. And to us there is something solemn and deeply affecting in these great and oft-repeated losses. No doubt it is true that these losses are more than met by the ever advancing scholars of the land. In some far away nook, the poet of the coming age is perhaps beginning to get his first impressions of nature and of life; while the coming philosopher may be profoundly interested in sucking his little thumb.

However this may be, we cannot reflect upon the death of such an intellectual power as Emerson without feelings of profound sadness and regret. Mr. Emerson has risen simply by the power of his thought, till now he is acknowledged to be exerting the greatest influence upon the minds of his countrymen of any American. He has lived a purely intellectual life. For half a century he has been prominently before Boston audiences and the country as an eminent scholar and philosopher.

Mr. Emerson had completed the full round of human existence, having passed far on beyond his three score years and ten. He was born on the 25th of May, 1803, in Boston. Eight generations of ministers preceded him. He entered Harvard at fourteen years of age, a modest, retiring, but remarkable youth. He read widely, he loved Greek but hated mathematics. Some prizes fell to him, and he appeared as class-day poet. In 1823 he began the study of theology, and in 1826 was "approbated to preach." In 1829 he became the colleague of Henry Ware, and in 1830 pastor of the Second Church, Boston. But in 1832 he resigned this sition owing to radical differences of opinion, and separated pretty much from the Unitarian belief.

The year following he sailed for Europe, and though he did not stay long, met Coleridge, Wordsworth and Carlyle. This interview with Carlyle began a subsequent connection of great helpfulness to each.

Ellen Louisa Tucker, of Boston, whom he married in 1830 died in less than a year, but in 1835 he married Lydia Jackson and settled in Concord. From this time on he devoted himself to literature, and his fame deepened and broadened.

He lectured in Boston and at Concord, he wrote poems and produced books of rare philosophical and literary merit. "Nature" was published in 1836, but—let it be told for the encouragement of future authors—only five hundred copies were sold in twelve years. In August, 1837 his lectures at Harvard on "The American Scholar," was listened to by a breathless and crowded assembly. About 1840 he appears as the principal figure in "The Transcendental Club," "The *Dial*" and "The Brook Farm Society." A volume of "Essays" was published in 1841, and a second volume in 1844.

In 1847, the year in which his "Poems" appeared, he revisited England, and gave lectures on "Representative Men." He now met most of the distinguished men of England. A volume of "Miscellanies" came out in 1849, followed by "English Traits" in 1856, and "The Conduct of Life" in 1860.

He did good service in anti-slavery times, and during the war. In 1867 he aided in forming the "Free Religious Association," which has, we think, failed to fulfil his expectations, or more recently, to fully represent his views. Harvard now honored herself in honoring him with the degree of LL.D. Since then he has published "May Day," "Society and Solitude," "Parnassus," "Letters and Social Aims," and "Select Poems."

In 1872 Mr. Emerson again visited Europe, even going so far as Egypt. It will thus be seen that the sage of Concord has led a busy and exceedingly useful life. A life which in private was irreproachable, and in public was strongly on the side of right in every political discussion as we are sure he meant to be—though we do not think he always was—in religious matters.

But he deserves and will receive the grateful homage of his countrymen for his striking, original, philosophic and common sense treatment of a great variety of themes. That which he has left to us is the quintes-

sence of thought. He has winnowed and condensed these till only the most telling and weighty remain. But these are sufficiently abundant to quicken and vivify the minds of all sympathetic readers. Not only will the name remain around which has gathered such a potency and spell, but a monument more enduring still, his best thoughts which like diamonds will flash on and on and never lose their lustre. The name, the fame, and the influence of Emerson will be a permanent factor in American literature.

EMERSON.

ONE June morning, as Mr. EMERSON passed a young acquaintance upon the broad open street of quiet old Concord, he said, as he greeted him, "What Syrian sunshine!" The words describe the pure brightness which was always the personal impression of the man, and which is the character of his intellectual and moral influence. He was invested with the light of truth. "An endless experimenter, with no past at my back," he said of himself, and the force of his intellect, his moral heroism, his lofty character, and his great scholarly accomplishment early gave him that leadership of thought in this country which he never lost. His influence was that of a liberator of humanity, as HEINE said of GOETHE. Forty-four years ago, in the preface to the first collected edition of CARLYLE's essays, a collection which CARLYLE made at Mr. EMERSON's request, EMERSON said: "Many readers will here find pages which in the scattered anonymous sheets of the British magazines spoke to their youthful mind with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep. It is a fact worth remembering, in our literary history, that his rich and cheerful genius found its earliest audience in or near New England, from young men who had complained, with the first Quaker, that in the multitude of teachers 'none spake to their condition.'" EMERSON here portrays his own relation to the youth of his time. More than any man he has moulded the modern spiritual life of his country. Teachers of the most diverse doctrines and schools have been unconsciously touched and swayed by his power—a power which penetrated and purified like Syrian sunshine.

Whether he were more poet or philosopher was never determined. "I see how all the other singers do it, but EMERSON's song is inscrutable," said one of the severest critics. And his philosophy was as elusive. Nobody could find a body of doctrines in his writings. There was no explanation or argument. He could not be controverted or answered. What he said was simply announced. It was what he thought, what he saw, and if somebody else thought or saw differently, there need be no dispute. Truth would ultimately assert itself, and decide. So from his first book, the little volume called *Nature*, to his last essay or paper, there is the same serene, transparent tone of modest affirmation. In no equal body of writing is there a more uniform value. It is all golden, and it is unquestionably the richest contribution of American genius to universal literature. EMERSON was called a sage and a philosopher, but there is no pedantic, or didactic, or, in the ordinary sense, moralizing, strain anywhere upon his page. In the highest and truest sense, indeed, his writing is all morality, and nothing else, but its form is melodious and imaginative. Every essay leaves upon the mind the impression of the finest poetry as much as the most exquisite of the poems, which seem, indeed, to be only metrical forms of the same thought. PHIDIAS and the Greek artists had not a more sensitive feeling for form in their arts than EMERSON in his. Passages in his works must always remain among the finest in literature, while phrases and lines have become already an integral part of the language. In MILTON, or JEREMY TAYLOR, or SIR THOMAS BROWNE, or BURKE, there is no richer or more imaginative literary strain than in EMERSON, and it is not easy to see why his intellectual grasp is not as sure and permanent.

It is the felicity of our first great literary epoch, which is ending, and among whose beloved names are IRVING and BRYANT and HAWTHORNE and LONGFELLOW and EMERSON, that the lives of its masters were irreproachable. The recent death of LONGFELLOW drew from the English-speaking world an unparalleled tribute of affection and respect, which was paid almost as much to the man as to the poet. The simple dignity and purity of EMERSON's life will command the same homage. Those who remember the young preacher fifty years ago recall a seraphic charm of manner, which was still as beautiful in the latest hour of his long and tranquil life. There was some failure of memory, but Time could not wither the immortal youth of the soul which was supreme to the end. To his own generation and in unfading tradition EMERSON will stand as the scholar, in the loftiest interpretation of the word; the man of great gifts, nobly used for the greatest of purposes; the teacher of the teachers, gently but resistlessly, like the sunshine, asserting perfect moral independence; and in a country with a morbid fear of the majority by his life and by his word illustrating the beauty and the power of ROGER WILLIAMS's "Soul-Liberty." Of no man could his own words be truer, as the life of no man was ever more unswervingly loyal to conscience and to the ideal of his youth:

> "As the bird trims her to the gale,
> I trim myself to the storm of time;
> I man the rudder, reef the sail,
> Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
> 'Lowly, faithful, banish fear,
> Right onward drive unharmed;
> The port well worth the cruise is near,
> And every wave is charmed.'"

May 6, 1882 Harper's Weekly

[Henry Cuyler Bunner]

Puck, XI, 179 May 3, 1882

R. W. EMERSON.

[From Puck.]

This was indeed life's fullness, to behold
A world that mocked thee in that earlier time—
A world that spurned the offerings of thy prime—
With bowed head listening to thy words of gold.
All that the boyish prophecy foretold
In mystic phrases and in rugged rhyme
Was come to pass; the height thou'dst dared to climb
Was conquered, and the doubting folk of old
Pressed hard behind thee to the hills new-won—
To catch the shimmer of a far-off sea,
The glimpses of strange lands undreamt before,
The glory of a new arisen sun.
To raise loud hands of gratitude to thee—
Victor and leader, life could hold no more!

Apr. 29, 1882 p. 1, col. 1. N.Y. Times

LAST HONORS TO EMERSON.

PREPARATIONS FOR A SIMPLE FUNERAL AT THE CONCORD UNITARIAN CHURCH.

CONCORD, Mass., April 28.—The arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Emerson are not yet quite completed. The time for the public services, however, has been fixed at 3:30 on Sunday afternoon, and the place the Unitarian Church, as already announced, but the order of exercises is not quite arranged. Word has been received by telegraph, in reply to invitations to be present, from the Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Dr. Frederick H. Hedge, of Cambridge, announcing that they will attend, and it is expected that the Rev. James Freeman Clarke will also take some part in the exercises. It is probable that there will be brief addresses by all of these gentlemen, each of whom has long enjoyed the close friendship of Mr. Emerson. Dr. Furness has been his friend from childhood and the two were classmates in the old Boston Latin school. The Unitarian Church here has been without a settled Pastor for several months, the Rev. Grindell Reynolds, its former Pastor, being now the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. At the present time he is absent in the West on business connected with his office, and it is thought that he cannot reach here in season for the services, which he would be likely to conduct if he were here. In his absence the Rev. Mr. Brown, a Unitarian clergyman of Brookline, who has supplied the Concord pulpit occasionally of late, may conduct them. Mr. Emerson has attended this church somewhat regularly of late years, and its ministers were welcome guests in his home. The same simplicity that characterized the recent funeral of Longfellow will mark Sunday's ceremonies here. There will be an absence of display. The church exercises will not be tiresomely extended nor severely formal, and there will be no showy procession to the grave. The family and chief mourners, with the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Emerson, whose health is delicate, will walk from the old house, at the conclusion of the private services there, to the church. After the more public exercises here the coffin will be borne to the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the pall-bearers walking by its side and friends following on foot.

To many these simple, unostentatious ceremonies will recall the funeral and burial of Hawthorne here. This was on a bright, sunny June afternoon 17 years ago. A host of literary people and men and women of distinction were present on that occasion, as will no doubt be gathered in the old town on Sunday afternoon. Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, Fields, Whipple, and Alcott were in the company assembled in this same Unitarian Church on that occasion, and after the simple exercises here, consisting mainly of an address by James Freeman Clarke, delivered in his peculiarly quiet and informal way, they walked beside or followed the body of their friend to [illegible] as will probably be the case now, there was no hearse and no long line of sombre funeral carriages. On the coffin was carried the manuscript of Hawthorne's last and unfinished romance, and his grave was filled with flowers. Emerson's body will be placed in the family vault beside those of the wife of his youth, whose early death, just as he was entering upon his career, so touched and saddened him. Here also are buried the son he lost and the brother. His resting-place will be in the neighborhood of that of Hawthorne and also that of Thoreau. Hawthorne is buried in a retired part of the cemetery, on the brow of the hill and in the midst of a cluster of tall pines, a spot which was a favorite one with the shy romancer, where he used frequently to stroll during his quiet, retired life at Concord to muse and meditate. Opposite the grave of Hawthorne is Thoreau's, marked by a simple slab, recording only his name and the dates of his birth and death.

Fitting notice will before long be taken of Emerson's death by the people of Concord, and some exercises held in which the school children may take part. The Social Club Circle, the famous village club which celebrated its centennial anniversary a short time ago, and at which Mr. Emerson made his last appearance on any formal occasion in the town, will take appropriate action on his death at its next meeting. The Concord Summer School of Philosophy will devote a day of its session the coming season, probably Saturday, July 22, to a discussion of Mr. Emerson's character and work by several of the eminent men who take part in the literary work of this peculiar institution, which invites so many modern philosophers from distant parts to this famous town. Mr. Emerson was the oldest member of the Social Circle, and had belonged to it for over 40 years, and in the Summer School of Philosophy he took much interest, appearing occasionally, when his health would permit, at its meetings [illegible] some famous essayist was the attraction or some more than ordinary [illegible] discussion was the feature. Many calls have been made at the Emerson homestead and messages of condolence received to-day. Among the callers were Mr. Emerson's venerable, long-time neighbor, A. Bronson Alcott, and Dr. C. A. Bartol, of Boston. The body of Mr. Emerson has been partially embalmed. The countenance retains the same peaceful and serene look it bore at the time of death.

LONDON, April 29.—The *News*, in its obituary article on Ralph Waldo Emerson, says that no history of the development of [illegible] in the nineteenth century [illegible] [illegible] which takes no account [illegible] works.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Christian at Work May 4, 1882

THE death of Ralph Waldo Emerson has taken one of the most distinguished of American thinkers and writers. Had he lived another month he would have been seventy-nine years old. He preserved his faculties remarkably until within a few years of his death. His memory was the first to fail, particularly his recollection of places. There was a general weakening of powers, but it was noticed by his intimate friends that every little while the interior fire would flash up with its wonted brilliancy and glow and seem to struggle for outward expression; the intelligence was all there, but it had lost control of the physical organs of communication. The soul survived the decay of the body. The last time he appeared in public was at the funeral of Longfellow, his old and loved friend; he

went to Cambridge that he might look on that benignant face, though stilled by death, once more; and he followed the bier to Mount Auburn. One month after he too had gone—the united in life not divided in death. It seems not a little strange that these two writers should have gone so nearly together. They had much in common—fine culture, breath of sympathy, generous views of life, a tender and helpful humanity, and the poetic faculty which makes akin; but their unlikeness is more striking. Longfellow was the poet of the people; he used his culture to set the common experience in the finest possible setting; he threw the charm of his learning and fancy and imagination around the great [illegible]ts that ennoble common life, and the ideas [illegible] uplift and glorify it. Emerson belonged to [illegible]ilosophical class by his peculiar endowments; [illegible] not so much write for everybody as to express what he thought and felt and saw, and could not choose but utter; his ideas were new, original, strange; he ventured into untried fields, making a [illegible] for himself[illegible] words were for thinkers and scholars, and the bright-minded who could understand them; he acted on the world from its top. Yet the two men were brothers in intellect, and each respected and loved the other more than most persons. Their death takes two great forces out of American life, leaving names that will be revered forever. And of their small circle only Whittier and Holmes remain.

The story of Emerson's life presents few striking incidents or points of interest. His family can be traced back to the thirteenth century. His first American ancestor was the minister of the Church in Concord, where he settled in 1634. William Emerson was minister of that church when the battle was fought there, and the Sunday before preached the famous sermon "Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God;" and he served in the campaign against Ticonderoga. His son William was minister of the First Church in Boston, a noted preacher and writer of his day. Ralph Waldo was his second son. His father died when he was eight

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DEATH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Sudden and Fatal Termination of a Short Sickness.

Boston Journal

Quiet and Almost Painless Death at 8.50 Last Night *Apr. 28, 1882*

Sketch of His Long Literary and Personal Career.

[Special Dispatch to The Boston Journal.]

CONCORD, April 27. Ralph Waldo Emerson died at ten minutes before nine to-night. Although the events of the last few days had warned those nearest to him that the disease from which he was suffering might close in death, yet even within a few hours of the end they had not abandoned hope. The circumstances under which the fatal sickness came upon him were similar to those connected with the beginning of the attack which caused the death of Longfellow. Last Wednesday, tempted by the mildness of the temperature, he ventured into the open air without taking the precaution to protect himself sufficiently from the weather. The result was a severe cold which grew upon him until Saturday, when his son, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, found that it had developed into pneumonia. The disease did not appear in its severest form, and with a younger and stronger man there would have been very little doubt of recovery. On Sunday and Monday no dangerous symptoms were developed; he did not suffer from coughing and was able to sit up in bed and converse for short periods with members of his family. On Tuesday and Wednesday, however, he grew perceptibly weaker, his mind wandered, and he was unable to receive and retain the nourishment which had hitherto been given him. In the meantime, on Monday, for the first time the news of his sickness became known, even the majority of his townsmen having previously been in ignorance of it, and at once the greatest solicitude for the result was manifested. The beginning of this, his last day on earth, found him weaker than ever in body and mind, but still there was no thought that death would come before the end of the week. During the day he was almost constantly under the impression that he was not at home, and while recognizing the faces of those about him, repeatedly asked that he might be taken home. During the forenoon a barber was sent for to shave him, but it was found that he was too weak to undergo the operation, and the attempt was abandoned. The feeling of his family in the afternoon was shown by the opinion expressed by Dr. Emerson to a *Journal* reporter that, while his father's illness was not of a nature to exclude all hope, the chances were largely against his recovery, and had been from the beginning. Dr. Emerson remarked the absence of fever, which he regarded as largely in his favor, but at the same time he was not so free from suffering as he had been, and the fits of delirium were more frequent and of greater duration. A gentleman who spent a portion of the day at the house saw Mr. Emerson twice, say that in the forenoon Mr. Emerson recognized him and conversed with him, but in the afternoon the patient's mind seemed to be wandering and he appeared to be not quite certain of the identity of those about him. The weather during the day was against him, and went far toward lessening any chance which there might have been that the result would be otherwise than fatal. The first change for the worse came in the early evening and then the members of his family realized fully for the first time that death was [illegible]. He became unconscious, with occasional [illegible] of sensibility, and after much

[illegible]ing than is usually involved by death [illegible] disease, died quietly at ten minutes [illegible] o'clock. The arrangements for the [illegible] are as yet been hardly considered, [illegible] will undoubtedly be determined upon

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Boston Journal *Apr. 29 1882*

Born in Boston May 25, 1803.
Died in Concord April 27, 1882.

The voice of eulogy and affection is still expressing the universal grief for the departure of Longfellow, when the narrowing circle of American authors of the first rank is again broken by death. RALPH WALDO EMERSON, poet for the few, while Longfellow wrote for the many; and although his passing from life will not be felt, as was Longfellow's, as a personal grief by thousands of hearts, it removes one of the most original and profound of American thinkers, and one who has deeply impressed himself on the thought of the age.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston May 25, 1803. He came of a race of clergymen, his ancestry, traced back through eight generations to Rev. Peter Bulkley, one of the founders of the town of Concord, Mass., including a clergyman in every generation, either on the paternal or on the maternal side. He himself was the eighth, in succession of this line of ministers. His father, Rev. William Emerson, was pastor of the First Church in Boston, and died when his son was in the eighth year of his age. The boy was sent to one of the grammar schools of the city after his father's death, and was soon qualified to enter the Latin School, where he made his first attempt at literary composition. His productions were generally poems, which he recited at exhibitions of the school. Of his appearance in his school-boy days, N. P. Willis once wrote: "We remember him perfectly as a boy whom we used to see playing about Chauncy place and Summer street—one of those pale little boys—moral sublimes, with their shirt collars turned over, who are recognized by Boston school boys as 'having fathers that are Unitarians'—and though he came to his first short hair about the time we came to our first tail coat, six or eight years behind us, we never lost sight of him. In the visits we have made to Boston in later years, we have seen him in the street, and remembered having already seen him as a boy, little suspecting that there walked in a form long familiar, the deity of an intellectual altar, upon which, at that moment, burned a fire in our bosom."

Entering Harvard College at the age of fourteen years, Emerson became noted for his frequent resort to the library and for his knowledge of general literature. He was twice awarded a Bowdoin prize for dissertations, and once a Boylston prize for declamation. Completing his career of study in the usual period, he was graduated in 1821, having been honored by his classmates by an election to the office of class poet. Teaching became his occupation after he left college, and he continued in this vocation five years. He was then approbated to preach by the Middlesex Association of Ministers, but, owing to the failure of his health, he was obliged to spend the winter in South Carolina and Florida. His ordination to the ministry took place in March, 1829, when he became colleague to the late Rev. Henry Ware, D. D., at that time pastor of the Second (Unitarian) Church in Boston. Mr. Emerson's ministry was a very brief one, as differences of opinion arose between himself and some of the members of the church in regard to the Lord's Supper. At his own request he was dismissed in 1832, and since that time he has undertaken no work of a ministerial character. At one time, for a single Sunday, he occupied the Rev. Theodore Parker's desk in Music Hall, in the absence of Mr. Parker, but he did so with an expression of his reluctance, and the remark that it was contrary alike to his custom and inclination. On that occasion he delivered his essay on Culture.

In December, 1832, Mr. Emerson sailed for Europe, where he remained nearly a year, and on his return he entered upon the career of lecturing, by which he became best known to a large proportion of those who are to be counted among his admirers and disciples. His first lecture, delivered before the Boston Mechanics' Institute in the winter of 1833-4, was on "Water," and was followed by two others descriptive of his tour in Italy, and one on the "Relation of Man to the Globe." In 1834 he delivered in Boston a series of biographical lectures on Michael Angelo, Milton, Luther, George Fox and Edmund Burke, and during the same year was the poet of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge. His lectures on Michael Angelo and Milton were published in the *North American Review*. During the summer of 1834 Mr. Emerson lived in Concord, finding a home in the "Old Manse" with Dr. Ripley.

In September of the next year he married Lydia Jackson, daughter of Charles Jackson of Plymouth, who was a descendant of Rev. John Cotton. She was his second wife—his first wife, Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker, to whom he was married in September, 1830, having died in the February following. Immediately after his marriage he established his home in the house which he has occupied from that time until the present. The house was built in 1828, and is an unpretentious structure of goodly size, located at the eastern edge of Concord Village, on the Cambridge turnpike, where it divides from the Lexington road. On the morning of July 24, 1872, this house was visited by fire and the upper rooms were much burned, but the neighbors speedily removed the library and manuscripts while the fire was in progress, and the family found a temporary home in the "Old Manse." The damage done by the fire was subsequently repaired and the house to-day is the same in appearance and in its arrangements as it has been for years. During the winter of 1835-6 Mr. Emerson delivered in Boston a course of ten lectures on English Literature, which was followed

issued for the first convention ever held in Massachusetts to secure for women equal rights with men as citizens and voters. In the year 1872, shortly after the fire at his home, Mr. Emerson made his third trip to Europe, visiting Egypt during his absence. In England he had a most cordial reception, and was invited to deliver a course of lectures at Oxford at the suggestion of Max Muller, but declined the invitation. He spoke a number of times while abroad, however, and returned to America in May, 1873, when he was enthusiastically welcomed home by his fellow-townspeople. Subsequently, in 1874, he was put in nomination by the independent party among the students of Glasgow University for the office of Lord Rector. Disraeli and Forster were the other candidates, and the former was elected, receiving 700 votes to Emerson's 500. During recent years Mr. Emerson has written and lectured to some extent, but on account of his advancing age naturally did less and less work each year. In 1866 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University. The next year he was elected a member of the Board of Overseers of the University, holding office until 1879. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the American Philosophical Society and of the Massachusetts Historical Society and was a Vice President of the Free Religious Association. Mr. Emerson's family consists of one son and two daughters. The son, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, was graduated at Harvard University in 1866, and is now a successful practising physician and surgeon in Concord. The elder daughter, Miss Ellen, is unmarried and lives in the family home. She is a lady of much culture, is an active worker in the Unitarian Church and Sunday school, and is very highly esteemed in the community. The younger daughter, Edith, is the wife of Mr. William H. Forbes of Milton, Mass.

Mr. Emerson's first book—a thin volume entitled Nature—was published in 1836, the year after he took up his residence at Concord. It was severely criticised by some, warmly admired by a few, and left unread by most. It took twelve years to sell five hundred copies of it. It exerted a positive influence, nevertheless, upon American thought, and in connection with several addresses before literary societies which soon followed, and the remarkable address before the Senior class at the Cambridge Divinity School, delivered in July, 1838, it may be taken as marking the birth of the movement commonly known as Transcendentalism—a movement which has been an occasion of misunderstanding, and often of derision, to the mass of men, but which to a select few has had the power and inspiration of a nineteenth-century gospel. Two volumes of Mr. Emerson's Essays were published in 1841 and 1844, and in 1846 a volume of his Poems. His miscellaneous addresses were collected and printed in England in 1844, five years before they were published in this country; Carlyle's warm and cordial indorsement having been the means of introducing Emerson to the English public. The service which Carlyle thus rendered Emerson in England, Emerson rendered Carlyle in this country, and had the happiness of transmitting to him a generous sum on account of the American sale of his writings, before the English edition had brought him any pecuniary return. The friendship between Carlyle and Emerson sprang from a sympathy of intellectual traits and mental processes. Each warmly admired the other, but Carlyle's strangely hostile attitude toward the cause of human freedom was a sore offence to Emerson, not easily forgiven. Between the dates of the publication of his two volumes of Essays, Emerson was engaged for two years in editing *The Dial*, the organ of "transcendental" thought, established in 1840 and for two years edited by Margaret Fuller (the Marchioness d'Ossoli). It was a quarterly periodical, and lived four years, its chief contributors being A. Bronson Alcott, William H. Channing, Theodore Parker and George Ripley. In 1850 Mr. Emerson published his "Representative Men," comprising a series of lectures which had been delivered in this city. The representative men whose work and characteristics are discussed in these lectures are Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon and Goethe. The volume upon English Traits—which was never a popular volume in England, by the way—was published in 1856. His Conduct of Life, containing essays on Fate, Power, Wealth, Culture, Behavior, Worship, Considerations by the Way, Beauty and Illusions, was published in 1860; and Society and Solitude, containing twelve essays, in 1869. Two years prior to the last date his second volume of poems, May Day and Other Pieces, was published. His last volume of essays was published, under the title Letters and Social Aims, in 1875. His writings since that date have been few. The Fortune of the Republic was a lecture delivered at the Old South Church March 30, 1878, and published soon after; The Sovereignty of Ethics, a highly important paper, appeared in the *North American Review* in 1878; and in 1880 his address, The Preacher, delivered the previous year in the Divinity Chapel at Cambridge, was printed in the *Unitarian Review*, and later as a pamphlet. His essay on The Superlative, published in *The Century*.

was, we believe, the last piece of his writing that has been published. The volume Parnassus, published in 1874 or 1875, was a collection of poems by various authors, which he edited, and for which he supplied a characteristic preface.

The final estimate of Mr. Emerson's life and work must take in his influence as a theologian, a teacher of ethics and culture, a philosopher upon nature and life, an essayist and lecturer, and a poet. It would be quite beyond the purpose of this sketch to forecast this final estimate. As has been already intimated, his influence has not been very wide—it has never touched the popular thought and feeling—but it has been very deep, and has had a molding power upon some of the choicest minds. As a religious thinker and teacher, he early deviated

this in the English schools to surpass it. I think the school was immediately dismissed, and I think Mr. Bigelow did not enter the school again. I remember that on the following morning the prayer was simply these words: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." A few days afterward the School Committee, Mr. Bulfinch, the famous architect who built our State House and the Capitol at Washington, Mr. Thacher, Mr. Wells, and the rest of the committee if there were more, or their friends, came to school and introduced Mr. Benjamin Gould as the new master. Mr. Thacher addressed us, and expressed every confidence in the high merit of Mr. Gould as a scholar and a gentleman, and congratulated the boys upon his appointment. As soon as the committee took their hats and turned the door, the boys began to buzz their opinions of the new master in low tones. Mr. Gould turned around to them and lifted his finger to command silence, which was instantly obeyed, and from that moment he ruled. He was an excellent master and loved a good scholar, and waked his ambition. Frederick Percival Leverett was at the head of my class, and long afterward the master of the school. William Foster Otis, son of Harrison Gray Otis, was another member of the class. George A. Otis, Edward G. Loring, now Judge at Washington, John Gardner, Theodore Russell of Cambridge—these names are still known to you. Mr. Gould in his first year waked the ambition of the boys to found a school library, which was immediately set on foot and grew rapidly. Mr. Gould valued good speaking, and Saturday morning was devoted to it. He waked the ambition of the boys to do. He did not forget his scholars when they entered college, but came to see them there, and especially if he found that they were losing ground in any department of study. Mr. Gould one day informed the school that there was a rumor that the British Government was going to send a hostile fleet to Boston harbor, and that a gentleman had desired that the boys of the school should give one day to assist in throwing up defences on Noddle Island, and that all who were ready and willing to go should be at the bottom of Hanover street the next day at nine o'clock, when a boat would be in waiting to carry them to the island. The whole school went. I went (applause); but I confess that I can't remember a stroke of work (laughter) which I or my school-fellows accomplished. (Renewed laughter.) Whether the news of this action on the part of the Latin School reached England and decided their Government to sue for peace, I have never learned. (Applause and laughter.)

In figure, Mr. Emerson was slender, with a quiet and noble air; his features were strongly marked, and his hair, until age whitened it, was dark. His eye was clear and bright, and had a pleasant yet searching expression. He usually enjoyed good health, and seemed to have but little understanding of the physical infirmities of others; in certain well-known passages of his essays he wrote with contempt and strong rebuke of people who make their ailments a subject of conversation. Some one, once writing of his appearance on the lecture platform, remarked that one of his great attractions as a lecturer consisted in the perfect harmony between his genius and his external presence and expression. "His countenance is of serene and intellectual beauty, through which the mind shines like light through a slab of thin alabaster; his manner is simple and dignified; and his voice, of naturally fine quality, has been so skillfully trained that all semblance of art is lost. His reading of poetry is especially admirable—as far as possible removed from spouting or declamation, and yet bringing out completely every hidden shade of meaning and every delicate grace of expression." This description of him remained essentially true down to his latest appearance in public, though, as the infirmities of age grew upon him, his eye was less clear, and a certain dreaminess and absent-mindedness were apparent. He has been aware of the change in himself, and, in a letter to a friend several years ago, he wrote: "Old age has rushed upon me in the last year, and tied my tongue and hid my memory, and thus made it a duty to stay at home."

This notice of the distinguished thinker and writer cannot be closed more fittingly than by quoting the tribute paid to him by his venerable friend Alcott in his recently published volume of "Sonnets and Canzonets:"

Misfortune to have lived not knowing thee;
'Twere not high living, nor to noblest end,
Who, dwelling near, learned not entirely,
Idea friendship's ornament that still doth lend
To life its consequence and propriety.
Thy fellowship was my culture, noble friend;
By the hand thou took'st me, and didst condescend
To bring me straightaway into thy fair guild;
And life-long hath it been high compliment
By that to have been known, and thy friend styled,
Given to rare thought and good learning bent;
Whilst in my straits an angel on me smiled.
Permit me, then, thus honored still to be
A scholar in thy university.

THE RELIGION OF THOREAU

Boston Transcript.

F. B. Sanborn's Address at Greenacre

Aug. 9, 1906

The Walden Hermit's Depths of Moral Earnestness

Obviously Heterodox Thoughts on God

Tolerant and Intolerant Ideas on the Church

Special to the Transcript:

Greenacre, Eliot, Me., Aug. 9—At the opening of "Concord Day" at Greenacre this morning Mr. Frank B. Sanborn of Concord discussed "The Religion of Thoreau" in part as follows:

I hardly think the idea of religion is commonly associated with our Concord philosopher of the woods and fields, so much in the habit of satirizing those who thought themselves more religious than their neighbors, and who early in his career "signed off" from old Dr. Ripley's parish, in which he was brought up, and from all other local parishes. Yet there was beneath Thoreau's sarcastic humor and censorious habit a deep vein of serious feeling, which in his boyhood and his college days had expressed itself in the ordinary forms of New England piety. It was seldom, if ever, melancholy, but a moral earnestness, often expressing itself in his prose, and perhaps more emotionally in his infrequent verse. Thus in a fragment of blank verse which he never printed, and perhaps never intended for publication—for after amending its verse, he finally drew his pencil through it—Thoreau said:

Lately I feared my life was empty; now,
Though a frail tenement, I know it still
Is worth repair. If yet its hollowness
Doth entertain so fine a guest within,
And through its empty aisles there still doth ring
Though but the echo of so high a strain,
It shall be swept again, and cleansed from sin,
To be a thoroughfare of Celestial airs.

Perchance the God, who is proprietor,
Will pity take on his poor tenant here,
And countenance his efforts to improve
The property, making it worthy to revert
At some late day unto himself again.

Here is a grave, almost penitent note, and like unto it is that longer, yet still brief verse, which Emerson once included in a short series of prayers from various worshippers:

Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself;
That in my action I may soar as high
As I can now discern with this clear eye;
And next in value which thy kindness lends,
That I may greatly disappoint my friends;
Howe'er they think—or hope—that it may be,
They may not dream how thou'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my life practise more than my tongue saith;
That my low conduct may not show, nor my relenting lines,
That I thy purpose did not know, or overrated thy designs.

This anxiety is not a constant mood with the young poet; rather is he gifted with a serenity that is the true peace of religion; or, if that departs, it gives place to what he properly names "Inspiration," and thus describes:

Always the general show of things
Floats in review before my mind,
And such true love and reverence brings,
That sometimes I forget that I am blind.

But now there comes, unsought, unseen,
Some clear, divine electuary,
And I, who had but sensual been,
Grow sensible, and as God is, am wary.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but Learning's lore.

It comes in Summer's broadest noon,
By a gray wall or some chance place,
Unseasoning Time, insulting June,
And vexing day with its presuming face.

I will not doubt this love untold,
Which not my worth nor want has bought,
Which wooed me young, and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

This is perhaps the best known of all Thoreau's verse—not smooth and flowing, like Tennyson's, but full of suggestion and oracular, like Emerson's own poetry.

It will be seen at once, from these verses, that Thoreau was a mystic—that name of so much alarm to many religious persons; and it was this mystical side of his nature (on another side so practical and everyday in its endowment)—which brought him into an early familiarity with the Bhagavat Ghita and the other books of Oriental religion. Indeed, like Socrates and the Orientals, he always held that the intellect, not less than the emotions, must have a share in religion; and particularly that activity or function of the intellect known as imagination. In an early college essay ("Imagination as an Element of Happiness") he reasons the matter out, as any Puritan might—thus:

"It would obviously be inconsistent with the design of the Creator, as observed in the works of creation, that man, made capable of comprehending the object of his existence, and of understanding the relation in which he stands to its author, should so far neglect the culture of his peculiar faculties as to lose his peculiar privileges as a free agent. The wisdom of the Creator has ever been the theme of the Christian's admiration and praise; shall then wisdom for a man's self be neglected? If reason was given us for any one purpose more than another, it was that we might so regulate our conduct as to insure our eternal happiness. The cultivation of the mind, then, is conducive to our happiness. But this consists in the cultivation of its several faculties. What we call the imagination is one of these; hence does its cultivation in a measure conduce to the happiness of the individual. Unlike most other pleasures, those of the imagination are not momentary and evanescent; its powers are rather increased than worn out by exercise. Its trifling but oft-recurring contributions are, so to speak, the principles of our principles—the under-propping of that moral edifice whose spire pierces the clouds, and points the way to a glorious elysium beyond, the blessed habitation of the immortals."

Although such language as this seldom recurs in the more mature writings of Thoreau, yet the spirit of his utterances throughout life is in accord with it. In giving his creed to his friend Harrison Blake, at the beginning of their long correspondence in March, 1848, Thoreau said:

"Our respectable daily life, on which our institutions are founded, is in fact the veriest illusion, and will vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision; but that faint glimmer of reality which sometimes illuminates the darkness of daylight for all men, reveals something more solid and enduring than adamant—which is, in fact, the corner stone of the world." Again:

"For my faith and aspiration I have respect; it is from these I speak. I have no designs on society, or nature, or God. I am simply what I am—or I begin to be that. I know that I am. I know that another is, who knows more than I, who takes interest in me—whose creature, and yet whose kindred, in one sense I am. I know that things work well. I have heard no bad news."

Many years after, when I had the high privilege of introducing John Brown to Thoreau, he recognized in that hero a knowledge of the same shibboleth, and a man whose watchword was: "If God be for us, who can stand against us?" Two or three years afterward, when he made haste to describe Brown for all coming time—no matter what persons and professors may babble about him, Thoreau said: "Editors do not know this man; they must enlarge themselves to conceive of him. The time will come when they will begin to see him as he was. They have got to conceive of a man of faith and of religious principle, not a politician nor an Indian; of a man who did not wait till he was personally interfered with, or thwarted in some harmless business, before he gave his life for the oppressed. No man in America ever stood up so persistently and effectively for the dignity of human nature—knowing himself for a man, and the equal of any and all governments. **He could not have been tried by a jury of his peers, because his peers did not exist.** Some 1800 years ago Christ was crucified; this morning, perchance, Captain Brown was hung. These are the two ends of a chain which is not without its links. You who pretend to believe in Christ crucified, consider what you are doing to him who offered himself to be the savior of four millions of men. . . . It is not every man who can be a Christian, even in a very moderate sense, whatever education you give him. He may have to be born again many times. I have known many a man who pretended to be a Christian, in whom it was ridiculous, for he had no genius for it. It is not every man who can be a freeman, even."

This passage may serve to take off the offence which was given in Thoreau's first book (the "Week" when he said: "Why need Christians be still intolerant and superstitious? I am willing they should love their Christ more than my Buddha—for the love is the main thing, and I like him, too." He partially atoned for this by saying in the same volume: "The Brahman had never thought to be a brother of mankind, as well as a child of God. Christianity, on the other hand, is humane, practical, and in a large sense radical. Christ is the prince of reformers and radicals. Many expressions in the New Testament come naturally to the lips of all Protestants, and it furnishes the best of all practical tests. There is no harmless dreaming, no wise speculation in it—but everywhere a substratum of good sense. All mortals are convicted by its conscience."

In this and other passages of Thoreau it appears that he looked on religion as the business or attribute of all men, and not the monopoly of any single race or profession, a view fatal to ecclesiasticism, whether of the half-dozen mutually hostile churches, each claiming to be catholic and apostolic, or the Moslem bigotry, or the noisy priests of Mumbo Jumbo.

Ellery Channing has told me that he was in Thoreau's company, in the New Hampshire town of New Boston, when this incident occurred, as mentioned in the Week:

'I was once reproved by a minister, who was driving a poor beast to some meeting-house horse-sheds, among the hills of New Hampshire, because I was bending my steps to a mountain-top on the Sabbath, instead of a church; when I would have gone farther than he to hear a true word spoken on that or any day. He declared that I was 'breaking the Lord's fourth commandment,' and proceeded to enumerate in a sepulchral tone, the disasters that had befallen him whenever he had done any secular work on this day. The country is full of this supervision; so that when one enters a village, the church, not only really, but from association, is the ugliest-looking building in it, because it is the one in which human nature stoops the lowest, and is most disgraced."

In this last stroke, Thoreau showed himself almost as intolerant as those he was satirizing, and did not make allowance enough for the social and gregarious disposition of men. John Brown came nearer to magnanimity and good sense on this meet-

ing-house question when he on once suggested to me that even if there were no Scripture sanction for Sunday worship in churches (as he believed there was) it was yet a wise regulation which brought young and old together, in something unlike their ordinary dress, to meet each other, and to bestow some thought on matters unlike their daily and secular thoughts. It was for this reason, in fact, that Thoreau was wending towards "Joe English's hill" in New Boston, when the parson chided him for breaking the Sabbath. He had certain views about a religion of nature which do not always fall to the lot of even eminent Christians, though they do peek through the theological drapery with which the Basils and Gregorys of Asia Minor used to decorate the ir religious epistles. On this topic Thoreau was often eloquent, and his eloquence awakens emotions as religious as any of the homilies of the Greek Fathers could arouse in monk or nun.

N.Y. Times, Apr. 28, 1882

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The death of Mr. EMERSON, which took place at Concord yesterday, cannot be described as unexpected, for he had reached an advanced age, and for some years had suffered from the mental disability known as *aphasia*, which to him must have been a specially grievous precursor of dissolution. Not the less for those who knew the man, or who have profited by his teachings, must the event wear the aspect of a personal loss. They will learn with something like a pang that a spirit of rare quality, whose powers have been devoted for half a century to large and lofty uses, has finished its work; and that a voice whose later and less fertile utterances were still counted among our treasures will be heard no more.

The descendant of a family which for eight generations had numbered a clergyman among its members, EMERSON belonged in a conspicuous and emphatic sense to the Brahman caste which has monopolized so much of the spiritual insight and mental vigor of New England. Were we asked, indeed, to distinguish the three great stages in the emancipation and ripening of New England thought, we might mark them with the names of JONATHAN EDWARDS, of WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, and of RALPH WALDO EMERSON. All three were bred to the ministry, and each gave his energies to the expression of the deepest beliefs and highest aspirations of his time. The Calvinism of an early day beheld in EDWARDS its implacable and irresistible logician; the broad humanistic aims of Unitarian relaxation, found in CHANNING their most eloquent expounder; while in EMERSON we see the outcome of a genial and expansive movement which was to culminate in the idealism of a poet, and in a pantheistic philosophy of existence.

Poet-philosopher—it is only by some such dual appellation that we can fitly designate the class of mind-laden singers and intuitive thinkers to which EMERSON belonged. Even when he writes prose we may call EMERSON a poet in the sense in which PLATO deserves the name; and when he chooses for his visions and meditations the medium of verse, he is as truly the philosopher as was LUCRETIUS. It is noteworthy, indeed, how seldom and how reluctantly he turns his poetic gift to merely descriptive and sentimental purposes. He has the old bardic notion of the lofty rôle of song; his instrument is not the lute, much less the pipe, but a harp whose chords are strung in unison with the deepest and the highest emotions of the human mind. His verse is rather rich than sweet; soulful, not fanciful; ear-haunting rather than ear-pleasing; it aims less to charm the taste and touch the surface of the heart than to challenge the intellect and lift the spirit upon the highest plane of thought. Alone among our poets, he had this subtle, esoteric conception of the poet's art. He left to BRYANT the portraiture of outward nature, to LONGFELLOW the gentle mastery of the feelings; but EMERSON'S musings took the form of far-soaring speculation not unlikely to perplex and weary those accustomed to lower flights of song; and yet we suppose that the future critic will assign to him a very high place in the poetical literature of the nineteenth century. He was easily the greatest of American poets.

On the other hand, we must recognize in the prose writings by which EMERSON left his deepest mark on his contemporaries the essential and even the superficial qualities of a poet. The essay entitled "Nature" which first gave him distinction, and which remains to this day, perhaps, the most brilliant of his productions, is in all ways, except the metrical form, a poem. As much may be said of his essays on the philosophy of history, on human culture and human life, on love, friendship, and literature. These are not reasoned disquisitions, in which conclusions are patiently and logically evolved from premises, but poetical outpourings, demonstrations of seership, declarations of primary facts, flashes of divination, bursts of insight, more or less coherent and interrelated. And as the point of view is always that of the poet, so the instrument of expression is the imagination. We doubt if in the whole range of EMERSON'S writings can be found a mere syllogism or a commonplace definition. He argues by analogies, he explains by images, he thinks in metaphors. The beauty, vitality, pregnancy, and wit of his language are such as could be infused only by an artist keenly alive to the possibilities of style, and beset with a passionate desire to attain perfection.

As might have been expected, EMERSON, being essentially a poet, had no precise system of philosophy. He officiated for a time as a Unitarian minister, but before he was thirty years of age he left off preaching, and became known as a pioneer of that interesting outgrowth of Unitarianism which in New England bore the name of transcendentalism, but which is not to be confounded with the meaning which attaches to the term in Germany. In the "Nature" essay EMERSON struck the keynote of the transcendental movement; and to this, with all the natural variations of experience and of age, he remained faithful to the last. So far as his wider generalizations were definite and capable of analysis, he seems to have reposed with entire content in a species of pantheism, which is substantially identical with that of SPINOZA and of SWEDENBORG. The most impressive of his writings, such as the "Problem," the "Wood Notes," and "Brahma," are all of this nature.

Although in his wise scrutiny of human life upon the earth EMERSON took the widest range, we could not properly describe him as a man of exact learning. He was not in the narrow technical sense a scholar. Of the Greeks he had much to tell us, yet it is probable that he, like GOETHE, could not read to his own satisfaction Greek authors in their native language. To him history, like nature, was a book whose characters required no scholastic decipherment, for their inner significance he instinctively apprehended. For the study of antiquity and the effort to enter into and interpret the great minds of the past he relied, with a confidence which seldom proved unwarranted, on the same power of intuition by which he discerned the primal truths of ethics and psychology. Thus, although it is doubtful whether EMERSON ever perused the writings of the Athenian idealist in their original tongue, it is certain that few men of his own or any time have more exactly reproduced PLATO'S point of view, or absorbed more thoroughly and fruitfully the Platonic spirit.

After he left the pulpit, Mr. EMERSON became a public lecturer, and for several years the winter in Boston was chiefly marked by his course of lectures, usually three or four in number; and as he became known more widely he was often invited to lecture in other places. His oratory was peculiar and memorable. The tall and graceful person, speaking or reading with scarcely any gestures, the rich, melodious voice, the lofty, unaffected, and impressive manner, like that of a Greek with Puritan education, the utterance as of a seer, severe, intense, and never disputatious, the subtle eloquence of the thought, the originality and charm of the illustration, the piquancy and freshness of the humor, all combined to produce the most delightful of artistic pleasures. But of course such lectures did not gain any extensive popularity, and the audience could never have exceeded a few hundred persons. But we are sure not one of that audience has ever forgotten the charm, the instruction, or the broad and catholic intellectual sympathies that the lecturer poured upon his attentive listeners.

While it is true that EMERSON propounded no original and distinct system of philosophic thought, and has, therefore, left behind him no school of disciples in the common meaning of the word, yet his influence has been more generative, and will possibly be more lasting than that of any other man whom this country has yet produced. There are few aspects of human life which are not the better known to us for his penetrating vision; and his writings are a storehouse of suggestion and admonition, a shining and enduring monument of genius and of beauty.

Literary World May 5, 1882

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ANOTHER of America's foremost men of letters has, at a very short interval, followed his friend Longfellow to the grave. Ralph Waldo Emerson died on Thursday evening last week at his house in Concord, Massachusetts, twenty miles or so from Boston. Mr. Emerson was suffering from pneumonia, the attack having seized him after going out without an overcoat on one of these bright but treacherous spring days. He was in the 79th year of his age, and the vital energy which remained was soon exhausted by this painful malady. Mr. Emerson belonged to a remarkable family originally living in the county of Durham, and now for more than eight generations having been distinguished in New England. Thomas Emerson went to America in 1635, and became the founder of the family there. A large number of his descendants became ministers, many of them men of great ability and distinction. It is stated that the Emerson family have supplied no less than twenty ministers to the pulpits of Unitarian churches in and around Concord. Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He was the second of five sons left to the care of a widowed mother in 1811. She was assisted in the training of her family by her sister-in-law, Miss Emerson, who had had a classical education. The boy was brought up under the best influences, and after attending a Latin school in Boston entered Harvard University in 1817. There he gained prizes in rhetoric, ethics, and Greek philosophy, but made no mark in mathematics. After some time spent in school teaching, the young student was led by Dr. Channing to regard the ministry as his calling, and went through a course of careful training for it. In 1829 he was chosen as a colleague of the pastor of a large church in Boston, and a year later the sole charge fell to his care. He held this position until 1832, when, to the grief of his congregation, he resigned. He had found himself growing, or changing, it may be, partly, drifting, out of sympathy with some of the forms and usages of the church, and in particular he felt that he felt that he could no longer administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He had lost his young wife, to whom he had been married in 1829, and this trial seems to have made him indisposed to controversy with those who might have opposed him, had he been persuaded to retain his position as pastor. He

had, too, become deeply impressed by the writings of Carlyle and other European authors, and he resolved upon a visit to this country. He came in 1833, and went to see Carlyle, as we have all read, at Craigenputtock. On returning to Concord he took up his abode for a time with Dr. Ripley, who was a relative of his, and while under Dr. Ripley's roof issued his first little book, "Nature," in 1834. In 1835 he married a second time, and then went to live in the beautiful home, in Concord, which he occupied until his death. There he wrote the essays, prepared the lectures, penned the poems, and carried on the charming social intercourse, which brightened so many lives, inspired so many helpful and noble thoughts, and exercised so profound an influence both in the Old World and the New. Were it only for the part he took in resisting and giving the death-blow to slavery, his name would be worthy of everlasting honour in the annals of his country. His fame, however, was first that of a transcendental philosopher, and he became the centre of a circle in America, who, at one time, were the subject of much ridicule. His first volume of "Essays" appeared in 1841, followed by a second in 1844, and by a small volume of "Poems" in 1847. At the close of 1847 he again visited Great Britain, and he lectured in London and other towns and cities, his audiences including many eminent persons. In 1848 he was in Paris, and there witnessed many of the terrible and significant scenes of that eventful year. In 1856 he published his "English Traits"; and at intervals, later, the volumes entitled "The Conduct of Life," "Society and Solitude," "Letters and Social Aims," "May Day and Other Poems." His lectures on "Representative Men," are, perhaps, the most widely known of his productions in this country. A considerable number of his lectures, it is understood, have not yet appeared in print, and it may be hoped that he has left a good store of literary treasures behind him, which will now be given to the world. A collected edition of his writings is a literary desideratum. A well informed writer refers to his closing years, and gives a pleasing glimpse of the honour in which he was held :—

"In less than one generation from the year when Emerson was condemned as a heretic by the authorities of Harvard University he was a chosen lecturer in the same institution, and his last important course of lectures was delivered there in 1870, under the general title, 'The Natural History of the Intellect.' Emerson's health suffered seriously by the shock caused by his house being burnt in July, 1872, and he was persuaded to visit Egypt and afterwards London, but he was not able to accept the invitations he received to lecture either here or at Oxford. The only speech he made was a brief one at the Working Men's College in London. On his return to Concord, in May, 1873, the inhabitants met him at the station with a band of music and escorted him to his home, which meantime had been rebuilt by his friends in exactly its old form. But with all this happiness the venerable philosopher was never again the same man. His general health returned, but his memory gradually declined. He had already tasted the waters of Lethe. His last appearance in any literary capacity was when, on the death of his friend Carlyle, he read before the Massachusetts Historical Society notes and reminiscences of his great contemporary written many years before. His eldest daughter, his 'memory' as he called her, sat beside him to suggest a needed word here and there. It was a touching scene. The felicitous thoughts and phrases of Emerson at his best—as where he described Carlyle as a 'trip-hammer with an Æolian attachment'—now came to those who had known the full charm of his voice and manner mingled with the faltering tones of a final farewell. Yet nothing occurred to lower the high influence of one of the purest intellects and fairest lives known to our century."

Liverpool Daily Post,
Apr. 29, 1882

LITERARY America has again suffered a grievous loss—perhaps the most grievous loss it could suffer—in the death of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Almost the last news of him that reached England was of his standing bareheaded beside the open grave of Longfellow, whom now he has followed behind the veil. It is true that he has died full of years and honour: that his physical powers have long been slowly ebbing away: that his death has been almost painless: that his life's work was done. But these things, though an efficient source of consolation to survivors, hardly mitigate the grief that the great outside world feels, when a powerful and quickening spirit departs. All votaries of physical science must feel themselves the weaker, in the struggle to compel Nature to reveal her secrets for the loss of Darwin; and those who love philosophy, and believe that abstract thinking will solve the world's enigma, will experience a similar sense of loneliness now that one is gone to whom, most of all modern thinkers, the word sage was applicable. Emerson hardly belonged to any definite school of philosophical thought. Some people called him Mystic, others Pantheist, and either name was, in some sense, applicable; but there are Mystics and Pantheists of more kinds than one. The New England Transcendentalists of forty years ago, a body of thinkers whose prophet was Emerson, whose muse was Margaret Fuller, and whose organ was "The Dial," hardly attained the dignity or the coherence of a school; and now they are all gone. But they were very earnest and noble-minded men and women; eager for truth, and eager, too, to conform their lives to their best knowledge; very quickening, in word and example, to many younger people, who afterwards took their own intellectual way. And they included in their number one man of genius.

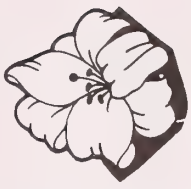
Emerson was perhaps the most original literary fruit which America has yet produced. He has a voice, a method, a flavour of his own. While he has read much, he gives the impression of having thought still more: and both his reading and thinking circle about the main problems of human life and fate. His life at Concord is one long meditation. He comes to Europe to look out with quick and observant eye upon men and things; but what he carries back is material for brooding thought. It is impossible not to conjecture that his literary communion is chiefly with the world's great thinkers, and that for the sake of undisturbed intercourse with them he is content to turn a deaf ear to what meaner men may say. The result of all is only a few volumes of essays, and some still more sparing attempts to find poetic expression for his thought. The essays are singularly detached: they unfold no system: what of systematic there is in them the reader is left to find out, almost to construct for himself. Yet, not only are they singularly suggestive, but they give the impression more than almost any other writings, old and new, of straightforward, genuine, actual thought on the part of the writer. Whatever may be the value of his reflections, they are his own. They have come to him out of the depths of his own being. He is not repeating other men's thoughts in new words. They are a real contribution to the solution of the problem of man and the world.

Emerson's style answers to the method of his writing. Were his matter other than it is, the way of expressing it would be disjointed to a fault. His sentences stand independent of each other. Or, rather, he does not so much write sentences as *dicta*, maxims, apothegms. He makes weighty assertions, much more than unrolls an argument. They are the opinions upon men and things of a singularly original, self-contained, independent mind. Possibly it would not be easy to say off hand what was Emerson's position in regard to any of the more hotly debated questions of philosophy. What we may call technical philosophy was not his business. There is a practical reference in all that he says; he does not discuss perception or inquire into the origin of ideas, and is as far as possible from physiological speculation; but broods upon how men are to live, and what is their relation to the great surrounding and indwelling mystery. So his disciples sit at his feet, much more than criticise the intellectual results at which he arrives or maintain them against hostile assault. There is something Socratic about his wisdom; however mystic, oracular, transcendental it may seem to be, it has always a side of relation to everyday life.

The time of Emerson's greatest influence was pre-Darwinian; and he does not speak with the tongue of the newest speculation. But the task of adaptation would not be difficult: a pure idealism like his finds itself in possible accord with every variety of material theory. Still, the latest currents of thought have somewhat carried men away from him. The youth that once were nurtured on him now feed on Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, or are swept into the all-comprehensive net of Herbert Spencer. But this is only a change of fashion which will right itself, and all the more speedily from that very intellectual detachment of the Sage of Concord of which we have spoken. It needs no philosophical preparation to bring young and ardent inquirers under his fascination. He does not take an inevitable place in a course of reading. He is always calmly wise; always keenly suggestive; always earnestly reverent. He stands in awe of the mystery of life, and is able to awaken the same awe in others. We cannot conceive of a change of thought which should make his books obsolete, or uninstructive, or dull. Presently a generation yet unborn will come back to him, and wonder to find him so fresh, so modern, so inspiring. All America will feel a proud sorrow by the grave side of her greatest thinker; and not least, that the wisdom of the sage and the insight of the seer were mirrored in a life so pure, so peaceful, so crowned with world-wide honour.

London Daily Telegraph
Apr. 29, 1882

AMERICA has just lost, in RALPH WALDO EMERSON, another of the illustrious band of New England worthies who will constitute in after-days her classical authors. LONGFELLOW had hardly been laid in his grave before the sad news comes that his friend and contemporary, the well-known philosopher of Concord, has also quitted this life. He died, peacefully and without pain, on Thursday evening, conversing lucidly to the last, and reconciling his nearest and dearest to the supreme hour by his own perfect contentment. The present loss is, however, no more confined to the New World than was the previous bereavement; all the republic of letters shares it, for he who is no more belonged to all humanity. EMERSON's name and fame, if not quite so widely spread as those of the author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," had nevertheless long ago passed into every English-speaking land. Of late years, it is true, he has written little, but the influence of his opinions has been silently diffusing its glad rays, and, though he never founded a school, the realms of thought are full of his conscious or unconscious disciples. The advanced age at which he has departed affords one proof more, as in the case of his brother philosopher, THOMAS CARLYLE, that a strong and constant use of the brain is conducive to longevity. EMERSON was born at Boston on May 25th, 1803, and had, therefore, nearly reached fourscore years of age. Graduating at Harvard College in 1821, he was ordained a minister of the Unitarian Church, but he soon retired from the pulpit and devoted himself amid the beech-trees and maples of Concord to the love and study of philosophy. Honoured from the earliest days among his literary comrades, LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORNE, CHANNING, THOREAU, and their comrades, he first became known in England by his "Method of Nature" and the two volumes of his "Essays." His later work, "Representative Men," manifested a wonderful analytical and perceptive power, with that gift of bright epigram and ingenious metaphor which causes every page of EMERSON's poetry and prose to glow and scintillate. In his recent publications, such as "English Traits," "The Conduct of Life," "The Oration on the Death of President Lincoln," and "Society and Solitude," one and the same inexhaustible vein of gay and golden ethics was worked upon. The style, the spirit, and the man in all these writings seemed endowed with the freshness and the cheerfulness of a perpetual youth. The intellect of EMERSON appeared, indeed, to have bathed in some magical fountain of life, which made it proof against the weariness of earth and the melancholy of growing years. Nor, indeed, could old age, when at last it came upon him, greatly affect the joyous temper of his philosophy. Serene, contented, optimistic to the close, he felt his great powers gradually fail without impatience or complaint. The genius in him which had illuminated and cheered his own youth and that of contemporary generations, rendered those



grey hairs a crown of comfort and peace. He took all things in existence serenely and lightly, and death itself among them, true to what he himself has written: "When life has been well spent age is a loss of what it can well spare—muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk, and works that belong to these. But the central wisdom which was old in infancy is young at fourscore years, and,

dropping off obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the mind purified and wise. I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old. I have heard that whenever the name of man is spoken the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleaves to his constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and no whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the working of intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill—at the end of life just ready to be born—affirms the inspirations of affection and of the moral sentiment."

EMERSON, alike in his eloquent prose and his thoughtful poetry, has been the most genuine American among all that brilliant New England company to which he belonged. His philosophy sprang fresh, joyous, and audacious from the very vastness and opulent capacities of the Great Republic. LONGFELLOW had travelled and studied to find a past outside his too youthful country, and came home to sing a Nova Scotian idyll in the metre of VIRGIL. But EMERSON read so deep in Greek ethics and Oriental religious systems chiefly to gain a power of expressing that richness of life and largeness of human destiny with which the very air of his New World had filled him. His teaching is one continued pæan of courage, faith, and hope. His dauntless and confident genius faces every physical and metaphysical puzzle of our mortal fate, to put it smilingly aside or to trip gaily over its difficulties. He is extremely earnest, philosophically serious, and without the slightest patience for any trivial and ignoble ways of enjoying life; but as to the origin and issues of human existence nothing ever shakes his fixed conviction of a beautiful and happy design. He has in this respect that Royal equanimity which distinguishes SHAKESPEARE and a few of the very greatest writers. Neither they nor he suffer themselves to be ever too much troubled by the sorrows and ignorances of mortality. They possess the air of seeing more than they say, and knowing more than they tell, and quietly refuse, at any historical, dramatic, or logical crisis, to be despondent. In his gravest treatise upon life and death, EMERSON smilingly borrows a suggestive passage from the Persian poet SAADI: "It was whispered of me in Shiraz that I was sad, but what had I to do with sadness?" There can be little doubt that the giant vitality of the American Republic, its territorial vastness, personal freedom, and swift material advance aided to communicate this happy optimism to the philosopher's mind. We see its wild spontaneous expression in the co-called "poems" of WALT WHITMAN, which, with all their sins against art and decorum, certainly glow with the warmth and light of a great nation's birth, and inspire a faith in general humanity akin to that which burns and pulses in the "barbaric yawp." EMERSON, however, shares this inspiration like a sage whose culture refines and enlightens his enthusiasm, and at the root of whose equally intense patriotism there is a noble sympathy wide as the world and a piety too lofty for narrow dogmas. To read EMERSON is like walking in the pine woods when the sun is rising. If he does not always convince, he invigorates, encourages, and fascinates his reader. "The logicians have an incessant triumph over him," wrote HARRIET MARTINEAU: "but their triumph is of no avail—he conquers minds as well as hearts." His style itself has something of the character of the blue bird singing in the American woods. Passers by may listen to it when they like, or cease to listen, but all they hear is connected music, and sufficient in itself. If the note seems sometimes monotonous, it is, at all events, the monotone of joy, faith, and love of mankind; and we owe, indeed, great honour and deep gratitude to America in that, amid our troubled, blood-stained, doubting, and dyspeptic age, one such philospher has steadfastly cheered the march of human life with a voice of unfaltering and gallant hopefulness.

It is not for us, however, in this place to examine the grounds of the American philosopher's optimism. Countless generations of inherited ignorance and fear have so cowed human souls that they nowadays almost resent the message of any one who proclaims to them, as to the whence and the whither of life, that "all is well." M. RENAN is almost indignant with M. PASTEUR, at the French Academy, because he finds in his speech on M. LITTRÉ the occasion to proclaim the infinity of life, and the consequent infinitude of hope and happiness and destiny. Almost every religion and every philosophic system has been so infected with gloom, and almost every code of laws so stamped with the theory of producing morality by penalties, that the race is even to-day slow to believe any "good tidings of great joy." Without at all realising, it faintly and timidly hears of a Divine love working in the universe to produce universal beauty, happiness, and order; but it goes on spending half the hours of existence in anticipating that existence must soon end dreadfully and for ever. Among those who think at all the majority bear themselves like men in a condemned cell, whose day of execution approaches, but is not exactly fixed. Yet of two things, one, it seems, must be true—either the universe is friendly to every single life of all its varied boundlessness, or else to none at all. There must be a place, a future, and a blessed development for all sentient and suffering creatures in their degree, or for none; and to believe the latter is to conceive a final consummation of Nothingness. It is as easy, moreover, to live with great aspirations and to die with glad hopes as to creep through existence afraid of every ache and pain, and actually dreading and deprecating the wise and gentle course of nature. Furthermore, courage and hope breed virtues, while cowardice and doubts and fears make men mean and vicious. It was good, therefore, to have in this nineteenth century a teacher so radiant and so assured as RALPH WALDO EMERSON, whose elevating influence, if we are not mistaken, will more and more extend as Science enriches and assists human life, and Religions expand themselves to meet her in sisterly alliance. To read EMERSON is to drink a wholesome tonic for that disease of intellectual and moral indigestion which makes the age so decrepit and melancholy. The spirit of his delightful pages reflects that of the happy American mother who was remonstrated with by a fellow-traveller on account of the somewhat noisy laughing and crowing of her baby. "May I ask you, madam," said the impatient voyager, "why your child makes such a disturbance?" and the mother answered, "Well, stranger, I expect it is because he is so glad that he is born." In contempt of the doleful doctrines which that simple woman thus unconsciously derided, here too was one good, gifted, and wise man at least who found life a banquet of delights, and, having feasted gratefully, departs with noble dignity from the board, to take rest, awaiting elsewhere even better entertainment.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS.

F. B. Sanborn to Chairman of Concord's Selectmen.

Boston Herald — Apr. 1. 1895

Asks a Few Questions Concerning the Former Tax Collector—Is Not Satisfied with the Reply Received—Claims It Does Not Contain Direct Answers to His Queries.

To the Editor of The Herald:

You speak of my two communications in the Advertiser, concerning our Concord theft, as sermons. I was inclined to call the last one a "collect," and the first short one a lesson for the day, and it seems to have been both needed and heeded. In any case, you must admit my discourses were more practical than doctrinal. I have now effected a trifling exchange of pulpits, and have secured a doctrinal homily from the Concord selectmen. As the doctrine preached is novel, and the text seems to be from that latter day commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," it may interest your readers.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, March 31, 1895.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Sanborn Writes to Chairman Wood and the Latter Replies.

CONCORD, March 27, 1895.

Mr. J. B. Wood, Chairman of the Selectmen of Concord—Dear Sir: I find in the reports of the town officers, this day distributed to the taxpayers, no direct mention of the embezzlement by the late collector of the town, C. W. Sanford, of a large sum of money, which his bondsmen and others are said to have made good. But I do find in the statement of the town treasurer the entry of some $49,000, there said to be received from C. W. Sanford as taxes collected.

As a taxpayer who, having paid his tax in the year 1893 to this thieving collector, now under arrest for the crime above mentioned, was requested by him to pay the sum over again, I should like to ask of the selectmen, through you, a few questions, in the answers to which other taxpayers are interested.

1. When and how did C. W. Sanford ever pay to the town treasurer the sum alleged in the report to have been received by the treasurer from him?

2. Was not more than $14,000 of the sum named, in fact, received from Richard Barrett, B. W. Brown, Mrs. Chase, E. W. Emerson and other persons, through an agent or intermediary, and not from the defaulting collector, in any true sense?

3. At what precise date did the selectmen ascertain, or have a reasonable suspicion, that Sanford was using the money of the taxpayers for his own benefit—that is, stealing it; and what steps did they take to prevent this theft and to secure the conviction of the thief?

A reply before the town meeting will oblige, yours truly, F. B. SANBORN.

CONCORD, Mass., March 29, 1895.

"Mr. B. F. Sanborn—Dear Sir: I have your letter of the 27th instant addressed to me as chairman of the selectmen of Concord. In this communication you say that you find in the reports of the town officers distributed to the taxpayers of Concord, 'no direct mention of the embezzlement by the late collector of the town,' but that you 'do find in the statement of the town treasurer the entry of some $49,000 said to be received from C. W. Sanford as taxes collected.' And you further say that having paid your tax for the year 1893 you were requested by this collector 'to pay the same over again.' Then you make these specific inquiries (here follow the inquiries enumerated above). To these inquiries I answer:

"1. The sum of $49,000, as you correctly state, was received by the town treasurer and not by the selectmen. Why you should address an inquiry to me relating to a transaction between the collector and treasurer is not entirely clear. It is sufficiently obvious that it is a matter with which I had no connection whatsoever. I presume the parties concerned will give you any information you desire.

"2. For an answer to this inquiry I again refer you to the persons immediately concerned. It is possible that you may misapprehend the duties which the law devolves upon the selectmen. This collector was chosen by the votes of the town, and had the same authority for holding his office that the selectmen had. The law, however, required of the selectmen to see to it that the collector should give bond in such sum as they, the selectmen, should require, 'and with sureties to their satisfaction.' When the selectmen had performed that duty they were not responsible for any offences which the collector might commit in relation to the town's money. No one can deny that we performed our duties in this respect with entire faithfulness, for, assuming all that you say or suggest is true, the town had so good a bond that not one dollar has been lost.

"(3.) In answering this question, I can only speak for myself, but I have no doubt whatever my case is exactly that of my associates on the board. As to the precise date, it will probably answer your purpose to know that the conduct of the collector came to my knowledge after he had left town, and his departure and the reasons for it had become public. You are a more diligent reader of the newspapers than I am, and the information must certainly have reached you at about the same time.

"Unfortunately, the collector did not disclose to us beforehand what he intended to do with the funds in his hands, and the selectmen, not having any information or intimation whatsoever from any source of what was to happen, somewhat naturally took no steps to prevent it.

"As to taking steps to secure the conviction of the collector, you certainly are aware that any criminal act is an offence against the public, and any and every citizen may make complaint and 'take steps,' as you say, to bring the offender to justice. Ordinarily the persons against whom a wrong has been committed or attempted are expected to take measures to institute a prosecution. No offence has been committed against the selectmen of Concord in their official capacity, as it appears from the report of the town treasurer that all sums due from the collector have been fully paid. The selectmen have no personal grievance, as the late collector neither committed nor attempted any offence against them.

"It does appear, however, from your letter, that you had early knowledge of irregularities on the part of this officer in the fact that you, having paid your tax once, was 'requested by him to pay the same over again.' It is much to be regretted that you did not at that time avail yourself of your right, and, as a good citizen, 'take steps' to prevent a great public scandal, and, if your surmise is correct, the loss to innocent persons of considerable sums of money.

"The fact that the late collector is now under arrest must be a sufficient answer to your last inquiry. Yours truly,

JAMES B. WOOD,
Chairman of the Selectmen."

"CONCORD, March 30, 1895.

"Mr. J. B. Wood, Chairman of the Selectmen of Concord—Dear Sir: Although your letter of the 29th, delivered to me this morning, is three times as long as mine of the 27th, I fail to find in it direct answers to either of my three questions. I seem to read in the evasions and insinuations of the answer more of the tricky attorney, defending a thief, than of the frankness of an old neighbor and friend—but let that pass.

"I cannot let pass, however, your insinuation that I am in some mysterious way responsible for 'the loss to innocent persons of considerable sums of money,' by an assumed neglect on my part to inform persons of the 'irregularity' of the collector in sending me, in 1893, a tax bill twice. I did at that time reprove the collector for his offence, and I communicated the fact to the town treasurer and several of my fellow-citizens. I assumed, however, and had a right to assume, that the selectmen were complying with our ancient statute, which said, as long ago as 1836, and in substance says now:

"Every collector shall, once in two months, if required, exhibit to the selectmen a true account of all moneys received on the taxes committed to him, and produce the treasurer's receipts for all money paid into the treasury by him. If a collector neglects so to exhibit his accounts, he shall forfeit the sum of 2½ per cent. on the sums committed to him for collection.

"May I now inquire whether this part of your duties as selectman was regularly performed by you; whether the collector did neglect to exhibit a true account, as both law and common sense

required; and, in case he did not exhibit one, why the sum of $1185 (being 2½ per cent. on the $49,000 published by you as received from him in the past year) has not been deducted in any settlement he may have made, from amounts supposed to be due to him—of which I see there were, by the town report, more than $1200 in the past year?

"I do not understand your remark that 'the late collector neither committed nor attempted any offence against the selectmen.' The selectmen represent the town. Am I to infer that the stealing of more than $10,000 of the public money is no offence against the town of Concord? That your board could have no personal 'grievance' (whatever that may mean) against this thief, I had already sadly concluded, from the fact that you made his attorney collector in his stead, and renewed Sanford's license as auctioneer, when a warrant for his arrest had been in the hands of a sheriff for weeks.

"If you are really regretting that somebody did not tell you that Sanford was putting the town's money into his own speculations, may I suggest that you question the present collector closely as to when he first had a 'surmise' that his client and friend was short in his accounts, and what connection he has had with the steps of 'a great public scandal.' Yours truly,

F. B. SANBORN."

I take much pleasure in presenting herewith the portrait of Mr. F. B. Sanborn. THE CRITIC has the honor of including Mr. Sanborn's name among its contributors. Mr. Sanborn has lived in Concord, Mass., the most of his life, and there he was an intimate friend of all the great men who made that town their home. Not only did he count Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau among his fathers, beside the placid river, with many a charming wood and hill within easy reach. Emerson studied the mystics, communed with Wordsworth, and made careful notes of his reading. Here also he began to write his first volume, if it can be so called, the essay entitled 'Nature,' though it was not completed until 1836, in the September of which year it was published. In the previous year he had been married to Lydia Jackson (his first wife had died more than three years before), and was residing in the house in which he remained until his death, and which is pleasantly described by Mr. G. W. Curtis in his 'Homes of American Authors.' Emerson took an active and practical interest in everything relating to the welfare of the village, which, by the way, owing to his residence there, ultimately expanded into an attractive town. In 1836 he wrote an introduction for 'Sartor Resartus,' which had then only appeared in *Fraser*. This volume and the 150*l.* sent with it constituted the most important encouragement that Carlyle received in the early part of his career. Emerson was aided by his friend Dr. Le Baron Russell, of Boston, who obtained subscriptions for the work, and who appears in it as his "co-editor." Two years later a similar work was done for Carlyle's miscellaneous papers. Meanwhile Emerson had become sufficiently domesticated in Concord to write the hymn for a monument to the Revolutionary heroes, a hymn he may have heard sung once more on April 19th, the anniversary of the resistance of the Concord farmers which began the War of Independence. On the outskirts of the

MR. F. B. SANBORN
The last of the famous Concord group of writers.

MR. EMERSON.

On Sunday last the most noted of American authors was laid in his grave at Concord, amid the profound sorrow of his countrymen and also of many in this country, who mourn the loss not only of a wise teacher but of a personal friend in Ralph Waldo Emerson. In July, 1872, the house in Concord which Mr. Emerson had occupied for thirty-six years caught fire and was rendered uninhabitable; fortunately his library and manuscripts were saved, but the shock to his nervous system proved to be of a serious kind. On the evening of that day he remarked to a friend that he had felt something snap in his brain. An illness followed and an entire loss of his hair. He came in the autumn of that year to Europe, and his hair grew again, though now snow-white. When he returned to Concord he found that his house had been restored by his neighbours and friends nearly as before, but the damage to his brain could not be restored. He wrote no more. Various articles from his pen continued to appear in the magazines, but they were supplied from shelves stored with manuscripts written in former years, where, indeed, many more await publication. Gradually Emerson's memory failed, especially for names of things; he would often have to describe the uses even of objects so familiar as a chair or plough from inability to remember their names. The names of persons followed. Unfortunately the consciousness of this loss pressed upon him, and made him more and more silent. But this was his only trouble. Surrounded by a family devoted to him—a wife, son, and two daughters—and by the love of many friends, the "Sage of Concord" had still much happiness. His general health, too, was good, and, though he was in his seventy-ninth year, it was owing to over-confidence in his strength, which led him to go on his usual walk without an overcoat, that he was seized with pneumonia, of which he died on Thursday night, April 27th. He was buried on Sunday last in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, beside his first wife and his son Waldo, whose early death inspired his 'Threnody,' and near his friends Hawthorne and Thoreau. In the Unitarian church of Concord, where his ancestors or relatives had preached for two centuries, addresses were given by Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Hedge, of Divinity College, Cambridge, and Rev. J. F. Clarke, all of whom had enjoyed intimate friendship with Emerson during life. His literary papers and correspondence have been for some time in the hands of Mr. Eliot Cabot, of Boston, by whom, it is understood, Emerson's biography will be written, with the aid of his family, and his unpublished and uncollected writings edited. A useful monograph on Emerson by Mr. G. W. Cooke was issued last year, containing particulars of his life not before published.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25th, 1803. His ancestors went from Bedford and from York—the Rev. Peter Bulkeley of the former place, and Thomas Emerson of the latter (probably), having emigrated to America, the former in 1634, the latter in 1635, and their children intermarried. They were educated gentlemen, Bulkeley certainly having graduated at Oxford, and an ancestor of the Emersons having been knighted by Henry VIII. It is probable, but not certain, that William Emerson the mathematician was of the same family. In the Antinomian controversy which sprang up in New England two hundred and fifty years ago, Bulkeley, who had founded Concord and its church, and probably paid for the edifice, leaned to the more rational side; and his work, 'The Gospel Covenant,' published in London, 1646, is described by Prof. Tyler ('Hist. of American Lit.,' i. 218) as representing the "intellectual robustness of New England in the first age." Emerson's grandfather and father were eminent ministers, successively favouring the liberal reaction against Puritanism, but by no means inclined to theological disputations. His father died when the boy was in his eighth year, but his mother, a highly educated woman, sent him to the best schools in Boston. He entered Harvard at the early age of fourteen. It would appear as if there may have been at first a reaction in the youth against the ministerial traditions of the family. He devoted himself to literary and classical studies, and his first ambition was to become a professor of elocution. His boyish passion was for Scott's novels, his earliest intellectual enthusiasm was for Montaigne. Under the influence of Edward Everett, Professor of Greek at Harvard and an orator of the classical school, Emerson formed the literary tastes which ultimately predominated in his life. But when he had taken his degree he came under the influence of Channing. After for a time assisting his elder brother William in teaching school, in order to defray the college expenses of their younger brothers, Emerson studied theology. He became minister of a Unitarian church in Boston in 1829. About this time, like most clever young men, he wrote a good deal of poetry. His entire lack of ear for music rendered poetical success impossible to him, although many pieces in his two volumes of poems (1847 and 1867) are much valued by thoughtful readers. In his ministry in Boston, which lasted about three years, he made a profound impression by the earnestness and directness of his appeals, and by his philanthropic activity, which included a warm espousal of the anti-slavery cause, then in its infancy. But he had become discontented with the conventional type of Unitarianism, and was studying with ardour the works of Coleridge and the first essays of Carlyle. He resigned his pulpit, because of his unwillingness longer to administer sacraments, and a visit to Europe (1833) furnished the opportunity of retiring from his profession. His graphic accounts in his 'English Traits' of visits to Landor, Coleridge, Carlyle, and Wordsworth have often been quoted. On his return to America he preached but little, but began to give lectures on literature, biography, and semi-scientific subjects. He had become a careful student of Goethe, whom his elder brother William had personally known while studying in Germany; and there are many traces in his earlier lectures of the keen interest with which he had followed the controversies in the French Academy upon the suggestions of evolution by Geoffroy Saint Hilaire. He went to reside for a time at Concord with the Rev. Dr. Ripley, who had married the widow of his grandfather and resided in the "Old Manse."

village he had about twelve acres, which he cultivated well, especially taking much interest in his fruit trees. He was always ready to give lectures in the Town Hall, where many of his best essays have been heard. Two years ago he gave his hundredth lecture in Concord, the subject being 'New England Life and Letters.'

The little work on 'Nature,' of whose effect on his mind in early life Dr. Tyndall has spoken, was reviewed by the chief "Philistine" of the American Cambridge in a way that piqued the curiosity of the students. It was rumoured among them that a prophet had appeared, and Emerson was summoned to deliver the annual Phi Beta Kappa Address of 1837. In the following year he was chosen by the graduating class of the Divinity College connected with Harvard University to deliver the annual address before them. These two addresses merit careful perusal, not only because of their eloquence, but also because of the immense influence which they exerted upon the youth of New England. Mr. John Weiss in his 'Life of Theodore Parker,' Mr. Lowell in 'My Study Windows,' Mr. Frothingham in his 'Transcendentalism in New England,' and other contemporary writers have testified to the immense effect produced by Emerson on one or the other of these occasions; and it is equally shown in the perturbation caused among the professors, which found expression in a pamphlet by Andrews Norton, President of the Divinity College, on 'The Latest Form of Infidelity,' which was answered by the Rev. George Ripley. The battle is forgotten now, and among Emerson's friends few have been more sympathetic than Prof. C. Norton, the son of his antagonist; but the controversy raged hotly for a long time. The one man who never lost his serenity was Emerson himself. He met opposition with a sweetness which disarmed it. He had proposed no new theology, but only extolled certain primary ethical laws, and derived from them a standard for the intellect. Perfect veracity of mind, scorning all casuistry and low compliances; passionate search of each individual soul for that ideal which commands it; withdrawal of the heart from merely conventional sanctities, and consecration to the virtue inly loved and worshipped; preservation of intellectual freedom—these principles, on which he insisted, might appear to be truisms which none could gainsay. Yet so sensitive had the religious condition of New England become under the Unitarian controversy, and so strained the compromise between the national conscience and slavery, that the enunciation of general principles struck upon particulars. It was not, indeed, a thunderbolt that fell upon the decorous respectability of the country; rather it was the softest of sunstrokes. But it was effectual, and a new era in American thought and character must be attributed to the words spoken by Emerson.

In his preface to Emerson's 'Twelve Essays,' printed in London, 1841, Carlyle refers to the *Dial*: "A noteworthy though very unattractive work, moreover, is that new periodical they call the *Dial*, in which he occasionally writes; which appears, indeed, generally to be imbued with his way of thinking, and to proceed from the circle that learns of him." This quarterly "Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion," the four volumes of which are now precious to those who possess them, began in 1840 and ended in 1844. Margaret Fuller and Emerson were the editors. In it Margaret Fuller published the essay afterwards expanded into her 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' and in it appeared the earliest writings of Thoreau, Parker, and the poets Christopher P. Cranch and Ellery Channing. Under the serial heading "Ethnical Scriptures" were published extracts from the Oriental books 'Vishnu Sarma,' 'Laws of Menu,' Confucius, 'The Desatir,' the Chinese 'Four Books,' Hermes Trismegistus, and the Chaldean oracles, in English translations. This magazine was short-lived, not because the spirit it represented was ephemeral, but because "transcendentalism," as it was called, broke up the pots in which it was nursed—the magazine and Brook Farm community. Its apostles were absorbed by the general organs of literature in the country, the pulpit, and the "lyceum," an institution that Emerson, in a sense, created. In the majority of cities and towns merchants and mechanics began to enlarge their halls, and to pay liberally for lectures. It speaks well for the American people that such lectures as now make chapters of 'The Conduct of Life,' 'Society and Solitude,' and 'Letters and Social Aims' have been listened to by large audiences in Western cities as well as those of the Eastern states. It must also be remarked, concerning the literary men and women whose minds Emerson stimulated, and in some cases awakened into life, that very few of them became his imitators. The prudence with which he withheld himself from Emersonian communities and clubs, and the emphasis with which he held every friend to his or her own individuality, were singularly successful. In the works of Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, Hawthorne, Lowell, Curtis, Higginson, Arthur Clough, and Thoreau, the debt they eagerly acknowledge to Emerson would be hardly discoverable from the general aim, character, or style of their productions.

In 1847 Emerson responded to the strong desire of a fairly large number of persons who had become interested in him, and came to give lectures in England. He was well received. His two courses of lectures were attended by the Carlyles, Lady Byron, the Duchess of Sutherland, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Leigh Hunt, Mr. W. E. Forster, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Arthur Helps, and other distinguished persons. *Jerrold's Newspaper* described him as "tall, thin, his features aquiline, his eye piercing and fixed; the effect as he stood quietly before his audience was at first somewhat startling, and then nobly impressive." There was some complaint among the poorer classes that the prices of admission to his lectures were too high for them to hear him, but Emerson took care to converse with the humblest who sought him. In Manchester, where he delivered his first lectures in this country under the auspices of his friend Mr. Ireland, he gave a farewell entertainment to a number of persons who had shown especial interest in the Transatlantic "new views." When his correspondence is published it will probably be found to contain very interesting facts concerning intellectual movements in England in the beginning of this generation. Among those especially drawn under his influence were John Sterling, with whom he corresponded, and Arthur Clough, who followed him to America. Sterling dedicated 'Strafford' to Emerson. Among his warmest admirers was the late Dean Stanley, who, on Emerson's last visit to this country ten years ago, gave him a memorable entertainment at the Deanery.

Though but meagre translations from Emerson's works have appeared on the Continent (some selections have been rendered recently into Dutch), he has been the subject of cordial studies by various foreign writers, the most important being an essay by Hermann Grimm. So early as 1845 Edgar Quinet spoke with enthusiasm of his writings, which, from a citation in Mr. Cooke's work, would appear to have first received mention in Paris by Philarète Chasles in an article on the literary tendencies of America. The Countess d'Agoult, writing in the *Revue Indépendante*, July, 1846, says that she was obliged to send to London for Emerson's 'Essays,' and could only explain the ignorance concerning him by reflecting that "he lives careless of glory, far from the world."

Emerson's works are 'A Historical Discourse' (Concord bicentennial, 1835); 'Nature' (1836); 'Essays' (1841); 'Essays,' second series (1844); 'Address on West Indian Emancipation' (1844); 'Poems' (1847); 'Nature, Addresses and Lectures' (1849); 'Essay on War,' in Miss Peabody's 'Æsthetic Papers' (1849); 'Representative Men' (1850); 'Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli' (1852); 'English Traits' (1856); 'The Conduct of Life' (1860); 'Gulistân of Saadi,' with introductory essay on Persian poetry (1864); Preface to Thoreau's 'Letters' (1865); 'May-Day, and other Poems' (1867); Preface to Prof. Goodwin's edition of Plutarch's 'Morals' (1870); 'Society and Solitude' (1870); 'Parnassus,' a collection of his favourite poems (1874); 'Letters and Social Aims' (1875); 'Select Poems,' in which a few before unpublished are included (1876). Besides these there are to be found in the *Dial* some papers not reprinted in his volumes, and many articles contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*. The papers of his which have appeared most recently are one on Carlyle in *Scribner*, and another on 'Superlatives' in the *Century*, both, however, being among his earliest compositions. We have reason to believe that a good English edition of Emerson's works will appear before long, and it is to be hoped that a more satisfactory estimate of his genius will then be formed by the English people. Any attempt at such an estimate were far beyond our present aim.

Whatever may be thought of Emerson's place in the intellectual history of our age, no one can doubt that it is one in which not his countrymen alone but our English race have reason to feel more than pride. His brilliant success came to him unsought, and was not obtained by any trick or by concession to any popular prejudice. He has gained the love of every scholar and writer in America without flattering any, and he has won the homage of his country without failing to rebuke its errors and wrongs. He who would maintain a high standard of honour in authorship, simplicity in life and character, and sincerity in religion, will find that Emerson has studied these things—that he has spoken concerning them sentences that take root in the mind. The impression he has made has been greatest upon those who have known him best personally. The words of the first Puritan idealist might be written on the tomb of the last:—"I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem."

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT CONCORD, MASS.

Boston Weekly Journal

Attempt to Arrest F. B. Sanborn by U. S. Officers.

Apr. 5 —— 1860.

THE ALARM BELLS RUNG!

The Whole Town turn out and Prevent Sanborn's being Carried Away!

Mr. Sanborn Released on a Writ of Habeas Corpus!

STATEMENT OF MR SANBORN.

The Affair brought up in the Legislature.

Hearing before the Supreme Court.

DISCHARGE OF MR: SANBORN.

The quiet town of Concord, Mass., was a scene of intense excitement Tuesday night, which was occasioned by an attempt of United States officers to forcibly arrest Mr. F. B. Sanborn, and take him to Washington to answer for contempt, in refusing to obey the summons to appear before the Hunter's Ferry Investigating Committee. He was seized and handcuffed, but the officers were prevented from taking him out of town, a writ of habeas corpus having been taken out, on which he was delivered from the officers. The following account of the affair is from an eye witness:

[Correspondence of The Boston Journal.]

Letter from Concord.

CONCORD, April 3, 1860.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

The quiet of this village was broken in on to-night by the cries of "murder," and a general alarm of our citizens, who found, on reaching the scene, a band of men calling themselves officers of the United States Senate holding in the middle of the road one of our best beloved and most respected townsmen, Frank B. Sanborn, handcuffed and without either hat or shoes on. It seems that about nine o'clock these men, four or five in number, knocked at Mr. Sanborn's house, and on his opening the door seized him, and without reading any precept or even giving their names, handcuffed him and dragged him to a carriage in waiting on the street. His screams and violent resistance called his neighbors to the place, and prevented their plan of rushing him off without the knowledge of his friends. Finding that they could not by their united strength force him into the carriage, as he is a very tall, athletic man, they held on to him, when, sooner than it takes to tell of it, a crowd of the sturdy, honest citizens of our town, of every shade of politics, surrounded them.

The angry and excited crowd was reinforced every minute, and urged by the sight of their townsman thus treated almost beyond endurance, were barely restrained from mobbing the officers on the spot. His counsel, Hon. J. S. Keyes, who had been sent for, soon arrived, and on demanding to see the authority for the violent proceedings, was shown the outside of a paper which it was stated was signed by the Vice President of the United States, directed to the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and by him endorsed over to one Silas Carlton, who was the chief man of those holding Mr. Sanborn. The others gave their names as Tarlton, Coolidge and Freeman, and the carriage driver was A. J. Fosc, all of Boston. The crowd thickened. The church bells rang out an alarm. Cries of take him away! take off those handcuffs! release him! were freely uttered, and every moment the excitement increased. An application was made by his counsel for a writ of habeas corpus to the Hon. E. R. Hoar, Judge of the Supreme Court, and a writ at once granted. The Deputy Sheriff was sent for, and upon his arrival the precept of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was served by Deputy Sheriff John B. Moore, assisted by as willing a posse and as efficient as ever aided a service before. Carlton, refusing to give up his prisoner and demanding a copy of the writ, was taken off of Mr. Sanborn by the Deputy Sheriff so quickly that he did not even miss his hat, which he lost in the struggle, and at the court, and of such as the others were captured as quickly and effectually. Mr. Sanborn

was in the hands of friends before his own door, and was again a free citizen of Massachusetts. The resistance to the writ added flame to the excitement, and Carlton and his men were pretty roughly handled. But for the interposition of some leading citizens, they would have been mobbed, and treated to even more discourteous than they had used toward their prisoner. But, thanks to the law-abiding spirit of New England men, they were permitted to leave in their carriage, saluted by groans and hisses, and perhaps volleys of even more disagreeable things, and thus sent out of Concord, having learned a lesson they will not soon forget. Quiet was restored when they had departed, though bands of citizens patroled the streets for hours, and took good care that no new attempt was made to arrest again.

We have received from Mr. Sanborn the following statement of this affair:

Statement of Mr. Sanborn.

CONCORD, Mass., April 3, 1860.
11½ o'clock at night.

To the Citizens of Massachusetts:

I have to inform you that a cowardly assault was committed on me this evening at about 9½ o'clock, *in my own house*, by four or five persons claiming to have authority to arrest me. The facts are these:

I came in from a call about 9 o'clock, and was sitting, in my slippers, at my desk, when a knocking called me to the door. I went down stairs, opened the door, when a small man entered and said, "Does Mr. Sanborn live here?" "That is my name, sir," said I, putting out my hand to welcome him. "Here is a paper for you," said he, handing me a folded one, which I took.

At that moment a grey haired, tall and stout man entered the open door and said, "I arrest you Mr. Sanborn." "By what authority," said I, "and what is your name?" He gave no name, but said, "I am from the U. S. Marshal's office," or something of that sort. "What is your authority—your warrant?" repeated I. "We have a warrant," said some one, for by this time two more men appeared. "Show it—read it," said I. A small man, calling himself Freeman, (afterwards) for none would give their names, began to read a paper, but had got only through a few lines, when the grey haired ruffian took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and proceeded to put them on my wrists, I standing in my own house, without a hat or boots, only in slippers of cloth.

A whistle was given; some men rushed in, none of them known to me, and carried me by force to the street, where stood a carriage with two horses. They lifted me from the ground, and tried to put me in the carriage. I resisted with my feet, for my hands were fast in the manacles. They tried two or three times without success, breaking the carriage, but the horses started and they could not get me in. In the meantime, my cries and those of my sister had called my neighbors from their homes, who surrounded the ruffians and prevented them from carrying me off.

I stood in the street in my slippers half an hour, wearing the handcuffs, until Deputy Sheriff Moore took me by force from the ruffians' hands under a writ of habeas corpus, issued by Judge Hoar. Their names, given after a long time and reluctantly, were Silas Carlton, —— Coolidge, —— Tarleton, and —— Freeman. There were two or three others, whose names I have not learned.

Fifteen minutes after I was handcuffed, standing in the street, Freeman read me a warrant, signed by Vice President Breckenridge, for my arrest, with an endorsement from McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms of the U. S. Senate, authorizing Silas Carleton to seize me. How he did it I have said. People of Massachusetts, act as it seems to you best in this case!

F. B. SANBORN.

To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

CONCORD, April 4, 1860.

I sent you last night a brief account of my seizure by a band of ruffians claiming some authority from the United States Senate, a body which has no power to make arrests and handcuff free citizens in Massachusetts. To-day I wish to add some particulars, as well as I could note and remember them in the hurry and confusion of the whole matter.

Earlier in the evening one of these men had visited my house, and finding the door unlocked, had gone in, and being met by the servant, told her that he had an important paper for me, and as she understood him, it was something about a situation. I was out at the time, and was told of it when I returned. How long the ruffians had been looking about town I do not know, but am informed they had been here some hours, probably watching my footsteps, in which honorable employment they were aided, as I am told and believe, by *Joseph Holbrook*, sometimes called *Colonel Holbrook*, an officer in the Boston Custom House, residing here, and *Charles B. Davis*, Postmaster of this town. These neighbors of mine, with one of whom I formerly boarded, have, as I believe, assisted in committing this outrage. Some weeks ago, the person calling himself Carlton was here as a spy, and made his headquarters at the post office.

I at first offered no resistance, but when the handcuffs were put on I refused to go, not having heard any warrant, or seen any signatures, or been told the names of the officers, or the nature of my offense, so far as I can recollect. When they dragged me into the open air, without allowing me to put on my boots, overcoat or hat, I cried *Murder* and resisted with my feet, as well as I could with four stout men holding me. They dragged me to the carriage, which had been brought up by a fifth or sixth confederate, and attempted to put me in. I broke the side of the carriage with my feet, and my sister seizing one of the ruffians, they dropped me on my feet again. Again they tried to put me in, but my sister whipped the horses, who started, and foiled them again. They were still struggling with me and her—five men against a man and a woman—when the neighbors came running to my aid. The ruffians still attempted to kidnap me, but they soon found they were overpowered. Then, and not till then, did they read their warrant, in the street, by the light of a lantern, while I stood handcuffed and half clothed, in their hands. This must have been fifteen minutes after my first seizure. Further particulars I will give hereafter.

F. B. SANBORN.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Gallant Conduct of Mr. Sanborn's Sister.

A WRIT FOR THE ARREST OF THE UNITED STATES OFFICERS.

We have several different accounts of this attempted arrest, from which we compile the following additional facts.

A little before nine o'clock last night, a young man named Palmer, while passing an old barn near the residence of Mr. Sanborn, heard some loud whisperings and shufflings, which attracted his attention as an unusual thing. On proceeding a short distance he found a pair of horses attached to a covered carriage, and tied to the fence. His suspicions were awakened that some mischief was going on, and he so told his family. Still they did nothing about it, and went to bed.

About 9 o'clock a man named Freeman went to Sanborn's door and rang the bell. Sanborn's sister answered the call. Freeman asked if Sanborn was in, and on being told that he was, said he had a letter for him and wanted to see him. His sister turned to go in to speak to her brother, and as she went she heard a low whistle. On turning again she saw two or three men in the entry way who immediately seized Mr. Sanborn and attempted to carry him from the house. His sister resisted to the extent of her power, and Mr. Sanborn used all his power in endeavoring to escape from the hands of the officers, who by this time had got the handcuffs upon their prisoner. When they got him to the door the sister stopped her resistance and screamed at the top of her voice and alarmed the neighbors, a score of whom were soon on the spot. By the time they got there Sanborn had been dragged into the middle of the street, without his hat and in his stocking feet. Sanborn at this point held up his manacled hands over his head, and shaking them, cried, "Citizens, look and see what the United States Senate have done for me." His remark made a great sensation among the crowd, and matters began to look squally for the U. S. officers. In the meantime a messenger was dispatched to ring the bells, and soon they were pealing out the alarm upon the evening air. The crowd was momentarily increasing.

Mr. Sanborn's sister seeing the crowd surrounding the officers and her brother, and that she could do no more service there, seized the whip from the carriage and began belaboring the horses in good earnest, but one of the men took the whip from her. She then jumped into the carriage to prevent her brother being put into it, but she was taken out with more force than politeness, having her clothes torn in the struggle.

While the writ of habeas corpus was being prepared, as stated above, the crowd stood round the officers and gave vent to their feelings in hisses, groans, &c., calls more emphatic than complimentary, such as "these are the men who struck down Charles Sumner," &c. One of the officers turned round and made some kind of threat to a bystander, when he was immediately seized by the waist and pitched headlong into a sandbank, and immediately half a dozen men were piled on top of him. While they were still waiting, Mr. Sanborn was got back into his house. Mr. Keyes, his counsel, went out to the officers and asked them for the key of the handcuffs, telling them that if they would give it to him, he would return them the handcuffs, if they read the writ of habeas corpus. This was done.

In the meantime some of the citizens had applied to Justice Ball for a warrant to arrest the United States officers for assault and battery. The warrant was issued, but before it could be got ready to be served, the officers took to their carriage and fled, and were pursued to the limits of the town of Lexington, but their pursuers were unable to overtake them.

It is said that with two exceptions the Democrats entered most heartily into the spirit of the people of the town. All were indignant at the manner in which the arrest had been made.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

Mr. Sanborn resides in Sudbury street, a short distance from the depot, his school and dwelling house being connected. Since the agitation incident upon the John Brown raid, he has been careful not to go to the door of his house in the evening, lest he might meet unwelcome visitors. On this occasion he was less discreet. Immediately on reaching the door, Freeman, one of the officers, rushed into the entrance to prevent his retreat, and whistled for his assistants, who immediately closed about the prisoner, and handcuffed him on his own premises, hustled him into the street.

The feeling manifested by the liberty-loving citizens of Concord, when the intelligence of the arrest reached them, was akin to the spirit displayed by their patriotic forefathers in earlier times.

The boys in Mr. Sanborn's school, seeing the peril in which their beloved mentor was placed, acted as scouts, and ran hastily from house to house, ringing door bells and arousing citizens. Men rushed to the scene with clinched fists, some of which contained effective weapons.

The women, like the mothers of yore, were foremost in the fray, and by every possible means worried the officers. Miss Sanborn seized an officer by his beard and compelled him to relinquish his hold of Mr. Sanborn. Miss Ann Whiting, daughter of Col. Whiting, approached officer Tarlton, raised his hat, and looking him steadily in the face, said, "Let me see what kind of a looking man you are. You may come here again some day, and I shall want to know you!"

Mr. George L. Prescott seized the arm of an officer, beneath the coat sleeve of which a "billy" was concealed, and held on to it until Mr. Sanborn was released.

Nothing but the assurance that a writ would soon be obtained and Mr. Sanborn released in a legal way, prevented the exasperated citizens from pummelling the officers and rescuing the prisoner. Several attempts were made to attack the officials. One man raised his fist to strike, but was restrained by a citizen who observed his movements. Another was on the point of hurling a stone at the officers but was arrested in the attempt.

The citizens generally, without distinction of party, united in sympathizing with Mr. Sanborn. But three men were found who defended the course of the officers, and one of them was the Postmaster, and another an officer in the Custom House. The latter was roughly handled in the melee by George Howard, Town Clerk, who laid the Democratic official on his back in a ditch.

The carriage of the officers was considerably damaged by stones and other missiles. One door was broken and the glass shattered.

It seems that the officers had prepared themselves with a decoy letter, for, when Mr. Sanborn came to the door in answer to the bell, the man asked him his name, and immediately handed him the following document. Outside of the envelope it was addressed: "To F. B. Sanborn, Esq., present." Its contents were as follows:

"*Sir:* The bearer, a worthy young man, solicits your aid in procuring employment.
Help him if you can. BUFFUM.
Saugus, April 1, 1860."

Fatal Result of the Excitement.

Mr. Rufus Hosmer, a gentleman predisposed to apoplexy, was among the witnesses of the exciting affair, which produced such an effect upon his system, that he was seized with a fit on reaching home and died soon after.

THE MATTER BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

At 11 o'clock yesterday morning the matter was brought before the House by Mr. BROWN of Concord, who asked leave to introduce the following resolve:

Resolve in relation to a writ of Habeas Corpus, issued by the Supreme Judicial Court.

Whereas, A citizen of this Commonwealth has been seized and attempted to be carried beyond the limits of this Commonwealth, under the pretext of a warrant from the Senate of the United States; and whereas, a writ of habeas corpus has been issued by the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth, to test the validity of said warrant and of the service thereon; and whereas, it greatly concerns the liberties of this Commonwealth that this question should be thoroughly argued and well considered. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Attorney General is hereby instructed to appear before the Court in said proceedings to aid the petitioner for said writ of habeas corpus, and if he shall deem it expedient, in view of the importance of the issue involved, to employ additional counsel to assist him therein; and the Governor is hereby authorized to draw his warrant upon the Treasurer of the Commonwealth for the payment of such additional counsel.

Mr. Brown in explanation of the order, related the circumstances of the attempted arrest, in substance as they are given above. His allusions to the spirited conduct of Miss Sanborn were repeatedly and heartily applauded.

Mr. HASKELL of Ipswich said this was a delicate matter to speak on, in the present feeling of the House. We are here as law-makers, and we ought to be careful how we overstep our duties and trench upon the duties of other departments of the government. We ought not to go out of the usual course to meet this case. We are not prepared now to act upon it, sympathizing as we do with the feeling of the people. We have the President of the United States taking the same ground, and we ought to be careful how we take ground in the matter. He hoped the motion would not be entertained, and the refusal would not be understood as endorsing this unwarranted and brutal arrest. If the matter had been wisely managed by the officers, there would have been no rescue. He argued that the resolution was not necessary, for the Governor could direct the Attorney-General in the matter, and it was his duty to do so.

Mr. Pierce of Dorchester thanked the gentleman from Concord for introducing the matter, and for his manly speech, and he was not surprised at the tender footed position taken by the gentleman from Ipswich. He hoped the resolution would pass.

This Legislature had no jurisdiction in the matter. They were a part of a great confederacy, which ought to live together in harmony. There was a trial going on in the United States Senate. Mr. Sanborn was summoned to appear before that tribunal, and failed to appear. What do courts do under such circumstances? The next process was a capias, by which he was summoned to appear and answer for contempt.

Mr. Pierce stated the facts in the case, saying Mr Sanborn was one of the noblest men he ever knew. He explained the effect of the resolve, and he believed the House would pass it, for they love liberty.

Judge Bishop of Lenox said this was a grave question, and it was introduced here in great haste. But he regretted that at this closing hour of the session anything should occur which might by any possibility raise a party political division in the House.

This was the whole case. Whether the officers acted as gentlemen or not in their course was not material to this question. If they had transcended their powers there was a proper remedy. The plan proposed was entirely out of the usual course, and placed the Legislature of Massachusetts in conflict with powers with which they should be in harmony. The Supreme Court, in which they had all confidence, were to try this case, and would secure to all parties their rights under the laws of the State and the United States.

Mr. Wood of Nantucket moved the subject lie on the table a few moments, for the purpose of disposing of certain business upon the Speaker's table. Carried.

At half-past 11 o'clock, on motion of Mr. PIERCE of Dorchester, the resolve offered by Mr. Brown was taken from the table by a vote of 79 to 50.

Mr. TUCKER of Boston wanted to know what the House were going to gain by this. The resolve says to the United States Senate, we bid defiance to your power. He thought this Investigation Committee would turn out to be a humbug. They will say in their report that Massachusetts interfered to prevent their getting important testimony. What was all this hue and cry and excitement about? It was simply a requisition from the United States authorities for a witness. This was not a fugitive slave case. He wouldn't make any union capital upon this subject. It was a very simple matter. He should vote against the resolve, and hoped the House would.

Mr. GRIFFIN of Malden saw the case in a different light. A young man was seized last night in Concord by five men from somewhere. He thanked God this case had arisen, because it would be tried before a just tribunal. The speaker paid a tribute to the thorough integrity of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. It was said this resolve proposed an interference with the U. S. Senate. But the manner in which they undertook to take Mr. Sanborn lies behind this question.

He heard that the officers had a warrant from Mr. Breckinridge to a Mr. McNair; but when the people of Concord asked for Mr. McNair, it was said he was not there, but the men who were there were going to execute his business for him. The only question was, whether the question of personal liberty shall be heard and tried? Had the United States Government become so powerful that we could not send our Attorney General before the United States Supreme Court to speak of this matter?

Mr. Rice of Worcester thought a great noise had been made here about a small matter. All the resolve amounted to was to allow the Attorney General to argue before the U. S. Supreme Court the personal rights of a citizen of this Commonwealth. Some of our Democratic friends may want their rights defended in this manner at some time.

Mr. Bishop said if he was summoned to go before the Committee he should go.

Mr. Rice said that although the Democrats of Massachusetts might be willing to go to Washington, perhaps the Democrats of Pennsylvania would not be.

Mr. Eldridge of Canton indulged in some revolutionary reminiscences connected with Concord. He said the power exercised by the Senate in this matter was but the hand of slavery thrust into the free States. It was not only Republicans but Democrats who met this matter last night upon the plains of Concord. It took John Brown alone to subdue Harper's Ferry, but all the powers of the general government were powerless to take from Concord a single man.

Mr. STONE of Waltham learned that the matter was to be carried before the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth, and that the resolution was unnecessary. It looked like pledging the House that Mr. Sanborn should never be carried to Washington. If there was any question here, it was that and no other. He hoped leave would not be granted to introduce the resolution. It was not called for, and wrong conclusions would be drawn from its passage.

Mr. PARSONS of Lawrence should vote for the [illegible] of the resolution; at the same time he thought it was unnecessary and injudicious. He wanted not to have it said that he lacked backbone, and that he did not stand up for a principle which was clearly just.

Mr. HALE of Boston thought the Concord boys and girls could take care of themselves. The Judge before whom the case is to be heard was also a Concord boy, and would see justice done. The resolution, if passed, would be a confession of weakness that he objected to, because he considered our courts competent to protect the rights of our citizens.

At the close of Mr. Hale's remarks it was fifteen minutes past 12, the time ordered for taking the vote.

Mr. GRIFFIN of Malden asked leave to introduce a memorial of Mr Sanborn.

Mr. WOOD of Nantucket objected, but under a suspension of the rules the memorial was read. It was as follows:

Memorial of F. B. Sanborn.

To the General Court of Massachusetts, now in session at Boston:

The memorial of F. B Sanborn of Concord, a free white citizen of the Commonwealth, respectfully showeth that about the hour of 9 o'clock on the night of April 3d, your memorialist was forcibly seized and hard-cuffed in his own house in Concord, by a body of men who refused to give their names or read their warrant, if any they had; but dragged your memorialist into the street, and attempted to force him into a carriage, evidently for the purpose of carrying him out of said Concord, none of the men aforesaid being citizens of Concord, so far as your memorialist can learn; but he believes them to be residents of Boston, their names as finally given by themselves sometime after the events just related, being Silas Carlton, ——— Coolidge, ——— Tarleton, ——— Freeman, and ——— Foss.

Furthermore, your remonstrant would represent that a writ of habeas corpus being served on the said Carlton, by Deputy Sheriff Moore of Concord, in your County of Middlesex, said writ being granted by and bearing the signature of the Hon E. R. Hoar, one of the Commonwealth's Justices of the Supreme Court, the said Carlton did neglect and refuse to give up the body of your memorialist, or remove his handcuffs, but your memorialist was taken forcibly by your Sheriff from the custody of said Carlton, and his companions, through the aforesaid writ of habeas corpus, called for the body of your memorialist, and was duly served by the proper officer.

All which he conceives to be a grievous violation of his rights as a citizen of this Commonwealth, and therefore he prays such relief from your honorable body as his safety and your own dignity may require.

F. B. SANBORN.

Boston, April 4, 1860.

Under a rule of the House, the memorial was referred to the next Legislature.

Upon the question of introducing the resolve, leave was granted by a vote of 140 to 70, it being a yea and nay vote.

A motion was made to have the rules suspended and allow the resolve to take its several readings at once. Objection was made.

The question being on its third reading, the subject was further debated by Mr. Tucker and Mr. Griffin. Mr. Griffin was speaking when the hour for the recess arrived.

HEARING BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

The Inquisitorial Powers of the United States Senate.

F. B. SANBORN BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

Yesterday, Mr Sanborn was brought before the Supreme Judicial Court, upon a writ of habeas granted Tuesday evening by Judge Hoar. [illegible] stance of the writ is as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
To the Sheriffs of our several Counties, &c.:

We command you that the body of Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, in the County of Middlesex, [illegible] Silas Carlton imprisoned and restrained of his liberty, as it is said, you take and have before a Justice of our Supreme Judicial Court, at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, immediately after the receipt of this writ, to do and receive what the said justice shall then and there consider concerning him in this behalf; and to summon the said Silas Carlton then and there to appear before our said justice, to show the cause of his taking and detaining of the said Frank B. Sanborn.

And have you there this writ, with your doings thereon.

Dated April 3, and signed by Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court.

Messrs. SAMUEL E. SEWELL, JOHN ANDREW and JOHN S. KEYES, appeared for the petitioner, and LEVI WOODBURY and MILTON ANDROS, United States Attorneys, for the respondent.

At 11 o'clock Chief Justice SHAW and Judges BIGELOW, METCALF, MERRICK and HOAR came in, and the case was called.

Mr. JOHN S. KEYES then read the writ of *habeas corpus*. The return is in the usual form, and is made by *John B. Moore*, Deputy Sheriff of Middlesex.

Mr. Woodbury said that he was only called into this case an hour ago, and had not had time to prepare a return. He asked time for that purpose. The revised Statutes set forth several ingredients which the answer should contain, and it would be impossible to construct a document correctly in the hurry of the occasion at bar.

The Court thought the matter very simple, and that there was no necessity for an adjournment.

Mr. WOODBURY read, for information, the warrant by which the arrest was made. The warrant recites the fact that Sanborn was summoned, January 11, 1860, and refused to obey the same; and the order for his arrest for contempt, adopted February 15, 1860, then commands the execution of the order. The power of the warrant was assigned by the Sergeant-at-Arms to a Deputy Marshal of this District.

The Answer.

Mr. ANDROS then prepared an answer, the substance whereof is as follows:

"And now came the said Silas Carlton, the Marshal of Dunning R. McNair, Sergeant at Arms of the United States of America, and for answer says that by the virtue of a certain warrant duly issued by the authority of the Senate of the said United States, now in session, on the 16th day of February, A. D. 1860, a copy of which is hereto annexed, and makes part of this answer, that he did arrest, on the third day of April instant, the body of the said F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth aforesaid; and that afterwards, on the same day and at the place aforesaid, he the said F. B. Sanborn was taken from his custody by one John B. Moore, then and there acting as one of the deputies of the Sheriff of said County of Middlesex; and that he said F. B. Sanborn was so taken from his custody by the said John B. Moore, by virtue of a proceeding writ issued under the hand and seal of the Hon. Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar Associate Justice of this Honorable Court, on the third day of April instant."

Signed and sworn to by the respondent Carlton.

The return was then read by Mr. Andros.

Mr. KEYES raised a preliminary question upon the face of the papers, which he thought would be fatal. The objection was, 1st that the Sergeant-at-Arms had no power out of the District of Columbia, where Congress had jurisdiction. 2d. That the precept was directed to him by name, he alone could serve it. 3d That the Sergeant-at-Arms cannot, by law, delegate his powers to any other person. The authorities upon the first point were, of course, negative; upon the second, he referred to 11 Mass. Reports, Wood vs. Ross, 271 page; 9 Mass. Reports, Percy and Brown 95p.

SHAW, C. J. thought it desirable to consider the preliminary question first, as it did not enter into the merits of the case.

Mr. WOODBURY desired to have the whole case in, but the Court declined to pursue this course.

Mr. WOODBURY wanted to know in what sense Congress counsel found the powers of the Sergeant at Arms defined.

Mr. ANDREW replied that the office was not established by statutes but it was mentioned in statutes as one which was established. He cited the act of April 12. 1792, and March 3, 1815. providing for the compensation of that officer. The act of April 10, 1806, is the same effect. He contended, as no power was given by the statutes to serve warrants out of the District of Columbia, none existed.

Mr. WOODBURY said he agreed that the office of Sergeant at Arms was not established by statute. He apprehended that he was an officer having such powers as the Senate saw fit to confer upon him. It had been very well settled that each co ordinate branch of the government had power to act in its own sphere in accordance with its own judgment. One branch did not revise the action of another, except where the power of revision was given by the constitution.

He read the section of the constitution relating to the powers and duties of Congress. The Senate is the sole judge of the question whether its powers have been exceeded by its deputies. It had a right to regulate the process of its officers. The cases cited from Massachusetts Reports were of an entirely different character. No similitudes could be drawn from one to another. The only real question was, whether the Senate and its officers had any power outside of the District of Columbia. If they had not, it was clear that no power for contempt could reach any man in Massachusetts.

Mr ANDREW said he did not now question the power of the Senate, only of its officer.

Mr. WOODBURY mentioned several instances where processes from the Senate had extended to various parts of the country. It would appear strange, during eighty years, this had been going on, there was no rightful power; that such powers had, until now, been exercised illegally. Something more than a statement would be required to overturn all this precedent of practice. But this was not the first time that this power of the Sergeant-at-Arms had been [illegible]. He cited the case of Anderson, who attempted to tribe Lewis Williams, a member of Congress. Anderson sued the Sergeant-at-Arms for trespass. The case was reported in 6 Wheaton, 204—Anderson vs. Dunn. The Supreme Court says that a process for contempt may be served anywhere in the United States.

The statute of January 24, 1857, was then cited. It declares that any person who may be summoned before either House of Congress, refusing to appear, or to answer questions, shall be subject to certain additional pains and penalties upon conviction before any United States Court, having jurisdiction of such contempt.

Mr. Woodbury then proceeded to discuss the question of the power of Carlton under his authority from McNair. When a person was found exercising the power of an official, his right to exercise that duty is presumed until some substantial evidence to the contrary.

HOAR, J., thought that case was different where there was no such office as that, the powers of which were supposed to be exercised. It was a question whether there was any such office as that of deputy of the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. WOODBURY replied that the respondent exhibited the signature of the President of the Senate, and the seal thereof, and the signature of the Sergeant-at-Arms; and he did not apprehend that the question could go further, without evidence.

SHAW, C. J., called the Attorney's attention to the fact, that the Senate had authorized its officer to make an arrest—not granting power to deputize anybody else to do it.

Mr WOODBURY replied that the practice had been as in the present case. Usually when warrants were issued, many were sent out at the same time, and if one man alone could serve them, they could scarcely be served at all.

Mr. ANDREW said he should not follow the Attorney through his whole argument. He submitted that Mr Carleton derived no power to serve the warrant from the endorsement of Dunning R. McNair. For the purpose of this preliminary inquiry, he was willing to assume the legality of the power of the Senate. The Statutes only speak of the Sergeant-at-Arms as an officer existing under the Rules of Congress, and whatever power that officer might have within the District of Columbia, there was no grant of power to execute warrants out of that bailiwick. Suppose that Mr Carleton came here to make this arrest. He can show no statute; he can plead no custom. The warrant authorizes the arrest of F. B Sanborn wherever he may be found, not limited even to the United States.

It must be construed according to right reason. He cited 14 Howell 157, to show that neither branch of Parliament alone had now power to restrain any person of his liberty. This case, though once overruled, had since been affirmed. The court here could not take judicial knowledge of an officer not acting under a statute. Passing then to the question of the power of Carleton, he said it would be found that he made his return simply as Silas Carleton, without any official title. If such powers could be [illegible] to persons giving no bonds and [illegible] no oaths, it might lead to an extraordinary state of things.

Mr. WOODBURY again called attention to the case of Anderson, which he had before cited. It appeared that the arrest in that case was made within the District of Columbia.

The Court then remarked, that for the purpose of deciding this preliminary question, it would adjourn to 3½ o'clock, P. M.

Boston Daily Journal

The Sanborn Case.

This case, of which the details have been laid before our readers is a sort of drama, crowding into a space of less than twenty hours duration the insolence of tyrannical power, the instinctive resistance of a free community, the repressive promptitude of our legal processes, and the final triumph of the right before the properly constituted tribunal, which, in a question of justice, makes no more of interposing between the humblest individual and the most august legislative body on earth, than it would between two youths who could only reach the courts through their guardians appointed by law.

In speaking of the official insolence displayed in this case, we do not mean to reflect upon the President of the United States Senate, in issuing the warrant for the arrest of Mr. Sanborn, though in exercising this somewhat novel and doubtful power he should have taken the precaution to see that it was to operate in a safe and legal manner. It was his duty to make sure that the Sergeant-at-Arms was the proper officer to arrest a citizen of Massachusetts at home, and whether he could delegate that duty to another. This taking, suddenly, from his vocation and his family, a citizen who has been guilty of no crime, at the behest of a legislative body which happens merely to be in "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," is altogether too grave and delicate and sweeping an exercise of power, not to require the greatest caution on the part of those who set the machinery in motion.

But if Vice President Breckinridge used proper deliberation, and the Senate's Sergeant-at-Arms was honest in endorsing over his warrant, we fear that the same charitable construction cannot be put upon the conduct of the latter officer's deputy, who undertook to make the arrest. It has been everywhere published, and was well understood in this State, that Mr. Sanborn was determined to test this question of dragging him to Washington, before our own courts. He did not hide himself; he did not prepare for any resistance. He merely proposed to try his rights before our Supreme Court, and submit to its decree. What, then, should the United States officers have done but to arrest him in a quiet, formal manner, let him see out his writ of *habeas corpus*, and abide the result? But instead of this course—of right due to every man bearing the proud title of a citizen of Massachusetts—these officers prowled about Concord under the cover of darkness, prepared with flying pretenses, and endeavored to kidnap Mr. Sanborn with as little regard to decency of treatment as if he had been a runaway slave or a condemned criminal. They obviously meant to hurry him away, manacled and gagged, without showing their authority, or permitting him the least chance to appeal to the laws. Who conceited this insult upon the authority of this Commonwealth? Was

it original with the officers that bore the warrant, or did it come with the latter instrument from Washington? The people of Massachusetts would like to know this.

But how the whole scheme was foiled by the determined conduct of Mr. Sanborn and his noble sister, by the prompt interference of their neighbors, by the legal action of Judge Hoar, and by the final decision of Chief Justice Shaw, our readers are already clearly informed. At the very threshold of the case, the Chief Justice found an incurable defect in the process, in the attempt of the Senate's Sergeant-at-Arms to make for himself deputies in the State of Massachusetts. But had the merits of the case been more fully gone into, the rights pertaining to our State citizenship might have been equally satisfactorily vindicated. As it is, the decision will give renewed confidence to the people in the protective capacity of our laws, and in the ultimate settlement of all questions of conflict between the different parts of our complex government, in a manner best suited both to the safety of the citizen and the authority of the laws. This being so, we deprecate all needless excitement and rash measures. We are a law abiding people, and when we do all we properly can to vindicate our rights, we submit to the result as if we had specially willed it. Thus far, the progress of the Sanborn case redounds to the honor of the Commonwealth, and we trust that its future, if it is, indeed, to be transferred to another and higher tribunal, will confirm and perpetrate that honor.

The decision in the case of Sanborn was in fact the judgment of the whole court, although it appears upon the record as the opinion of the Chief Justice alone—the writ being returnable before "a Justice." Exceptions are to be taken, therefore, in order that the record may be made up upon the judgment of the full bench, with a view to carrying the case, by appeal, to the Supreme Court of the United States—an appeal to that court being allowable only from the full bench.

F. B. Sanborn before the Supreme Court.

The Writ of Habeas Corpus Sustained.

The matter of F. B. Sanborn, petitioner, v. Carlton, was concluded in the Supreme Court Wednesday afternoon. The Court came in at about 4 o'clock P. M., long before which time, the court room was crowded by members of the bar, sympathizers with the petioners, *habitues* of the Court House, and a considerable portion of "the public generally." The opinion of the Court was delivered as follows:

The Decision.

SHAW, C. J. This arrest was made by Silas Carleton, a citizen and inhabitant of Massachusetts, and on the answer of this officer, under oath, he shows a warrant to D. R. McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate of the United States, and says that the Sergeant-at-Arms entered an order upon it delegating the power to Carleton to make the arrest.

There is therefore no conflict in this case between the authority of an executive officer of the United States and an officer of this Commonwealth.

It appears by the answer of the officer, which stands a part of the return to the writ of *habeas corpus*, that Carleton claims to have arrested Sanborn under a warrant purporting to have been issued under the hand and seal of the Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate. It recites the appointment of a committee of the Senate to inquire into the circumstances of the attack made by a body of men upon the arsenal of the United States at Harper's Ferry, the citation of Sanborn to answer as a witness before such committee; that he refused to attend according to such summons; that he was thereby guilty of a contempt, and directing D. R. McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, to arrest the said Sanborn, wherever he could find him, and bring him before the Senate to answer for such contempt.

This warrant seems to have been issued on the 15th of February last. There is an endorsement of the same date, by the Sergeant at Arms, authorizing and empowering the said Carleton, the respondent, to make such arrest; and the respondent justifying the arrest made on the 3d April instant under that process. The question is whether this arrest is justified by this return.

This question is a very broad and a very important one, and opens many interesting questions as to the functions and powers of the United States Senate, as a constituent party both of the legislative departments of the United States government and the modes in which they are to be exercised, and the limits by which they are qualified.

It is admitted in the arguments that there is no express provision in the Constitution of the United States giving this authority in terms; but it is maintained that it is necessarily incidental to various authorities vested in the Senate of the United States in its legislative, executive and judicial functions, and must therefore be held to be conferred by necessary implication.

These questions, manifestly requiring great deliberation and research, in order to come to a satisfactory conclusion, and some preliminary questions having been suggested by the petitioner's counsel, it was proposed and not objected to by the learned District Attorney and Assistant District Attorney of the United States, by whom the court were attended in behalf of the respondent, to consider these preliminary questions first, because, if the objections on the face of them were sustained, it would supersede the necessity of discussing the other questions arising in the case. These points have been argued.

For obvious reasons, we lay out of this inquiry the case of the Senate, when, acting in judicial capacity, on the trial of an impeachment laid before it by the House of Representatives; and we suppose the same considerations would apply to the case of the House of Representatives in summoning witnesses to testify before them, as the grand inquest of the United States, with a view to an impeachment.

Then the objections taken to this warrant, on the face of it, as rendering it insufficient to justify the arrest of the petitioner are three.

1. That the Sergeant-at Arms, in his capacity as an officer of the Senate, had no authority to execute process out of the limits of the District of Columbia, over which the United States Senate have, by the Constitution, exclusive general jurisdiction.

2. That a Sergeant-at-Arms is not an officer known to the Constitution or laws of the United States, as a general executive of known powers, like a Sheriff or Marshal; that he is appointed and recognized by the rules of the Senate, as an officer exercising powers regulated by the rules and orders of the Senate, and can only exercise such powers as are conferred on him by such general rules and orders, made with a view to the regular proceedings of the Senate; or such as may be conferred by the Senate by special resolves and acts, as a single department of the government, without the concurrence of the other members of the government.

3. That by the warrant returned, the power to arrest the respondent was in terms limited to McNair, the Sergeant at Arms, and could not be executed by a deputy.

In regard to the first, it seems to us that the objection opens a broader ground than it is necessary to occupy in deciding this preliminary question. We are not prepared to say that in no case can the Senate direct process to be served beyond the limits of the District, by an authority expressly given for that purpose. The case of Anderson v. Dunn, 6 Wheaton 204, cited in the argument, has little application to this question.

It is manifest that that was a writ of error from the Circuit Court for the District of Columbia, and it appears that the alleged contempt of Anderson, in offering a bribe to a member of the House of Representatives, was committed in the District of Columbia, the act complained of as the trespass was done therein, and the process in question was served by the Sergeant at Arms in person, under an express authority given by the House of Representatives, by their resolve for that purpose, in pursuance of which the Speaker's warrant was issued.

The second question appears to us far more material. The Sergeant at Arms of the Senate is an officer of that House, like its doorkeeper, appointed by them, and required by their rules and orders to exercise certain powers, mainly with a view to order and due course of proceedings. He is not a general officer, known to the law, as a sheriff, having power to appoint general deputies, or to act by general deputation in particular cases; nor, like a marshal, who holds analagous powers, and possesses similar functions, under the laws of the United States, with those of sheriffs and deputies under the State laws.

But even when it appears, by the terms of the reasonable construction of a statute, conferring an authority on a sheriff, that it was intended he should execute it personally, he cannot exercise it by general deputy, and of course he cannot do it by special deputation. *Wood v. Ross*, 11 *Mass. Reports*, p. 271.

But, upon the third point, the Court are all of opinion that the warrant offers no justification. Suppose that the Senate had authority, by the resolves passed by them, to cause the petitioner to be arrested and brought before them, it appears by the warrant issued for that purpose that the power was given alone to McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms, and there is nothing to indicate any intention on their part to have such arrest made by any other person. There is no authority, in fact, given by this warrant, to delegate the authority to any other person.

It is a general rule of the common law, not founded on any judicial decision, or statute provision, but so universally received as to have grown into a maxim, that a delegated authority to one does not authorize him to delegate it to another. "*Delegata potestas non potest delegari.*" Broome's Law Maxims, 2d edition, 665. This grows out of the nature of the subject. A special authority is in the nature of a trust. It implies confidence in the ability, skill or discretion of the entrusted party. The author of such a party may extend it if he will, as is done in ordinary powers of attorney, given power to one, or his substitute or substitutes, to do the acts authorized. But when it is not so extended, it is limited to the person named.

The counsel for the respondent asked what authority there is for limiting such warrant to the person named; it rather belongs to those who wish to justify under such delegated power to show judicial authority for the extension.

On the special ground that this respondent had no legal authority to detain the petitioner in his custody, the order of the court is that the said Sanborn be discharged from the custody of the said Carleton.

Upon the conclusion of the above, there was a considerable demonstration of applause from the audience, which was promptly checked by the Sheriff. Mr. Sanborn almost immediately left the court room, followed by many of his friends.

Mr. WOODBURY then remarked that his client wished to test the question still further if possible. He wished to bring a writ of error.

There was then some conversation, in the course of which it appeared that the return of the Deputy Sheriff upon the writ of habeas corpus had been amended by order of court. Some discussion ensued as to whether the present was the decision of the full Court, or of the Chief Justice—the object being to determine whether any exceptions could be taken. The result was that Mr. Woodbury was informed by the Chief Justice that he might file exceptions at any time during the present week. The exceptions were necessary, in order that the decision may be made to appear upon the record, to be what it is in fact, the judgment of the full Court, as an appeal to the Supreme Court will not lie except from the highest court in the State.

The United States Officers Arrested for Assault and Battery.

Yesterday afternoon, Deputy Sheriff Moore served the warrant issued by Trial Justice Bell of Concord on Tuesday night, for the arrest of United States officers Silas Carleton, Freeman, Coolidge and Tarleton, and accompanied them into the Police Court room in this city. The Court not being in session, some discussion was had relative to the duty and power of the Sheriff, particularly on the question as to his power to take the persons named in the warrant before a tribunal in this city, or any Justice in Middlesex county other than Mr. Justice Ball, who issued the process.

The two principal Clerks of the Police and Justices' Court were appealed to, and upon examining the warrant in question, gave it as their opinion that it was insufficient, and that the defendants could not be convicted upon it on account of the very defective manner in which it was made out, and also that it was made returnable before the Justice who issued it at Concord.

Finally, in order to relieve the Sheriff, as well as his subordinate officers, Marshal Freeman informed Sheriff Moore that at any time he desired the presence of the officers in Concord, they should be there without further trouble. Sheriff Moore then notified each of the defendants to consider themselves bound to be in the Grand Jury room in Concord on Friday morning next at nine o'clock, and this being assented to, the party left the court room.

Boston Herald
Apr. 5 1860

THE PROCEEDINGS DECLARED ILLEGAL.

Discharge of Sanborn.

He Leaves the Court Room and is Loudly Cheered.

The time for the Supreme Court to come in, in the afternoon was 3½ o'clock, but long before that hour the Court room was crowded with an eager, anxious and excited auditory.—Almost every inch of room was occupied, and the ordinary dignity and propriety of the place was so far relaxed as to allow parties to remain standing all over the room, and even almost under the judicial nose of His Honor the Chief Justice.

The Opinion of the Court.

Soon after the Court came in, Judge Shaw commenced to give the opinion that had been arrived at, amid the closest attention.

At the outset he stated that this writ is brought out of the term of Court, and is therefore returnable before one Justice, but as the statute allows the Judge, before whom the writ is brought, to take advice with his associates if possible, this course had been pursued in this case, and the opinion now to be given, was the result of a consultation between all the Justices, except Judge Dewey who is not in the city.

In this case is presented the petition of F. B. Sanborn of Concord, in this State, setting forth that he is detained of his liberty by the respondent, Silas Carlton, on unlawful and illegal grounds, and therefore he prays for a discharge. The first question, therefore, to be considered is, is the arrest a legal one? It appears by the answer of the officer, which by custom in these cases is generally taken to constitute a portion of his return, that he holds the petitioner under a warrant issued by D. McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms of the U. S. Senate, and on the back of this precept appears an endorsement, showing that the said McNair has deputized Silas Carlton, the respondent, to make the arrest in the name of the Senate, and to bring the petitioner before that body at Washington.

In this case, continued the Chief Justice, there is happily no conflict between the laws of the United States and the statutes of our own Commonwealth, and the question to be decided is one of general constitutional law applicable everywhere. Officer Carlton claims to arrest Sanborn under a warrant granted by the U. S. Senate and signed by the President of that body. The petitioner is cited to appear before that body, to testify to facts said to be in his knowledge concerning the disturbances at Harper's Ferry. To this summons Sanborn has refused to answer, and for this refusal he is adjudged of contempt, and for this contempt is now sought to be arrested. The question thus arises and is put by petitioner's counsel, is the arrest thus made justifiable? That is, is the endorsement before spoken of, giving authority to Carlton, legal and of binding force?

The question is an important and a highly interesting one, as it bears upon the question of what is the authority of the Senate in this respect, and how far have they power in the premises. It is admitted in argument that this body has no explicit constitutional authority for the act in direct terms, but it is argued that Government in all its branches has this power by direct and necessary implication. The objections made to the warrant by the petitioner are three in number.

First—That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the U. S. Senate has no authority or power to act outside the limits of the District of Columbia.

Second—That the precept being directed to him by name can be alone by him served.

Third—That it is out of the legal power of said Sergeant at-Arms to deputise his powers to anybody.

The first question presents a broader ground of enquiry than is necessary here to be gone into, or, indeed, is possible to be examined fully in a brief space. The Court is not prepared to say that the U. S. Senate may not in any case send out its precept and compel attendance of witnesses before its body, as a part of the grand inquest of the nation, and on this point no definite opinion is given, or is needed.

The second question is more important. The Sergeant at-Arms here alluded to is an officer, not of a general nature, like the Sheriffs of a State, or the Marshals of the United States, nor is he like them empowered to appoint deputies and empower them with authority. And in point of law and fact even a sheriff or Marshal, if he be personally directed by name to execute a certain writ, he cannot authorize any other person to do the duty. More especially is this so in a case of so grave a nature as that of the replevin of the human body. This is universal law and everywhere recognized.

On the third question raised by the petitioner, the Court were unanimously of opinion, that the writ was insufficient and not authorised in law. Suppose, said the Chief Justice, that the Senate did vote and resolve to have the petitioner brought before its bar for contempt and ordered its Sergeant-at-Arms by its precept to him by name, to execute its order, it did not by any means by this authorise him to delegate this trust. It is received and undisputed law, that authority granted to one party does not authorise him to delegate it to another. A special personal grant of authority implies of itself personal confidence and trust in the person so delegated to perform the duty, and the power granting such authority may extend it to others, in distinct terms, but if not so extended it is limited to the party first empowered and to him alone.

Therefore, the

Order of the Court

is, on the specified ground that the respondent Carlton had no authority to make the arrest, and has now no legal right to hold his prisoner, that the petitioner be discharged and go at liberty.

This result was greeted with much applause, which, however, was promptly checked by the sheriff.

Mr. Woodbury then made a suggestion as to his right to file a writ of error, and it was agreed that he should have a week to do it in if he desired.

While this matter was being talked over, Mr. Sanborn took his hat and coat and left the court room, followed by a majority of the crowd. On his arrival in the square he was vehemently cheered, until he took a hack in Court street to proceed to the cars on his way home. Thus has ended a case which once threatened to be the cause of much excitement and ill feeling.

The United States Officers Before the Police Court.

Yesterday afternoon Deputy Sheriff Moore, of Middlesex county, by virtue of a warrant issued by Nehemiah Ball, of said county, brought before the Police Court Watson Freeman, Jr., Silas Carlton, Wm. Tarlton and George J. Coolidge, all officers of the United States Courts and concerned in the arrest of Frank B. Sanborn, at Concord, on Wednesday night. They were charged with committing an assault and battery on Sanborn, and the Sheriff was anxious that they should be arraigned in the Suffolk county Police Court and give bonds for their appearance before Mr. Ball, at Concord, in Middlesex county, to answer the charge.

The Judge of the Police Court was not on the bench when the party made their appearance, and until he arrived arguments were warm regarding the legality and illegality of the arrest. It was contended that the warrant was not worth a pinch of snuff, but Marshal Freeman

was anxious to waive all of his rights in that respect and submit to the law, and conform to the wishes of the party that had arrested him.

Mr. Ezra W. Ripley, of East Cambridge, who was greatly interested in the East Cambridge jail investigation, was most anxious that the Sheriff should take his prisoners to Concord immediately and arraign them, but the Sheriff refused to comply with such advice, and just as the Court came [illegible] agreed with [illegible]

Boston — Herald

[illegible] Accused Witness, Sanborn, Before the Supreme Court.

Apr. 5. 1860.

HEARING ON THE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.

A Concord Account of the Affair.

The Legislature Apprised of The Arrest.

WHAT WAS DONE BY THE GENERAL COURT.

SANBORN MEMORIALIZES THE LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Sanborn in Court.

By virtue of the writ of habeas corpus, Mr. Sanborn was brought into the Supreme Court this forenoon at 11 o'clock, and the full Court, with the exception of Judge Dewey, appeared on the bench.

Mr. Ex-Sheriff Keyes then read to the Court the writ which had been issued, a copy of which is published in another column.

Chas. P. Woodbury and Milton Andros, Attorney and assistant Attorney of the United States, appeared for the U. S., and Mr. J. S. Keyes and John A. Andrew for Mr. Sanborn.

Mr. Woodbury stated that the case had been called to his notice, and requested time to prepare an answer to the suit and to show cause why Mr. Sanborn was held.

Judge Shaw suggested that a verbal answer—such as the presentation of the alleged authority under which the arrest was made, would be sufficient answer to proceed upon.

Mr. Woodbury then read a warrant issued by the authority of the U. S. Senate and signed by Vice President Breckenridge, for the arrest of Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass., for refusing to obey a previous summons issued under the authority of the same body. The warrant bears date of Feb. 16th, 1860, and by an addition to its provisions Mr. Silas Carleton is empowered as an Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms to execute its provisions.

Mr. Andros, Assistant District Attorney, read the return of the officer, Silas Carleton, to the writ issued by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, showing that he did arrest on the 3d of April the said F. B. Sanborn at Concord, in the county of Middlesex, and that afterwards the said F. B. Sanborn was taken from his custody by one John B. Moore on a process issued by Hon E. R. Hoar, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

The deputy authority given by Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms McNair to officer Carleton was also appended to the answer.

Mr. Keyes then opened the case for Mr. Sanborn, by presenting to the court the following points on which he relies for a dismissal of his client.

First—That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the U. S. Senate has no authority or power to act outside the limits of the District of Columbia.

Second—That the precept being directed to him by name can be alone by him served.

Third—That it is out of the legal power of said Sergeant-at-Arms to deputise his power to anybody.

On these points Mr. Keyes presented no argument, but read various authorities in support of his position.

Chief Justice Shaw stated that as the question presented would settle the whole matter, if decided for the petitioner, it might be as well to confine attention to that at present.

Mr. Woodbury thought the other side should put in all their case before he put in his answer, in order that he might know what he had to meet.

Judge Shaw said that this question was a preliminary one, to be looked at first. Of course if the whole matter is opened the petitioner must state his whole case.

Mr. Andrew then briefly argued in favor of his first point. He found no law of Congress which authorizes this officer of the Senate to act out of the district.

Mr. Woodbury briefly replied. He held that the Constitution gave the Senate power to confer on its officers such authority as it pleases, as far as its own authority goes, and that no especial statute is needed.

He contended that the Senate had often and often again exercised this very power, and more than this, he cited the case of Anderson versus Dunn in 1821, in which the full U. S. Supreme Court expressly held that such processes are not confined to the District of Columbia, but are of force all over the Union.

To the second and third points, Mr. Woodbury addressed his argument, holding that by all legal implications a public officer is supposed to be acting legally until the contrary is shown, and he held that the other side had by no means shown any such thing as any illegality in this matter. Mr. Carleton being an officer, is supposed to have acted legally until the contrary is proved.

Judge Hoar suggested to Mr. Woodbury that the point was this—not was Mr. Carlton legally Deputy Sergeant at Arms of the U. S. Senate, but can there be any such office at all?

Mr. Woodbury then addressed the Court directly to this point, and after an able argument, closed his remarks.

Mr. Andrew then addressed the court, claiming that no law of the United States could be found by which any power such as this is given to any such [illegible]

There is neither any such law, nor can there be any custom pleaded in the case, for our government being one of a written constitution can have no custom which can be pleaded in such a case as this. He further contended that the Senate had no power to enforce any such authority as is here claimed on its Sergeant at-Arms, and even if the Senate has this power, that officer has no authority to delegate it, but must act in person.

At the conclusion of the remarks of Mr. Andrew, the court adjourned to 3½ o'clock this afternoon. The court room has been crowded through all the proceedings, those present evidently deeply sympathizing with the cause of Mr. Sanborn, and the atmosphere there is quite John Brownish.

A Concord Account.

Considerable excitement was occasioned at the State House this morning by the news of the affair at Concord. The few who were present, Concord men, were busily engaged in answering the inquiries of everybody who crowded around them. The following account is given by Simon Brown, Esq., a member of the House, who lives in Concord, and who was present:—

About 9 o'clock last evening a man of Concord passing by a dilapidated barn, which stands near the road, heard some noises of men whispering and talking in a low tone. Passing along he found a hack to which was attached a span of horses, a black one and a white one. It occurred to him that an attempt was to be made to carry away Sanborn, as such a thing had been expected for some time. He went to Mr. Sanborn's house and informed them of it. None of the family went out, however, but some of the neighbors being informed of the suspicions of the party were expecting the onset.

A few minutes afterwards the bells were rung and cries of "Murder" were raised through the streets. A man went to Mr. Sanborn's house and rang the bell. Mr. Sanborn's sister came to the door, and the officer asked her if Mr. Sanborn was at home. She answered that he was. He said he had a letter for him. She turned into the house and spoke to her brother; when she turned back again towards the door, she met two or three men in the entry. They seized Sanborn without reading any warrant.—After a hard struggle in which Sanborn's sister did some tall fighting, Sanborn was handcuffed and taken into the street without any hat or boots. The officers then attempted to put him into the carriage, but were unable to do so, by reason of the forcible resistance of Sanborn and the exertions of his sister. When they got him into the street she cried [illegible] murder, and the neighbors were aroused. Miss Sanborn seized the whip and cut the horses so that the driver was put to his art to keep them from leaving. She jumped into the carriage herself and fought them from the inside. Sanborn lifted up his hands and cried out, "Citizens, look and see what the United States Senate has done for me!"

In the meantime a crowd of some thirty or forty had surrounded him. Miss Sanborn was forcibly dragged from the carriage by the officers.

Ex-Sheriff Keyes went over to the residence of Judge Hoar, who lives at the next door, and procured a writ of habeas corpus. The crowd had got Sanborn into the house when Mr. K. returned. He went to the officers and told them he had a writ of habeas corpus, asked them for the keys of the handcuffs and told them that he would go into the house and release Sanborn and then return the handcuffs and read his writ to them. They complied and he performed his part according to promise.

All sorts of expressions were made by the crowd while waiting for the writ to arrive.—"These are the men who struck Charles Sumner!" "These are the men who rescued Anthony Burns!"

One of the officers was knocked down by a Herculean fellow in the crowd. The carriage was somewhat demolished in the melee.

After Sanborn was released, the crowd posted a man away to the residence of Justice Ball and procured a warrant to arrest the officers for assault; but before they returned the officers had left. They were followed as far as Lexington, where they were eight minutes behind them.—The utmost excitement prevailed all along the route. Men came galloping into town on horseback and the whole community was aroused.

In the Legislature.

In the House, this morning, Mr. Brown of Concord introduced the following resolve:—

Whereas, A citizen of this Commonwealth has been seized and attempted to be carried beyond the limits of this Commonwealth, under the pretext of a warrant from the Senate of the United States; and whereas a writ of habeas [illegible] argued and will be considered, therefore,

Resolved, That the Attorney General is hereby instructed to appear [illegible] the Court in said proceedings to aid the petitioner for said writ of habeas corpus, and if he shall deem it expedient, in view of the importance of the issue involved, to employ additional counsel to assist him therein. And the Governor is hereby authorized to draw his warrant upon the Treasurer of the Commonwealth for the payment of such additional counsel.

Mr. Brown then stated the circumstances as given above, and spoke in favor of the resolve. Mr. Haskell, of Ipswich, spoke against it. Mr. Pierce, of Dorchester, favored it, and Mr. Bishop of Lenox, made a powerful argument against, holding up the power of the United States Government, which must prevail against all sectional attempts.

The resolve was then laid on the table temporarily, and there seemed to be a strong disposition against taking it up again.

The resolve was afterwards taken from the table. Mr. Tucker of Boston argued that by adopting the resolve the House would defy the power of the United States Senate. He thought the Senate would not make much out of Sanborn if they got him, and if they had the power to take him, as he believed they had, why not allow them?

Mr. Griffin favored the resolve, and declared that the question was one which affected the dignity of the Commonwealth. If the Legislature refused to pass this resolve they had better adjourn and never have any successors.

Mr. Rice thought the question was of small importance, and not worthy of opposition, while its passage could do no harm.

Mr. Eldridge of Canton, made a speech commencing:—"On the 19th of April, 1775!!!" A reference to the bravery of Miss Sanborn was applauded by some over-enthusiastic members. He said Democrats had met the officers and questioned their authority.

Mr. Stone of Waltham, explained that Mr. Sanborn was already secured by the laws and the community, and that if the resolve meant anything it meant an endorsement by this Legislature of the principle that Sanborn should not go to Washington anyhow.

Mr. Parsons of Lawrence, said he should vote for the resolve, but he believed in the power of the U. S. Senate Committee to compel the attendance of witnesses.

Mr. Hale of Boston said if anything was proved it was the fact that Concord boys and Concord girls could take care of themselves, and the Judge who was to hear the case was a Concord boy. He thought the resolve was a confession of weakness, and he opposed it. The preamble erred in fact, he said, and the resolve was unnecessary.

A memorial from Mr. Sanborn was read relating to the circumstances as given above with some variations.

The question on the admission of the resolve was then taken by yeas and nays and it was admitted by a vote of 142 to 7.

Mr. Tucker of Boston, moved the following as a substitute:—

Whereas, Edward A. Oliver, a citizen of Lynn, sometime during the month of March, 1860, was forcibly and wilfully arrested by an officer by a legal process as he was passing out of church in the State of Iowa, for an alleged misdemeanor committed in the city of Lynn; and whereas the above mentioned citizen has been brought to this State and been placed in Salem jail; therefore,

Resolved, That the Governor, Attorney General, Sergeant at Arms, Messenger to the Governor and members of the General Court, be severally instructed to interest themselves in his behalf and procure his release by all legal means in their power and that the Commonwealth shall pay all the expenses thereof.

The resolve was ruled out, not being germain to the question, but the joke took.

The discussion was continued by Messrs. Tucker of Boston and Griffin of Malden, and the recess left the subject unsettled, the question being on ordering the resolve to a third reading.

Mr. Sanborn Memorializes the Legislature.

While the Supreme Court was waiting for the answer of Mr. Woodbury, and the counsel for Mr. Sanborn were looking up authorities and conning over their case generally, Mr. Sanborn himself was busily engaged in preparing a memorial to the Legislature, in which he states that he received what purports to be a summons to the U. S. Senate some time since, and that not deeming himself bound to obey it he refused to do so. He then relates the occurrences of last night, and coming to the conclusion that his rights as a citizen of Massachusetts are in danger, he petitions the Legislature for such relief as may be required for the full enjoyment of his rights.

This memorial was submitted by Mr. Sanborn to his counsel, and being approved by them, he dispatched it to the House of Representatives, with a request that Mr. J. Q. A. Griffin of Charlestown should present it.

The Death of Mr. Hosmer.

At the time of the arrest and rescue, an excitement indiscribable existed and the wildest enthusiasm pervaded the assembled multitude. All sorts of cries and shouts filled the air and when Sheriff Moore took Mr. Sanborn from the U. S. officer the enthusiasm was at its height and a wild tumult of joy prevailed. One man named Rufus Hosmer who was active in the crowd became excited to such a degree that twenty minutes after reaching his home he was seized with a fit of prostration, from which he could not rally and his death ensued. He was a carpenter and boat builder by trade and was 45 years old.

Boston Globe Apr. 4, 1905.

ATTACK ON HARPER'S FERRY

John Brown's 'Invasion' Recalled.

Hon Frank B. Sanborn Tells of His Arrest 45 Years Ago.

Senators Thought He Knew About Incident.

CONCORD, Mass, April 4—Forty-five years ago today Hon Frank B. Sanborn was taken before the supreme court in Boston as the result of the proceedings of the previous evening in Concord, and after a short hearing discharged.

Mr Sanborn had been actively associated with John Brown, the abolitionist, and the investigating committee of the Harpers Ferry affair, believing that Mr Sanborn could give information on the subject under inquiry, summoned him before them.

The summons being ignored, the U S deputy marshal, with four assistants, went to Concord April 3, 1860, with a warrant for Mr Sanborn's arrest.

Of this arrest in his own house, which is now owned and occupied by Capt Frank E. Cutter, on Sudbury road, Mr Sanborn has written as follows:

"In the years 1855-55, being much interested in the movement to make Kansas a free state, I made the acquaintance of many of those persons, in Kansas and elsewhere, who had the same cause at heart.

"Among them was a hero, since become very famous, Capt John Brown, whom I first met in Boston in January, 1857, and who twice visited me and other friends here—among them Mr Emerson and Mr Thoreau. He spent a day and night with me in March, 1857, and again in 1859, while I lived in the house now occupied by the Misses White as a school, he spent two days with me, including the first half of his last birthday, May 9, 1859.

"I became cognizant to a great extent of his plans for the forcible emancipation of slaves, and much of the money raised for him, and of the correspondence with him, passed through my hands. Therefore, when he was captured in Virginia and executed (several of my letters being found in his possession), I was naturally wanted as a witness by the champions of slavery, then preparing to break up the union, as they soon after did, to the extent of their power.

"Quite as naturally, I determined never to testify in the matter before the enemies of our champion and our cause. It was arranged among the slaveholding senators at Washington (who then governed this country as absolutely as the plutocratic senators and their associates at Washington do now) to appoint a senate committee, nominally for investigation into the so-called "Harper's Ferry invasion," but really to furnish capital for the slaveholders in the political campaign of 1860.

At the head of this committee were Senators Mason of Virginia and Jefferson Davis—names quite well known in the years of the civil war. They summoned me to Washington as a witness; I declined to go. They then reported me to the senate, which ordered my arrest, as also that of John Brown Jr and James Redpath, neither of whom ever appeared before them—nor did I. The date of this order was Feb 17, 1860.

"During the greater part of March and the first days of April I was about my usual occupations in Concord and Boston—going also to New Hampshire to deliver a lecture on Cromwell which I had written in February. I could therefore have been arrested by daylight, had the officers of the slave oligarchy been so disposed.

"But for some reason they sneaked into Concord one dark evening, in which I had been about the village making calls, got admission to my house by a fraudulent paper, asking me for charity and proceeded to arrest and handcuff me.

"I was then unmarried, and my family consisted of my sister, Miss Sarah Sanborn, and a single domestic, Julia

HON FRANK B. SANBORN.

Leary. These could not put five men to rout, but they gave a vigorous alarm, and before the official kidnappers could carry me to their coach for Boston the neighborhood and the town were aroused and so many had gathered in front of my house that they saw they could not take me away quietly and by force, as their purpose was.

"Hearing the alarm—for bells were ringing as if for fire—the late Judge Hoar, then on the supreme bench, instead of hastening to the spot, returned to his library and filled out a writ of habeas corpus, for which, by my counsel, J. S. Keyes, I petitioned.

"This was put into the hands of Mr Moore in about 20 minutes after the first alarm, and he proceeded to take me from the deputy U S marshal and his comrades, who had handcuffed me.

"They then found it convenient to leave town as fast as their horses would take them, pursued by stones and other missiles, thrown by some of my pupils and neighbors.

"The chairman of the selectmen, the late Mr Bull, put a revolver which he said was loaded, into my hand and the sheriff entrusted me for safe keeping to Lieut George Prescott, who died as colonel in the war. There I spent what remained of the night; was taken before the supreme court at Boston the next morning, and about 4 p m was discharged from arrest by the full bench—Judge Shaw delivering the decision.

"My counsel were the late Gov Andrew, and Samuel E. Sewall with my classmate, R. T. Paine, as junior. They argued my case on general grounds, but the court released me on the narrow ground that Silas Carlton was not the sergeant-at-arms of the senate.

"I left the courtroom at the suggestion of Wendell Phillips, passing by Walt Whitman, the poet, as I went out, who had come to take a hand in rescuing me, if needful—was carried to East Cambridge, and there took the train for Concord, where a large public meeting was held in the evening to celebrate my release.

"I owed my safety first to the courage of my sister, and then to the gathering of the neighbors, and the ready action of Judge Hoar and Capt Moore, aided by the unanimous action of my townsmen.

"Senator Mason and his committee were not pleased with the result. They reported to the senate what had happened—disputed a memorial which I sent to the senate through Charles Sumner, and finally referred it to the judiciary committee, for whom Bayard of Delaware, uncle of the late minister to England, reported a bill legalizing such action as Judge Shaw had declared illegal—thus confessing that I was right in denying the senate's power, as exercised.

"Before the bill could pass, the south had seceded, and the power of the slave oligarchy was broken. I caused my kidnappers to be indicted, and also brought a civil suit against them; but the war came on, several of them enlisted, and their counsel, Gen Butler, went to the front, whereupon I discontinued my suit and requested the district attorney to nol pros the indictments, which was done.

"Such is the outline of an affair which made much noise at the time, but was soon forgotten in the important events that soon followed the election of Lincoln, secession, a long war, and the forcible emancipation which my friend Brown had begun, and which Lincoln completed before slavery killed him, too, as it had slain Brown.

"When I was taken into court, April 4, 1840, it was the first time I had entered a courtroom except as a spectator at some trial of local interest; and the summons from Washington was the first subpena I ever received. The men who served the illegal warrant of the senate were chiefly anxious for their fees, and had no special animosity to me, I suppose."

Post Oct. 15. 1888

The conflict between Mr. F. B. SANBORN and the State board of lunacy and charity involves questions which cannot be properly determined by the vote of a faction in the board itself. These questions relate to the best and most humane method of caring for the harmlessly insane poor and the legal authority of the board to continue the method which has been employed for several years. There is nothing here which can be profitably determined by wrangling or warfare, but every point requires unimpassioned and careful consideration. There appears to be little doubt that the plan of boarding the quiet insane in private families is in many ways preferable to the collection of these unfortunates in the State almshouses; while, also, if there is not sufficient authority in the law for the continuance of this system, there ought to be little difficulty in securing the necessary change in the statutes at the hands of the Legislature. Deference to public opinion should require that the questions at issue be settled in a reasonable and intelligent manner.

Post Oct. 16. 1888

A LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn Does Not Think Justice Has Been Done Him.

The latest move in the trouble between Mr. Sanborn and the board of lunacy and charity is the publication of the following letter:

CONCORD, Oct. 13, 1888.

His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts:

Sir—Returning tonight from a visit of inspection at the Taunton Hospital, and from aiding some of the insane persons who were recently under my care, I find here your Excellency's letter of yesterday, inclosing another opinion of the attorney-general,—I believe the *sixth* that has been brought to my notice since the first of July. I have read it with interest, as I did the other five; but I was naturally more interested in your Excellency's letter. This informs me that your consent is not required to make the action of the State board of lunacy and charity "legal and of force" in removing the inspector of charities from his office, without hearing or notice of charges, and in a hasty and secret manner. Your Excellency adds: "The fact that the appointment of a successor to that office requires my consent clearly will not warrant me in interfering with the exercise of that power" (of removal in the manner mentioned) "by the board."

In an earlier letter from your Excellency I am informed that the attorney-general's opinion is correct which declares "that there is no warrant in law for the inspector of charities appealing to the Governor and council for a hearing on matters in dispute between him and the board." In a letter to Miss Cooke of Sandwich, who appealed to you on the same subject, your Excellency wrote, as she informs me, "I know of no law which gives to the Governor, or to the Governor and council, *any power or authority to revise the acts of said board or those of its officers and agents.*" In substance, you have given me the same answer, by a letter addressed to me as inspector of charities. As this correspondence is brief, I will copy it here, with your permission. The inspector wrote as follows on the 28th of September:

His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts:

Sir—Until I received your communication in regard to my petition for a hearing before the Governor and council concerning ... quired any special warrant in law to enable any citizen of Massachusetts to appeal to the Governor and council in cases where officers appointed by your Excellency have transgressed the statutes. May I inquire whether the executive council take the same view of this matter which is expressed to me by your Excellency? Very respectfully,

(Signed) F. B. SANBORN,
Inspector of Charities.

The reply received was as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, Oct. 2, 1888.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, Inspector of Charities:

Dear Sir—In reply to your letter of the 28th ult., I have to say that I do not know of any law, nor has the attorney-general any such knowledge, by which the Governor, or the Governor and council, *has any power to call to account the State board of lunacy and charity for its acts, or for those of its officers, or for those of its agents.* I am yours very respectfully, (Signed) OLIVER AMES.

It therefore must be taken by me (your Excellency's petitioner for a hearing in regard to certain unlawful acts done by a member of said board) as the deliberate opinion of the Governor of Massachusetts, that the members of a State board, by him appointed, are in no way amenable to him for violations of the law; and that they may, in secrecy and at their mere pleasure, suddenly remove from a responsible office a citizen against whom no charges appear (except that he refused to break the law), and who has in his favor whatever presumption of good conduct arises from the fact that he has been appointed to office, or continued therein with distinct approval, by your Excellency's predecessors for more than twenty years.

Having derived my own opinion of the function and power of the Governor of Massachusetts from an intimate knowledge of the administration of Governor Andrew, who first called me to the State service, and that of Governor Talbot, who recalled me thereto, I confess I had taken a view very different from that maintained by your Excellency. It was far from Governor Talbot's thought that he could not call to account the board which he had commissioned, for he told me that he would have removed, for sufficient cause, any member of that board.

In your letter to Miss Cooke, your Excellency is further pleased to say: "If you are of opinion that you have been injured, your only remedy is through the courts." If I understand their pecuniary situation, neither this young lady, nor the poor Irish and German women who are my clients in this case, are able to meet the expense of a suit at law. They must, therefore, in view of your Excellency's decision (if that is final), rest under the weight of their injuries and misfortunes until such time as they can, without too great expense, make their appeal to the General Court of Massachusetts at its January session; and this, I am told, is their purpose.

As for my own case, less pitiable than theirs, I must very respectfully ask your Excellency and the honorable council to take up my petition and grant the hearing for which I prayed on the 21st of September. I was then, beyond question, the legal inspector of charities, strictly fulfilling my duties, and as such I brought formal charges against John Fallon of Lawrence for violation and evasion of the law. If I am not now inspector, it is because the person so charged with unlawful acts has procured my removal from office—a circumstance which would by no means extenuate his original offence.

With all due regard for your Excellency's judgment concerning removal and consent, I must still consider myself the lawful inspector of charities until my successor has been appointed and has received your approval. Not claiming to exercise the powers of this office so as to conflict with other citizens who may have powers and duties conferred on them, I shall content myself with such duties of inspection and advice, among the State charities, and in lunacy matters, as may fall to any citizen who has the welfare of the poor at heart, and who has been forced to learn by experience how their good can best be promoted. Against this substance of charity—love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith—the Scriptures tell us there is no law; nor can I suppose that the microscopic vision of the attorney-general will discover any.

I may without offence recall to your Excellency's memory that my request on the 8th inst. was not for another opinion of the attorney-general, but for a full and impartial hearing of the charges against me. Until that hearing and the more important one which concerns my clients shall have been granted I cannot feel that justice has been done, even if it has been seriously considered.

Very respectfully,
F. B. SANBORN.

John D. Wells, clerk of the board of lunacy and charity, in a letter dated yesterday referring to Mr. F. B. Sanborn's letter, published yesterday, states that "the statements therein contained, so far as they concern me and my action in relation to the affairs of the board, including the alleged dismissal of Mrs. Morris, are essentially false. The board, which is acting as a unit in this whole matter, and which Mr. Sanborn so grossly misrepresents, has not abandoned the boarding-out policy, having now between seventy and eighty patients boarding in families under its supervision."

ARREST OF F A. SANBORN, OF CONCORD, MASS.

Frank Leslie's Illus. Apr. 21. 1860

THE Investigating Committee on the Harper's Ferry affair, believing that F A. Sanborn, a teacher in the town of Concord, Mass., was capable of affording information on the subject under inquiry, recently summoned him to appear before them. The summons being refused, the United States Deputy Marshal, with four assistants, went to Concord April 3d, with a warrant for his arrest. Going to the house where he lived between nine and ten o'clock P M, they knocked at the door, when Mr. Sanborn appeared, and the Deputy handed him the warrant. "On his refusal to acknowledge it," says one account published in the Boston *Courier*, "he was seized and handcuffed." Mr Sanborn, in his own account to the *Tribune* says that they refused to let him see their warrant and finally handcuffed him after reading only a few lines of it—a discrepancy which will undoubtedly be sifted before a proper tribunal.

The only other person in the house at the time was a sister of Mr. Sanborn who hearing the noise though without understanding the affair at the instant, cried murder. Her brother requested her to run to a neighbor's, one Colonel Whiting, for aid. Efforts were being made to place the prisoner in a carriage, when Miss Sanborn returned, and, as Sanborn says, seized one of the Marshal's aides, Mr Coolidge, by the beard. She then took the whip and lashed the horses so that it took four men to hold them, and the Marshal could not get the prisoner in alone. A great number of people now assembled, among them Honorable Nathan Brooks and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, as Sanborn states, "rushed up to Carlton (the Marshal) and said 'Who are you, sir? By what right do you hold this man?' Bells were now ringing, and the town was up." Some one now proceeded to the house of Judge Hoar and obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus, which was at once served by Deputy Sheriff John B Moore. After some resistance and struggling between the crowd and the Marshal's men the latter took to flight. Great anger prevailed, and, as Sanborn states his friends could hardly be restrained from killing the officers. Soon after Sanborn swore out a complaint against the officers before Justice Bell, and they were arrested next day at Boston.

The excitement which prevailed in Concord at the time was so great that a Mr. Hosmer died of it. As another incident connected with the event, we may state that the friends of Miss Sanborn have presented her with a silver mounted revolver.

DEATH OF MR. EMERSON.

1882

[REUTER'S TELEGRAM.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 27.—Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the well-known philosophical writer, died at Concord, Massachusetts, at nine o'clock this evening.

Mr. Emerson had nearly completed his seventy-ninth year, having been born at Boston on May 25, 1803. He entered Harvard University in 1817, graduated in 1821, and in 1829 became pastor of a Unitarian congregation in Boston. This charge, however, he in a few years gave up in consequence of differences of opinion with his hearers, and he abandoned preaching for writing and lecturing. He took up his residence at Concord, where he lived a quiet, placid, meditative life. Previous to settling down there, however, he spent a year in England. His first considerable works were "Nature" and "Man-Thinking," orations delivered before the Phi-Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, U.S., in 1837. In the following year appeared his "Literary Ethics," and in 1841 "The Method of Nature," "Man the Reformer," the first series of "Essays," and some lectures. Three years later he issued a second series of essays, as well as a volume of poems. In 1848 he again visited England, for the purpose of delivering lectures on "The Mind and Manners of the Nineteenth Century." In 1852, in conjunction with Dr. Channing and J. F. Clarke, he published the memoirs of the gifted Margaret Fuller, Marchesa d'Ossoli. Mr. Emerson's "English Traits" appeared in 1856, and the "Conduct of Life" in 1860. He had been in weak health for some time.

THE ARREST OF F. A. SANBORN, AT CONCORD, MASS., BY THE U. S. MARSHAL, DURING THE NIGHT OF APRIL 3, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. CHAMPNEY, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 325.

THE HOUSE WHERE THE UNITED STATES OFFICERS WERE CONCEALED PREVIOUS TO PROCEEDING TO ARREST F. A. SANBORN, AT CONCORD, MASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. CHAMPNEY, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 325.

An Opinion of Thoreau's.

Truth Seeker, June 14, 1890.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I send for publication an opinion of that exquisit and original thinker, Thoreau:

Concord is just as idiotic as ever in relation to the spirits and their knockings. Most people here believe in a spiritual world which no respectable junk bottle which had not met with a slip, would condescend to hold even a portion of for a moment—whose atmosphere would extinguish a candle let down into it, like a well that wants airing; in spirits which the very bull-frogs in our meadows would blackball. Their evil genius is seeing how low it can degrade them. The hooting of owls, the croaking of frogs is celestial wisdom in comparison. If I could be brought to believe in the things which they believe, I shall make haste to get rid of my certificate of stock in this and the next world's enterprises, and buy a share in the first Immediate Annihilation Company that offered. I would exchange my immortality for a glass of small beer this hot weather. Where *are* the heathen? Was there ever any superstition before? And yet I suppose there may be a vessel this very moment setting sail from the coast of North America to that of Africa with a missionary on board! Consider the dawn and the sunrise—the rainbow and the evening—the words of Christ and the aspirations of all the saints! Hear music! See, smell, taste, feel, hear,—anything—and then hear the idiots inspired by the cracking of a restless board, humbly asking, "Please, spirit, if you cannot answer by knocks, answer by tips of the table." !!!!!!

Rochester, Mich. E. H. Greene A Subscriber.

The Life of a Boy Sixty Years Ago

By the HON. GEORGE F. HOAR. United States Senator.

Youth's Companion. Parts.—Part I. Mar. 10, 1898.

I BELIEVE that boys nowadays are more manly and mature than they were in my time. Perhaps this is partly because the boys show more gravity in my presence, now I am an old man, than they did when I was a boy myself. Yet I am quite sure *The Youth's Companion* knows very well what will interest its readers, and the subjects of many of its best articles would have been considered altogether beyond the boys of my day.

This seems to prove that the boys now are more sensible than they were then. But in giving an account of the life of a boy sixty years ago, I must describe it as I saw it, even if it appear altogether childish and undignified to the young gentlemen who are to be my readers.

The life and character of a country are determined in a large degree by the sports of its boys. The Duke of Wellington used to say that the victory at Waterloo was won on the playing-fields at Eton. That is the best people where the boys are manly and where the men have a good deal of the boy in them.

Perhaps all my younger readers do not know how much that makes up, not only the luxury, but the comfort of life, has first come in within the memory of persons now living. The household life of my childhood was not much better in those respects than that of a well-to-do Roman or Greek. It had not improved a great deal for two thousand years. There were no house-warming furnaces, and stoves were almost unknown. There were no double windows, and the houses were warmed by open fires. There were no matches.

There were no water-pipes in the houses, and no provision was made for discharging sewage. There were no railroads, telegraphs or telephones. Letter postage to New York from Boston was twenty-five cents. None of the modern agricultural machinery then existed, not even good modern plows. Crops were planted by hand and cultivated with the hoe and spade. Vegetables were dug with the hoe, and grain and hay cut with the sickle or scythe. There were no ice-houses. The use of ice for keeping provisions or cooling water was unknown.

My father was well-to-do, and his household lived, certainly, as well as any family in the town of Concord, where I was born. I have no doubt a Roman boy two hundred years before Christ, or an Athenian boy four hundred years before Christ, lived quite as well as I did, if not better.

On Cold Winter Mornings.

The boy got up in the morning and dressed himself in a room into which the cold air came through the cracks in the window. If the temperature were twenty degrees below zero outside, it was very little higher inside. If he were big enough to make the fires, he made his way down-stairs in the dark of a winter morning and found, if the fire had been properly raked up the night before, a few coals in the ashes in the kitchen fireplace. The last person who went to bed the night before had done exactly what Homer describes as the practice in Ulysses' time, when he tells us that Ulysses covered himself with leaves after he was washed ashore in Phaiakia:

"He lay down in the midst, heaping the fallen leaves above, as a man hides a brand in a dark bed of ashes, at some outlying farm where neighbors are not near, hoarding a seed of fire to save his seeking elsewhere."

But first he must get a light. Matches are not invented. So he takes from the shelf over the mantelpiece an old tin [illegible] candlestick [illegible] tongs takes a coal from the [illegible] and holds the candle wick against the coal and gives a few puffs with his breath. If he have good luck, he lights the wick, probably after many failures.

My mother had a very entertaining story connected with the old-fashioned way of getting a light. Old Jeremiah Mason, who was probably the greatest lawyer we ever had in New England, unless we except Daniel Webster, studied law in my uncle's office and shared a room in his house with another law student. One April Fool's day the two young gentlemen went out late in the afternoon, and my aunt, a young unmarried girl who lived with her sister, and another girl, went into the room and took the old half-burnt candle out of the candlestick, cut a piece of turnip to resemble it, cut out a little piece like a wick at the end, blackened it with ink, and put it in the candlestick.

When Mr. Mason came in in the dark, he took a coal up with the tongs and put it against the wick, and puffed and puffed, until after a long and vexatious trial he discovered what was the matter. He said nothing, but waited for his chum to come in, who went through the same trial. When they discovered the hoax they framed an elaborate complaint in legal jargon against the two roguish girls, and brought them to trial before a young lawyer of their acquaintance. The young ladies were found guilty and sentenced to pay as a fine a bowl of egg-nog.

Thawing out the Pump.

After getting his candle lighted, the boy takes dry kindling, which has been gathered the night before, and starts a fire. The next thing is to get some water. He is lucky if the water in the old cast-iron kettle which hangs on the crane in the fireplace be not frozen. As soon as the fire is started he goes outdoors to thaw out the pump, if they have a wooden pump. But that is all frozen up, and he has to get some hot water from his kettle to pour down over the piston till he can thaw it out. Sometimes he would have an old-fashioned well, sunk too low in the ground for the frost to reach it, and could get water with the old oaken bucket.

He brings in from out-of-doors a pail or two of water. If there has been a snow-storm the night before, he has to shovel a path to the wood-shed, where he can get the day's supply of wood from outside, and then from the doors of the house out to the street. Meantime the woman whose duty it is to get breakfast makes her appearance.

The wooden pump, which took the place of the old well in many dooryards, was considered a great invention. We all looked with huge respect upon Sanford Adams of Concord, who invented it, and was known all over the country.

He was quite original in his way. The story used to be told of him that he called at my father's house one day to get some advice as to a matter of law. Father was at dinner and went to the door himself. Mr. Adams stated his case in a word or two as he stood on the door-step, to which father gave him his answer, the whole conversation not lasting more than two minutes. He asked Mr. Hoar what he should pay, and father said, "Five dollars."

Mr. Adams paid it at once, and father said, "By the way, there is a little trouble with my pump. It does not seem to draw water. Will you just look at it?" So Mr. Adams went around the corner of the shed, moved the handle of the pump, and put his hand down and fixed a little spigot which was in the side, which had got loose, and the pump worked perfectly. Father said, "Thank you, sir." To which Adams replied: "It will be five dollars, Mr. H[illegible]" [illegible] father gave him back the same bill [illegible] taken.

I am afraid that the sympathy [illegible] and not with the lawyer.

The great kitchen fireplace presen[illegible] cheerful appearance compared with [illegible] range or stove of to-day. It was [illegible] eight or ten feet wide, with a great chimney. In many houses you could stand on the hearth and look up the chimney and see the stars on a winter night. Across the fireplace hung an iron crane, which revolved on a hinge or pivot, from which hung a large number of what were called pothooks and trammels. From these were suspended the great kettles and little kettles and the griddles and pots and boilers for the cooking processes.

The Use of "Tin Kitchens."

The roasting was done in a big "tin kitchen," which stood before the fire, in which meats or poultry were held by a large iron spit, which pierced them and which could be revolved to present one side after the other to the blaze. Sometimes there was a little clockwork which turned the spit automatically, but usually it was turned round from time to time by the cook. As you know, they used to have in England little dogs, called turnspits, trained to turn a wheel for this purpose. A little door in the rear of this tin kitchen gave access for basting the meat. In the large trough at the bottom the gravy was caught.

No boy of that day will think there is any flavor like that of roast turkey and chicken or of the doughnuts and pancakes or griddle-cakes which were cooked by these open fires.

By the side of the fireplace, with a flue entering the chimney, was a great brick oven, big enough to bake all the bread needed by a large family for a week or ten days. The oven was heated by a brisk fire made of birch or maple or some very rapidly burning wood. When the coals were taken out, the bread was put in, and the oven was shut with two iron doors. The baking-day was commonly Saturday.

When the bread was taken out Saturday afternoon it was usual to put in a large pot of beans for the Sunday dinner. They were left there all night and the oven was opened in the morning and enough came out for breakfast, when there was put into the bean-pot a pot of Indian pudding, which was left with the rest of the beans for the Sunday dinner.

The parlor fire was a very beautiful sight, with the big logs and the sparkling walnut or oak wood blazing up. Some of the housekeepers of that time had a good deal of skill in arranging the wood in a fireplace so as to make of it a beautiful piece of architecture. Lowell describes these old fires very well in his ballad, "The Courtin'":

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] on the dresser.

The Life of a Boy Sixty Years Ago

By the HON. GEORGE F. HOAR, United States Senator.

Youth's Companion In Three Parts.—Part II. Mar. 17, 1898.

We c[illegible] have fireplaces [illegible] father's [illegible] although they w[illegible] the farmers' houses round about. We ought to have had the old king's arms. My great-grandfather, Abijah Pierce of Lincoln, was at Concord bridge in the Lincoln company of which his son-in-law, Samuel Hoar, was lieutenant. He had been chosen colonel of the regiment of the minutemen the day before, but had not qualified and had not got his accoutrements; and so he went into battle armed with nothing but a cane.

He crossed the bridge, and from one of two British soldiers who lay wounded and dying took a cartridge-box and musket, which he used during the day and preserved for many years. I suppose it was the first trophy of the Revolution. A great many years afterward one of the neighbors borrowed the musket of my uncle to take to a cornwallis, and it was lost and never recovered. I would give its weight in gold to get it back.

In the coldest weather the heat did not come out a great way from the hearth, and the whole family gathered close about the fire to keep warm. It was regarded as a great breach of good manners to go between any person and the fire. The fireplace was the centre of the household, and was regarded as the type and symbol of the home. The boys all understood the force of the line:

> Strike for your altars and your fires!

I wonder if any boy among my young readers nowadays would be stirred by an appeal to strike for his furnace or his air-tight stove.

Sunday was kept with Jewish strictness. The boys were not allowed to go out-of-doors except to church. They could not play at any game or talk about matters not pertaining to religion. They were not permitted to read any books except such as were "good for Sunday." There were very few religious story-books in those days, and what we had were of a dreary kind; so the boy's time hung heavy on his hands.

"Pilgrim's Progress," with its rude prints, was, however, a great resource. We conned it over and over again, and knew it by heart. An elder brother of mine who was very precocious was extremely fond of it, especially of the picture of the fight between Apollyon and Christian, where the fiend with his head covered with stiff, sharp bristles "straddled clear across the road" to stop Christian in his way.

Old Dr. Lyman Beecher, who had his stiff gray hair cropped short all over his head, made a call at our house one afternoon. While he was waiting for my mother to come down, the little fellow came into the room and took a look up at the doctor, and then trotted round to the other side and looked up at him again. He said, "I think, sir, you look like Apollyon."

The doctor was infinitely amused at being compared to the personage of whom, in his own opinion and that of a good many other good people, he was then the most distinguished living antagonist.

The church was an old-fashioned wooden building, painted yellow, of Dutch architecture, with galleries on three sides, and on the fourth a pulpit with a great sounding-board over it, into which the minister got by quite a high flight of stairs. Just below the pulpit was the deacons' seat, where the four deacons sat in a row. The pews were old-fashioned square, high pews, reaching up almost to the top of the head of a boy ten years old when he was standing up.

The seats were without cushions and with hinges. When the people stood up for prayer the seats were turned up for greater convenience of standing, and when the prayer ended they came down all over the church with a slam, like a small cannonade.

One Sunday, in the middle of the sermon, the old minister, Doctor Ripley, stood up in the pulpit and said in a loud voice, "Simeon, come here. Take your hat and come here." Simeon was a small boy who lived in the doctor's family and sat in the gallery. We boys all supposed that Simeon had been playing in church, or had committed some terrible offence for which he was to be punished in sight of the whole congregation.

S[illegible] down trembling and abashed, [illegible] told him to go home as fast as he [illegible] the Thanksgiving Proclamation [illegible] enormously long prayer, until the boy [illegible] Simeon confessed to some of the boys that he had been engaged in some mischief just before he was called, and he was terribly afraid the doctor had caught him.

This old church with its tower, yellow spire, old clock and weathercock, seems to me as I look back on it to have been a very attractive piece of architecture. It was that church which suggested to Emerson the leading thought in one of his most famous poems, "The Problem."

Announcing the Banns.

In those days, when people were to be married the law required notice to be given of the intention by proclaiming it aloud in the church three Sundays in succession. So just before service began, the old town clerk would get up and proclaim: "There is a marriage intended between Mr. John Brown of this town and Mrs. Sarah Smith of Sudbury," and there was great curiosity in the congregation to hear the announcement. The town clerk in my boyhood had been a wealthy old bachelor for whom the young ladies had set their caps in vain for [illegible]

DOCTOR RIPLEY, the minister in Concord, was an old man who had been settled there during the Revolutionary War, and was over the parish sixty-two years. He was an excellent preacher and scholar, and his kindly despotism was submitted to by the whole town. His way of pronouncing would sound very queer now, though it was common then. I well remember his reading the lines of the hymn—

> Let every critter jine
> To praise the eternal God.

Scattered about the church were the good gray heads of many survivors of the Revolution—the men who had been at the bridge on the 19th of April, and who made the first armed resistance to the British power. They were very striking and venerable figures, with their queues and knee-breeches and shoes with shining buckles. Men were more particular about their apparel in those days than we are now. They had great stateliness of behavior, and admitted of little familiarity.

They had heard John Buttrick's order to fire, which marked the moment when our country was born. The order was given to British subjects. It was obeyed by American citizens. Among them was old Master Blood, who saw a ball strike the water when the British fired their first volley. I heard many of the old men tell their stories of the Battle of Concord, and of the capture of Burgoyne.

I lay down on the grass one summer afternoon, when old Amos Baker of Lincoln, who was in the Lincoln Company on the 19th of April, told me the whole story. He was very indignant at the claim that the Acton men marched first to attack the British because the others hesitated. He said, "It was because they had bagnets [bayonets]. The rest of us hadn't no bagnets."

One day, a few years later, when I was in college, I walked up from Cambridge to Concord, through Lexington, and had a chat with old Jonathan Harrington by the roadside. He told me he was on the Common when the British Regulars fired upon the Lexington men. He did not tell me then the story which he told afterward at the great celebration at Concord in 1850. He and Amos Baker were the only survivors who were there that day. He said he was a boy about fifteen years old on April 19, 1775. He was a fifer in the company. He had been up the greater part of the night helping get the stores out of the way of the British, who were expected, and went to bed about three o'clock, very tired and sleepy. His mother came and pounded with her fist on the door of his chamber, and said, "Git up, Jonathan! The Reg'lars are comin', and somethin' must be done!"

Governor Briggs repeated this anecdote in the old man's presence at Concord. Charles Storey, a noted wit, father of the eminent lawyer, Moorfield Storey, sent up to the chair this toast: "When Jonathan Harrington got up in the morning on April 19, 1775, a near relative and namesake of his got up about the same time—Brother Jonathan. But his mother didn't call him."

A very curious and amusing incident is said, and I have no doubt truly, to have happened at this celebration. It shows how carefully the great orator, Edward Everett, looked out for the striking effects in his speeches. He turned in the midst of his speech to the seat where Amos Baker and Jonathan Harrington sat, and addressed them. At once they both stood up, and Mr. Everett said, with fine dramatic effect, "Sit, venerable friends. It is for us to stand in your presence."

After the proceedings were over, old Amos Baker was heard to say to somebody, "What do you suppose Squire Everett meant? He came to us before his speech and told us to stand up when he spoke to us, and when we stood up, he told us to sit down."

So you boys will understand how few lives separate you from the time when our country was born, and the time when all our people were British subjects. My mother, who died in 1866, sat in Washington's lap when he visited her father's house in her childhood, and remembered well what he said to her. A sister of hers, then a little girl eleven years old, went to the door when Washington took his leave, and opened it for him to go out. He put his hand on her head and said, "My little lady, I wish you a better office." She dropped a courtesy very low, and it was barefooted, and answered, quick as lightning, "Yes, sir, to let you in."

But to come back to our old meeting-house. The windows rattled in the winter, and the cold wind came in through the cracks. There was a stove which was rather a modern innovation; but it did little to temper the coldness of a day in midwinter. We used to carry to church a little foot-stove with a little tin pan in it, which we filled with coal from the stove in the meeting-house, and the ladies of the family would pass it round to each other to keep their toes from freezing; but the boys did not get much benefit from it.

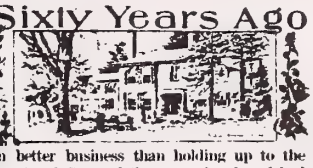
They had good schools in Concord, and the boys generally were good scholars and read good books. So whenever they thought fit they could use as good language as anybody; but their speech with one another was in the racy, pithy Yankee dialect, which Lowell has made immortal in the "Biglow Papers." It was not always grammatical, but as well adapted for conveying wit and humor and shrewd sense as the Scotch of Burns.

The boys knew very well how to take the conceit or vanity out of their comrades. In the summer days all the boys of the village used to gather at a place on the river, known as Thayer's swimming-place, about half a mile from the town pump, which was the centre from which all distances were measured in those days. There was a little gravel beach where you could wade out a rod or two, and then for a rod or two the water was over the boy's head. It then became shallow again near the opposite bank. So it was a capital place to learn to swim.

After they came out, the boys would sit down on the bank and have a sort of boys' exchange, in which all matters of interest were talked over, and a great deal of good-natured chaff was exchanged. Any newcomer had to pass through an ordeal of this character, in which his temper and quality were thoroughly tried. I remember now an occasion which must have happened when I was not more than eight or ten years old, when a rather awkward-looking greenhorn had come down from New Hampshire and made his appearance at the swimming-place. The boys, one after another, tried him by putting mocking questions or attempting to humbug him with some large story. He received it all with patience and good nature until one remark seemed to sting him from his propriety. He turned with great dignity upon the offender, and said, "Was that you that spoke, or was it a punkin busted?" We all thought that it was well said, and took him into high favor.

I suppose the outdoor winter sports have not changed much since my childhood. The sluggish Concord River used to overflow its banks and cover the broad meadows for miles, where we found excellent skating, and where the water would be only a foot or two in depth. The boys could skate for ten miles to Billerica and ten miles back, hardly going over deep water,

The Life of a Boy Sixty Years Ago



By the Hon. George F. Hoar,

United States Senator.

In Three Parts.—Part Three.

THERE were in Concord in my boyhood three writers who afterward became very famous indeed—Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau. Mr. Lowell said that these three names shone among all others in American literature as the three blazing stars in the belt of Orion shine in the sky.

The whole town loved and revered Emerson, but I fancy the people generally had little notion of his great genius. He used to read lectures to the Lyceum, and in reading his books now I find a great many passages which I remember to have heard him read in my youthful days. In one of his lectures upon Plato, he said that he turned everything to the use of his philosophy, that "wife, children and friends were all ground into paint"—alluding to Washington Allston's story of the Paint King who married a lovely maiden that he might make paint of the beautiful color of her cheeks.

MARGARET FULLER.

A worthy farmer's wife in the audience took this literally, and left the room in high dudgeon. She said she thought Waldo Emerson might be in better business than holding up to the people of Concord the example of a wicked man who ground his wife and children into paint.

Mr. Hawthorne had published some short stories which had made his name quite celebrated. But his great fame was still to be gained. He was poor, and had a good deal of difficulty in gaining a decent living for himself and his young wife. They lived in the old Manse, which he has described so delightfully in his "Mosses from an Old Manse."

His wife was a great friend of my oldest sister, and used to visit in our family before she was married. It was owing to that circumstance that the Hawthornes came to live in Concord. I went up to the house while they were absent on their wedding journey, when I was a little boy, to help put things in order for the reception of the young couple.

The furniture was very cheap; a good deal of it was made of common pine. But Mrs. Hawthorne, who was an artist, had decorated it by drawings and paintings on the backs of the chairs and on the bureaus. On bedsteads and the headboard of her bed was a beautiful copy, painted by herself, of Guido's Aurora, with its exquisite light figures and horses and youths and maidens flying through the air.

Mr. Hawthorne was very silent, and hardly spoke in the presence of any visitor with whom he was not very intimate. He was very fond of long walks and of rowing on the river with Thoreau and Ellery Channing.

The boys were all fond of Henry Thoreau. I went to school with him when I was a little boy and he was a big one, and afterward I was a scholar in his school. He was very fond of small boys, and used to take them out with him in his boat, and make bows and arrows for them, and take part in their games. He liked also to get a number of the little chaps of a Saturday afternoon, and go for a long walk in the woods.

He knew the best places to find huckleberries and blackberries and chestnuts and lilies and cardinal and other rare flowers. We used to call him Trainer Thoreau, because, as I have said, the boys called the soldiers the "trainers," and he had a long, measured stride and an erect carriage, which made him seem something like a sol-

except at the bridges, the whole way.

Sleigh-riding was then what it is now. There were a few large sleighs owned in the town which would hold thirty or forty persons, and once or twice in the winter the boys and girls would take a ride to some neighboring town when the sleighing was good.

The indoor games were marbles, checkers, backgammon, dominoes, hunt-the-slipper, blindman's-buff, and in some houses, where they were not too strict, they played cards. High-low-jack, sometimes called all-fours or seven-up, everlasting and old maid were the chief games of cards. Most of these games have come down from a very early antiquity.

The summer outdoor games were mumble-the-peg, high-spy, snap-the-whip, a rather dangerous performance, in which a long row of boys, with the biggest boy at one end and tapering down to the smallest at the other end, would run over a field or open space until suddenly the big boy would stop, turn half around, and stand still and rapidly, and was sometimes hurled across the field, and brought up with a heavy fall. There were thread-the-needle, hunt-the-red-lion and football, played very much as it is now, except with less system and discipline, and various games of ball. These games of ball were much less scientific and difficult than the modern games. Chief were four-old-cat, three-old-cat, two-old-cat and base.

We had fewer studies at our school than now. The boys who did not go to college learned to read and write, perhaps an elementary history of the United States, and arithmetic, and occasionally made some little progress in alge-bra. On Saturdays we used to "speak pieces." Our favorites were some spirited lyric, like "Scots Wha Hae" or Pierpont's "Stand, the ground's your own, my braves," "The boy stood on the burning deck," and "Bernardo del Carpio." Sometimes, though not often, some comic piece was chosen, like "Jack Downing's Tax on Old Bachelors."

Those who fitted for college added Latin and Greek to these studies. The children were sent to school earlier than is the present fashion, and had long school hours and few vacations. There were four vacations in the year of a week each, and three days at Thanksgiving time. Little account was made of Christmas. The fashion of Christmas presents was almost wholly unknown. The boys used to be allowed to go out of school to study in the warm summer days, and would find some place in a field, and sometimes up in the belfry of the little schoolhouse. I remember studying Cæsar there with George Brooks, afterward judge, and reading with him an account of some battle where Cæsar barely escaped being killed, on which Brooks's comment was, "I wish to thunder he had been!"

I am afraid the boys did not respect the property of the owners of the neighboring apple orchards, as undoubtedly the better-trained boys of modern times do now. We understood the law to be that all apples that grew on the branches extending over the highway were public property, and I am afraid that when the owner was not about we were not very particular as to the boundary-line. This seems to have been a trait of boy nature for generations. You know Sidney Smith's account of the habit of boys at his school to rob a neighboring orchard, until the farmer bought a large, savage bulldog for his protection. Some of the big boys told Sidney that if a boy would get down on his hands and knees and go backward toward the dog, the dog would be frightened, and he could get the apples. He tried the experiment unsuccessfully, and with the result that he concluded, as he says, that "it makes no difference to a bulldog which end of a boy he gets hold of, if he only gets a good hold."

The discipline of the schoolmaster in those days was pretty severe. For slight offences the boys were deprived of their recess or compelled to study for an hour after the school was dismissed. The chief weapon of torture was the ferule, to the efficacy of which I can testify from much personal knowledge. The master had in his desk, however, a cowhide for gross cases. I do not remember knowing how that felt from personal experience, but I remember very well seeing it applied occasionally to the big boys.

In the infant schools, which were kept by women, of course the discipline was not expected to be so severe. The schoolmistress in those days wore what was called a busk—a flat piece of lancewood, hornbeam, or some other like tough and elastic wood, thrust into a sort of pocket or sheath in her dress, which came up almost to the chin and came down below the waist. This was intended to preserve the straightness and grace of her figure. When the small boy misbehaved, the schoolma'am would unsheath this weapon, and for some time thereafter the culprit found sitting down exceedingly uncomfortable.

Sometimes the sole of the schoolmistress's slipper answered the same purpose, and sometimes a stick from some neighboring birch-tree. It all came to pretty much the same thing in the end. The schoolmistress knew well how to accomplish her purpose. There was a diversity of gifts, but the spirit remained the same.

We were put to school much earlier than children are now, and were more advanced in our studies on the whole. I began to study Latin on my sixth birthday. When I was nine years old I was studying Greek, and had read several

The boys occasionally formed military companies and played soldier, but these did not, so far as I remember, last very long. There was also a company of Indians, who dressed in long white shirts, with pieces of red flannel sewed on them. They had wooden spears. That was more successful, and lasted some time.

They were exceedingly fond of seeing the real soldiers. There were two full companies in Concord, the artillery and the light infantry. The artillery had two cannon captured from the British, which had been presented to the company by the legislature in honor of April 19, 1775. When these two companies paraded, they were followed by an admiring train of small boys all day long, if the boys could get out of school. I remember on one occasion there was a great rivalry between the companies, and one of them got the famous Brigade Band from Boston, and the other an equally famous band, called the Boston Brass Band, in which Edward Kendall, the great musician, was the player on the bugle. A very great day indeed was the muster-day, when sometimes an entire brigade would be called out for drill. These muster-days happened three or four times in my boyhood at Concord.

But the great day of all was what was called "Cornwallis," which was the anniversary of the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown. There were organized companies in uniform representing the British army and an equally large number of volunteers, generally in old-fashioned dress, and with such muskets and other accoutrements as they could pick up, who represented the American army. There was a parade and a sham fight which ended as all such fights, whether sham or real, should end, in a victory for the Americans over the British, and Cornwallis and his troops were paraded, captive and ignominious. I quite agree with Hosea Biglow when he says, "There is fun to a Cornwallis, though; I aint a-goin' to deny it."

The boys cared little for politics, though they used to profess the faith of their fathers; but every boy sometimes imagined himself a soldier, and his highest conception of glory was to "lick the British." I remember walking home from school with a squad of little fellows at the time Andrew Jackson issued his famous message, when he threatened war if the French did not pay us our debt. We discussed the situation with great gravity, and concluded that if the French beat us, we should have a king to rule over us.

Besides the two military companies, there was another called the "Old Shad." The law required every able-bodied man of military age to turn out for military training and inspection on the last Wednesday in May; they turned out just to save the penalty of the law, and used to dress in old clothes, and their awkward evolutions were the object of great scorn to the small boy of the time.

The streets of Concord were made lively by the stage-coaches and numerous teams. There were four taverns in the town, all well patronized, with numerous sleeping-rooms. Two of them had large halls for dancing. A great many balls were given, to which persons came from the neighboring towns.

for stages and teams to New Hampshire, Vermont and Canada passed through Concord.

There were several lines of stages, one from Lowell to Framingham, and two at least from Boston. The number of passengers, which now are all carried by rail, was so large that extras were frequently necessary. The teams w

There was an excellent fiddler named John Wesson, who continued to give the benefit of his talent to all parties, public and private, down to the time of the war, when he said he would not play a dancing tune till the boys came home. He died soon after, and I do not know whether his music was ever heard again. These taverns were crowded with guests. One principal route

dier, although he was short and rather unganly in figure. He had a curved nose which reminded one a little of the beak of a parrot.

His real name was David Henry Thoreau, although he changed the order of his first two names afterward. He was a great finder of Indian arrow-heads, spear-heads, pestles, and other stone implements which the Indians had left behind them, of which there was great abundance in the Concord fields and meadows.

* * * who has dissected the human body, or perhaps sometimes a painter who has made pictures of them knows men and women. But he knew birds and beasts as one boy knows another—all their delightful little habits and fashions. He had the most wonderful good fortune. We used to say that if anything happened in the deep woods which only came about once in a hundred years, Henry Thoreau would be sure to be on the spot at the time, and know the whole story. I suppose you boys remember Emerson's verses:

It seemed that Nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened to its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him;
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.
Many haps fall in the field
Seldom seen by wishful eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield,
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods;
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
He found the tawny thrushes' broods;
And the sly hawk did wait for him;
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was shown to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

These lines fit Henry Thoreau exactly. Most people think Emerson had him in mind when he wrote them. But as a matter of fact, they were written before he knew Henry Thoreau.

I wonder how many boys know the woodcock's evening hymn. I have known many sportsmen and naturalists who never heard it or heard of it. When the female is on her nest the male woodcock flies straight up into the sky, folds his wings and falls down through the air, coming down within a foot or two of the nest from which he ascended, pouring out a beautiful song, which he never sings at any other time. He is said to be one of the best and sweetest of our song-birds.

It is a singular fact that Emerson did not know Henry Thoreau until after Thoreau had been some years out of college. Henry walked to Boston, eighteen miles, to hear one of Emerson's lectures, and walked home again in the night after the lecture was over. Emerson heard of it, and invited him to come to his house and hear the lectures read there, which he did. People used to say that Thoreau imitated Emerson, and Lowell has made this charge in his satire, "A Fable for Critics:"

There comes ——, for instance; to see him's rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's tracks with legs painfully short.

I think there is nothing in it. Thoreau's style is certainly fresh and original. His tastes and thoughts are his own. His peculiarities of bearing and behavior came to him naturally from his ancestors of the isle of Guernsey.

I have heard Thoreau say in private a good many things which afterward appeared in his writings. One day when we were walking, he leaned his back against a rail fence and discoursed of the shortness of the time since the date fixed for the creation, measured by human lives. "Why," he said, "sixty old women like Nabby would be but a small tea-party, but their gossip would make universal history."

Another man who was famous as a writer went to school, and afterward tended store in Concord in my childhood. This was George H. Derby, better known as John Phœnix. He was also very fond of small boys. I remember his making me what I thought a wonderful and beautiful work of art, by taking a sheet of stiff paper of what was called elephant foolscap, and folding it into a very small square, and then with a penknife cutting out small figures of birds and beasts. When the sheet was opened again these were repeated all over the sheet, and made it appear like a piece of handsome lace.

He did not get along very well with his employer, who was a snag and avaricious person. He would go to Boston once a week to make his purchases, leaving Derby in charge of the store. Derby would lie down at full length on the counter, get a novel, and was then very unwilling to be disturbed to wait on customers. If a little girl came in with a tin kettle to get some molasses, he would say the molasses was all out, and they would have some more next week. So the employer found that some of his customers were a good deal annoyed.

Another rather famous writer who lived in Concord in my time was Mr. A. Bronson Alcott. He used to talk to the children in the Sunday school, and occasionally would gather them together in an evening for a long discourse. I am ashamed to say—and I hope you will all consider this in the strictest confidence, not to be repeated anywhere—that we thought Mr. Alcott rather stupid. He did not make any converts to his theories among the boys.

He once told us that it was wicked to eat animal food; that the animal had the same right to his life that we had to ours, and we had no right to destroy the lives of any of God's creatures for our own purposes. He lived only on vegetable food, as he told us. But he had on at the time a very comfortable pair of calfskin boots, and the boys could not reconcile his notion that it was wicked to kill animals to eat, with killing animals that he might wear their hides. When such inconsistencies were pointed out to him he gave a look of mild rebuke at the audacious offender, and went on with his discourse as if nothing had happened.

The people who do not think very much of Alcott ought to speak with a good deal of modesty when they remember how highly Emerson valued him, and how sure was Emerson's judgment; but certainly nobody will attribute to Alcott much of the logical faculty. Emerson told me once:

"I got together some people a little while ago to meet Alcott and to hear him converse. I wanted them to know what a rare fellow he was. But we did not get along very well. Poor Alcott had a hard time. Theodore Parker came all stuck full of knives. He wound himself round Alcott like an anaconda; you could hear poor Alcott's bones crunch."

Margaret Fuller used to visit Concord a good deal, and at one time boarded in the village for several months.

She was very peculiar in her ways, and made people whom she did not like feel very uncomfortable in her presence. She was not generally popular, although the persons who knew her best, valued her genius highly. But old Doctor Bartlett, a very excellent and kind old doctor, though rather gruff in manner, could not abide her.

One very dark, stormy night, in the middle of the night, the doctor was called out of bed by a sharp knocking at the door. He got up and put his head out of the window, and said, "Who's there? What do you want?" He was answered by a voice in the darkness below, "Doctor, how much camphire can anybody take by mistake without its killing them?" To which the reply was, "Who's taken it?" And the answer was, "Margaret Fuller." The doctor answered, in great wrath, as he slammed down the window and returned to bed, "A peck!"

I have not, in this paper, undertaken an autobiography. I am afraid, if I were to do that, it would be rather a sad story, and that the fathers and mothers of the boys who read the *Youth's Companion* would prefer a better model for their children.

I said something just now which I asked you to consider as in strict confidence. What I am going to say, I hope none of you will ever tell to anybody. I should feel dreadfully to have it get into the Democratic papers. The old doctor, of whom I have already spoken, in the town of Concord, one of the worthiest and

I am afraid these disconnected stories will not go far to convey to you the picture which is very clear in my own mind of the life of a New England boy in a country town sixty years ago. It was a very simple and plain, yet I think a very noble life. The town was as absolute a democracy, in the best sense of the word, as was ever upon earth. The people, old and young, constituted one great family. They esteemed each other because of personal character, and not on account of wealth, or social position, or holding office. The poorest boy in town was the equal of the richest in the school and in the playground. They had all that was needed for comfort in life.

HENRY THOREAU.

If I were to live my life over again I should not want anything more, and I think all the boys and girls who are my readers will do well to teach themselves not to care for anything more. Your happiness in this world will come from what you are, and not from what you own. You do not need wealth or luxury, if you have decent clothes and do good, honest work in the world, and have enough to eat and drink, good schools, good books to read, good health, and good parents and brothers and sisters and friends, who will not do a mean thing—these are the things that make life worth living. Everything but one beyond these is apt to spoil men and spoil the pleasure of life.

There is one thing beside, greater than all. That is a country that you can love, and that you are ready and willing to live for and to die for.

Every American boy has that. I hope you will all learn by heart the noble history of your country, and will be ready when your time comes to take the government of it, and make it better and nobler still.

Edinburgh Courant, Apr. 29, 1882.

Close upon the death of the most celebrated man of science in England has followed that of an American scarcely less eminent, through in a different walk of life. RALPH WALDO EMERSON has for long been the chief of American culture. Now that America has his works she has the foundation of a literature that we suppose will one day or other compare with that of the oldest country in Europe. Mr EMERSON has had an incalculable effect upon American thought. For years past his house at Concord was a rendezvous for the élite of American literary men, and the suggestiveness of his conversation has perhaps done more to further the cause of intellect than even his writings. His death is the removal of another stone in the structure of an American literary epoch. When a few weeks ago he assisted at the burial of LONGFELLOW, he must have felt that "the old order changeth, giving place to new." He leaves behind him very few of his ancient friends, among whom, however, are WHITTIER and WALT WHITMAN. Between him and those who remain, as CARLYLE would say, "the impenetrable curtain has rushed down." A new generation can only know that part of EMERSON which was revealed in his books.

Concord Freeman, Mar. 20, 1840.

Concord Academy.

THE Spring Term will commence on MONDAY, March 23d.

Terms, English branches $1,00
Languages included 2,00

Henry D. Thoreau will continue to assist in the Department of the languages. N. B. Scholars will be received at any time for a term not less than twelve weeks.

JOHN THOREAU, Jr., Instructor.

Concord, March 6, 1840.

CONCORD LYCEUM.

THERE is a Lecture before this Institution every Wednesday Evening, at 7 o'clock precisely. The course for the present season, as far as ascertained, is as follows:

Nov. 18, (Introductory) R. W. Emerson, Concord.
" 30, R. W. Emerson, Concord.
Dec. 7, James Richardson, Cambridge.
" 14, James Freeman Clarke, Boston.
" 19, (Extra lecture) Horace Greeley, N. York.
" 21, Wendell Phillips, Boston.
" 28, O. A. Brownson, Chelsea.
Jan. 4, Charles Lane, England.
Jan. 11, M. B. Pickard, Concord.
" 18, John S. Keyes, Cambridge.
" 25, J. F. Barrett, Boston.
Feb. 1, C. T. Jackson. "
" 8, H. D. Thoreau, Concord.
" 15, E. H. Chapin, Charlestown.
Mar. 16, Henry Giles, England.
" 22, Edward Jarvis, Louisville.

All are invited to attend. By order of the Curators.
January 6, 1843. tf

Concord Freeman Feb. 10, 1843

Mr Thoreau's Lecture, delivered last Wednesday evening, before the Lyceum, is spoken of as a production very creditable to its author. The subject was the life and character of Sir Walter Raleigh. Raleigh was one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable period, the Elizabethan age. He was learned, brave, and adventurous, and was possessed of such varied intellectual powers, as to be esteemed as a writer, a statesman, and a soldier. Those who are wholly unacquainted with his writings, have yet to explore a mine of intellect which has few equals in point of richness. Like the productions of all those men whom we are accustomed to call the old English prose writers,—and who terminated with the author of the "Urn-Burial,"—they are literally filled with profound thought, which finds its expression in the most nervous language. The public conduct of Raleigh is well known to every historical reader, and no one will be found to question the accuracy of the assertion, that much of it added to the glory of the English name. Yet he had many bad traits of character, and is scarcely deserving of the admiration of which he is the object, and which, it is quite probable, had its origin in his melancholy fate, and has been kept up in these latter days thro' the genius of Scott. Raleigh was a selfish man, and to say that many of his acts were superlatively mean, would be but to utter a simple truth. In adventure, he was but a higher sort of Mike Lambourne, and readily subscribed to the creed of those "jolly fellows" who held that there was no law beyond the line. His conduct in his last voyage was clearly illegal, and Gondomar was right when he called him and his comrades pirates. He was haughty, insolent, and vindictive, an unchivalrous enemy, and too often a deceitful friend. But he is one of the world's favorites, and the closing scene of his life atoned in the opinion of many for all his errors.

A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. Those who have read "Margaret Smith's Journal," will be at no loss in settling the authorship of this clever and interesting work. Mr. Whittier touches all his themes with the true poet's wand; all show forms of beauty and gleams of light that, like the sunbeams on the far-off mountain, make the cold and rugged landscape appear soft and charming. It is just the book to read in the idleness of summer, when wishing to enjoy the pleasures of journeying, without the inconvenience which the actual packing up and going off in hot steamboats and dusty cars occasion. Read it, and see.

Godey's Mag., Sept., 1849

Newark Daily Advertiser Apr. 27, 1852, p. 2 col. 5.

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. 2 vols. Phillips, Samson & Co.

The subject of this memoir we have never personally known, although with many of her relatives and friends and some of the writers of this volume we have been intimate. Notwithstanding this intercourse, we have never been able to sympathize with them in all parts of their characters and views. There was an entireness of *um* about them, to which we could never approximate, and, therefore, while we admired the character, blameless life and commanding talent, we could never come into full communion with them, and rarely view anything with the same eyes. It is not strange, therefore, that we continue to differ, and that in the character drawn in these pages, we find frequent occasions to dissent from their views. Friendship, undoubtedly, warped their judgment, but truth in the matter, if the truth is of any value, should not be perverted by any bias of this sort. Margaret Fuller, as we have frequently seen her, was for her age, one of the very plainest women in personal appearance that we have ever beheld, not relieved by a profusion of fine blonde hair, as one of the contributors states, but her features were partially concealed by a floating mass of carelessly arranged sandy hair. Apparently near-sighted, and entirely neglectful of all the trifles of dress which would have softened the asperities of her appearance, she was altogether a disagreeable person even to meet in the street, from the unpleasant impression she left upon the mind of the passer by. She seemed sour and scornful. One, however, could not, unprejudiced, judge of her by her appearance; for her reputation had preceded her, and she was generally considered as a woman of a masculine mind, more fond of indulging in her natural cynical, snarling and sarcastic propensities, than in those kinder feelings of woman's gentle nature. A love of publicity and admiration seem to have influenced her more than any other motives of action. It was apparently from this cause that she loved to be surrounded by many young ladies of beauty and station. It flattered her pride to be seen encircled by loveliness, and yet by the masculine strength of her mind, to divert attention from them to herself. These characteristics conjoined to a necessity of filling her purse, created her Boston "Conversations," which were little more than a metaphysical monologue on speculative subjects, in which diluted German theories and fancies composed the dish which she served to her guests.

As a writer, she is not in any way distinguished, and her friends account for this by stating that by the slow, mechanical action necessary to express her mind upon paper, the spirit of her thought was exhaled, as do the volatile gases of Seltzer and Congress water, if suffered to be poured out drop by drop from the vase in which they are imprisoned. The probable truth is, that her conversations themselves, so wonderful as they are stated to have been, if they had been taken down with the rapid pen of the stenographer, would have failed to give that impression to the reader, which they did to the listener. The excited manner, and the Pythioness-like belief of the speaker, that what she said herself, was something great, gave her unusual power in its utterance, and impressed her auditory. A poor oration well pronounced, produces more effect than the most eloquent ever uttered, if spoken in a mumbling, half-articulate manner. She thought herself a Corinne, (this is evident from the manner in which she herself alludes to her readings,) and she took the manners of one. When she wrote, she undoubtedly expressed her ideas, and in these ideas we do not see anything wonderful. The verbiage in which she was accustomed to envelope them, was perhaps subdued in her writing; but if the true ore was actually present, it might be discovered by distilling and analyzing the menstruum in which it was suspended.

Margaret Fuller appears to us a woman of an intellect little, if any, superior to that of her sex in general, with a determined purpose to make up the deficiencies in her personal appearance, by mental accomplishment. With the aid of circumstances and friends she succeeded, while living, in gaining a partial success in this attempt; and now being dead, her friends have erected this two volume memorial to perpetuate her memory.

The only claim she has for this distinction is the remarkable manner of her death and his noble bearing when the King of Terrors approached. After a curi-

ous marriage in Italy, the particulars of which are not fully given, and perhaps cannot be. She acted an heroic part in Rome, humbly assisting Mazzini and Garibaldi in their efforts to redeem the Eternal City from its despotism. While there she was a true woman In her death she was a noble one. She was no longer the Margaret of her young days—the Corinne of a literary blue stocking assemblage—not even the " of the Tribune; she was a noble-souled woman; she was a devoted mother. Would that I might die for thee, my son, my son! was her sole thought. There is something noble, divine in maternal love, which touches all hearts. But why distinguish it in her instance?—Why erect these seven hundred pages to her memory, when not a leaf is given to the hundreds of mothers who suffer and die for their little ones!

The reason, perhaps, is not so noble a one as admiration of material affection; perhaps not so much as admiration of intellectual greatness. The pilot-fish would be almost unknown, did he not announce the whale, and Boswell would have been forgotten without his relationship to the great lexicographer. Create Margaret Fuller into a Sappho, and every person who went to her "conversations," even—and their names are all given—is thenceforward immortalized. The man who slept upon his post is to-day remarkable and remembered, because awoke and forgiven for his fault by the great Napoleon, and the perhaps common place man who stood by Washington, is buried with honors that no citizen among us will probably ever attain.

Another reason more patriotic, is the want we have of great names! Scott and Byron, and Laudon and Hemons, are now our household gods, and it is high time that the authors of America establish a protective tariff The distinction can be easily given by the union of a few writers—fortunate are they if they be already bound together by a common faith, or any ties of "association." "Union" is now the maxim; and building companies may create mountains from mole-hills, and reputations from pretentions, but some new form of dialectics will be necessary to find even the elements of greatness in rhapsodies and quixotic contents of the "Dial." The Cooper testimonial may serve as a vent for the patriotism of our writers, for there is greatness acknowledged by the world; and if woman must be exalted, Mrs. Osgood possessed many of the elements requisite for embalming and treasuring up her remains—not the least of which was a warm and sensitive heart, finding its pleasure not in self aggrandizement, not in an assumption of superiority but in modesty and in delicate kindnesses to others—Maternal instincts shone out as gloriously from her protracted dying bed, and its steady light illumined as beautifully as the evanescent flash from the mother in the Elizabeth on Fire Island.

Margaret Fuller doubtless had her good qualities, and she had some warm friends, but they are attempting too much, when they strive to raise her to the highest pinnacle of fame, and although an invidious undertaking, we have felt it our duty to make this dissent, even if it prove to be a minority report.

Hawthorne's Memoir of Mr. Pierce.

As was predicted, Mr. HAWTHORNE'S "LIFE OF GENERAL PIERCE," proves to be a violent and extremely biassed political tract, intended solely for electioneering effect. It was all very well to represent the work as a tribute of disinterested friendship; an involuntary homage to known merit; but the time selected spoiled the story in advance; and the text refutes it totally. The calumnies of the Whigs are the staple of the story-teller's polemics. His commendation of his fellow Democrat, is always made with reference to Whig censure: and how deeply the instinct of partizanship infects the whole production, they can easily judge, who remember the introduction to the "Scarlet Letter." That expulsion from the village Custom House has soured the biographer's temper for life. It infiltrates a leaven of partizan bitterness into everything he undertakes to write, whether facts or fancy be the substrata.

It is to be regretted that an author with reputation so fair, should think proper to spend it upon a mere political issue. There are, surely, enough party hacks to toil in the traces, without harnessing genius to the work. Mr. HAWTHORNE had brought himself into intimate social relations with the reading world. He had been admitted as a kindred, genial friend, into a thousand households, where his present intrusion as a partisan canvasser, is a gross impertinence. It must greatly weaken the feeling of respect and affection with which he had been previously entertained. He has forsaken his calling. The man we had become attached to as the recluse of the "Old Manse," and the CHARLES LAMB of an American counting-room, shocks every sense of propriety, by his appearance as a political wrangler. All the official reward that a triumphant democratic administration may reward his labors withal, will not compensate the loss he will presently realize.

For the rest, the biography is of small moment, and serves only to show how little can be said for Mr. PIERCE, when the whole story is before us. That he was an average college student; an indifferent lawyer; as a public man, undistinguished by any decided talent; a dull debater; an uninteresting speaker; an unsuccessful soldier, and *only* remarkable as a busy politician; is the marrow of Mr. HAWTHORNE'S Panegyric. The reader, after traveling from cover to cover, is quite at a loss to recollect one single trait of the great man's character, justifying the enthusiasm which the eulogist affects to feel. Either Mr. PIERCE is too barren of merits to furnish a respectable showing in print; or else his biographer is unable to do him any sort of justice. *cols. 3-4.*

N.Y. Times, Sept. 25, 1852, p.1

HAWTHORNE AND THE TIMES.

The "Blithedale Romance," by many viewed as HAWTHORNE'S best work, has, as you will see, received the tribute of a long review in the *Times*—an honor highly appreciated by our first writers in fiction. The first portion of the review consists of a notice of American literature, and its rapid progress; and certainly there is no symptom of a wish to withhold from American genius its meed of praise. The reception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in this country, affords another proof of the same discriminating appreciation of talent, employed for a righteous end. Editions are multiplying daily, and Mrs. BEECHER STOWE'S book is now the most popular of the day, or that has appeared for many a previous day. With regard to the "Blithedale Romance," though not a book for the million, it has every quality to render it attractive to thoughtful minds, who love to analyze and brood over the working of human motives and its results. The work has a bearing, too, on some great social questions, agitated oftener in the Old World than the New, that is not likely to be overlooked; and even a professional philanthropist may gather instruction from its suggestive pages.

N.Y. Times, Oct. 8, 1852, p.3, col. 2

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ASHCONIC; OR, LETTERS AND LEGENDS ABOUT OUR [illegible] HOME. BY GEORGE ORTHOOT. Boston.

This is a delightful book, about a delightful re[illegible]. It is nothing more nor less than a highly [illegible], and even poetical account, scene by [illegible] of Berkshire, that fairest spot of Massachu[illegible], where our poets and novelists do mostly [illegible]; and where Nature dresses through [illegible] the Summer-time in the loveliest of primitive [illegible].

The descriptive part is interspersed with brief [illegible], sometimes legends of the past, and some[illegible] graphic pictures of current incidents. Per[illegible] sketches are also given of the various per[illegible] of distinction who have taken up their abode [illegible] that delightful region.

Two chapters are given to the town of Lenox, written by Mr. BUCKHAM, a young man of finely-cultivated tastes and scholarly accomplishments, and embracing notices of several celebrities, one or two of which we copy.

The first is of HAWTHORNE AND HIS HOME.

"On the northern shore of the Stockbridge Bowl, in a spot of unrivalled loveliness, stands a small, uninviting, red house, with green window-blinds, and one single pine tree before it. You might pass it at almost any time of the day, and you would think it vacant; the doors would all be shut, the blinds all closed, and that single pine tree would look as sullen as if it were conscious of its loneliness. There would be no path to the gate, and no knocker on the door, and you would immediately conclude that the red house of the two gables was shut against the resort of men,—and you would not be far from right, for there lives NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"If, however, on a closer inspection, you ob-

N.Y. Times, Oct. 23, 1852, p.6

SUNDAY'S WREATH. OF SMOKE CURLING UP FROM THE CHIMNEY OF THE HOUSE OF THE TWO GABLES, AND HAD CURIOSITY ENOUGH TO SAUNTER ABOUT THE PREMISES, IN

hopes of seeing signs of life, until about 4 o'clock, you would finally hear the door creak, and there would stand before you a middling-sized, thick-set man, with a large, vigorous face, and lying under a profusion of coarse, black hair, a head of massive development. There would be no particular feature in his countenance of especial beauty, except it were his dark and intelligent eye, arched by a very black eyebrow,—yet you would gather from the *tout ensemble* of the expression that it betokened an intensely-working and thorough-going intellect. Were it not that the countenance is relieved and heightened by the vigor and intensity of mental activity, that beams through it, you would think there was something in it very heavy and sombre. If you ever had any hint that there was a vein of rancor and acrimony in his character, you would see no indications of it in his face, unless you fell to imagining what expression that black eye would take, and that heavy eyebrow, and that firmly-drawn mouth, when he was belaboring the custom-house officials, or spurring his bitterness against some hypocrite,—who was of course a Calvinist and a Puritan. But while you are making these observations, your hero would raise his eyes from the ground long enough to give you one of those modest but expressive glances which mark the man of seclusion and reflection, and then with a kind of swinging gait, which would assure you that he was not used to bustle among the crowds of business or fashion, would wend his way up to the village post-office.

"Mr. HAWTHORNE, even for a man of letters, leads a remarkably secluded life. He has a few literary friends, with whom he cherishes an intimacy congenial to a mind of such cultivation and sensibility, and a friendship which does honor to his heart, but he shows no disposition to mingle largely in society. This aversion to social intercourse has been remarkable in him during his literary career, and even far back into his youth, if we may credit the accounts of his acquaintances. Not only in his private life, but all through his writings, there seems to breathe an unsympathising, morbid spirit, a spirit that seems to take satisfaction in keeping itself aloof from those who are guilty of the foibles which it takes a still greater satisfaction in contemplating. This spirit he could never have inherited from his ancestors, else those progenitors of his, who for so many generations "followed the sea," were a strange set of tars! Perhaps all his better sympathies were chilled in those speculations with his dreamy brethren of the Brook Farm Community; perhaps he and EMERSON, enraptured with the mystic perfection of their own fantasies, abjured all communion with this our gross humanity; he certainly could not have had his feelings frozen into hate by contact with the genial and sympathizing intellect of ELLERY CHANNING, or at the warm hearth-stone of LONGFELLOW.

"Yet, after all, we should be strangely insensate and ungrateful, if we were disposed to grumble at what may be, in the case of Mr. HAWTHORNE, but the concomitant of seclusion and literary devotion, or what, at the worst, is so admirably wrought into piquancy in his writings. The world, and we with them, would be sorry were it far otherwise, and we are perfectly indifferent as to which of the two gables of his red house he shuts himself in, if he will but open the door occasionally, and send forth such volumes as he has of late been giving to the public. But we are not so selfish that we cannot see, or that we would not like to tell Mr. HAWTHORNE, that our gain is his loss, in one respect, at least. We would tell him that the church upon our hill—the church, too, whose walls echoed the almost dying tones of his beloved CHANNING, in his last public address—is not the sanctuary of asceticism of any kind, and the eloquent sincerity of a believing Calvinist has attractions even for those who have no sympathy with his piety; but the shadow of the occupant of the house of the two gables seldom, if ever, darkens a church door. Doubtless the remains of the Puritan sermons, which moaned through the shattered timbers; and pealed through the tree-tops of the old manse at Concord, sufficed Mr. HAWTHORNE for the remainder of his life, or else disgusted him with the idea of anything which, by any possibility, could savor of Puritan heartlessness.

Mr. HAWTHORNE was born and spent the early part of his life in Salem, that old Puritan city, where the witches were persecuted with such remorseless fury—a city, which still, in spite of the cheerfulness of its modern improvements, cannot be dissociated from that gloom which invested it of old, as if the "Gallows Hill," which overlooks it, would never withdraw its shadow. Here, doubtless, he imbibed that fierce hatred for many traits of the Puritan character, which pervade and almost embitter his writings. There is always looming up in the background of his picture—ill-protected by the thin tissue of the tale, or rather thrown into bolder relief by its reflected light—some gaunt old snuffler, bigoted in his zeal, hypocritical in his professions, who, notwithstanding that he is at heart the very chief of sinners, and almost a rival for the chief of demons, lays all the claims to sanctity to be found in the lankest possible hair, the most fervid quotation of Scripture language, in a voice not wanting the due nasal intonations—in every respect the devoutest of men, save in his heart, where rankle the worst propensities and the most damnable passions. With a sort of bitter pleasure, and regardless of the rules of warfare, Mr. HAWTHORNE first stealthily strips him of his coat of mail, and then against his exposed enemy levels a storm of poisoned shafts, barbed with all the skill that a refined malice can invent, that he may have the fierce satisfaction of glorifying in his fall. We can hardly forgive Mr. HAWTHORNE this assault on the occasional weakness of here and there one of those whom, notwithstanding, a long line of children glory in claiming as their ancestry. Rating this one characteristic, which, though it may add to the piquancy of his writings, certainly detracts from their merit, Mr. HAWTHORNE is one of the purest, most forcible, as well as most graceful, of living English prose writers. His style is splendidly constructed, his language racy and idiomatic, while the magnificent web of his imagery—sometimes reflecting the glance of a metaphor, and sometimes interweaving a long array of analogies into a beautiful allegory, is enchanting beyond description.

"Mr. HAWTHORNE's last published book, "A Wonder Book, for Boys and Girls," contains a number of accurate descriptions of our Lenox scenery. He fitly styles himself "the silent man in the red house." In this book he has worked up six of the classical myths into forms adapted to the capacities and suited to the improvement of the young—and we think with remarkable success. That he who has furnished strong and muscular food for staid men, can thus cater to the milk loving palates of children, is no meagre evidence of a versatile mind."

FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

"Although Mrs. KEMBLE is temporarily absent, we still reckon her among our honored residents. Indeed, even if her return was not anticipated at no very distant period, there are few who would be willing to forget the partiality which a lady of such distinguished reputation and undisputed taste has shown to the scenery and other attractions of Lenox. She is remembered as a marked and generous woman; there is not a peasant in the region—however much he may have been startled at her individualities—who has not some tale to tell of her munificence. It was not to be supposed that many of the graver people would look with much complacency on the *port* and demeanor of so singularly spirited a lady, much less on her man like propensities to driving, hunting, and fishing, and less than all on her man-like attire, while engaged in them. They are many who did not know her, save as a splendid, imperious, passionate woman; they could not love her who knew not also how ardent and generous a nature was hers. That she had extraordinary genius, an inflexible and irresistible will, and a consummate address, every one, who ever saw her, acknowledged; that she had the tender sympathies of a noble nature, the poor, by whose bedsides she watched, and to whom she read the Bible in their sickness, will convince you, with many a tearful tale; but those only who knew her as a friend, can tell the full strength of her claim upon their admiration and their love."

We should be glad to multiply our extracts from this charming book, but our space forbids.

The announcement of Mr. N. HAWTHORNE's appointment to a Consulship at Liverpool is not without interest to many in the republic of letters. The author of the "Scarlet Letter," has won a large circle of admirers, and will receive a warm welcome from the literary brotherhood in this country. It is satisfactory to find Mr. HAWTHORNE receiving, or likely to receive, something more substantial than mere literature would give him, especially as his duties will probably not be so laborious as to preclude the exercise of his pen, with the consequent advantage to the public and himself.

N.Y. Times, May 3, 1853, p. 2, col. 6

EMERSON'S CLUB.—It was in the year 1845 that a circle of persons of various ages, and differing very much in everything but sympathy, found themselves in Concord. Toward the end of the autumn, Mr. Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the winter in his library. "Monsieur Aubepine," "Miles Coverdale," and other phantoms, since generally known as Nathaniel Hawthorne, who then occupied the Old Manse—the inflexible Henry Thoreau, a scholastic and pastoral Orson, then living among the blackberry pastures of Walden road—Plato Skimpole, then sublimely meditating impossible summer houses in a little house upon the Boston road—the enthusiastic agriculturist and Brook Farmer already mentioned, then an inmate of Mr. Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of the scholar to the amenities of the natural gentleman—a sturdy farmer neighbor, who had bravely fought his weary way through the inherited embarrassments to the small success of a New England husbandman, and whose faithful wife had seven times merited well of her country—two city youths, ready for the fragments from the feast of wit and wisdom—and the host himself, composed this club. Ellery Channing, who had that winter harnessed his Pegasus to the New York *Tribune*, was a kind of corresponding member. The news of this world was to be transmitted through his eminently practical genius, as the club deemed itself competent to take charge of tidings from all other spheres.

I went, the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained but very amiable silence, which had

Commonwealth, May 19, 1853

the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, "Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?" It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners upon the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of silence with a solemn "saying," to which, after due pause, the honorable member for blackberry pastures responded by some keen and graphic observation, while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement on all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale, a statue of night and silence, sat, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturtably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes and suit of sables made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories, while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer played like heat-lightning around the room.

I recall little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night. The club struggled through three Monday evenings. Plato was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver; for such was the rich ore of his thoughts, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Orson charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods—while Emerson, with the zeal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters, sought to bind the wide-flying embroidery of discourse into a web of clear sweet sense. But still in vain. The oracular sayings were the unalloyed saccharine element; and every chemist knows how much else goes to practical food—how much coarse, rough, woody fibre is essential. The club struggled on valiantly, discoursing celestially, eating apples, and disappearing in the dark, until the third evening it vanished altogether. But I have since known clubs of fifty times that number, whose collective genius was not more than that of either one of the Dii Majores of our Concord coterie. The fault was its too great concentration. It was not relaxation as a club should be, but tension. Society is a play, a game, a tournament, not a battle. It is the easy grace of undress; not an intellectual, full-dress parade.

"Promised Letters. Impressions of the South Upon a Native Northerner. No. 2"

Though we regard transcendentalism in morals and religion, in the abstract, as injurious, yet we cannot deny the fact, that this has done as much as anything else in bringing Northern morality and Christianity under an extensive review. Somewhat new and novel doctrines attracted the attention of observers, and they sought to ascertain whether the transcendental systems embraced the creeds of the masses—or to find out how far the faith and practice of the people could be identified with the out-of-the-common-way theories of conspicuous moralizers and theologians. Though not designing it as a result, yet the toleration, if not the encouragement given to transcendentalism in the North, has issued in a better understanding of the moral and Christian position of our Societies. Emerson, Parker, and others of the same class, on similar tendencies, have done more, probably, to bring Northern morality and religion before the "world, around and afar," than their own intrinsic value may have done.

Water Somerville in the N.Y. Times, July 25, 1853, p. 2, col. 1. (Letter 15 dated at Phila., June 30, 1853.

Letter from John G. Whittier.

AMESBURY, 23d 9th mo., 1853.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your note, inviting me to attend a meeting of the Free Democracy, to be held in New-York on the 29th inst.

I regret that the state of my health will not permit me to comply with your invitation. It would give me really pleasure to meet with you on an occasion of so much interest—so full of promise to the cause in which we are engaged.

The late elections in Maine and Vermont have given the balance of power in both of these States to the Free Democracy. A United States Senator is to be elected from each, and none but decided opponents of the Fugitive Slave law have any chance of success. There are strong reasons for hoping that New-Hampshire will follow their example.

In Massachusetts the cause of freedom was never so strong as at this hour. Our late Convention at Fitchburg was full and enthusiastic, and our State ticket commands the respect of all parties. Our friends are active and confident of success. If we fail, at least it will be from no lack of labor and vigilance.

I scarcely know whether the present peculiar position of parties in your State is a cause of regret or congratulation. I profess no skill for solving, at this distance, the riddle of New York politics. It is your business to stand watchful and prepared, availing yourselves of any turn in the political kaleidescope which promises, directly or otherwise, to promote the great object you have in view. One thing you may rely safely upon—nobody, except the lowest class of official kidnappers, supports the Fugitive Slave law from love of it. The men who swear by the Baltimore platform to-day, will be very glad of a fair pretext for swearing by that of Buffalo to-morrow. Nobody suspects that the priests and politicians who defend the Fugitive Slave law on Scriptural and Constitutional grounds at heart believe a syllable of their doctrine. God has not left even a mammon-loving expounder of commercial Christianity and cotton-market ethics to believe a lie so monstrous.

The late attempts to enforce this atrocious law at Niagara, Wilkesbarre, and Cincinnati, have been marked, on the part of the official and unofficial ruffians concerned in them, by a dastard cruelty and low brutality which would drive a Bedouin Arab in disgrace from his caravan, and put a Feejee Islander in tatoo as unfit for the society of respectable cannibals. Where is the priest who dares to lift up his hands to Heaven and pray for the success of such atrocities? Where is the Union-serving Hunker or Castle Garden patriot who can look an honest man in the face and justify them? If there be any such, they must be in the condition of the trafficer in the German tale, who bartered off his heart of flesh for a cobble-stone.

In truth, whatever party caucuses may resolve, or party leaders subscribe to, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of the people is with us—that the common instincts of human nature, as God made it, are on our side.

——We have great allies,
Powers that work for us, air and earth and skies;
Our friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Every noble utterance and every brave deed for freedom the world ever redounds to our benefit. The eloquence of VICTOR HUGO over the graves of his companions in the Isle of Jersey, and the rescue of the Hungarian exile in the bay of Smyrna, are part and parcel of our great movement. Thus circumstanced, let us, by our vigilance and devotion, deserve the success which must sooner or later crown our efforts.

I am, gentlemen, your friend and co-laborer,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

E. A. Stansbury, Minthorne Tompkins, M. B. Bryant, W. M. McDermott, Geo. W. Rose, Esqs., Committee.

N.Y. Times, Oct. 12, 1853, p. 1, col. 3

Anti-Slavery Lectures.—The NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY (auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society,) believing the present time to be eminently favorable for a full and free discussion, in this City, of the great question of American Slavery, has made arrangements for a Course of Anti-Slavery Lectures, to be delivered on each successive TUESDAY EVENING, beginning Dec. 13, and closing March 7, in the Broadway Tabernacle.

In order that the subject may be presented in all its aspects, political, moral, social, and religious, and with fairness toward all earnest-minded friends of the cause, the Society has engaged the services of the eminent champions of freedom whose names, together with the times when they are severally expected to appear, are given below.

1. Hon. JOHN P. HALE, Tuesday evening, Dec. 13.
2. Hon. JOHN G. PALFREY, Tuesday evening, Dec. 20.
3. Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, Tuesday evening, Dec. 27.
4. Mr. C. LENOX REMOND, Tuesday evening, Jan. 3.
5. JOHN JAY, Esq., Tuesday evening, Jan. 10.
6. Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, Tuesday evening, Jan. 17.
7. Miss LUCY STONE, Tuesday evening, Jan. 24.
8. HORACE GREELEY, Tuesday evening, Jan. 31.
9. Rev. WM. H. FURNESS, Tuesday evening, Feb. 7.
10. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Esq., Tuesday evening, Feb. 14.
11. Rev. THEODORE PARKER, Tuesday evening, Feb. 21.
12. WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., Tuesday evening, Feb. 28.
13. RALPH WALDO EMERSON, Esq., Tuesday evening, March 7.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Gentleman's Season Ticket	$2 00
Lady's Season Ticket	1 00
One admission for a Gentleman or Lady	25
One admission for a Gentleman and two Ladies	50

Tickets at C. S. FRANCIS & CO.'S, No. 252 Broadway, opposite the Park; at ROE LOCKWOOD & SON'S, No. 411 Broadway; at T. J. CROWEN'S, No. 599 Broadway, near Houston st.; at L. H. EMMERE, No. 134 Bowery; at FOWLERS & WELLS, No. 131 Nassau-st.; at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 143 Nassau-st., up stairs; and at the door of the Tabernacle on Tuesday evenings.

Lectures commence at 7½ o'clock—doors open at 6½ o'clock. By order of the Committee of Arrangements.
OLIVER JOHNSON, Chairman.

N.Y. Times, Dec. 13, 1853, p. 1

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the life of an anchorite. By the side of a secluded pond in Concord, he builds with his own hands a hut which cost him twenty-eight dollars and twelve and a half cents; and there he lived two and a half years, "cultivating poverty," because he "wanted to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and suck

WALDEN: OR LIFE IN THE WOODS. By Henry D. Thoreau. A young man, eight years out of college, of fine scholarship and original genius, revives, in the midst of our bustling times,

out all its marrow." Here he found that the labor of six weeks would support him through the year; and so he had long quiet days for reading, observation, and reflection, learning to free himself from all the hollow customs and false shows of the world, and to pity those who by slavery to inherited property seemed to be doing incredible and astonishing penance. In the account he gives us of his clothes, house, food, and furniture, we find mingled many acute and wise criticisms upon modern life; while in his descriptions of all living things around him, birds, fishes, squirrels, mice, insects, trees, flowers, weeds, it is evident that he had the sharpest eye and the quickest sympathy. One remarkable chapter is given to the sounds that came to his ear, with suggestions, full of poetry and beauty, of the feelings which these sounds awakened. But nothing interested him so much as the Pond, whose name gives the title to his book. He describes it as a clear sheet of water, about a mile in circumference; he bathed in it every morning: its cool crystal depths were his well ready dug; he sailed upon its bosom in summer, he noted many curious facts pertaining to its ice in winter; in short, it became to him a living thing, and he almost worshipped it. But we must not describe the contents of this book any further. Its opening pages may seem a little caustic and cynical; but it mellows apace, and playful humor and sparkling thought appear on almost every page. We suppose its author does not reverence many things which we reverence; but this fact has not prevented our seeing that he has a reverential, tender, and devout spirit at bottom. Rarely have we enjoyed a book more, or been more grateful for many and rich suggestions. Who would have looked to the Walden Pond for a *Robinson Crusoe*, or for an observer like the author of the *Natural History of Selborne* or for a moralist like the writer of *Religio Medici*? Yet paragraphs in this book have reminded us of each of these. And as we shut the book up, we ask ourselves, will the great lesson it teaches of the freedom and beauty of a simple life be heeded? Shall this struggle for wealth, and this bondage to the *impedimenta* of life, continue forever? Will the time ever come when it will be fashionable to be poor, that is, when men will be so smitten with a purpose to seek the true ends of life that they will not care about laying up riches on the earth? Such times we know there have been, and thousands listened reverently to the reply, given in the last of these two lines, to the inquiry contained in the first;

> "O where is peace, for thou its path hast trod?"
> "In poverty, retirement, and with God."

Who can say that it is impossible that such a time may come round, although the fashion of this world now runs with such a resistless current in the opposite direction.

Christian Register, Aug. 26, 1854

N.Y. Times, Feb 8, 1855 p.3, col. 1

Anti-Slavery Lecture, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

On Tuesday evening, at the Broadway Tabernacle, RALPH WALDO EMERSON delivered the eleventh of the course of Anti-Slavery Lectures before the New-York Anti-Slavery Society. There was a good attendance.

We sit here, he began, the third generation since our forefathers instituted the system of Slavery. The subject, he knew, was exhausted—honest men were getting tired of crying thief. That Slavery was a withering curse was unquestioned. It was a disease—a canker-sore eating into the vitals of the State; and when disease politic thus is present, a high state of general health cannot exist; and yet, known to be a disease, it was permitted. A Republic, too, professing to secure the greatest good of the greatest number, permitted it. Moreover, as though these poor people did not suffer enough, and were not plundered enough, a law was required to strip them even more.

This national law, made in time of weakness, enacted in complicity, was revived and had been made most stringent. It had become valid. Men, vaccinated citizens, abetted the law. The Courts set to catch the slave and bring him back. But strongly guarded as is Slavery, and lawed into constitutionality, it will yield at last. Purging is needed—the utmost permeating purging. To think, too, to find it here in our sunlight—in the land of schools—in the land of sermons—under the eye and protect on of a Government in other respects most advanced and perfect in human progress.

The tone of society, the speaker continued, and the tone of the press on Slavery were an index of the general pulse. It was a society without faith, without aim, and skepticisms were scattered broadcast. Look at the young men growing up under this society. Many, liking to have something to do worthy of their high aspirations, shrink into the niche of some Government office, and wither, die of inanition. Of head, of intellect, there was enough; but, alas! it was perverted. Punsters there were, and not keen wits: rhymsters, and not poets; surface men, and not thinkers—originators. Great souls, broad cosmopolitan minds were needed. Time was when a heroic soul, enamored of the right, aspired to the attainment of the beautiful and true. Our young men do not reach to realities. Their opera glasses take within their scope shows only. We send our boys to the university—but learn they there that that fits them for life? Are they the stronger for it? The Speaker, after showing the importance of proper education and proper direction to the aims of young men and their bearing upon the solution of great State problems and the future destinies of the country, entered upon a long review of the present dominant political parties. They inspired, he said, no hope. Leading matters—the abolition of Slavery foremost—were not urged. *Solumus tenere* was the motto. Politics had run very low; gentlemen of character keep aloof. It was becoming, in fact, if not already so, discreditable to meddle therewith. Merchants believe in nothing but trade; they loll in republican chairs; lay on luxurious lounges in our Tremonts, our Astors, our Girards; telegraph their wishes, their money commands, and this satisfies. So with the other pursuits. A few only venture into the actual pool—they talk little, big, much—get office and are shunned.

The introduction of human slavery into the United States was characterized by the speaker in the continuation of his remarks, as occurring at a period of lamentable occultation—a deed effected in ignorance. A lengthy description followed of the time of such introduction, the gradual growth of the institution, with various compromises introduced for its mitigation and tolerance. The Missouri Compromise, the Fugitive Slave Law and Nebraska bill were dwelt upon with specialty and

But the Fugitive Slave law, and their manifolds, said the lecturer, though they might temporarily injure, could not be prolonged in their sway. What public men fail, private men will take. Government in their own hands. The sinews of the beasts of valiant men become weapons. The secret proceeded to show that through regard for forms the people were swindled out of their liberties. The settlement of the Slavery question was referred to in conclusion. Society, he said, was no active—men inspire each other—the masses may become inspired with great aims—they are becoming inspired with the importance of the abolition of

effect. He did not wonder that vulgar men applauded and upheld the Fugitive Slave Law. Judges striving to make it practical were denounced in unmeasured terms. An immoral law, he said, and by its very face void. Acts of the English Parliament, technically deemed omnipotent, had been found to be ultimated as to their effect by the common law, or in other words by common justice. It was absurd to enact a crime as right. The question in New-York was, not as to the right of the law, but was it constitutional. Judges feared collision with the Courts. Real Judges were not on the bench—God-like persons who loved the right.

Slavery in the United States. Ere long men will be brought hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder to accomplish such end. Let a negotiation be once entered into—every acre of the United States would willingly be contributed—each State would combine in individual effort—the rich would give of their riches—the poor of their mites—a chimney tax would be raised and every effort and sacrifice esteemed nothing in the magnitude and glory of the result to be attained. There is a Divine Providence rules—men see it—and hope.

After the lecturer sat down, in response to unanimous calls from the audience, HORACE GREELEY, Esq., briefly addressed the meeting.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

The Commencement Exercises of Amherst College.

Correspondence of the New-York Daily Times.

AMHERST, Mass., Thursday, Aug. 9, 1855.

On Tuesday a meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa was held. Nothing of importance was done besides the choice of officers and honorary members. They were as follows: President, Prof. W. S. TYLER; Vice President, Prof. T. P. FIELD; Cor. Secretary, Prof. E. S. SNELL. Honorary members, Rev. CLINTON CLARK, Rev. WM. P. PAINE, Rev. Mr. DUDLEY, W. K. HATHAWAY, Esq., Rev. E. K. ALDEN, Rev. LYMAN COLEMAN, Rev. DANIEL T. FISKE, Rev. WM. CLIFT, Rev. LEWIS GREENE, Hon. LINCOLN CLARKE, Rev. PINDAR FIELD, Rev. C. SPEAR, JAMES C. VAN BENSCHOTEN, A. B. and Rev. MORTIMER BLAKE.

In the evening of Tuesday was prize speaking, or rather declamation.

Wednesday was the great day. It opened early with a meeting of the Alumni. We have in hand the task of raising $5,000 for the library, which in its new home has a striking number of vacant shelves. To give validity to the subscription $2,200 must be raised within the year. A hall for the Alumni and the Atheman and Alexandrian Societies is also proposed. A sad but interesting series of obituary notices was read by Prof. TYLER.

Next at 10½ A. M., came the Oration before the Alumni, by Rev. FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON, (since, D. D.) The impression that was made by this brilliant production caused many to forget their disappointment at not having H. W. BEECHER among the list of Orators of the day. His subject was Common Sense, which he represented as not so rare as some would have it. He denies that it contents itself with the showy and tawdry, but only takes, not prefers, what is attainable, and never fails when true genius and charlatanism are fairly before it, to award its meed aright. Prof. HUNTINGTON touched at some of the common errors of education as with Ithuriel's spear. The next topic in interest was the distinction between idealism and mysticism. But it is in vain to specify or characterize the beauties of this production, which will doubtless be given to the press.

Rev. J. P. THOMPSON addressed the Society of Inquiry, on Foreign Missions. His theme was the Unity of the Human Race.

Mr. THOMPSON closed barely in season for the oration of RALPH WALDO EMERSON before the Literary Societies. Whether he considered an advocacy of *common sense* as a direct attack on himself, or whether Dr. HUNTINGTON's remarks on idealism and mysticism only were the provocative, he seemed to feel himself challenged. At any rate, he amply avenged himself on common sense. His address is said to be the same he delivered a year or two since at Williams College. I need therefore attempt no analysis, and I am glad to escape a task to which I am incompetent, for I have heard him now for the first time. But the effect on the *natives* was noteworthy. Rarely could an audience be got together of more solid common sense than that which was there, awaiting the tilt of Mr. EMERSON. Alumni, denizens of cities who had preferred the College to the watering places, students here and from abroad, neighboring clergy, and teachers of both sexes, a handsome delegation from Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, and last, not least, a goodly number of sturdy farmers, who had laid down the scythe for a single day, and preferred the addresses to the commencement exercises, contrary to their usual wont, although the graduating class is one of unusual merit. Well, what did these make of EMERSON? All were astonished. Those who were sure they understood him certainly were mistaken. Some he set furiously a-thinking, as runaway horses are apt to start off others, but what they thought they could not tell. Others waited for him to come to his subject: waited an hour, arose and walked out. Some wondered whether the loose leaves on which the oration was written were arranged by chance or design, while others gazed bewildered at a nose as thin apparently as the gnomon of a dial, and wondred if perchance it will not one day break off. But most regretted the leaves he passed without reading, and that the conclusion came so soon.

The evening, intended for Mr. THOMPSON at first, was occupied by Dodworth's Band, who gave a concert which I could not attend; and which, strange to say, I have not heard of since.

To-day the Commencement morn opened inauspiciously. Despairing glances were cast at the watery sky by the speakers of the day, the expectant damsels, and not less so by the proprietors of numerous tents that were to dispense crackers and cheese, hot coffee and and hot oysters, crabs and candy, ice cream lemonade to the outside barbarians who usually seem to outnumber the Commencement audience. The precautions always taken here to resist the pressure of an eager crowd at the doors were useless. For the first time in twenty years—rather for the first time in the existence of the College—there was standing room in the house when the exercises began. But it was soon taken up, and things came to the usual stable equilibrium, between desire to hear and discomfort from pressure.

N.Y. Times, Aug. 21, 1855, p.2, cl.2

N.Y. Times, Oct. 2, 1857, p.4, cols. 3-4.

Mr. Hawthorne and his Consulate.

We trust that we are not very apt to rejoice over the misfortunes of our fellow-men. We do not think that such a proclivity can be reckoned among our vices. And yet we must own to an emotion of satisfaction when we saw it announced that NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was to depart out of the Liverpool Consulate,—whether of his own free will, or of the free will of Mr. BUCHANAN, we do not care. In point of fact, Fate and Free Will are generally synonymous terms, when the resignation of a fat office is in question. To be sure, the Liverpool Consulate is not so fat as it was in the good old days of fees and no accounts. Mr. BEVERLY TUCKER thought it altogether too much in the plight of the lean kine of Pharoah's dream, to satisfy the insatiate maw of a member of one of the First Families of Virginia. Still, we imagine, there are pretty good pickings left on its bones, however much it may have fallen away—enough to content the moderate appetite of a simple son of New-England, who had not been brought up to the trade of being provided for by the bounty of Uncle Samuel, like his more favored nephews of the Ancient Dominion.

Not that Mr. HAWTHORNE, personally, has had any cause to complain of the neglect of that avuncular *mythus*. He has had moderate slices of cake imparted to him, or rather a good double-handful of the crumbs that fall to the share of us poor Northern dogs from the table where the favorite children are fed. He has had an inspectorship or so, and been Surveyor of the Port of Salem, as all posterity will know from the Introduction to the *Scarlet Letter*,—as immortal a tidewaiter as BURNS himself. And this appointment at Liverpool was considered at the time he got it, as one of the juciest morsels on the public platter. We believe Congress went to work about that time and expressed a good deal of the gravy from it, and made it desiccate and jejune in comparison with what it was in more genial days. Still, it was not a provision to be despised by a man of the simple habits and moderate desires of our modest romancer. Perhaps the Cabinet at Washington, which, we understand, as the head of our dynasty of officeholding, passes solemnly upon the patriest post-office and the meanest gaugership, may have thought he had had his share of the sugar-plums and should give place to competitors for those sweets who had never yet got a taste at them. Besides, his merits were mainly personal to Mr. PIERCE, whom he had made the hero of the last and least creditable of his romances, and there was no reason why Mr. BUCHANAN, whose life he never attempted, should be grateful to him for a service rendered to his predecessor. Official gratitude is generally no inheritance in these ages.

However, in one way or another, Mr. HAWTHORNE either is, or shortly will be, released from the routine of Consular stupidity. And we are glad of it, because there are thousands

of men who will make as good consuls as he, or better, while there is no man whose pen is a wand of such strange, mysterious, delicious magic. Such a man should not give up to party, or to the gifts of party, what was meant for mankind. His dealings should be with the beings of the mind, and not with those of the untempered clay he has to do with in his office in Liverpool. Hester Prynne and little Pearl, Zenobia, Hollingworth and Priscilla, Clifford, and Hepzibah, and Phebe, and such as they, should be his companions, that they may become ours also, instead of skippers, sailors and supercargoes. Such gross mortals are not for the companionship of one who can call beings out of the abyss of nothingness, and clothe them with immortal life, and send them forth to be a joy forever. We know very well that there are signal instances of men of high genius who could pursue a working-day occupation without detriment to the republic of letters, or disloyalty to the muse. Mr. HAWTHORNE is not one of these men. At least, we know very well that when he has been ensconced in some comfortable office, sufficient for his philosophic needs, we have had no books from him. And the last four years have, to all appearance, afforded no exception to the general rule of his literary history. It has been rumored, indeed, that he has a work on hand, or completed—the fruit of his stay in England. We trust that it may be so, and shall be most happy to acknowledge the exception and to rejoice in it.

Again, such works as those of Mr. HAWTHORNE demand leisure and opportunity for self-abstraction. His is no easy writing which can be dashed off *stans pede in uno*, and sent off sheet after sheet to the press before the ink is dry. The profound analyses and delicate anatomies in which he deals come of deep study and long thinking. Such deftness in the manipulation of the alembics and crucibles of his metaphysical chemistry, and in the handling of the glittering scalpel with which he dissects the mind and lays bare the heart of man, is not to be practiced any more than acquired without the intensest application. The exquisite felicities and delicious graces of his style, too, are the chance product of no luck or knack of a practiced pen, but the fruit of earnest and laborious thought. There is no writer whose words are more emphatically thoughts, if not things, than his. Such writing is hard work to the brain, and the natural indolence of man revolts from it. We know nothing whatever of his habits of composition, but we are confident that it is a severe strain upon his mind for the time. And it is our notion that scarcely any man of genius, who really writes what will forever be read, likes to do it for its own sake. Sometimes the thirst for fame is good and sufficient; but as a general thing, there must be some external purpose, some irresistible urgency, to force him on to his task. We are afraid that if the Liverpool Consulate had been worth what it was in its goldener days, and it had enabled Mr. HAWTHORNE to lay by the modest competence that he needs for the purposes of his life, we should have had no more gifts for eternity from him. Let us thank, then, the present parsimony, envy, or whatever motive it may have been, that prompted Congress to pare off its perquisites. We wish him to be perfectly comfortable in his pocket, but only with the help of his magic quill. We cannot consent to dismiss him into the wealthy classes. He has a qualified property in himself, we admit, but the fee-simple belongs to his country, to the English-speaking race and to posterity. Let him conduct himself accordingly.

As you seem to have an interest in Mr. HAWTHORNE, I will state, as a fact, within my personal knowledge, that he resigned the Liverpool Consulate immediately after the election of Mr. BUCHANAN became known to him, or to take effect after the expiration of the official life of his friend and patron, PIERCE. He would have gladly been released from the duties of the place months ago, and so have commenced his Continental tour in the Spring, instead of delaying it until Autumn. He does not contemplate returning to the United States until this time next year, though circumstances may induce him to come home sooner. I do not think I can afford you much encouragement as to any new work from his pen. He rarely works, save under the impulse of compulsion, and compulsion can no more be brought to bear upon him. What with his accumulations, partly from the sales of his works, and partly from his office, he is placed in tolerable circumstances; while he will also have something respectable, annually, from the future sales of his old works, which are half a dozen in number, besides the books he has written for children. Naturally indolent, simple in his modes of life, very diffident, morbidly sensitive, and caring nothing for money *as* money, he will not be very likely to go to the trouble of creating for us another Arthur Dimmesdale, or Judge Pyncheon. He is said to be a great admirer of SHAKESPEARE's conduct, in retiring from the world, and from literary pursuits, when, had he so chosen, he might have given to the ages some work as superior to "Hamlet" as that is to "Richard III." Having such views, Mr. HAWTHORNE is not likely to seek to advance upon *The Scarlet Letter*, which is his "Hamlet." He is now fifty years old, and Shakespeare was in his fiftieth year when he retired to Stratford. Mr. HAWTHORNE wears well, and when I last saw him, which was but a few days before he sailed to Liverpool, in 1853, I should not have put him down for more than forty, only that I knew him to be a half a dozen years older than that respectable period of life. He might give us half a score of new works, if he chose, but I, who have admired his writings ever since I first read some of them in *The Token* five-and-twenty years ago, should be glad to compound for two, and much fear that I shall never see one. It is rather odd that he and CALEB CUSHING should have both been appointed to high office by the same President after both had been story-writers, at the same time, for the same periodicals. Both wrote for *The Token*, and HAWTHORNE, and I believe CUSHING, for *The New-England Magazine*, which that excellent periodical was under the management of Mr. BUCKINGHAM.

Thyme in the N.Y. Times, Oct. 8 1857, p. 2, cols. 3-4.

"MASSACHUSETTS," *N.Y. Times, Mar. 4, 1855, p. 2, cols. 2-3.*

Mr. EMERSON (RALPH WALDO) will commence a course of lectures next Wednesday evening, at the Freeman-place Chapel, on "Thought," "Memory," "Country Life," and so forth. Some people are beginning to think of the Concord Plato as the cockney thought of SHAKESPEARE—that "he is a very much overrated man." But he's amazingly successful as a lecturer, and pockets the dimes as readily as PLATO would have pocketed *obols*, if he could have got them. The lectures will be six in number, and the course will extend into April.

EMERSON ON THE EYE. In a recent lecture on "Manners" Mr Emerson, as reported in the Boston Transcript, said:

"Every part of a man's person testified to his predominant feelings and sentiments. But the eye, as the window of the soul, is the best index of the prevailing emotion. It speaks of sickness or health, sorrow or joy, purity or guilt. There are eyes all innocence, as well as organs out of which restless gnomes and demons peer. "Some eyes threaten like a loaded and levelled pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you can fall into." Then there are noses of mark. The nasal organs of Julius Cæsar and William Pitt were sure indices of their strong will and resistless sway among men. The character of many persons can be induced from their habit of walking.

Salem Observer, May 7, 1859, p. 1.

Theodore Parker's Farewell—Remarks by Emerson.

From the Boston Atlas and Bee, Jan. 31.

The services at Music Hall, yesterday, drew together a vast congregation, completely filling the spacious edifice. Not only were the seats filled, but nearly all the available standing room was occupied. The announcement that the distinguished scholar and philosopher of Concord, RALPH WALDO EMERSON, would give a discourse, explains the presence of so many hundreds. The services were rendered additionally interesting from the reading of a farewell letter from the pastor, the Rev. THEODORE PARKER, which we are kindly permitted to print in advance of a pamphlet edition.

The services were commenced with singing by the choir. Mr. JOHN R. MAPLE, the Clerk of the Society, then, after a brief statement that the last sermon which Mr. Parker preached to the Society, "What Religion may do for a Man," would be published during the present week, read the following farewell letter from the pastor:

MUCH VALUED FRIENDS: When I first found myself unable to speak to you again, and medical men bade me be silent, and flee off for my life to a more genial clime, I determined, before I went, to make ready and publish my New-Years's sermon, the last I ever preached; and do one what I can to follow it, the last letter, and to dispose a letter to you, reviewing our past life, so.

course of now nearly fifteen years.

The phonographer's swift pen made the first work easy, and the last sermon lies printed before you: the next I soon laid aside, reserving my forces for the last. But alas! the Thought, and still more the Emotion, requisite for such a Letter, under such circumstances, are quite too much for me now. So, with much regret, I find myself compelled to forego the attempt—nay, rather, I trust, only to *postpone* it for a few weeks.

Now I can but write this note in parting, to thank you for the patience with which you have heard me so long; for the open-handed generosity which has provided for my unexpected needs; for the continued affection which so many of you have always shown me, and now more tenderly than ever; and yet above all for the joy it has given me to see the great ideas and emotions of true religion spring up in your fields with such signs of promise. If my labors were to end to-day, I should still say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," for I think few men have seen larger results follow such labors, and so brief. But I shall not think our connection is ended, or likely soon to be: I hope yet to look in your eyes again, and speak to your hearts. So far as my recovery depends on me, be assured, dear friends, I shall leave nothing undone to effect it; and so far as it is beyond human control, certainly you and I can trust the Infinite Parent of us all, without whose beneficent Providence not even a sparrow falls to the ground; living here or in Heaven, we are all equally the children of that unbounded Love. It has given me great pain that I could not be with such of you as have lately suffered bereavements and other affliction, and at least speak words of endearment and sympathy, when words of consolation would not suffice.

I know not how long we shall be separated, but, while thankful for our past relations, I shall still fervently, pray for your Welfare and Progress in True Religion, both as a Society and as individual men and women. I know you will still think only too kindly of

Your minister and friend

THEODORE PARKER.

EXETER-PLACE, Jan. 27, 1859.

The reading of the letter created a marked sensation in the congregation.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON then took the desk and spoke as follows:

I have been asked by your Standing Committee to come here, rather suddenly, and speak to you to-day. It is known to you that it is not my custom nor my inclination to come into the pulpit, but in this accidental exigency I have allowed myself to be persuaded to fill the gap for a single day. As there was no opportunity for special preparation, I have been forced to bring you my thoughts on a general topic, one, however, which is everywhere and always pertinent, and touching, as you will find, on our highest relations. Who could refuse to bring his mind, when others think it important, into this house, now consecrated, as it is, by fifteen years' labor of this heroic Protestant, of this learned scholar, of this faithful teacher, of this true lover of man, the range of whose topics and whose mind has made every topic free, applicable and practical? Alas for you and for America that he is for the present stricken down!

Mr. EMERSON then announced that he should repeat a lecture on "Culture," a subject he regarded as fit anywhere and at all times to discourse upon. Mr. EMERSON occupied an hour in its delivery and was listened to with great attention to the close. It is a production marked by the peculiarities and eccentricities of thought so characteristic of the author, and is one of the best things his singular mind has ever produced. We do not attempt a sketch for two reasons: First, it is not new; and second, we were requested not to report it.

It is understood that Mr. EMERSON will speak again next Sunday.

N.Y. Times, Feb. 2, 1859, p. 2, col. 5.

THE MARBLE FAUN, OR THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS. 1860.

As the glory of GHIBERTI rests upon his gates, so might the fame of HAWTHORNE be safely confided to his prefaces. Most people treat prefaces precisely as they treat gates: push them aside without a look, but not always without a word, and that rather the reverse of complimentary; hurry into the main edifice, and think no more about them. And, in truth, neither gates nor prefaces commonly deserve more grace than they receive. But there are instances to the contrary, and HAWTHORNE is of these.

JEAN PAUL, NODIER, Sir WALTER SCOTT, are indeed his only peers. This quality of preface-making springs, of course, from a certain magnificence of egotism; the egotism of a perfectly sincere, frank and honorable genius, accustomed to find exquisite delight in the work it does, and lingering when the last touches have been laid upon the roof of the stately edifice, to plant vines about the pillars of the porch, and to fret its friezes with a last regretful arabesque. The author of the *Scarlet Letter*, the *Blythedale Romance*, and the *House of Seven Gables*, has just built him a new "pleasure dome," all of Etruscan marbles and Roman mosaics, which he has baptised by the title of the *Romance of Monte Beni*. For this, too, he has reared a porch, in which we meet him once more as we have met him so often before—the most upright of mystical Inquisitors, the most manly of daylight dreamers, the most dignified of spiritual gossips. But having taken his hand to enter his new Italian house, we must confess at once and candidly that we are sorry he has built it.

And this for divers reasons. The *Romance of Monte Beni* is a purely speculative romance, in which the romantic element is utterly depressed and disheartened by the vague and undisciplined conduct of its partner. . . .

Mr. HAWTHORNE is a born Condamine of the secrets of nature. Had he lived in the middle ages he would have taken to alchemy as naturally as PARACELSUS. The passion of knowing the unknowable; comprehending the incomprehensible, and fathoming the unfathomable, possesses him absolutely. This is the key to that perpetual odor of crucibles and catacombs which floats through all his writings. He has often been called a morbid writer; but the designation is no more apt to him than it would be to VON HAMMER delving into the social geology of the worship of BAPHOMET. His mysticism is not like the mysticism of POE, for instance—a pearl generated by disease. The genius of POE was itself disordered, and the subjects upon which it exercised itself had struck their roots into the writer's own heart and brain. There could be no better proof of this than the sort of derision which you see playing about the lips of POE while he is telling you his weird tales. The madman laughs at his own madness and at you; a secret, sardonic, not very wholesome laugh. HAWTHORNE, on the contrary, has all the honest intensity of an amateur. When he is dealing with the strange and passionate aspects of a life which he has thoroughly studied, and has analyzed at his leisure, HAWTHORNE accordingly presents you with his curious speculations upon it in the form of such clear, such well-defined, such inimitable resulting studies as the *Minister's Black Veil*, the *Birth-Mark*, the *Blythdale Romance*, the *Scarlet Letter*.

In his new romance of *Monte Beni* he has not waited for the golden drop to form before shaking it free from his pen. The book is a mere fermentation of impressions. Plot it has none, nor does any single dominant idea grow through it to the close. The religious thought which alone can be faintly discerned glimmering along its pages from the first white gleam of the faun's commencing life among the forest solitudes of a sunlit antiquity, to the broad noon of mercy and love which arches over the paternal figure of the bronze Pope at Perugia, is dim and weak at the best. All that the book contains of vigorous description, of touching sentiment, of natural criticism on art and men, has an interest of its own; but as a romance the story of *Monte Beni* is desolately incoherent. In his worthier works, HAWTHORNE has commonly succeeded in troubling the waters of the imagination to the infinite good of his readers. In this he simply reveals the troubling, not of his own imagination alone, but of his intellect, and even of his conscience.

N.Y. Times, Mar. 24, 1860, p. 3.

In Concord, 7th inst., Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, about 45 yrs. His disease was consumption, and his last hours were among the calmest of his life. Thus has passed away one of the most original thinkers our country has produced. His works will always be read with profound attention, as no man ever lived closer to Nature, and reported her secrets more eloquently. His "Walden" and "Week on the Concord River" are striking marks of his genius.

Christian Register, May 17, 1862.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE name of Henry Thoreau is known to very few persons beyond those who personally knew him; but it will be known long and well in our literature, and can not fade from the memories of all who ever saw him. He was a plain New England man, who sighed neither for old England nor for Greece and Rome. In the woods and pastures of a region in no way remarkable for its natural beauty or for cultivation he found all the company he cared for, and believed that the birds and beasts and flowers he knew were certainly as good, and the men and women perhaps even better, than he could have found in any other place at any other time.

The story of his life is perfectly simple. He had an aptitude for study, graduated at Cambridge, returned to his home in Concord, Massachusetts, and worked as a land-surveyor, while he studied as his inclinations led; built a shanty or cottage by the side of a pretty pond, where he lived quite alone at an expense of about seventy dollars a year; was as faithful a student of nature as he was of Greek literature and Hindoo philosophy; was a most accurate observer, and became known to naturalists and valued by them; had a shrewd mother-wit; but upon the whole he seemed to think that civilization had gone astray; that much fine wisdom had perished with the Indians, and had not been replaced; that the Stoics were the true heroes, and the Hindoo Vedas and Norse Eddas the most interesting religious

George William Curtis. Harper's New Monthly Mag. XXV, July, 1862, 270-271.

legends.

He was a man of singular rectitude; independence, and sagacity. Mr. Emerson says of him that no one was so entirely uninfluenced by the ordinary motives of human action. He wished neither riches, nor fame, nor influence. He cared to be himself only, and he held the world and modern times successfully at bay. But he was entirely unobtrusive. Once or twice only, by the urgent request of others, he spoke in public, but without especial success, for he was in no degree magnetic or impassioned, and his intellectual habit was solitary and severe. He was truly at home in the woods or on the water, and yet he was so much more than a naturalist merely, like Cotton or any of the amiable observers of birds and animals, that he is to be thought of as a naturalist only in the largest sense. He was quite as much thinker as he was observer, and he was familiar with the best literature. His chapter on Reading, in his "Walden, or Life in the Woods," is as good as any thing ever written upon the subject.

"No wonder," he says, "that Alexander carried the Iliad with him on his expeditions in a precious casket. A written word is the choicest of relics. It is something at once more intimate with us and more universal than any other work of art. It is the work of art nearest to life itself. It may be translated into every language, and not only be read, but actually breathed from all human lips—not be represented on canvas or in marble only, but be carved out of the breath of life itself. The symbol of an ancient man's thought becomes a modern man's speech. Two thousand summers have imparted to the monuments of Grecian literature, as to her marbles, only a maturer golden and autumnal tint, for they have carried their own serene and cheerful atmosphere into all lands, to protect them against the corrosion of time. . . . . Most men have learned to read to serve a paltry convenience, as they have learned to cipher in order to keep accounts, and not be cheated in trade; but of reading as a noble intellectual exercise they know little or nothing; yet this only is reading, in a high sense, not that which lulls us as a luxury, and suffers the nobler faculties to sleep the while, but what we have to stand on tip-toe to read, and devote our most alert and wakeful hours to."

This book, the record of his residence, his thoughts, and observations during the time he lived in the woods upon the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, is of the very best of its kind in any literature. He lived in his cottage about two years. For the rest of his life his home was in the village. "I found," he says, "that by working about six weeks in a year I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study." The cheerful humor with which he details his woodland experience is racy and delightful. "Many a traveler came out of his way to see me and the inside of my house, and, as an excuse for calling, asked for a glass of water. I told them that I drank at the pond, and pointed thither, offering to lend them a dipper." "Restless committed men, whose time was all taken up in getting a living or keeping it; ministers who spoke of God as if they enjoyed a monopoly of the subject, who could not bear all kinds of opinions; doctors, lawyers, uneasy housekeepers, who pried into my cupboard and bed when I was out—how came Mrs. —— to know that my sheets were not as clean as hers?—young men who had ceased to be young, and had concluded that it was safest to follow the beaten track of the professions—all these generally said that it was not possible to do so much good in my position. Ay! there was the rub. The old and infirm and the timid, of whatever age or sex, thought most of sickness, and sudden accident, and death; to them life seemed full of danger—what danger is there if you don't think of any?—and they thought that a prudent man would carefully select the safest position, where Dr. B—— might be on hand at a moment's warning. To them the village was literally a *com-munity*, a league for mutual defense; and you would suppose that they would not go a huckleberrying without a medicine-chest. The amount of it is, if a man is alive there is always *danger* that he may die, though the danger must be allowed to be less in proportion as he is dead-and-alive to begin with. A man sits as many risks as he runs."

Thoreau was a Stoic, but he was in no sense a cynic. His neighbors in the village thought him odd and whimsical, but his practical skill as a surveyor and in wood-craft was known to them. No man was his enemy, and some of the best men were his fastest friends. But his life was essentially solitary and reserved. Careless of appearances in later days, when his hair and beard were long, if you had seen him in the woods you might have fancied Orson passing by; but had you stopped to talk with him, you would have felt that you had seen the shepherd of Admetus's flock, or chatted with a wiser Jaques. For some time past he had been sinking under a consumption. He made a journey to the West a year ago, but in vain; and returned to die quietly at home.

It was my good fortune to see him again, last November, when he came into the library of a friend to borrow a volume of Pliny's letters. He was much wasted, and his doom was clear. But he talked in the old strain of wise gravity without either sentiment or sadness. His conversation fell upon the Indians of this country, of our obligations to them, and our ingratitude. It was by far the best talk about Indians I have ever heard or read; and somewhere among his papers, it is to be hoped, some monument of his knowledge of them and regard for them survives.

Mr. Thoreau was the neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. Emerson, who read a discourse at his funeral. "Referring to the Alpine flower *Adelweiss*, of noble purity, which the young Switzers sometimes lose their lives in plucking from its perilous heights, he said: 'Could we pierce to where he is, we should see him wearing profuse chaplets of it, for it belonged to him.' Where there is knowledge, where there is virtue, where there is beauty, where there is progress, there is now his home." In a poem called "Woodnotes," published nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Emerson had already said what he doubtless felt of this valued and faithful friend. The lines will be new to many of our readers to whom the author is not known as a poet, although few men have written such true poetry:

"The water-courses were my guide;
I traveled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed;
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Cheering to the ocean sand
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food;
For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover."

Louisa M. Alcott in Atlantic Monthly, XII, Sept., 1863, 280-281.

THOREAU'S FLUTE.

We, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;—
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him;—
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
  There came a low, harmonious breath:
  "For such as he there is no death;—
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man's aims his nature rose:
  The wisdom of a just content
  Made one small spot a continent,
And tuned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
  Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
  To him grew human or divine,—
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
  And yearly on the coverlid
  'Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

"To him no vain regrets belong,
  Whose soul, that finer instrument,
  Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong
O lonely friend! he still will be
  A potent presence, though unseen,—
  Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him,—he is with thee."

THE MAINE WOODS. By Henry D. Thoreau. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In the fifth volume dedicated to the remains of the late author, who will probably, by means of the press, become more familiar to the generation that succeeds him than he was to those in whose neighborhood his life was past. We should recommend it strongly to any one who desires to become acquainted with the author in his best mood—an earnest lover and student of nature in all her phases and seasons. It contains the part of three separate excursions in the woods and highlands of Maine. One-half the volume has hitherto been unpublished. There is nothing about "Boots" in it. "Brame" and "Visbau" are quite unnotised. In short, it is clear of Thoreau's most objectionable peculiarities, and abounds with striking descriptions of scenery, acute observations, such as a genuine field-naturalist delights to make, and fine thoughts evolved in the mind of the writer from communion with the forest and the wilderness, yet free from man's intrusion. The train of thought pursued in Mr. George P. Marsh's late work, *Man and Nature*, receives frequent illustration from Thoreau's experience. They both are pleaders for the primitive forest, while still the preservation of some portion of it is possible, and lament the coming desolation that must follow, if its present reckless extirpation is persisted in. Lists of trees, shrubs, flowers, birds, Indian phrases, &c., show that Thoreau was something more than a *dilettanti* observer, as in all his explorations had an eye to the attainment of sound scientific knowledge.

N.Y. Times, June 6, 1864.

Cape Cod. By Henry D. Thoreau. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—We have always been charmed with Thoreau's books; he is so accurate an observer of nature, and writes with such unaffected simplicity. His "Cape Cod" is nowhere less entertaining and instructive than his "Walden," his "Maine Woods," or his "Excursions;" and in consequence of the character of his subject, is often even more pleasing. Much of what Thoreau says of Cape Cod resembles us of the Atlantic coast of New Jersey.

Peterson's Magazine, June, 1865.

A SUMMER RAMBLE TO THE HERMIT-HOME OF THOREAU.

To the Editors of The Boston Journal:

Two bits of brick lie before me. A charm goes with them, for they are relics of the home of a New England hermit.

Some years ago, a forest bird was heard singing in the woods that skirt Walden Pond in Concord, Mass. There was a wild independence in those woodland notes, and yet at times a rare sweetness. There was a finish also, the result only of culture. The readers of America have not forgotten the stir that the quaint, vigorous ideas of Thoreau made when published. They went through our phases of thought about nature something like a breeze through his much-loved Walden woods, putting the leaves into a flutter. Ralph Waldo Emerson at the dedication of the Concord Library justly called Thoreau a man of "true genius." It was in March, 1845, that Thoreau shouldered an ax and went down to Walden Pond to carry out a singular impulse that had come to him (not odd to that nature), to retire to the woods and there build himself a home. He tells us that a railroad shanty which he purchased helped out his materials. He gives all the items of the cost of his house, even to a cent's worth of chalk, and we learn that for ($28 12½) twenty-eight dollars twelve cents and a half, an independent gentleman can furnish himself with a cover and a hiding-place. There he stayed for two years and two months, living in a style correspondingly frugal. There those sharp, far-seeing eyes went all through the woods, peered into the waters, scanned the heavens, bringing back such rare sights.

It was one morning last summer that we started for Walden Pond as on a kind of pilgrimage. Before we returned we were determined to find the traces of that hermit home. The pond rippled and flashed in all the old beauty that charmed Thoreau. There was the marvelous sea-green tint he described, the cool, clear depths, the firm, rocky border. One innovation had made its appearance, the irregular buildings put up in one corner of the pond for the convenience of picnic parties. That would vex any solitaire's soul. One of the boats kept on the pond carried us over to a secluded corner. There is a path striking back into the woods. It is plainly a path beaten out by human feet, though the spring grass has tried to carpet it, and autumn flung down its mats of brown leaves. We follow it up a short distance, and then making a slight digression, find an excavation. It is not a gulley washed out by the rain, or a hollow where the earth has subsided, but an excavation. Nature with her busy growth tries to conceal it, but here is a place that has been *dug out*. And see these pieces of brick and the white dust of mortar, as if a chimney had crumbled just here. This is it, the hermit's cellar, the site of Thoreau's forest home. Here he stood and heard the wild geese calling overhead in autumn, and listened in spring to the "striped squirrel's chirp." He goes out to rejoice among the budding oaks, hickories and maples. He caresses as if chosen companions the the life-everlasting and golden rods, and excitedly hears the "faint silvery warblings" of the bluebird and song-sparrow. All the while that roomy brain is filled with its strange fancies. Many of their shadows fall outside, and are preserved in books, some of them queer as the forms the firelight throws on the walls. From what has been said, it must not be thought that Thoreau was a morose, grizzly-bearded hermit, never looking out upon society, but shut up to Walden tight as a bear in winter quarters. Channing says some have fancied because Thoreau moved to Walden he left his family but he went to Concord every day. "It is needless," Channing again writes, "to dwell on the genial and hospitable entertainer he always was." We can imagine some little congenial circle at Walden, grouped about the crackling fire, while the wind roars through the pines without, and the flakes drift against the panes and are stranded there. How the bachelor-philosopher of the woods would shine out on such occasions! Philosopher, Thoreau would have been anywhere. If a chimney-sweep in London, he would still have been the Socrates of his dusky circle. Men will always find something to interest them in Thoreau's writings. We may not always agree with him, for some of his ideas in spiritual things are [illegible] take them so far into the heart of nature, as did Thoreau, show them such rare things right under their feet, even pearls and diamonds, and make the latter fade out all their beauty by his unrivaled way of holding them up. In these days of the smoke and stir of cities we need men to call us away to nature, pure and calm and healthy. And as the omnipresence of the summer is about us, it will help us all to find out in the woods the foot-tracks of one who had as a part of his mission the giving of such a message to his fellows.

E. A. E.

Boston Journal July 13, 1874

disease. But people are very charmed by him who can

Concord Authors Continued.

CONCORD, Mass., Aug. 8th, 1877.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

Henry D. Thoreau, the "poet-naturalist" as he has been called, comes next in the list of Concord authors. What the poetic part of his reputation is based upon, I am at a loss to discover, unless it be some of his prose passages, which are certainly very imaginative, and full of poetic thought. If to be a poet requires that he shall, in his best way, utter his thoughts in metrical lines, I fear that Thoreau would not be pronounced by the critics a success, for wherever he has attempted so to express himself, it is the poorest part of his writings. His poetry, so called, appears forced and unnatural, as if he had an ambition to shine in a direction where he had not the proper fire to produce the desired result. Such is my impression, though I may not be competent to judge. A very keen observer of nature in all its minuteness, nothing around or above him, wherever he went, seems to have escaped his notice, from the minutest insect, or blade of grass under his feet, up to the skies above him, and what he has noticed, he has described with admirable effect, and with more or less poetic beauty, according as his imagination has been exercised at the time.

I have always considered Thoreau, in his philosophical ramblings, as rather an indifferent disciple, if not a bold imitator of Emerson, though such a view of him would scarcely be admitted or acknowledged by Emerson himself, for he seems to reverence the memory of Thoreau, as though he had been one of the wonders of the age.

The writings of Emerson were at first often misunderstood and misinterpreted, but in Thoreau they met with an appreciative soul, willing and ready to receive and nourish them as precious seeds in his garden, and therein they have undoubtedly brought forth good and abundant fruit. I do not, therefore, desire to intimate that Thoreau lacked originality. Far from it. But it is safe to say that if there had been no Emerson, it is doubtful if we should ever have heard of Thoreau as he has a right to be heard of now. His books are full of good things, and charming to read. One should be out of doors while reading them, to enjoy them most, for his was an out-door life. It is wonderful how much he saw, and with his poetic philosophy talked about, that others would pass by unnoticed. Read for instance, these thoughts that came to him while standing under a telegraph wire, listening to the music the wind made upon it:

"How much the ancients would have made of it! To have had a harp on so great a scale, girdling the very earth, and played on by the winds of every latitude and longitude, and that harp were (so to speak) the manifest blessing of Heaven on a work of man's. Shall we not now add a tenth muse to those immortal nine? To read that the ancients stretched a wire around the earth, attaching it to the trees of the forest, on which they sent messages by one named Electricity, father of Lightning and Magnetism, —swifter far than Mercury—the stern commands of war and news of peace, and that the winds caused this wire to vibrate, so that it emitted a harp-like and Æolian music in all the lands through which it passed, as if to express the satisfaction of the gods in this invention."

Perhaps the time may come when some song or another may be chaunted by means of the telephone at one time to all the nations, and then the above may be quoted as prophecy.

Thoreau once visited Staten Island, and in describing some scenery elsewhere, he thus refers to it: "It reminded me of the homesteads of the Hugunots, on Staten Island. The hills in the interior of this Island, though comparatively low, are penetrated in various directions by similar sloping valleys on a humble scale, gradually narrowing and rising to the center, and at the head of these the Hugunots, who were the first settlers, placed their houses, quite within the land, in rural and sheltered places, in leafy recesses where the breeze played with the poplar and the gum tree, from which, with equal security in calm and storm, they looked out through a widening vista, over miles of forest and stretching salt marsh to the Hugunot's tree, an old elm on the shore at whose root they had landed; and across the spacious outer bay of New York and Sandy Hook, and the highlands of Naversink, and thence over leagues of the Atlantic, perchance to some faint vessel in the horizon, almost a day's sail on her voyage to that Europe whence they had come. When walking in the interior there, in the midst of rural scenery, where there was as little to remind me of the ocean as amid the New Hampshire hills, I have suddenly, through a gap, a cleft or clove-road, as the Dutch settlers called it, caught sight of a ship under full sail over a field of corn, twenty or thirty

Alfred Munroe in the Richmond County Gazette of Stapleton, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1877.

miles at sea. The effect was similar, since I had no means of measuring distances, to seeing a painted ship passed backwards and forwards thro' a magic lantern."

What year Thoreau was on Staten Island, I do not know, but probably about forty years ago. I confess my ignorance as to the facts in the above extract, particularly as to the Hugunot's tree. Is there such a tree still standing any where on the shores of Staten Island? If so, it would be interesting to learn all about it.

I knew Thoreau well when we were school-boys together. He was considered by most of us boys as rather stupid, and unsympathetic, though by no means a poor scholar. I suppose we thought him stupid because he did not join heartily in our plays. I cannot recollect that he ever played with us at all. He seemed to have no fun in him. We used to bother him a good deal calling him "the fine scholar with a big nose." His quietness was more noticeable, no doubt, from the contrast between him and his brother John, who was as chock full of fun as an egg is of meat. I remember as if it were but yesterday, his sitting on the fence by the old brick school-house, telling stories to the boys, and making our sides ache with laughter, or our eyes flood with tears. He would for hours together pour out a continual stream of anecdotes, so full of wit, humor, and pathos, that it seemed to me a wonder then, as it does even now when I think it. I liked him better than his brother, though the former did at times invent some most improbable stories. They now sleep side by side in the Concord cemetery.

A. M.

Henry Thoreau.

Rptd. in Christian Register, Aug. 16, 1879.

Some time in June, 1861, Henry Thoreau came to see me, on his way westward, and impressed me so deeply by his presence and fine, frank speech, that I can see him still, and hear him, almost as distinctly as I did that day.

He was something over forty years of age then, but would have passed for thirty-five; rather slender, but of a fine mould, and with a presence which touched you with the feeling of perfect purity, as newly-opened roses do. And it was a clear, rose-tinted face he turned to you, delicate to look at as the face of a girl, and great gray eyes, the seer's eyes, full of quiet sunshine. It was a strong face, too, and the nose was especially notable, being, as Conway said once of Emerson's, a sort of interrogation-mark to the universe; and his voice was low, but still sweet of tone, though the organs were all in revolt just hen, while his words were as distinct and true to the ear as those of a great singer. I ~~noticed, also, that he never went back~~ on his tracks to pick up the fallen loops of a sentence, as commonplace talkers do. He would hesitate sometimes just an instant, for the right word, or to master the trouble in the chest, perhaps, but when he was through, the sentence was perfect, and so natural to the man, that, when I read his books now, after all these years, I do not hear my own voice within my reading, but the voice I heard that day.

This is the picture I treasure of Henry Thoreau as I saw him and heard him a year before he died. Then I went in the fall of that year to look at his grave and Walden Woods and the pond, and with Conway, who was living at Concord, sought out the spot where he had made his hermitage. We had a rare talk, also, with Emerson about him, as we sat eating ripe pears, of which he had a great store hidden away in the nooks and corners of his study. He selected the best for his visitors, with the hospitality of an Arab, taking the second-best himself, pear for pear, without flinching. That, also, was a rare day in my life. Concord and the woods and the talk with the man in all the world who had known Thoreau best, seemed to give permanence to the photograph I had taken of him a year and a half before, and to bring out the lights and shadows perfect for all time. We are not sure it would pay to see some men who have touched us by their genius, but it seems to me now it was quite essential to see Thoreau as I did that day in my own home, and hear him talk, because he was so simply and entirely the man I had thought of as giving Thoreau a place in any "company," or trying to yoke him to *this* chariot, who would wear no harness he did not himself assume. "Yoke your wagon to a star," his great friend says; "but this seems rather like yoking a star to your wagon." Were I read his chapters. There was no lapse, no missing link; books and man were one; and I found it was true of him also, that the word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

So it is no wonder, I suppose, that I should think more of the man than of the books he has written,—rare and unique as these are,—and want to touch his manhood especially, in any word about his place among the liberal preachers outside the pulpit. Indeed, one hesitates before

he living now, he would be sure to protest against being classified, and the protest holds good, to my mind, when he cannot speak to us across the silence. Apart from his fellows in the whole world, as he was in Concord, a spirit so free has won the right to stand alone. Like Harry Wynd in the story, he fought for his own hand. They imprisoned him once about some small matter of a poll-tax; but then he says, "I saw that if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could be as free as I was"; and so it must be in some sure way with him now, when we would bring him within even our wide and free lines. If "the only begotten of the Father" means the one singular and separate soul of the sort, Thoreau also may claim such a title. We have no more like him.

It was said of one for whom I keep a warm place in my nature, "He will be a wild man"; and so I love to think of Thoreau as another Ishmael, wild but wholesome from his youth, and nourishing in his boy's heart and brain the very dissidence of dissent. We know very little about his life in those days, but are at no loss to trace some of its more pregnant conditions. Grand old Dr. Ripley was priest and king in Concord then, and would tolerate no freedom outside his own proper supremacy. "His throne was his character," Dr. Hosmer says, who knew him well, and he sat upon it a born king, arbitrary and imperious, some said, but still a whole, grand man. He was sixty-three years minister of his church, and monarch, and in all these years it would be natural that those who were ruled by him should answer fairly to his will; but I love to imagine that, quite unawares, he met his match in this boy. I think of the lad in the meeting-house, watching the old man with those great gray eyes, and by no means content, from the time when he began to think for himself, to let doctrine or dogma pass without challenge. He is a freethinker at any rate and a free agent when we first find him, with no solder of the stereotype about him, but a clean and separate type, and bound to live his life in his own way, no matter what the world about him may say or do. He could say, also, "I was born free," and that incident of the pencil he made is the first clear revelation to me of this free spirit. It was a perfect pencil; but when it was done and might have opened the way to a fortune, he would make no more lest, as I imagine, he should find, in no long time, that his life was hidden away in pencils, and then "*Thoreau, Maker*," would be all that was left of the man,—a stroke well worth the attention even of those of us who make sermons.

It was this spirit, again, wild but wholesome, which lured him into Walden Woods, and compelled him for a time to turn hermit. Wordsworth says:—

"The world is too much with us; late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We give our hearts away, a sordid boon."

So thought Thoreau. "I see young men, my townsmen," said he, "whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? How many a poor immortal soul have I met, well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load! The better part of the man is soon plowed into the soil for compost. It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before."

So Thoreau was not led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, but to be free from what he felt to be an evil thraldom, and to draw near to God in his own way.

I would love to know, too, whether the germ of this adventure may not be found in certain protests the youth had to make against the good old doctor's dogmas about the smirching and befouling of this world of ours in the Fall. It was not a fallen world to Thoreau, nor was he a fallen man; and so he seems to have felt that Eden might be still hidden away in Walden Woods, and he might find it; and he did find it, and the wild things came about him in the old, companionable way. No more exquisite picture was ever made than that Thoreau makes of his nearness to the denizens of the wilderness, his faith in them and their faith in him, and all the wonders he saw in that sweet leisure. It was by no means the noblest life a man can live, in my poor opinion; but it must have been the noblest in which one so sincere and true could then assent,—and this must determine our verdict. Talking with a rare woman about him the other day, she said, "It is fortunate, I think, that there are no more of the kind"; but I ventured to answer, "Is it not equally fortunate that we should have this one?" She could not see it. She was a happy mother, with four children asleep upstairs,—including the twins,—and she could imagine no rounded manhood and

no Eden with the helpmeet left out; nor can I. Still here is the man in such an Eden as he could find by himself, and ready to affirm against any elder Word, that there may be a life in which it is good for the man to be alone. The most of us may not agree with him; but we may be well content that he should agree with himself so entirely, and with that world he took into his heart, and leave us Walden as the fruit of his adventure. "I went to the woods," he says, "because I wanted to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach me." So did the great King in the old days, and at the end of seven years he lifted up his eyes to heaven and blessed the Most High God. George Eliot says:—

"On solitary souls the universe
Looks down inhospitable; and the human heart
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind."

But that which might be a bane to the most of us was no doubt a priceless blessing to Thoreau. The solitude suited him as it did St. Robert of Knaresborough, who had exactly Thoreau's faculty for communion with our poor brothers that run and fly.

And this free spirit, resolute to solve such problems as were brought to it in its own way and to call no man master, is the one link, if there be one, which connects Thoreau with the great company of liberal preachers outside the pulpit; and the sermon he preaches to us clusters about the text,—

"To thine own self be true,
And it shall follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

And it is a sermon well worth our notice, though the mutterings we are hearing against individualism should increase to a howl and end in a vast crusade to put us all again in the traces. We need these souls in every age, full to the brim with the dissidence of dissent; men who will take no man's say-so, because God has whispered to them a greater Word; who will neither be led nor lead, but just live their own life in their own way, and then report to us what they have found that we cannot find who are quite content to work in the harness and blend kindly with our kind. On the far frontier a man will drop into the settlements and offer his wild meat, now and then, for the home-made bread and whatever fruits of civility are to his mind, and the folks are glad to see him and make the exchange, and have him tell them of his life and adventures. So Thoreau comes to us out of the wilderness with his treasures, and we may well give him this good welcome he has won. When Parker Pillsbury went to see him as he lay a-dying, he said: "Thoreau, you are so near the line now, can you not see something of the other side, some glimpse or gleam of the waiting world?" "One world at a time, Parker," he whispered cheerily. And it was the watchword, as it seems to me, of his whole life. One world at a time; and he saw that well and served it well according to the nature God gave him, and in the short space allowed for his life. A free man to the core of his nature, with strict limitations, but within these whole and sound and true, his life is our sermon, because—

"The spirit which from God is made
The noblest of its kind,
Asks not the help of rules that serve
To guide the feebler mind.
It soars, however bold its flight,
Right onward, safe and free,
And all that schools and books can teach
In its own self can see.
What charms this soul all souls must charm,
What grieves it saddens all;
It holds the choices of the world
Within its subtle thrall."

—*Robert Collyer, in Unity for Aug. 1.*

THOREAU, THE POET-PHILOSOPHER.

New Passages From His Journals, Read at the Concord Summer School By H. G. O. Blake of Worcester.

At the School of Philosophy on Wednesday evening, August 11, Mr Blake, the friend and literary legatee of Thoreau, read passages from his unpublished journals, with the following prefatory remarks:—

A writer in the New York Nation, referring to some extracts from Thoreau's journal which were published in the Atlantic Monthly, said that he regarded their prime value as consisting in the observations of nature which they contained. Their poetry he put second, and their philosophy last. I am inclined to reverse this order (if the three can with any propriety be separated), putting the philosophy first, though, of course, I do not mean by philosophy speculation or metaphysics, for it is well known how foreign these things were from him. But if a genuine lover of wisdom is a philosopher it would be hard to find one who deserved the title better. The quotations made by the critics from the articles referred to, were, I think, generally from the philosophy and poetry rather than the simple observations of nature, indicating what they and their readers were most interested in. But even in Thoreau's descriptions of natural objects, it is their poetic character which gives them their main value as another has pointed out, and as Thoreau himself all along implies or states. It is this which distinguishes them from the observations of scientific men or dry students of natural history. It is this which lifts him above such observers as White of Selborne, a superiority which Lowell, with all his severity of criticism on many points, so heartily recognizes. In Thoreau's account of the landscape, the flower, the bird, we see he felt the presence of the Great Friend, of "the light that never was on sea or land."

Springfield Repub. Aug. 14, 1880

Conduct has been said to be three-fourths of life, and Thoreau's thoughts about conduct, his attitude toward life are what he himself was evidently most interested in, what is most interesting about him to others. The presiding officer of the recent republican convention at Chicago, himself a native of Concord as well as Thoreau, said substantially in his opening

speech, "Rebellion subdued, slaves freed, great public ways constructed, homestead laws, naturalization treaties, public credit reëstablished, debt diminished, sound currency restored, flag respected, for these things indeed, but not for these things alone or chiefly the republican party lives. The republic lives, the republican party lives, that every man within our borders may live in a happy home, may cast and have counted his equal vote, may send his child at the public charge to a free school." Thoreau went but a step farther, counting the home, the vote, the school as of no value except as they helped the individual to lead a worthy life, and it was to this, the end of all good institutions and the source from whence their goodness flows, that he early turned with all simplicity and directness. Instead of giving himself to some profession or business whereby he might earn those superfluities which men have agreed to call a living, instead of thus earning a position in society and so acting upon it, instead of trying to see how the town, the state, the country might be better governed, so that future generations might come nearer to the ideal life, he proposed to lead that life at once himself, as far as possible. "Life is so short," he said, "that it is not wise to take roundabout ways, nor can we spend much time in waiting. It is absolutely necesary then that we should do as we are doing. Are we chiefly under obligations to the devil like Tom Walker? Though it is late to leave off this wrong way, it will seem early the moment we begin in the right way, instead of mid-afternoon it will be only morning with us. We have not got half-way to dawn yet. I know what is said as to the falseness of such a course, that the only true way is to assume the complex burdens of society and lead an ideal life in the midst of them. People are ready enough to pursue this course and we see everywhere with what results to the individual, we know by experience and observation how commonly the fountains of life are choked by a devotion to instrumentalities. It might have been pain in Martha to lead the ideal life while careful and troubled about many things, but it was a wise person, who said that Mary had chosen the better part." As Thoreau puts it: "It is not easy to make our lives respectable by any course of activity. We must repeatedly withdraw into our shells of thought somewhat helplessly; yet there is more than philosophy in that."

I am glad that he felt called upon to turn aside from the common path and devote himself mainly, not to institutions, but to the end which these have in view, to simple living, to thought, intercourse with nature, and the highest human society, whether in persons or books. The fruits of this course we find in his writings, and I think they amply justify it. I should not dare to run the risk of losing them for any help he might have given us as an active and useful member of society in the common sense. These writings abounding in what is of deepest concern to us all, uttered with a strength of conviction to which his whole life bore witness, make it plain that Thoreau had chosen the right path for himself as few men do, that in no other way could he have served humanity so well. He describes his position in the lines:—

"I had but few companions on the shore;
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

"The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew."

In a passage of his journal he justifies what many would find fault with as his incompleteness, or one-sideness. "If I do no keep step with my companions it is because I have a different drummer. Let a man step to the music which he has, however measured and however far away. Is it important that I should be matured as soon as an apple-tree, age as soon as an oak? May not my life in nature, in proportion as it is supernatural, be only the spring and infertile portion of my spirit's life. Shall I turn my spring to summer? May I not sacrifice a hasty and petty completeness here to entireness there? If my curve is large, why bend it to a smaller circle? The society which I was made for is not here. Shall I then substitute for the anticipation of that this poor reality? I would rather have the unmixed expectation of that than this reality. If life is a waiting, so be it, I will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. Shall I with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over myself, though when it is done I shall be sure to gaze still on the true ethereal heaven far above as if the former were not?"

Though Thoreau took no active part in society, he was far from being a misanthrope, one of those who rail at men and find little peace in solitude, who, to adopt his language somewhat altered, are unfit to be the companions of themselves because they have not the element of companionship with others, and whose lives breathe discontent and discouragement. He had his weaker hours and is ready to confess them, though by principle he speaks rather from his strength than his weakness, and his words are full of health and courage. It was from an insatiable, persistent thirst for true society that he avoided the false

—"the false society of men,
For earthly greatness
All heavenly comforts rarefies to air."

On this matter let me quote his own words, for I shall despair of describing his position so well:—

As for the dispute about solitude and society, any comparison is impertinent. It is an idling down on the plain at the base of a mountain, instead of climbing steadily to its top. Of course you will be glad of all the society you can get to go up with. Will you go to glory with me? is the burden of the song. I love society so much that I swallowed it all at a gulp, that is, all that came in my way. It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar, and when we do soar the company grows thinner and thinner till there is none at all. It is either the "Tribune" on the plain, a sermon on the mount, or a very private ecstasy still higher up. We are not the less to aim at the summits, though the multitude does not ascend them. Use all the society that will abet you.

Here as everywhere in Thoreau's writings we see the end for which he lived. My own account of it has been so inadequate that I am anxious to quote his own published words further on the subject. "He alone," he says, "is the truly enterprising or practical man who succeeds in *maintaining* his soul here. Have we not our everlasting life to get? and is not that the only excuse at last for eating, drinking, sleeping, or even carrying an umbrella when it rains? A man might as well devote himself to raising pork, as to fattening the bodies, or temporal part merely, of the whole human family. If we made the true distinction we should almost all of us be seen to be in the almshouse for souls." Again, "Suppose a man were to sell the hue, the least amount of coloring matter in the superficies of his thought, for a farm,—were to exchange an absolute and infinite value for a relative and finite one, to gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

What he aimed at, and how successfully is implied again when he says while living at Walden: "I have never felt lonesome or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as near, the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a village, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again."

The most remarkable thing in this passage to me is that the feeling of loneliness should never have come over him except in this single instance during his residence of about two years at Walden. It was the same experience which

came to Thoreau when lying in his tent at night, he listened to the distant drummer. "For in the night, as we were falling asleep on the bank of the Merrimack, we heard some tyro beating a drum incessantly, in preparation for a country muster, as we heard, and we thought of the line:—

'When the drum beat at dead of night,'

We could have assured him that his beat would be answered, and the forces be mustered. Fear not, thou drummer of the night, we too will be there. And still he drummed on in silence and the dark. This stray sound from a far-off sphere came to our ears from time to time, far, sweet, and significant, and we listened with such an unprejudiced sense as if for the first time we heard at all. No doubt he was an insignificent drummer enough, but his music afforded us a prime and leisure hour and we felt that we were in season wholly. These simple sounds related us to the stars. Aye, there was a logic in them so convincing that the combined sense of mankind could never make me doubt their conclusions.

Then idle Time ran gadding by,
And left me with Eternity alone;

I see, smell, taste, hear, feel, that everlasting something to which we are allied, at once our maker, our abode, our destiny, our very selves.

. . . . . .

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life.
I will not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,
Which wooed me young and woes me old,
And to this evening hath me brought."

It was the light shining through such passages as these which guided Thoreau's life, regulating all its details. This was his society in nature and solitude, and he could only find society in other persons so far as the same light was present in them. Compared with this all things else seemed trivial. Into the "fire" of this "ideal," to quote the language of another, not originally applied to him, he "threw everything, the incumbrances of society and pleasure, the frivolous amusements, the small talk and idling, the clique feelings and constraints, the conveniences that make our life a curse, the ornaments that dress us in a weight to crush us to the dust." It was a perception of this profound, all-pervading faith in Thoreau which made his life supremely interesting to me. So that I count it an inestimable privilege to have known him.

Passages Read from Thoreau's Journals.

Some of my acquaintances have been wondering why I took all this pains bringing some wood for fuel nearly three miles by water, and have suggested various reasons for it. I tell them; in my despair of making them understand me, that it is a profound secret, which it has proved, yet I did hint to them that I wanted to get it. I take some satisfaction in eating my food, as well as in being nourished by it. . . . The world will never find out why you don't love to have your bed tucked up for you, why you will be so perverse. I enjoy more drinking water at a clear spring than out of a goblet at a gentleman's table. I like best the bread which I have baked, the garment which I have made, the shelter which I have constructed, the fuel which I have gathered. . . . . It is always a recommendation to me to know that a man has ever been poor, has been regularly born into this world, knows the language. I require to be assured of certain philosophers that they have once been bare-footed, have eaten a crust because they had nothing better, and know what sweetness resides in it. I have met with some barren, accomplished gentlemen who seemed to have been at school all their lives and never had a vacation to live in. Oh! if they could only have been stolen by the gypsies! and carried beyond the reach of their guardians! They had better have died in infancy and been buried under the leaves, their lips besmeared with blackberries and cock-robin for their sexton.

I find it good to be out this still dark, mizzling afternoon. My walk or voyage is more suggestive and profitable than in bright weather. The view is contracted by the misty rain, the water is perfectly smooth, and the stillness is favorable to reflection. I was more open to impressions, more sensitive (not callused or indurated by sun and wind), as if in a chamber still. My thoughts are concentrated. I am all compact. The solitude is real, too, for the weather keeps other men at home. This mist is like a roof of walls over and around, and I walk with a domestic feeling. The sound of a wagon going over an unseen bridge is louder than ever, and so of other sounds. I am compelled to look at near objects. All things have a soothing effect. The very clouds and mists brood over me. My power of observation and contemplation is much increased. My attention does not wander. The world and my life are simplified. What now of Europe and Asia?

Saw in the pool at the hemlocks what I at first thought was a brighter leaf moved by the zephyr on the surface of the smooth, dark water, but it was a splendid male summer duck, which allowed us to approach within seven or eight rods, sailing up close to the shore, and then rose and flew up the curving stream. We soon overhauled it again and got a fair and long view of it. What an ornament to a river, that glowing gem floating in contact with its waters, as if the humming-bird should recline its ruby throat and its breast on the water. It so affected me.

I sometimes think that I must go off to some wilderness where I can have a better opportunity to play life, can find more suitable materials to build my house with and enjoy the pleasure of collecting my fuel in the forest. I have more taste for the wild sports of hunting, fishing, wigwam-building, making garments of skin and collecting wood wherever you find it, than for butchering, farming, carpentry, working in a factory or going to a wood market.

Standing there (in Holden swamp, Conantum) in this bare November landscape, I am reminded of the incredible phenomenon of small birds in winter. That ere long amid the cold, powdery snow as it were, a fruit of the season, will come twittering a flock of crimson-tinged birds (lesser red-polls) to sport and feed on the seeds and buds now just ripe for them on the sunny side of a wood, shaking down the powdery snow there in their cheerful, social feeding, as if it were high midsummer to them. These crimson aerial creatures have wings which would bear them quickly to the regions of summer, but here is all the summer they want. What a rich contrast, tropical colors—crimson breasts on cold white snow. Such etherialness, such delicacy in their forms, such ripeness in their colors, in this stern and barren season. It is as surprising as if you were to find a brilliant crimson flower which flourished amid snow. They greet the hunter and the chopper in their furs. Their maker gave them the last touch and launched them forth the day of the great snow. He made this bitter imprisoning cold before which man quails, but he made at the same time these warm and glowing creatures to twitter and be at home in it. He said not only, Let there be linnets in winter, but linnets of rich plumage and pleasing twitter, bearing summer in their natures. The snow will be three feet deep, the ice will be two feet thick, and

that he knows when speed and effort are required.

Poetry *implies* the whole truth, philosophy *expresses* a particle of it.

Would you see your mind, look at the sky. Would you know your own moods, be weather-wise. He whom the weather disappoints, disappoints himself.

Let all things give way to the impulse of expression. It is the bud unfolding, the perennial spongioles and rootlets by which its trunk is fed. If you neglect the moments—if you cut off your fibrous roots—what but a languishing life is to be expected? Let the spurs of countless moments goad us incessantly into life. I feel the spur of the moment thrust deep into my side. The present is an inexorable rider. The moment always spurs either with a sharp or a blunt spur. Are my sides callused? Let us trust the rider that he knows the way,

last night, perchance, the mercury sank to 30° below zero. All the fountains of nature seem to be sealed up. The traveler is frozen on his way. But under the edge of yonder birch wood will be a little flock of crimson-breasted lesser red-polls, busily feeding on the seeds of the birch and shaking down the powdery snow!

Obey the spur of the moment. These accumulated it is that make the impulse and the impetus of the life of genius. These are the

spring. As well stay the spring. Who shall resist the thaw?

Nature never indulges in exclamations, never says Ah! or Alas! She is not of French descent. She is a plain writer, uses few gestures, does not add to her verbs, uses few adverbs, uses no expletives.

We resist no true invitations. They are irresistible. When my friend asks me to stay and I do not—unless I have another engagement—it is because I do not find myself invited. It is not in his will to invite me. We should deal with the real mood of our friends. I visited my friend constantly for many years, and he postponed our friendship to trivial engagements, so that I saw him not at all. When in after years he had leisure to meet me, I did not find myself invited to go to him.

I will still abide by the truth in my converse and intercourse with my friends, whether I am so brought nearer to or removed farther from them. I shall not be the less your friend for answering you truly, though coldly. Even the estrangement of friends is a fact to be serenely contemplated, as in the course of nature. It is of no use to lie, either by word or action. Is not the everlasting truth agreeable to you?

I suspect that the child plucks its first flower with an insight into its beauty and significance which the subsequent botanist never retains.

HENRY THOREAU'S MOTHER.

To the Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

Mr. Sanborn in his book called "Henry D. Thoreau," has seen fit to speak slightingly of Thoreau's mother and aunts. It seems particularly unmanly to do this now, so many years after their death, and when no near relative is left to defend their memory. Perhaps for this reason he felt that he could do it with impunity. He has expended most of his injustice upon Henry Thoreau's mother. Such being the case, a few words from one who knew her well may not be inappropriate. As my excuse for troubling you with this communication, you will perhaps allow me to quote a few paragraphs from Mr. Sanborn's book. Speaking of John Thoreau, Henry's father, Mr. Sanborn says: "John Thoreau led a plodding, unambitious, and respectable life in Concord Village, educating his children, associating with his neighbors on those terms of equality for which Concord was famous, and keeping clear, in a great degree, of the quarrels, social and political, which agitated the village." This is well enough, but he takes occason to add: "Mrs. Thoreau, on the other hand, with her sister Louisa, and her sisters-in-law, Sarah, Maria and Jane Thoreau, took their share in the village bickerings!!!" I fail to see how Mr. Sanborn can know this unless he took a pretty active part in those same village bickerings himself, and if he does not write it of his own knowledge, he is surely writing gossip of a very small and petty kind. Perhaps he thought it witty to speak of them all together in this way. Dear "Aunt Maria," one of the sweetest, gentlest women that ever lived, and whose letter, written when she was eighty-four years of age, is the one good thing* in Mr. Sanborn's book! He rewards her for it by speaking of her as taking her "share in the village bickerings!" It was certainly left for Mr. Sanborn to discover this. Few of us remember Louisa Dunbar, or Sarah and Jane Thoreau, well enough to speak of them from our own knowledge, but those who do say that Mr. Sanborn's allusion to them gives a very wrong impression, and is entirely without excuse. A lady, who well remembers Louisa Dunbar and Jane Thoreau, said to me, "I cannot conceive of such a thing being said in connection with them. Why we all loved them." But it is Henry Thoreau's mother whom Mr. Sanborn singles out as the special target for ill-natured criticism. I will quote again. After speaking of her brother, Charles Dunbar, Mr. Sanborn goes on in this strain: "Thoreau's mother had this same incessant and rather malicious liveliness that in Charles Dunbar took the grotesque form above hinted at. She was a kindly, shrewd woman, with traditions of gentility and *sentiments of generosity, but with sharp and sudden flashes of gossip and malice, which never quite amounted to ill-nature* [the italics are my own], *but which greatly provoked the prim and commonplace respectability that she so often came in contact with.* Along with this humorous quality there went, also, an affectionate earnestness in her relations with those who depended upon her, that could not fail to be respected by all who knew the hard conditions that New England life, even in a favored village like Concord, then imposed on the mother of a family, where the outward circumstances were not in keeping with the inward aspirations." In another place he says of John Thoreau: "He was a small, deaf, unobtrusive man, plainly clad, and 'minding his own business,' very much in contrast with his wife, who was one of the most unceasing talkers ever seen in Concord. Her gift of speech was proverbial"; and more follows of the same sort. It has not commonly been supposed that Mr. Sanborn considered "minding one's business" the height of virtue. I have never before heard it intimated that Mrs. Thoreau failed in that respect, and yet she was not like a woman I once knew whose next door neighbor died, and had been buried two weeks before she knew that anything unusual had taken place! Mrs. Thoreau was a good friend and a kind neighbor, as many can testify. It is, pernaps, needless to remark that Mr. Sanborn's book has given great pain to the many friends of the Thoreau family. But it is for this reason that I propose to speak of a few things which Mr. Sanborn omits to speak of, and to enlarge a little upon some of which he does speak. I think the characteristics which chiefly impressed those of us who knew Mrs. Thoreau best, were the activity of her mind and the wideness of her sympathy. The first quality Henry inherited. She was also an excellent mother and housewife. In the midst of poverty she brought up her children to all the amenities of life, and, if she had but a crust of bread for dinner, would see that it was properly served. Mr. Sanborn says patronizingly, she had "sentiments of generosity." She certainly had, though I should scarcely have spoken of it in that way. Year after year on Christmas and Thanksgiving days she invited to her table, not the rich who would return her hospitality, but her poorer neighbors from whom she could expect no return. She was never so poor or so busy that she did not find ways of helping those poorer than herself. Such was her influence in this respect that it was felt by all who came in contact with her, and one young girl was heard to say, "When I grow up, I will do like Mrs. Thoreau. I will give my gifts to those who need them, and I will invite to my table the poor rather than the rich, who are sure to have plenty of invitations without mine." And yet she did not confine her hospitality to the poor; people of every kind and degree were welcomed under her roof. Her efforts in the antislavery cause are well known. She was unsparing in her denunciation of the fugitive slave law, and was one of the first to give aid and comfort to fugitives. Are these things what Mr. Sanborn means by "sentiments of generosity"? When she became interested in a poor servant girl, she placed money in the bank for her, and encouraged her to add little sums to it from time to time. And when she made her will, every dollar was disposed of conscientiously where she thought it would do the most good, and in no way merely for her own pleasure. It was no mere impulse which made her do these things, but a high and noble principle. There was no poor man or woman who came in contact with her to whom she did not do some good. She had her faults, as which of us has not? but her aim was high. She expressed herself frankly at all times, and she sometimes told disagreeable truths; perhaps she felt it a duty to do so. She had the courage of her convictions, and she certainly never hesitated to condemn a fault. It was done in all honesty to bring about a reform. She was much more likely to say severe things to people than of them. This does not make a person popular. She *was* a great talker, and she occasionally said sharp things; but what was this in comparison with her virtues? She was quick-witted and observing, and naturally had more to say than some of her neighbors. She was never guilty of mean and petty gossip. She was not uncharitable, and could readily forgive a fault if she saw any signs of repentance. On the whole, I think few women have done more good and less harm in the world than Mrs. Thoreau. That any biographer of Henry Thoreau should use his name as a centre around which to weave a tissue of pretty gossip about his mother and aunts would seem peculiarly ungracious; but, that this should be done by one calling himself his "friend," is a refinement of cruelty which has seldom been paralleled in literary annals.

E. M. F.

*Some may take exception to the remark that Miss Maria Thoreau's letter is "the one good thing in Mr. Sanborn's book." I do not mean to imply that there are not other good things in the book,—pleasant anecdotes and the like. I am not criticising the book from a literary point of view; but that letter seems to me the one thing which adds any thing to our knowledge of Thoreau and his ancestry not obtainable elsewhere.

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THOREAU'S "SUMMER."

This new selection from the journal of one of

the most careful observers and interpreters of nature in New England is timely in appearance, and cannot fail to enhance its author's right to be given high rank among America's most original thinkers. The volume consists of selections from the notes made by Thoreau during the Junes and Julys of years ranging in date from 1839 to 1860, but arranged in orderly sequence as to the day of the month, so that we have here the record of observations made during many summers condensed into one rich season.

Every new work bearing the impress of Thoreau's name more and more impresses the reader with the sense that his writings are destined to live when other more pretentious and ambitious writers of his own and of later days shall be forgotten. He is so distinctly a son of the soil, so unequivocally an indigenous product of American genius, that when this country shall, by reason of the great amount of good literary work done by its sons and daughters, come to have its best writers sifted, singled out, and classified according to their real merit, then this lonely, erratic genius, who once cheerfully boasted of his "library of seven hundred volumes," five hundred of which consisted of copies of his own unsold works, will be assigned to no low place among America's classics; for, unlike so many of his countrymen of to-day who aim to win fame as men of genius, he was no copyist of foreign methods in style or subject. He was himself an original thinker, a discoverer in untrodden ways. He was so essentially an outcome of New England's thought and culture, bearing so unmistakably the stamp of his heredity and environments, that she may well be proud to own him as her very own contribution to the world's thinkers.

Thoreau's philosophy was rather microscopic than telescopic. In this respect, he was almost unique; for, while the majority of thinkers enlarge their area of thought by enlarging their area of observation and drawing their inspiration from the macrocosm, this man enlarged his thought by deliberately withdrawing as far as possible from society, and confining his observations to the minute details of his native woods and fields. His inspiration came direct from nature's self, and is none the less invigorating, healthful, or helpful for so coming. But because of this isolation of himself and close attention to the minute, the individuality of the man, the "me," looms up rather too gigantically.

Despite Thoreau's professed distaste for society, and while he seemed to aim chiefly at a faithful delineation of the characteristics of New England scenery and natural history in their most minute details, he manages to give us at the same time a pretty vivid portraiture of New England human nature as well. Though these sketches are incidental, they are drawn with no uncertainty of touch, showing a capacity to discern the salient points of character, humorous or otherwise.

His scientific observations of natural phenomena are so blended with poetic and philosophic thought that such books as this on "Summer" cannot fail to excite renewed interest in the common things so charmingly described and commented on. Even to the New Englander, who has all his life been accustomed to the environments which are so lovingly and minutely described, and who has thought hitherto that he has fully understood and taken note of these every-day sights and sounds, Thoreau opens a new field for delightful investigation; and he longs, ere he closes the volume, to get into the woods and fields to search for himself with clearer vision for the new beauties which nature offers him through the revelations of this, one of her high-priests.

Thoreau was an industrious idler, a "loafer" after Walt Whitman's own heart. He, too, "loafs and invites his soul." He "leans and loafs at his ease, observing a spear of summer grass," or, as Thoreau himself states it, "the farmer is ploughing in yonder field, craftsmen are busy in the shops, the trader stands behind the counter, and all works go steadily forward. But I will have nothing to do; will tell Fortune that I play no game with her, and she may reach me in my Asia of serenity and indolence, if she can." But the indolence of which he accuses himself was the indolence of the hands only: the keenly observant eyes, the active, alert brain, were busy in noting, comparing, analyzing, and philosophizing even in the idlest hours, as these pages fully attest, fragmentary as they necessarily are.

One cannot close this book without a sigh of regret that Thoreau did not live to attain the acme of his intellectual powers; for the very incompleteness and fragmentariness of it show strong evidences of the growth of his whole nature, moral and intellectual. An accurate observer, an original thinker, a vigorous writer, in spite of his tendency toward pessimism, Thoreau had in him the elements of a true philosopher, if not of the poet he apparently hoped to be. But, like good wine, he needed the ripening, strengthening, and mellowing of age.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

*Summer: From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1884. pp. 378. Price $1.50.

The Index, June 26, 1884

The Nation
July 31, 1884

THOREAU IN SUMMER.*

THE thanks of all readers of this book are due to editor and publishers for inserting as a frontispiece a map of the town of Concord, printed on parchment paper or the like, showing rivers, roads, woods, ponds, and meadows, and locating Thoreau's various haunts, his birthplace, and his grave. A curious sensation comes from this survey of a township viewed as the tramping place of one man. It seems invested with his personality, and one might almost expect to see his face stamped within the paper as a water-mark, or his figure to start ghost-like from the page. The map is not perfect, however, either in plan or in contents. It mentions by no means all the localities mentioned in the reading matter which follows, and the numbers which indicate the several localities, corresponding to the list of their names printed down in one corner, are scattered over the map with so little attempt at order, that it is hard to pick out any given one. Thus 4 and 47 are thrown together in one corner, 5 and 34 in another, 14 and 33 in another, 2 and 50 in another. In numbering the localities of a map after this plan, as regular an order of progress should be followed as is possible as a help to the eye.

The book itself comprises additional selections from Thoreau's Journal. The extracts begin with the first day of June, 1852, and end with the tenth of July, 1860; but the reader must not expect a strictly orderly progress between the two extremities, for, turning the pages we find June 2, 1860, followed by June 3, 1853, June 3, 1860, by June 4, 1852, June 17, 1854, by June 18, 1840. In other words, to secure a consecutiveness of days, Mr. Blake, in making his extracts, has skipped about among the years in most reckless fashion. Inasmuch, however, as the general average of seasons in New England does not greatly vary in a course of ten or twenty years, the effect is pretty much the same, and the artificiality of the arrangement has an offset in the pleasurable illusion of advancing through the summer day by day.

In this book the hermit of Concord, as he has been called, lies prone upon the earth, so to speak, with ear and eye intent, to catch the faintest signs and motions of the life of nature. He walks, he camps; he is out long before sunrise, it is long after moonlight that he returns; he is a collector, not of specimen objects, but of sights, sounds, and impressions. His mind is a sensitive tablet on which every lineament of the animal and vegetable world leaves its mark. Nothing escapes his sense of sight, nothing eludes his sense of hearing. His eye is like a fly's eyes, with their four thousand facets; his ear is like an ear-trumpet, preternaturally enlarged and sensitized, so that it catches every pulse and wave of sound in the heavens above or from the earth beneath. The attitude of this man is attention, his watchword "hark!" he rests on one foot with the other lifted, he bends over the turtle crawling in the sand, he counts the warbles in the bobolink's throat, the young partridge squats in his hand while the mother walks importantly within three feet of him, he grasps a struggling woodchuck by his tail and pulls him out of his hole, with groping hand he follows the hornpout to her watery nest and feels of the soft eggs which she will presently hatch there, his dog swims after him as he sails up and down the river, he studies the sun as it goes down red in the haze, he has a theory for the drifting pollen of the pine, he sits on a boulder in the pasture and muses on the white under sides of the maple leaves, on the red skinned cattle, on the gray rocks, he hunts the screech-owl's nest and analyzes it, he sits half an hour in his boat listening to the bull-frogs, he snuffs a dozen fragrances at once, vegetation passes before him like a procession, the lightning is his candle, the woods are his library, the clouds his pictures, the grass his carpet, the foliage his tapestry, berries are his refection, the opening and shutting of the flowers mark for him the time of day.

So far this landscape with this man in it has its attractions, but when the man forgets his mission and drops into commonplaces like the following, he tries our faith in him sorely. He has heard a clarionet "far off" and it makes him exclaim:

> How cultivated, how sweet and glorious is music! Men have brought this art to great perfection, the art of modulating sound, by long practice, since the world began.

Fudge!

The book has a good index, and a striking portrait of Thoreau is to be seen "between the lines."

* *Summer*: from the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

Summer. From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

THE series of which this volume is the second will, when completed, comprise the entire annals of a New England year; and hence it may be unfair, or at least unnecessary, to inquire by

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what calendar the season of summer is restricted to the forty days between June 1 and July 10. Thoreau himself says that summer has begun when the lady's-slipper and the wild pink come out, and he reports that by the Indian almanac ripe berries mark midsummer; but there is nothing to show that he regarded the last rose as a sign that the season was at an end. In fact, this volume covers, not summer, but the time of blooming flowers and birds in full song; for if with us the warmth and the tide of life come with a rush at the close of May, the summer lingers long past its prime, like an Arctic night; and of this portion of the year the present instalment contains no notes.

To pass by the extreme brevity of the time included, however, and come to the book itself, there is nothing strikingly novel in its pages either in the way of observation of nature or of thought. The flowers, birds, and animals are named and described, and some of the more general climatic or landscape characteristics noted, all in the piecemeal style of a random pedestrian; and they derive their interest from the quality they have of being, as it were, a part of the ceremonial of nature-worship as practised by a man who was a priest born to the rite. If, as Thoreau narrowly remarks, "the priest is a fungus of the graveyard," it is quite as true that he was himself a semi-vegetable outgrowth of the wild soil of the unreclaimed field and forest. He lacked humanity in the sense that he was incapable of society, did not understand social duty, did not care for social ends. It is of interest to see what such a being, a literary man who made his hermitage in nature instead of among books, really filled his days with; and, fortunately, in these diaries Thoreau wrote enough to let us know that his secret life was not different from that which appears in his acknowledged books: he was concerned with the flowers, the nests of fishes and birds, the habits of squirrels and skunks and woodchucks; and when he ceased to observe and began to think, he mounted the demi-natured hobby of transcendentalism and rode it, not in a coterie like others, but all by himself. We wonder at the keenness and patience of his observation, at the occasional subtlety and penetration of his mind, and now and then at the literary felicity of his phrased thought; whether he sees or reflects or writes, it seems an operation of instinct rather than a thing of premeditated purpose; but, with these fine faculties, how did he materially advance science, truth, or letters? In fact, his life was, from one point of view, a long self-indulgence of the kind that is justified only in the case of genius which by so doing develops itself. Chaucer loved the flowers and the small birds, and in the Maytime he threw aside his books and went out free to enjoy the liberties of nature, of which his poet's right had made him citizen; but he returned to the row of red and black volumes in the study, and to the affairs of life in the cabinet. And in the same way many another poet since the father of English song, with quite as much sensibility to nature as Thoreau, has found his life capable of more than the satisfaction of an unscientific curiosity of a particularly rambling kind, or of æsthetic feelings in which the physical element predominated. Were the claims made for the Concord School less pretentious, there would be no need to emphasize this aspect of the life of its naturalist; but, of all of them, Thoreau is one of the most overrated; and when there is so patent an illustration of the narrow range of his misanthropic spirit and the inutility of his employments as these diaries afford, it is desirable to point out the cardinal fact that his life was from year to year a repetition; was destitute of growth; was, so to speak, a mere change of seasons. Whether his genius was such as to make his life necessarily such and to justify it, is a question on which we cannot enter; it is enough at present to note the fact.

To get at the heart of his writings, to feel their charm, one would better neglect as far as possible the human element and attend only to the natural scene presented, as if in a country walk. Then, despite the diffuseness of this volume and its wearisome iteration of facts, it will recall very vividly the look of the most beautiful New England season, the perfect days of June, the fervid days of July, with the swift changes of their detail almost from hour to hour until all life has budded and flowered, and is ready to bear fruit. Here and there, too, one gets a bit of the pastoral, realistic as Howells's picnics, æsthetic as the processions of "Patience":

> "Probably the first [pond-lily] a day or two since. To-morrow, then, will be the first Sabbath, when the young men, having bathed, will walk slowly and soberly to church, in their best clothes, each with a lily in his hand or bosom, with as long a stem as he could get. At least I used to see them go by and come into church, when I used to go myself, smelling a pond-lily, so that the flower is to some extent associated with bathing on Sabbath mornings and going to church, its odor contrasting with and atoning for that of the sermon."

The cold-water part of this deliciously rural picture seems to be somewhat apocryphal even in Thoreau's case, as so late in life as July 8, 1852, we find him reflecting: "I am inclined to think bathing almost one of the necessaries of life, but it is surprising how indifferent some are to it. . . . One farmer who came to bathe in Walden one Sunday while I lived there, told me it was the first bath he had had for fifteen years."

Other tell-tale confessions there are of certain crudities in Thoreau's make-up—what is to be said, for example, of a voiceless poet, such as Thoreau is claimed to have been, who, when he attains utterance, calls the cricket's chirp at noon "the iced cream of song!"—but in spite of them there is in general the breath of an open heaven in all he jots down, however trivial it may be. He belongs to the type of Selden and Walton in his enduring qualities; and with all his unsociability, his crankiness, his inefficiency, the petty curiosity that took the place of science and the vaporing that too often took the place of thought, one feels that he could not be spared as the woodsman of genius, the sympathetic and intelligent annalist of a wild life that in its fulness and variety is too rapidly passing away from the fields and forests and quiet ponds of eastern Massachusetts.

Literary World (Boston), Jan. 7, 1911.

THOREAU'S WINTER JOURNAL.*

A POTENT individuality, which more and more confronts the student of American literature and thought, and which will not down at the command of any matter-of-fact critic who will have only universals and no exceptions — the spirit of a man who dared not only to think, but to act for himself in defiance of current conventionalities, shows forth to the full in these selections from the winter journals of Thoreau, so admirably selected and arranged by Mr. Blake. To those already familiar with Thoreau's writings they will be received with a sincere joy; to the many still ignorant of the real purport of his life they can be, if properly regarded, little less than a revelation. As Mr. Brown points out in his sympathetic introduction, it is Thoreau's attitude toward the world that gives him his significance. Here was one who dared to be unique, to search for his own primal instincts, and to follow them in calm indifference to the stereotyped ideals of the mass of humanity. What-

ever view we may take of the wisdom of his course on ethical or social grounds, his character remains as something demanding investigation. Seen from the outside it is indeed forbidding, a veritable chestnut burr sure to prick the fingers of the unwary, but there is enticing meat within if only one knows how to get at it. The fact is, to understand Thoreau we must take him for the time being at his own valuation. Perhaps he was, in the common acceptation of the phrase, a selfish recluse, but if we cast aside superficial judgments and look deeper we find that he was something more. There is surely a healthy, sane side to this outwardly repellent nature! The example of one who cared only that his life should be the resultant of innate tendencies and who scorned material prosperity and social custom is certainly in these days deserving of attention.

The key to Thoreau's nature, as we now understand it, is this: each should seek to discover the capacities and limitations of his own individuality and then develop what powers he has in the direction of "simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust." Thoreau, in the pursuit of his ideal, found that isolation was indispensable. He was irresistibly drawn to the study of natural phenomena; he had an ideal of friendship wholly incapable of realization; he shrank from contact with unsympathetic minds; he found that the forms of commerce, of political controversy, of church organization, cramped and fettered his spirit. But isolation was a condition, not a cause. The main thing, as Thoreau thought, is the normal growth of the individual. In different men the conditions might differ. As Marcus Aurelius observes: "It is possible to live well in a palace." One may live, in the fields or in a palace, as destiny may order, and still be himself. Thoreau went to the woods and fields and found himself there. "In the street and in society," he says, "I am almost invariably cheap and dissipated; my life is unspeakably mean. But alone in distant woods and fields, in unpretending sproutlands or pastures tracked by rabbits, even in a bleak and, to most, cheerless day, when a villager would be thinking of his inn, I come to myself; I once more feel myself grandly related. This cold and solitude are friends of mine. I suppose that this value, in my case, is equivalent to what others get by church-going and prayer. I come to my solitary woodland walk as the homesick go home. I thus dispose of the superfluous, and see things as they are, grand and beautiful."

Yet Thoreau could see the other side and sincerely celebrate its importance. "Go not so far out of your way for a truer life; keep strictly onward in that path alone which your genius points out, do the things which lie nearest to you, but which are difficult to do, live a purer, a more thoughtful and laborious life, more true to your friends and neighbors, more noble and magnanimous, and that will be better than a wild walk."

Throughout the volume from which we have been quoting, Thoreau is constantly expressing his attitude toward the world. True wealth, he argues, is only to be had by renunciation. "It is impossible to have more property than we dispense." "If you wish to give a man a sense of poverty, give him a thousand dollars." "I am not in haste to help men more than God is." "Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity." In view of these and similar utterances we must hold to the proposition previously expressed, and if we would understand Thoreau aright or derive any value from the study of his career, take him at his own valuation. Underneath his transcendent egotism, his obvious selfishness, and in spite of the narrowness of his outlook, he was one who sought to see things as they are, and he caught at times visions of supernal radiance. The final word with regard to Thoreau is "sincerity." He dared to be himself.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

Feb. 10. 1891
Washtenaw Evening Times. Ann Arbor Mich.

Dr. Jones Corrects Some Mistaken Ideas Regarding Him.

The paper read last evening, by Dr. Samuel A. Jones, before the Unity Club, on correcting some errors in reference to Henry D. Thoreau, was highly interesting. Many of Thoreau's biographers do him injustice, and Dr. Jones, with almost filial love, tries and does clear away some of these errors that have arisen. "In Henry D. Thoreau, we have, Huguenot, Covenanter, Quaker, and pure Yankee, four aces that the ungodly say are hard to beat." Thoreau was a student at Harvard University and said in reference to himself: "Though bodily, I have been a member of Harvard University, heart and soul, I have been far away among the scenes of my boyhood. Those hours that should have been devoted to study, have been spent in scouring the woods and exploring the lakes and streams of my native village. Immured within the dark but classic walls of a Stoughton or a Hollis, my spirit yearned for the sympathy of my old and almost forgotten friend, Nature." The doctor concluded by saying in reference to the old home and surroundings of Thoreau.

"Old Concord nestles by its placid river and cherishes its memories. It was founded when New England was 'a plantation of religion, not a plantation of trade.' It acquired its territory by honest purchase from the Indian owners. Its North Bridge is the birthplace of the republic. It has ever been the scholar's home. Its yeomanry till acres that are ancestral; and the consciousness of good inheri-

tance that needs no assurances shines in its children's faces. And now its lakelets, forests, fields and streams are hallowed by the memory of the pencil maker's son." The wrapt attention paid by those present to the words of the doctor, testified to the appreciation of his pains taking work of love.

Next Monday evening Dr. Jones will speak on the works of Henry D. Thoreau. No one interested in Thoreau or in literature should miss the lecture.

"THOUGHTS" AND NEWSPAPERS.

The editor of "Thoreau's Thoughts," just published—being selections from "Walden," the letters, and THOREAU's journal, the "Week"—has taken no pains to conciliate the reviewers of the daily press. For not only has Mr. BLAKE selected certain thoughts which bear rather hardly upon the newspaper. but he expressly states in his introduction that the volume has been prepared as a *vade mecum* to be taken on journeys and read in railway stations as a substitute for the debilitating public prints. "I would furnish an antidote," says Mr. BLAKE. "to the dissipating, depressing "influence of too much newspaper read-"ing, something which instead of fill-"ing the mind with gossip, political "strife and misstatement, athletics, pugilism, "accounts of shocking accidents, and every "kind of criminality, may refresh us with a "new sense of the beauty of the world, and "make us feel how truly life is worth living." We have a comforting sense of not coming under the curse of this alarming bill of particulars. We have dissipated no man, so far from depressing any man we have aimed at cheer without ebriety, muscular journalism is not in our line, and it has always been the POST's wish to have it understood that life is worth living.

To be quite serious, it is such writers as THOREAU who do a great deal to make life still better worth living, and Mr. BLAKE will receive the thanks of all lovers of [illegible] his admirably executed task. THOREAU—although Madam HOAR said of him, "HENRY "talks of Nature as if she had been born and "brought up in Concord"—had yet a reverence for the mysteries of the power which seemed so near to him. And it was not mere seeming, for here was a man who, like S. FRANCIS of Assisi, could wile the bird from the tree, the fish from the stream, although Mr. CONWAY, in his recent life of HAWTHORNE, takes away THOREAU's credit as regards the fish. "THOREAU used to "amuse us"—one finds on the one hundred sixty-fifth page of the "Hawthorne"—by gently raising fish out of the water; to those who did not know that the fish was the bream, which "is bold enough to try and protect "its spawn—which THOREAU's hand threat-"ened—the feat was sufficiently mar-"vellous to suggest 'Donatello's' intimacy "with the wild creatures around Monte "Beni." And sufficiently marvellous it still seems, *pace* Mr. CONWAY; nor can any sensitive reader fail to be aware of how much THOREAU has in common with the spirit of wild Nature. Indeed, the only adverse criticism to be passed on Mr. BLAKE's selection is that he has not given us more of the purely outdoor musings and fewer of those which, to the victim of the newspaper habit, will appear transcendental. The more the atmosphere of Walden Pond and the Concord woods and the free spirit of one who loved them and lived by them can be brought into railway trains and railway stations—why, the better it will be for those who read newspapers as well as for those . . . . Boston Post, June 10, 1891

Henry D. Thoreau's Works.

The rising generation should be favored with an introduction to an author who is but little read, even by the generation passing away; but nevertheless an author who will in time become a pastoral and philosophical classic. No writer has firmer friends than Henry D. Thoreau, although when he first printed his books none had fewer. It is told of him that the first edition of his first book lay for years upon his own shelvs, except the few copies given to his personal friends; but a first edition of his second book now fetches a premium from bibliophiles.

Thoreau was one of the original "cranks," and Anarchist Tucker but imitated him when he went to jail rather than swell the tax-exchequer of hypocritical old Massachusetts. Thoreau was the friend of all the revolters against established social economics; of the Brook Farm and the Fruitlands experiments; of Alcott and Margaret Fuller and Emerson; of the Abolitionists of all grades; and he was the crankiest one of them all—so cranky, indeed, that Emerson sketched his biography, from which we may draw for the information of our young readers, though his sketch, which is a picture of the man's character more than a biography, must be supplemented by details found in Channing's more extended biography.

Henry Daniel Thoreau was the last male descendant of a Frenchman who came to this country from the Isle of Guernsey. He was born in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; graduated without any literary distinction from Harvard in 1837. He died in Concord May 6, 1862. He had as many trades as he had fingers, as he tells us, but refused to labor at any of them more than was necessary to supply his extremely limited wants. His greatest skill, he says, was to want but little; and it was his ambition rather to reduce his few wants than to multiply means of meeting others. From 1837 to 1840 he taught school, but found that his expenses "were in proportion, or rather out of proportion," with his income, for he "was obliged to train and dress, not to say think and believe, accordingly," and so teaching for a livelihood, for him, was a failure. He had a natural genius for mechanical pursuits and for mathematics, and was so proficient a land surveyor that he could, says Emerson, "pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain. He could estimate the measure of a tree with his eyes; he could estimate the weight of a calf or a pig like a dealer." His father was a pencilmaker, and Henry followed the trade until he made a better article than was then in use in this country, when he refused to continue the business; for why should he, he asked, "do again what I

hav done once?" He resumed his study of natural history, and lived with nature, with which he was in love. In 1845 he built a house on the shore of Walden pond, ten feet wide by fifteen feet long, with eight-foot posts, which he hewed from the young pine-trees around him, a window on each side, a door, and a brick fireplace. The boards of the house were from an Irishman's shanty, which he bought for four dollars and twenty-five cents. His cellar he dug in a sand-bank. Here he lived two years. The structure was built with his own hands, at a cost of twenty-eight dollars, twelve and a half cents, and his food for a period of eight months cost him eight dollars and seventy-four cents. His outgoes for one year at Walden, including the cost of the house, were one-third of a cent less than sixty-two dollars, which he earned by day labor, surveying, and by selling produce from his bean-field. His diet was chiefly rice and rye and Indian meals, and in the experiment, he tells us, he learned that it would cost incredibly little trouble to obtain one's necessary food even in this latitude. "I hav made," he says, "a satisfactory dinner, satisfactory on several accounts, simply off a dish of purslane which I gathered in my cornfield, boiled, and salted. And pray, what more can a reasonable man desire, in peaceful times, in ordinary noons, than a sufficient number of ears of sweet green corn, boiled, with the addition of salt?" To the unbelievers who asked him if he thought he could liv on vegetable food alone he answered that he could "liv on board nails;" and it is an index to the character of his literary work when he adds that "if they cannot understand that, they cannot understand much I hav to say." In his housekeeping he used but the simplest and most useful articles. Luxuries to him were not worth their cost, and life too short to do unnecessary work. While he lived at Walden a lady presented him with a door-mat, but he threw it away because it required time to clean it. "It is best," he remarks, "to avoid the beginning of evil;" and thereafter he used the grass by the doorside to clean his boots upon.

In thought he was an idealist, a poet; and the mystical literature of India was to him an inspiration. He felt it and lived it; through it became a hermit and stoic because he "wished to liv deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life," to see if he "could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when he came to die, discover that he had not lived." "I wanted," he writes, "to liv deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to liv so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuin meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or, if it were sublime; to know it by experience, and be able to giv a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and hav *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to 'glorify God and enjoy him forever.'" Such was his esoteric reason for his hermit life; another was his worshipful love of nature; and perhaps a third may be found in an expression in one of his later works, that he "would rather keep house in hell than go to board in heaven."

At heart, Thoreau was no hermit. He liked travel, but for the new ideas it brought him rather than for the new sights it showed him. With a knapsack on his back he would walk thirty miles a day, and from the country as from the men he met, he would get the fruit and flower. He had learned that the swiftest traveler is he who goes afoot, if one would see the country; and that a man could travel fast enough and earn his living on the road. But "the cheapest way to travel and the way to travel the farthest in the shortest distance, is to go afoot, carrying a spoon, a dipper, and a fish-line, some Indian meal, some salt, and some sugar. When you come to a brook or pond, you can catch fish and cook them; or you can boil a hasty-pudding; or you can buy a loaf of bread at a farmer's house for four pence, moisten it in the next brook that crosses the road, and dip it into your sugar. This alone will last you a whole day; or if you are accustomed to heartier living, you can buy a quart of milk for two cents, crumb your bread or cold pudding into it, and eat it with your own spoon out of your own dish. Any one of these things, I mean, not all together. I hav traveled thus some hundreds of miles without taking any meal in a house, sleeping on the ground when convenient, and found it cheaper and in many respects more profitable than staying at home."

It was in this way that Thoreau became so intimately acquainted with nature. He knew the flora of Massachusetts as he knew the spelling-book. To the fields, hills, and waters of his nativ town he dedicated his genius, says Emerson, with such entire love that he made them known and interesting to all reading Americans and to people over the sea. "The river on whose banks he was born and died he knew from its springs to its confluence with the Merrimack. Every fact which occurs in the bed, on the banks, or in the air over it; the fishes and their spawning and nests, their manners, their food; the shad-flies which fill the air on a certain evening once a year, and which are snapped at by the fishes so ravenously that many of these die of repletion; the conical heaps of small stones on the river-shallows, one of which heaps will sometimes fill a cart—these heaps the huge nests of small fishes; the birds which frequent the stream, heron, duck, shelldrake, loon, osprey; the snake, musk-rat, otter, wood-chuck, and fox, on the banks; the turtle, frog, hyla, and cricket, which make the banks vocal, were all known to him, and, as it were, townsmen and fellow-creatures, so that he felt an absurdity or violence in any narrativ of one of these by itself apart, and still more of its dimensions on an inch-rule, or in the exhibition of its skeleton, or the specimen of a squirrel or bird in brandy. He liked to speak of the manners

of the river, as itself a lawful creature, yet with exactness, and always to an observed fact."

And as of his own nativ place, so of all the places he visited. He made several excursions to Maine, going up its rivers in a canoe and up its mountains afoot, living in a little tent, sleeping on spruce twigs. It was probably this exposure in the damp woods, and his constant excursions around Concord in snow and rain, that inoculated him with the germs of consumption, of which he died. But at the time he was the most hardy and experienced of all the party except the Indian guide, whom he studied with the same care that he did the forests and animals. He loved Indians and confessed that he sometimes felt like a hound or a panther, and if born among them would hav been a fell hunter. But restrained by his Massachusetts culture, savs Emerson, he played out the game in the mild form of botany and ichthyology. He saw and heard all that happened in the woods, and his intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apiologist, that "either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him." "Snakes coiled round his legs, the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters." When in Maine he watched the manufacture of the bark canoe, but expresses the desire in his account of the trip to know more of it by going into the woods and making one complete, to return to civilization in at last. Not until he had done that would his inquisitivness be fully satisfied.

Thoreau's love of nature was equaled by his love of the philosophy of India. He was a mystic, an idealist, a transcendentalist, but never a Christian. He was better acquainted with the scriptures of the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the Persians than with that of the Hebrews. The New Testament he regarded as an "invaluable book" when he had overcome the prejudices against it impressed upon him in his early days "by the church and Sunday-school." But it was almost spoiled for him by being "edited by Christians." It was then "a sort of castle in the air" which he was permitted to dream. To him it was strange and heretical. To Christians no less than Greeks and Jews, he wrote, it is foolishness and a stumbling-block. There are, indeed, severe things in it which no man should read aloud more than once. "Seek first the kingdom of heaven."—"Lay not up for yourselvs treasures on earth."—"If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and giv to the poor, and thou shalt hav treasure in heaven."—"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man giv in exchange for his soul?" Think of this, Yankees! exclaims Thoreau, indignant at New England hypocrisy which repeats long prayers and hangs witches. "Verily, I say unto you, if ye hav faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."—"Think," he bursts forth again, "of repeating these things to a New England audience! thirdly, fourthly, fifteenthly, till there are three barrels of sermons! Who, without cant, can read them aloud? Who, without cant, can hear them and not go out of the meeting-house? They never *were* read, they never *were* heard. Let but one of these sentences be rightly read, from any pulpit in the land, and there would not be left one stone of that meeting-house upon another."

Christ to Thoreau was a sublime actor on the stage of the world, as were all the so-called saviors. But Thoreau knew the Bagavad Geetha as well as he did the New Testament, and found more congenial teachings in it. A healthy man, he said, with steady employment, as wood-chopping at fifty cents a cord, and a camp in the woods, will not be a good subject for Christianity. The greatest of Infidelity, to him, was that which prays, and keeps the Sabbath, and rebuilds the churches. He thought the church to be a sort of hospital for men's souls, and as full of quackery as the hospital for their bodies. "Those who are taken into it liv like pensioners in their Retreat or Sailor's Snug Harbor, where you may see a row of religious cripples sitting ~~outside in sunny~~ weather." Yet he was the most sincere of seekers for truth, and, when reproved by a minister "who was driving a poor beast to some meeting-house horse-sheds" among the hills of New Hampshire because he was bending his steps to a mountain-top instead of a church on Sunday, indignantly writes that he would hav gone farther than the preacher to hear a true word spoken on that or any day! Churches to him deformed the landscape, and the preacher, shouting like a boatswain in a gale of wind, profaned the quiet atmosphere of the day.

Thoreau was one of the most delicate of literary workmen. His was a rare genius. He was a poet, but his verses show too plainly the influence of Eastern style upon him to be generally pleasing, though his prose is beauty itself, as our readers know from the many extracts we hav printed heretofore. And not only are his works beautiful in the moral sentiments and philosophy, but are useful. His "Cape Cod" is almost a guide-book to-day. "Walden," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," and "In the Maine Woods" are books for every New England boy who camps and fishes among her hills, as well as for the philosopher and the idealist. He was, perhaps, the original New England philosophical Anarchist. He desired nothing of government. He wanted to be let alone, and he refused to pay a tax to be protected. He was the first to defend John Brown. He lectured and wrote against slavery, and was a free trader as well. Had his great genius not been bounded by a lack of ambition he would hav been a national instead of a local celebrity. Wanting this ambition, says Emerson, "instead of engineering for all America he was the captain of a huckleberry party."

The charm of his works is now making him popular. They are full of sententious expressions, epigrams, and common sense, with some uncommon sense and narrow

reflections. But, as he himself said of the New Testament, "the book has never been written which is to be accepted without any allowance," and the good in his works, unlike the volume he referred to, far outweighs the provincial contraction of some of his views of life.

His first work was "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," an account of a journey in a row-boat, built by himself and brother, who accompanied him, from Concord to the head of the Merrimack river and back, the minute narrativ, as in all his works, being supplemented by botanical observations, short treatises in natural and general history, descriptions of scenery, and transcendental musings. His second book was "Walden; or Life in the Woods." In this is told how he lived, and why he lived that way. Volumes from his manuscript published after his death are, Excursions in Field and Forest, The Maine Woods, Cape Cod, Letters to Various Persons, A Yankee in Canada, with Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers, and three volumes, Spring, Summer, and Winter, taken from the daily observations he jotted down in his journal.

There is no one of the volumes but has its own peculiar charm, but New England naturalists will best like his Maine Woods, Excursions in Field and Forest, and the three volumes on Spring, Summer, and Winter. The Yankee in Canada is a view through his eyes of Montreal, St. Anne, Quebec, and the St. Lawrence. The Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers in the volume are his political creed. Those who read equally for study and to be interested will probably make Walden and A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers their favorits.

A new edition of these books has recently been brought out by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., at a dollar and a half per volume.

The Truth Seeker, Mar. 26, 1892

Reminiscences of Thoreau.

More than forty years ago half a dozen boys were on the east bank of the Assabet river taking a sun bath after their swim in the stream. They were talking about the conical heaps of stones in the river, and wishing that that they knew what built them. There were about as many theories as there were boys, and no conclusion had been arrived at, when one of the boys said "here comes Henry Thoreau, let us ask him." So when he came near, one of the boys asked him "what made those heaps of stones in the river." "I asked a Penobscot Indian that question" said Thoreau "and he said 'the musquash did, but I told him that I was a better Indian than he, for I knew and he did not," and with that reply he walked off. John—said, "that is just like him, he never will tell a fellow anything unless it is in his lectures, darn his old lectures about chipmunks and Injuns, I wont go to hear him," and the unanimous conclusion of the boys was, that when they got left again, another man would do it. The boys could not understand Thoreau, and he did not understand boys, and both were losers by it.

While looking over Thoreau's "Autumn" lately, the writer was reminded of the time when Thoreau and the writer's father spent some two or three weeks running anew the boundary lines in Sudbury woods. I think it was in 1851, and there were grave disputes, and law suits seemed probable but after a while these two men were selected to fix the bounds. The real trouble was owing to the variation of the compass, the old lines having been run some 200 years before; but Thoreau understood his business thoroughly and settled the boundary question so that peace was declared. Thoreau's companion was an old lumberman and woodchopper and a close observer of natural objects; but he said that Thoreau was the best man he had ever known in the woods. He would climb a tree like a squirrel, knew every plant and shrub and really seemed to have been born in the forest. Thoreau asked many questions; one of them was, "Do you know where there is a white grape, which grows on high land, which bears every year and is of superior quality?" "Yes," was the reply. "It is a little north of Deacon Dakins' rye field and when the grapes are ripe if you are not on the windward side your nose will tell you where they are." Thoreau laughed and appeared satisfied.

About this time Thoreau went to a party in Concord, and he says in his journal or diary, that he would rather eat crackers and cheese with his old companion in the woods.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Thoreau was a solitary student of natural history in Concord and vicinity at that time. He was better equipped for his work, and could record his observations and discoveries better than his fellow students and this was enough to make him famous in later years.

There was a young man who worked on a farm one year, and saved his money like a miser, to spend in the next year in travel and the study of natural history. This was done for several years or so long as the writer knew him. Another deliberately chose a hunter's and trapper's life in the wild, northwestern section of our great country, and he had the nerve and determination to stick to his wild, dangerous pursuit. There was a man in Burlington, Mass., 70 years old who would be in the woods and fields as early as 3 o'clock during the summer months, and as soon as he could see in the winter, returning in time to do a full day's work at the shoe bench.

He was a most enthusiastic student, but he was a good business man as well. He supplied the city stables with skunk's oil at $2.00 per quart, sold woodcocks and partridges in their season, and by his skilful administration of strychnine cleared the country of foxes and other pests, and put many dollars in his pocket. On Sundays he would let his birds and squirrels out of their cages, call in the dog and cat, and a pet lamb, and then, the boys said, "father was in heaven." This man's sons solved the problem which had never been solved before; namely, "where is the other end of a squirrel's hole?" and the name of Skelton is forever more associated with that problem which had vexed the rustic minds for centuries. I was much pleased with the reply which a Lynn shoemaker made me when I asked him if he read Thoreau's books? He replied that he only read them during the winter months, when he could not go out and look for himself, and that they were a good substitute for his out door rambles.

These unknown men are, and have been the branch lines, the feeders of the Grand Trunk naturalists, and they have not lived in vain.

There was a great intermediate class between Emerson and the Canadian wood chopper who would have gladly aided Thoreau if he had been a little more human in his dealings with them. The modest, unpretending Concord farmers who cultivated their fields, educated their children, paid their taxes for the support of schools, churches, and their chosen form of government, whose sons gave their lives for their country in its years of peril, are not to be sneered at and despised by men whose occupations and opinions differed from theirs. In the language of Ruskin "let us think less of peculiarity of employment and more of excellence of achievement." CRAYON.

Horace R. Hosmer in the Concord Enterprise, Apr. 13 or 15, 1893.

REMINISCENCES OF THOREAU II.

[Communicated.]

Thoreau often visited the west part of Concord, passing along the east bank of the Assabet river from Derby's bridge up the stream, along the high banks which overlook the river to the land formerly owned by Timothy Shehan, and from there to the Ministerial swamp and vicinity where he first found the climbing fern. The writer saw him the day he found the rare plant while returning home with his prize. I never saw such a pleased, happy look on his face as he had that day. He took off his hat, in the crown of which the fern was coiled up, and showed me the dainty, graceful glory of the swamp. He said it had never been seen before in the New England states, outside of the botanical gardens in Cambridge, and he volunteered the information that it grew in a swamp between the place we were on and Sudbury.

Soon after, perhaps two weeks, two men, who said they came from Cambridge came to me and asked where the climbing fern grew. I did not tell them for many reasons, perhaps the best one was that which Thoreau gave while speaking of the pink lilies which grew on the Cape. In reply to my question whether he had seen the pink lilies which grew in Hayward's pond in Westvale, he said he had never seen them there or on the Concord rivers, but there was a place on the Cape, a sort of creek, where they had grown unnoticed by the inhabitants until Theodore Parker saw them one summer and gathered them, and "after that," said Thoreau, "the bumpkins grubbed them up root and branch, and almost exterminated them."

While passing over the route mentioned at the beginning of this article, Thoreau was only a gleaner after his father and mother, who together had been seen there more than once by the writer, years before Henry D. followed in their footsteps.

Let the yonng men and women of Concord who have a love for the study of botany and natural history not be afraid to glean after Thoreau, for he said "that he had much to report on this subject." Two ladies who spent a part of the last summer in Acton found many rare plants and flowers, and introduced the Acton people to their own near neighbors. Last year there were large bunches of the beautiful bloodroot flowers gathered the 14th of April. The yellow violets grow in North Acton, the white "huckleberry" grows in several places, the beaked hazel is abundant on the northern slopes of Nagog hill, and late in November the air in the woods is heavy with the odor of the witch hazel which puts forth and blossoms like love and generosity in some human beings only just before the winter of death.

CRAYON.

Horace R. Hosmer in Concord Enterprise, Apr. 22, 1893

Observation and Its Moral Obligations.

EXTRACTS FROM A PAPER TOO LONG TO PRINT IN FULL

Says Henry D. Thoreau, "Millions are awake enough for physical labor, but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion; only one in a hundred millions to a poetic and divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake.

How could I have looked him in the face?"

This Thoreau, who was thought a queer fellow by his associates, observed as few men about him were capable of doing. His life was spent in closest observation and reflection, whether he was hoeing beans or reading Greek or pegging shoes in the Concord jail. He claimed to have found all natural phenomena in the vicinity of Concord and Walden Pond, even to the red Arctic snow. Wide awake was this man, perceiving the deeper truths under the mask of the superficial. These observations, afterward written down, present a philosophy of life as deep and clear and fathomless as his own Walden Pond, as pure and blue as the heavens reflected in its waters.

The sound strength of these men lay in their power of observation, that power which makes it possible for all men to become benefactors, creators, if you will. Theirs was not that indefatigable seeing of things which we often unthinkingly applaud. Not theirs the ability to tell at a glance the number of collars displayed in a show window or to describe the wearing apparel of a friend after a two-minute chat. What difference did it make to Emerson whether Thoreau wore blue jeans and planted potatoes bare-headed—or whether he did not? I doubt if it occurred to either. What he did know was that his friend's mind was a well, not a looking-glass; and they relished a dinner of potatoes together in Thoreau's cabin as never a brainless feast with society. Such is true observation, not mere eye-service but a moral quality capable of perceiving the inner spirit of all things.

Observation fails of its duty unless it grasps the spiritual as well as the material qualities of things observed. We live in an age which is proud of its stubborn insistence upon *facts*; we are mad in our effort to behold things in cold blood as they *are*; we are drunk with the passion for realism, and what wonder that we miss truth after all, and leave it for little children to discover for us. We grope amidst matter and think it the only real thing; we call our materialistic philosophies *realism* and believe we have found truth. Little children know better. O, that we could only keep with us the clear, unconscious vision of our childhood! Some men and women do; they are our poets, our artists, our singers. That divine faculty which sees things with the unconsciousness of little children is all that keeps the poetry in this world. Why call a spade a spade with such meaningless persistence. To the child it is the emblem of great truth, and as he digs away at his little sand heap — how industriously — there dawns upon him, unconsciously, a realization of his own place in the great economy of this human life, as a part, not a self-centered unit.

"What," ask F. Hopkinson Smith "what is the spade in the hand of Millet's potato digger?" and he answers, "nothing but a mass of shadow against a sunset sky. It may not be a spade at all, for all the assurance the artist gives us, but that does not matter." He is right. It does not matter, and strange indeed, that we never thought of it before. As we look upon that picture, we do not feel moved to remark upon the composition, the figure painting or the treatment of the landscape. We become silent, and borne on the waves of that silence, the music of the Angelus comes to us, floating up and across the radiance of the dying sun. By means of those emblems, which for want of fitter words we call a spade, or a bag of potatoes, we feel the utter weariness of these two peasants bound to the earth by the writ of a toilsome fate. We feel the cramping poverty and loneliness of these lives, and we remember how Millet in his little cottage at Barbison, his art despised, his children crying for bread, learned it all for himself by heart through bitter years. No one but he could have given us such a picture of heaviness and toil, so largely a reflection of his own life.

Nor is that his only message. His is not a transcript of bags and potato, hillocks and lay figures. As he painted music in the notes of this Angelus, "tinging the sober twilight of the present with color of romance," so also he has painted for us the fragrance of these human souls, sweet and consecrated as the fragrance of crushed flowers. Why leave it to Millet and Corot and Breton to discover for us that peasant life was not

all bestial and hopeless. We look upon a peasant a little askance perhaps, and think ourselves discoverers if it occurs to us that he would be suitably picturesque to serve as a studio model. They look at him observing with the purpose and discrimination that we should also possess, and they give us a new philosophy of life which brought potent results.

It is certainly true that the power of observation can be as systematically and practically trained as any other faculty and with the same assurance of success. It is not a mere seeing of things but an intellectual process, with moral obligations as well. It is not sufficient merely to collect facts, for of even greater importance is the faculty of knowing how and what to observe, in order that we may gather in the richness of the life close about us. We are too apt to think it necessary to go afar off for material with which to build. To Normandy must we go ere we can paint, to the cathedrals of Europe if we would find subjects worthy a poet's pen. As Elizabeth Barrett Browning has expressed it,—

——"What's within our ken
Owl-like we blink at, and direct our search
To furthest Ind in quest of novelties,
Whilst here at home, upon our very thresholds,
Ten thousand objects hurtle into view
Of interest wonderful."

Reason, reflect, analyze. These common things will not be over-estimated, for in each of us there is a sensitive monitor instructing us as to what is of good import and bidding us think on these things. Cultivate power of discrimination and let art be more than its object in this, that it reveal the soul too long undreamed of because hidden. Our own sense of the fitness of things will not permit us to become lost in a maze of trivial detail; will not leave us satisfied with photographic record of isolated fragments. With the larger powers of reason and analysis, we shall not look at life as through a camera, seeing things fragmentarily, but with a just perception of their relation to universal life. Greatness in any line of work really depends upon one's ability to grasp the relations of things, better their relationship. Herein does the painter rise above the photographer, the composer above the player, the author above the reporter.

Robert Browning says in his tribute to Andrea del Sarto:

"We are made so that we love
First, when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see,
And so they are better painted, better to us,
Which is the same thing; art was given for that."

What the artist perceives, he must write in another language, with brush, or pen or musical note. Not till then can the world comprehend it.

He must serve as translator, as interpreter, standing on the vantage-ground between the unthinking world and the secrets of nature, all through the deeper, reflective power of his observation.

Unity, May 4, 1893 GRACE GREEN BOHN.

HENRY D. THOREAU. By F. B. Sanborn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, portrait, 324 pp., price $1.25.

Some men excel in intellect, others in feeling and benevolence, and others in will power. This biography is of one who excelled in all these. Many extracts from his writings our subscribers will remember seeing in the corners of our pages and in the department of "Gems of Thought." An exposition of his character is given by us on the editorial pages this week, to which readers are referred.

The biography is a satisfactory one. Its first chapter deals with Thoreau's "Birth and Family." Its second, with his "Childhood and Youth." As a knowledge of his early environments will aid to an understanding of him, in the next two chapters we learn about "Concord and Its Famous People," and "The Embattled Farmers," which aligned cultivators formed an incident in Concord annals. The speculations and sky-aspirings of "The Transcendental Period" which so largely molded Thoreau are next limned for us. In "Early Essays in Authorship" we delightedly find productions of fine merit and noble sentiment emanating from our youthful Freethinker. This person in the next chapter has "Friends and Companions," and in the succeeding one seeks his "Walden Hermitage." "Horace in the Role of Mæcenas," the title of the next chapter, means that Horace Greeley played to Thoreau the part of patron sustained by the ancient Mæcenas to needy genius—at least, he attempted it, and prosecuted it with such success as our writer's independent spirit permitted him. In the next chapter Thoreau is beheld "In Wood and Field." Chapter xi exhibits admirable "Personal Traits and Social Life." As "Poet, Moralist, and Philosopher" our Concord idealist and

Antichristian is next surveyed. His "Life, Death, and Immortality" conclude. Truth Seeker, E. M. McDonald in The June 24, 1893.

An Ideal for Freethinkers.

Persons aspiring to practice certain principles are always greatly helped by contemplating the life of an individual who has already done so, and done so with preeminence and illustrious success. Models, exemplars, ideals, are of vast value to endeavorers after self-improvement of any kind. When a striver after a better life views the career of one who has lived such a life so prosperously and gloriously that his personality enriches and beautifies that course, the aspirer's task grows to be a labor of love, his efforts in self-culture are toilless and delicious satisfactions and delectations, and he rapidly though half-unconsciously becomes that which he admires.

To the ideal characters already thus enthroned in Freethinkers' souls for admiration and imitation, a superb addition is afforded by the personage of Henry Thoreau. This man, celebrated most as an author, was born at Concord, Mass., in 1817, spent nearly all his life in New England, and died in 1862.

The phase of Thoreau's character to which we shall first call attention is that in which he appears as a man of the highest morality and strictest integrity, and as filled with the warmest feelings of amity and benevolence toward his fellow-beings. Christians, so prone to denying the compatibility of these traits with the disbeliever's character, may here behold them expanded in their noblest proportions in the nature of a complete and thoroughgoing Infidel. "Duty," wrote this person while yet a youth, "is one and invariable; it requires no impossibilities, nor can it ever be disregarded with impunity. . . . None but the highest minds can attain to moral excellence. . . . To reject *religion* is the first step toward moral excellence. . . . Could Infidels liv double the number of years allotted to other mortals, they would become patterns of excellence. So, too, of all true poets—they would neglect the beautiful for the true." William Henry Channing, a litterateur and friend of Thoreau, says of the latter: "His views of friendship were high and noble. Those who loved him never had the least reason to regret it. He made no useless professions, never asked one of those questions that destroy all relation; but he was on the spot at the time. . . . He meant friendship and meant nothing else, and stood by it without the slightest abatement; not veering as a weathercock with each shift of a friend's fortune." The same friend thus addressed Thoreau in these lines:

"Modest and mild and kind;
Who never spurned the needing from thy door—
(Door of thy heart, which is a palace-gate);
Temperate and faithful,—in whose word the world
Might trust, sure to repay; unvexed by care,
Unawed by Fortune's nod, slave to no lord,
Nor coward to thy peers."

Again says Channing: "Of his character, the moral qualities form the basis; for himself rigidly enjoined; if in another, he could overlook delinquency. Truth before all things; in all your thoughts, your faintest breath, the austerest purity, the utmost fulfilling of the interior law; faith in friends, and an iron and flinty pursuit of right, which nothing can tease or purchase out of us." In a college essay the subject of this sketch wrote thus of the goddess of the Freethinker, Truth: "Truth neither exalteth nor humbleth herself. She is not too high for the low, nor yet too low for the high. She is persuasiv, not litigious, leaving conscience to decide. She never sacrificeth her dignity that she may secure for herself a favorable reception. It is not a characteristic of Truth to use men tenderly; nor is she over-anxious about appearances." At the funeral of the writer of the above majestic lines, Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "A truth-speaker he, capable of the most deep and strict conversation; a physician to the wounds of any soul; a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshiped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor and prophet, and knew the deep value of his mind and great heart. His soul was made for the noblest society; . . . wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

Thoreau was one of the earliest and most violent protesters against slavery. The love of unbounded freedom, of the most unrestricted individualism, breathes from every page of his writings, and the thought of the enthrallment of millions of his fellow-creatures in the Southern states was to him intolerable. After vehement outbursts of denunciation, he executed the remarkable act of formally seceding from the nation of the United States. He deliberately renounced membership in a government that upheld slavery, and proclaimed himself a ruleless unit, a man in his natural condition, ununited by any civil compact with his co-dwellers of the earth. In 1846 he uttered the markworthy saying: "Any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already." And again: "I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name—if ten *honest* men—ay, if one honest man, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison." On this deliverance F. B. Sanborn remarks:

"This sounded hollow then, but when that embodiment of American justice and mercy, John Brown, lay bleeding in a Virginia prison, a dozen years later, the significance of Thoreau's words began to be seen; and when a few years after our countrymen were dying by hundreds of thousands to complete what Brown, with his single life, had begun, the whole truth, as Thoreau had seen it, flashed in the eyes of the nation."

The particular reference of Thoreau to being *imprisoned* for withdrawal from the government, has its origin in the fact that he refused to pay his tax-collector any money, to go for the support of a government that maintained slavery, and was therefore put in jail. Whenever Emerson came to the cell and said, "Henry, why are you here?" the reply was, "Why are you *not* here?" He remained steadfast in his refusal to pay taxes, and finally his friends paid them for him so that no obligation stood against him and he had no choice left but to vacate the jail. On succeeding years his friends continued to pay the assessments levied against him, and thus prevented his imprisonment again.

In providing means for the physical support of his life, Thoreau was scrupulous not to put any other human being under the slightest burden or inconvenience. His literary income was trifling,

and as he would never be pecuniarily indebted even to his dearest friend, he eked out a living by various labors, such as farm-laboring, gardening, fence-building, land-surveying, pencil-making, and whitewashing. He was possessed of a remarkable mechanical faculty, and could readily excel in any craft. He had no false pride in such matters, but was proud of his work and his mastership therein, and averse from the gentility of his neighborhood. He records: "For more than five years I maintained myself solely by the labor of my hands, and I found that, by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living; the whole of my winters, as well as the most of my summers, I had free and clear for study. I found that the occupation of day-laborer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days in the year to support one." He said of himself that his "greatest skill had been to want but little." A few cents a day supplied his simple needs. He used neither tobacco nor alcohol. The intoxication of the morning air he pronounced infinitly superior to that from any other source. He could view only with amazement the conduct of his fellows in spending all their waking hours in toil, to procure an infinity of things that they could just as well do without. The chief preciousness of life, he thought, lay in its opportunity for contemplation, for the expansive and unoppressed exercise of the faculties of the soul; and that men could willfully forego this celestial employment, and pass life's golden hours with their mentality set on some cramp task, was to him incomprehensible. He wrote: "The order of things should be reversed: the seventh should be man's day of toil, in which to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, and the other six his Sabbath of the affections and the soul, in which to range this wide-spread garden, and drink in the soft influences and sublime revelations of Nature." In exemplification of this doctrin that men need to, and should, labor but little, and should giv the main of their time on earth to contemplation of the wonders and joys so abounding around them, Thoreau retired from the ordinary life of the world to a lonely spot by Walden lake, Massachusetts, and erecting a hut with his own hands, lived two years on such means of subsistence as he could procure there without too great expenditure of time, and devoted his hours to meditation. He went, in his own words, "to the woods because he wished to liv deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if he could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when he came to die, discover that he had not lived." In another place he says he went to Walden to "transact some private business," which nobody else could do for him, "with the fewest obstacles."

Thoreau encouraged his logic to penetrate every theme and to reason as newly and daringly as possible; and likewise explored with his imagination every avenue and nock of the world of fantasy. His endeavor was in his mind to liv all possible lives, thin k all possible thoughts and feel all possible sensations. Others he incited to the same headlong overvaulting of barriers and wild and free excursion into possible nature. For example, one of his verses reads:

> "The timid it concerns to ask their way,
> And fear what foes in caves and swamps can stray,
> To make no step until the event is known,
> And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
> Not so the wise: no timid watch he keeps
> To spy what danger on his pathwav creeps;
> Go where he will the wise man is at home,
> His hearth the earth, his hall the azure dome;
> Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
> By God's own light illumined and foreshadowed."

Thoreau had, said Emerson, "in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world."

Thoreau is an example of the Natural Man, as contrary to the denaturalized man whom we usually meet. In contrast with that emasculated, artificial product of a repressiv religion and a narrowing conventionality, his figure stands forth with titanic grandeur. He spurned Christianity, the Religion of Sorrow, with its melancholy themes and dreary prohibitions, and mentally affiliated himself with the glad and free paganisms of antiquity whose creed was enjoyment and pride. And equally with the paganic religions of nature, he loved his own religion of nature—the communion with the universe about him which spontaneously and instinctivly grew to be the prevailing mode of his mind.

Thoreau's love of nature and wildness, and also his imaginational craving to liv myriad and diverse lives, made him a fellow with all living things of field and forest. He confessed that he sometimes felt like a hound or a panther. He loved Indians, and said that had he been born among them he would hav been an insatiable hunter. "It was," says Emerson, "a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. . . . His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apiologist, that 'either he had told the bees things, or the bees had told him.' Snakes coiled round his leg, the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters. . . . He knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptil, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits—nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him." Thoreau's connection with nature was partly that of poetry and partly that of science. He set himself to keep a calendar of Nature, and her daily doings about him for twenty years found record in his journal. He had gages for the hight of the river; noted the temperature of springs and ponds, the tints of the morning and the evening sky, the flowering and fruit of plants, all the habits of birds and animals, and every aspect of nature from the smallest to the greatest. He was an expert in all kinds of woodcraft and outdoor exercise and employment. His senses, naturally acute, he had cultivated to an exquisit fineness. "His power of observation," says Emerson, "seemed to indicate additional senses; he saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard." And these special faculties performed their office no more admirably than the abstractiv powers, the generalizing and ratiocinativ principles, of the mind, which received the items thus supplied by sense. "Every fact," says Emerson, "lay in order and glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole."

It seems necessary that a pattern and hero for

the people's admiration and imitation shall be of great intellectual gifts. Goodness of heart we not infrequently meet about us. To arouse the energetic emulation of the multitude, it appears requisit that this goodness of heart be united in the same person with illustrious ability of mind. Thoreau's intellect was as admirable in its power as his heart in its right feelings. His writings hav a place with the first rank of American classics. They are unsurpassed in merit by those of any writer of this continent. Many critics of the first estimation would say, they are unsurpassed by those of any writer of the world. They touch with the certainty of a master equally topics of material nature and of transcendental imagining. They excel indifferently in observing and describing reality, and in building from fancy's gauzy films and dreaming's opalin hues the enchanting palaces of the ideal. The personal quality which pervades them is of a racy wildness, a strain peculiar and almost unearthly, the taste of which the reader never forgets.

The keynote of Thoreau's character, perhaps we may venture to predicate from the foregoing, was *development*. His life was a continual unfolding and education of his senses, of his emotions, of his intellect, of his will, and of his moral sentiments. Of *self-development*, as opposed to the ancient Christian cult of self-stunting and self-abasement, he stands perhaps the most splendid modern champion.

A word on the personal appearance of this lovable personage before we take leave of him, is desirable. He was of medium build, perhaps a trifle undersized. He possessed blue-gray eyes, brown hair, a large nose, and features in general somewhat rough. He wore a beard. In F. B. Sanborn's diary is this observation: "Thoreau looks eminently *sagacious*—like a sort of wise wild beast." Also, he "has a weather-beaten face, which reminds me of some shrewd and honest animal's—some retired philosophical woodchuck or magnanimous fox."

Thoreau's death resulted from pulmonary consumption. It was as triumphant as his life. Of his last illness his sister said: "It was not possible to be sad in his presence. No shadow of gloom attaches to anything in my mind connected with my brother. . . . Henry's whole life impresses me as a grand miracle. He said he should leave the world without a regret." His sister further wrote: "Henry was never affected, never reached, by [his illness]. I never before saw such a manifestation of the power of spirit over matter. Very often I hav heard him tell his visitors that he enjoyed existence as well as ever. . . . The thought of death, he said, could not begin to trouble him. His thoughts had entertained him all his life, and did still. . . . During his long illness I never heard a murmur escape him, or the slightest wish expressed to remain with us. His perfect contentment was truly wonderful. None of his friends seemed to realize how very ill he was, so full of life and good cheer did he seem. . . . My heart is filled with praise to God for the gift of such a brother. . . . I wish you to know how very gentle, lovely, and submissiv he was in all his ways. . . . He would sometimes say: 'I should be ashamed to stay in this world after so much has been done for me. I could never repay my friends.'" Thoreau's last letter concluded: "I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."

The Christian multitude complains, finds fault, accuses; Thoreau kept silence, uncriticisingly selected, and taught by example. The Christian multitude frets, despairs, falters; Thoreau moved forward unopposably with serene and imperial brow. Christians sourly reject; Thoreau warmly accepted. Christians spurn with sulky distaste; Thoreau riotously indulged and enjoyed. Christians devote themselvs to repression of their mind and heart; Thoreau unfolded himself till he felt and moved with the universe. Others are burdens, in varying degrees, upon their fellows; Thoreau stood a monument of self-sufficingness. Others take, Thoreau givs; others consume, Thoreau produces; others are gulfs, Thoreau is a fount. Churchmen would make everyone think like them, but Thoreau wanted each to hav the same liberty to think as himself. The orthodox churches were iron bands and locks on negroes' legs; Thoreau was a hammer shattering bonds. The too common worldly speech is a mantle hiding ill things in the pool below; Thoreau's accents were crystal waters through which was exactly seen reality beneath. Thoreau's honesty was an oak of trustiness and a lily of purity; the honesty of most Christians is—such as it is. Christians too largely are dejected; Thoreau was exultant and glad. The souls of conventionalists and religionists are gloomy inquisition cells; Thoreau's spirit was a freeest sky of morn shot with silver rays of light and tinged with hope's roseate hue.

What a world would this be were all—men, women, and children—of the strain of Thoreau. Excellent Thoreau, independent, tranquil, joyous, bountiful, feeling, truth-telling, honest, sage, undauntable, free—when shall we be like thee?

The Truth Seeker, N.Y., June 24, 1893.

Charles C. Abbott in Lippincott's Monthly Mag., LV, June, 1895, pp. 852-855. Rptd in his Notes of the Night, and Other Outdoor Sketches, N.Y., 1896, pp. 215-224.

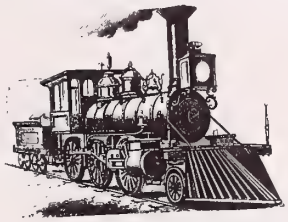
THOREAU.

THERE are two of the many essays on Thoreau that are probably more read than all the others put together, and because of their authorship—Emerson and Lowell—have greater weight in the minds of readers than would any expression of opinion from any other source as to Thoreau as a man of letters or as a naturalist. But the world is not always wise in bowing down to greatness, for greatness is very sure, in the long run, to overestimate itself. Neither Emerson nor Lowell was fitted to the task they undertook, though they doubtless thought they were. It is true that Emerson's article prefacing Thoreau's volume "Excursions" is a biographical sketch merely, but in it are phrases that are open to criticism. As an instance, take Emerson's estimate of Thoreau's ambition, or what he calls a lack of it. Now, so great is the influence carried with every word of Emerson that probably not one reader in a hundred but regrets that Thoreau preferred to be "cap-

tain of a huckleberry party" to leader of a political one, and that he held "pounding beans" to be better than "the pounding of empires." There is the error. What we sadly need is an infusion of intellect into the lower strata of man's activities. There will always be brains and to spare in the courts of professional life,—great leaders who will reach the artificial element that crowds the cities and happily leaves undisturbed the simple folk who live nearer to Nature. Thoreau would have been lost, or at best but one of many, had he overcome his repugnance to mere formality and met his neighbors in a dress-suit. We cannot imagine him acting any one of the innumerable white lies of modern society. In such slavish toggery he would have excited as much of ridicule as he now commands of admiration. In his lifelong battle for sincerity and simplicity, he knew the field upon which he was to fight; knew it better than any antagonist he met, and left it a conqueror.

As we glance over modern biography, we find there are countless examples of youth born in the ranks of the lowly who have aspired to better things and seized knowledge as a cable by which to draw themselves upward, and spent their remaining days at a higher level and in an atmosphere that was but a source of wonderment to their ancestors. This sounds very noble; it is noble; but in Thoreau's case there was an inversion of this order, and the intellectuality that Emerson deplored as dissipated was put to the very highest of uses, that of making the lower or simpler things of life shine out in their proper light. By thoughtfully pursuing the occupations he chose, he raised them to the rank of professions, and clothed with dignity labor that before was drudgery. The quickest way to send the world to perdition would be to make all men lead professional lives, and the positive curse under which we now rest is that the absurdity is taught by parents to infants, and by teachers to scholars, that the true or best life is that of the pre-eminently learned, and that no dignity or honor or worthy reward of any kind comes to him who lives closest to Nature, and so most remote from the centres of civilization. Pounding beans, which Emerson sneers at, would not be degrading or belittling or unworthy a man of brains, if here and there a man of mental force would show that his brain and brawn need not come into conflict. If, over the land, Thoreaus would demonstrate that a day of toil in the fields can be followed by an evening of rational, intellectual enjoyment, the world would quickly advance beyond the present stage of agitation and unrest, that needs a standing army to preserve even the semblance of order. If the philanthropists would attack the problem of intellectualizing work, the workman would be benefited indirectly more than any efforts directed at "the masses" will avail. No work that the world calls for should be looked upon by a favored few as beneath manhood. More mischief lurks in a sneer than about a cannon's mouth. Thoreau stands for two conditions which neither Emerson nor Lowell nor any great man of letters or of science or of political economy has ever dreamed of displaying upon his banner: Simplicity and Sincerity. This was an ambition far higher, far better fitted to secure the welfare of man and the permanency of his own fame (if he ever thought of the latter), than anything that Emerson ever thought of. Of course we must always bear in mind that Thoreau died before the youth of old age had commenced, and it is obviously unfair to pass too critically upon his writings. But two of the eleven volumes that complete his works were issued in his lifetime, and what he might have done with the mass that has since been printed, what omitted and what elaborated, cannot even be conjectured. That the best results should be realized, Thoreau should be read first, and what his critics have to say be considered subsequently; and it is to be regretted that, laudatory as is the biographical sketch by Emerson, it should have contained a single stricture. That stricture was not called for.

Lowell's essay on Thoreau, in the former's volume entitled "My Study Windows," though he claims his "most fruitful studies" to have been "in the open air," is eminently unjust. There was not the slightest trace of sympathy between the two men. Lowell is the reporter of the flower-garden; Thoreau, of the forest. Lowell can ride in a well-appointed boat down a safe stream, and report the graceful weeping willows that adorn its banks; Thoreau can sit cross-legged in a cranky canoe and tell in matchless language of the wild life that lives in dangerous rapids and lurks in the fastnesses of the untrodden wilderness. Lowell is tame, Thoreau is savage. The former tells us of a zoological garden; the latter of life in the haunts that Nature had provided. This being true, there lurked no cunning in Lowell's pen to tell the world who and what Thoreau really was. He simply gives us his own impressions, and they are erroneous. The well-known instance of Lowell, as editor, omitting from a manuscript of Thoreau's what he considered an objectionable passage, shows how widely apart these two men stood, and the act was an assumption on Lowell's part without excuse. What right, indeed, had he tacitly to assert that heaven lacked a feature Thoreau thought might be there? Neither of them knew, of course, one whit about the matter, but it is difficult to see why the bare-handed, sunburnt out-of-door Thoreau's opinion is not as worthy of consideration as that of his in-door, kid-gloved critic. It was a trivial matter, perhaps, but nevertheless a straw showing the direction of Lowell's thoughts,—that Thoreau, because of his being a champion of simplicity and a foe to half that which Lowell cherished as making life worth living, could be snubbed successfully. But the world is growing wiser. There is more freedom of thought than there was forty years ago, and perhaps no better evidence of true advance than the increase in numbers of those who now ponder as seriously over Thoreau's suggestive pages as they were once entertained by the polished periods of Lowell.



Extremes are necessary to effect great changes. No man ever yet drove a nail home, using only the exact force needed. There will always be an over-expenditure of enthusiasm. Thoreau always said more than he meant, knowing that, if he did not, his meaning would not reach home. He did not expect or wish a Walden hut to be built on the shore of every frog-pond. It was enough that his own experience should be an object-lesson for succeeding generations. We can carry a hermitage with us wherever we go, and meditate therein to our advantage. There are few men of culture but have or long to have their "den" where they are comparatively free from interruption. This is the meaning of Walden. He knew, well enough, that to be heard we must speak loudly to the deaf, and he shouted his best phrases where others have whispered and been unheeded. There is a roughness that is excusable on occasion. We do not ask the drowning man if his arm is sore when we firmly grasp it to save his life. If the reader is surprised at times at Thoreau's earnestness and plainness of speech, he must remember that he was a man with a purpose and held his

moments at their full value. There was no time to study what others had decided as the best methods of recording thought; and yet who has given us better specimens of pure literature than he? There is no other writer of our country who leaves the mind in a more thoughtful state, when we close the volume, than he does. This is just the difference between Thoreau and his critic, Lowell. The latter keeps us in a pleasant frame of mind so long as we read, but Thoreau lingers long after we have laid aside his books.

A word more concerning Thoreau as a naturalist. He was busied with the wild life about Concord when "Science" was still occupied with the hunt for new species and content with a mere description of form and color. Evolution was but little discussed, and in New England much disregarded, because of the efforts of Agassiz to make it appear untrue. Thoreau made no practice of haunting museums, objects in alcohol or stuffed with tow not appealing strongly to him; but he did care to know, and was successful in ascertaining, the habits of the animals he saw. It is true he was anxious to know the scientific name of a plant that he had found, and, learning it, felt his interest grow; but this does not seem to have been a need as to animal life. It was enough to know that a given fish was a chub or a perch. The bream built a nest, scooping a hollow in the sand. That this New England "bream" was a percoid, and not a cyprinoid as is the English bream, and that it had a dozen Latin names given by as many authors from Linné down, did not interest him. He knew the birds as creatures to be met in various places, each with habits of its own and its seasons of going and coming. This, rather than anatomy, was to him a matter of interest and importance. To-day such facts are found to have a bearing on philosophical zoology quite equal in importance to anatomical structure. Thoreau did not add greatly to our knowledge of wild life, but he did that which is of equal merit, showed how delightful was the pursuit of such knowledge, and, in a measure, how it might be obtained.

For many readers, perhaps for most, there is too little natural history in his books, too much of other matter. As we read, we feel at times a wish that he would sooner reach his conclusions on philosophical or political questions, because we are sure they will be followed by some bright reference to a bird or beast, simply phrased, yet so cunningly that the creature stands before us. Anybody can say or write, "I see a fox," but in Thoreau's books these same words are so framed in other matter that the animal leaps into view, and we see it dart over the snow, daintily carrying its splendid brush, perhaps looking partly over its shoulder at us, and leaving footprints that dot the author's pages, though he is eloquent over Greek poets, addresses a mountain, or weaves into splendid imagery the smoke that at sunrise he sees curling from his neighbor's chimney.

Thoreau had no predecessor and can have no successor. He was the product of conditions that can never again arise, for to expect another Concord with its galaxy of intellectual giants is utterly vain. He was one whose influence will last as long as our language shall remain.

Charles C. Abbott.

AMERICAN WOMEN TO WHOM THE WORLD IS INDEBTED.

SOPHIA PEABODY, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S WIFE —HER INFLUENCE ON THE GREAT AUTHOR— THOREAU'S MOTHER AND SISTER.

BY IRVING ALLEN.

The Independent July 25, 1895 pp. 3-4

It must remain an open question whether Mr. Julian Hawthorne is with justice to be blessed or reprobated for the memoirs of his parents. In one aspect of the case the book is of unique and well-nigh priceless value; from another standpoint, it should as truly never have seen the light.

It has passages which, to the superstitious soul, would seem potent to stir the bones of the immortal author of "The Scarlet Letter" in his quiet grave in Sleepy Hollow. Can any one at all familiar with the writings, and through them with the character, of Hawthorne, believe that it ever so much as occurred to him as a possibility that his opinion of Tupper—committed to the sacred privacy of his journal—would see the light of public day, or that his merciless and unerring analysis of the character of Margaret Fuller would be given to the world?

As Hawthorne himself says, Tupper was all that was kind and hospitable; and it is evident that he half shrank from the expression, even in his private journal, of his true opinion of the man and the author.

Then there are the love letters; yet, conscious as we cannot help being of the strange lack of delicacy that permitted their publication, how can we deny the tribute of gratitude for the chance to read and reread what is surely the most charming and the most characteristic correspondence in the language?

It is in these letters from Nathaniel Hawthorne to Sophia Peabody, and the very few of his mother's epistles published by the son, that we gain our earliest conception of the true significance of his wife's influence in the life and work of Hawthorne, of the world's real indebtedness to her.

The first meeting of the future husband and wife occurred in 1837—about the time of the appearance in the New England magazine of that day, *The Token*, and other periodicals, of the stories afterward collected and published as "Twice-Told Tales." The gilt-edged *Token* introduced to American literature such priceless gems as "The Gentle Boy," "The Minister's Black Veil," "The Seven Vagabonds," "The Haunted Mind"; and I have at hand as I write, a copy of the old *New England Magazine*, containing that weird and marvelous tale, "The White Old Maid." These, too, were the days when Mr. Goodrich, under the familiar *nom de plume* of "Peter Parley," was building an enviable literary reputation on the solid foundation of Hawthorne's genius; for it is proved beyond the chance of question that most of the historical sketches, and much of the charming juvenile literature which so fascinated the boys and girls to whom Peter Parley was nothing less than a beneficent deity, were the work of the unknown and ill-paid Salem writer.

If in the history of men and women there was ever an authentic instance of "love at first sight," it was surely in the case of Hawthorne and his future wife. As narrated by Elizabeth Peabody the story is full of interest:

"Mr. Hawthorne told me [she always pronounced the name *Hawth'n*] that his sisters lived so completely out of the world that they hardly knew its customs. Whenever after this he called at our house he generally saw Sophia. One day she showed him her illustration of 'The Gentle Boy,' saying, 'I want to know if this looks like your Ilbrahim.' He sat down and looked at it, and then looked up and said, 'He will never look otherwise to me.' A year later he wrote to me: 'She is a flower to be worn in no man's bosom, but was sent from Heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul.'"

Her son tells us that at the time of the marriage, in 1842, Sophia Hawthorne was, for the first time since her infancy, in perfect health. "Miracle or not," he says, "the cure was actually accomplished; and the lovers were justified in believing that Love himself was the physician."

There are passages in the letters written by Hawthorne to Miss Peabody during their engagement that give us, as nothing else can, an insight—inadequate tho it may be—into the sacred and peculiar relationship between

these gifted and exceptional souls. I wish the space allowed for this paper permitted extracts from a correspondence solitary and unequaled in our literature.

Ever since the idyl of Eden the lover has viewed the beloved one with anointed vision, an illusion divine indeed, while the spell keeps its sacred potency. In many respects Hawthorne stands apart from all other men of genius. In his writings we are sometimes reminded slightly of the German Tieck; there is occasionally a faint suggestion of Poe, and it seems sometimes that the soul of the author of "Rappacini's Daughter"—who himself never wrote in verse—breathes through many a tender line of Tennyson.

Yet—as Mr. Howells well says—tho we hear of his "mantle falling" here and there, the real Hawthorne never comes again. "The world," says Lowell, "may see another Shakspeare, but never another Hawthorne." Happily was it ordained that, original and alone in his rare and exceptional genius, his wedded life should differ from that of other men, or the vast majority of them, in that Hawthorne and his wife were lovers in the fullest and dearest and tenderest sense of that much-misused word till death seemingly divided them.

I have rarely regretted any similar accident so deeply as the loss of a letter written by Mrs. Hawthorne a few years after her husband's death. It was the characteristic utterance of one of the finest spirits that ever informed human clay. It tells anew the story of that rare union that death was powerless to dissolve; an idea often enough expressed, but never to my knowledge elsewhere so exalted to a living, absolute reality as in that most pathetic and beautiful letter, one of the last from the pen of Hawthorne's wife.

As the author himself tells us, the drudgery of the Salem surveyorship destroyed temporarily the ambition, if not the ability, for imaginative composition. It was not till long months had elapsed that the abandoned, half-forgotten tradition of the scarlet badge of a woman's shame again assumed a commanding place in the mind of the magician; and there is the strongest ground for the belief that the story would never have been written but for the influence of Mrs. Hawthorne. It was to that beloved censor that each chapter of the marvelous romance was read as it flowed from the author's magic pen; it was at her entreaty that he so far overcame his strange self-distrust as to submit the nearly finished manuscript to his friend and publisher, James T. Field.

It was not, however, on our indebtedness to the wife of Hawthorne for any especial work that I purposed to dwell, but rather on the greatness of our debt for all she did for well-nigh twenty-five bountiful years for the man—and so, necessarily, for the author.

It is in the wonderful introductory sketch to "Mosses from an Old Manse" that Hawthorne tells us that in those idyllic early days of married life he first knew what it was to be truly happy; and out of that perfect felicity flowed the crystal streams of purest fancy and deepest imaginative thought, embodied for us in that remarkable collection of sketches and tales.

If we can picture to ourselves a quarter-century of wedded bliss such as—in its perfection of mutual love, its intellectual sympathy, its tender and constant solicitude for each other's happiness—is rarely known in this poor mortal life, and weigh the influence of such a union on a mind and heart like those of Hawthorne, then may we estimate in some faint measure the sum of what the world owes to Sophia, his faithful and beloved wife.

There was a critical period in the life of this man of matchless genius when he stood alone in his "valley of decision"; and it was a solemn question whether or no the world must rest satisfied with the fair blossoms of thought and fancy, the first fruits of Hawthorne's mind and heart. He was "fast growing to be a shadow, walking in a shadowy world, and losing all sense of reality in either himself or his surroundings." Fortunately, he was aroused in time to the urgent need of a radical change, certainly of external conditions, perhaps of modes of thought and purpose.

The first practical result of his self-questioning at this critical point was his introduction into active political life; another, and far more efficient "means of grace," was the mutual love and the early-wedded lives of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia, his wife.

The personal peculiarities of Elizabeth Peabody blinded many people, especially among those who knew her chiefly as the tireless advocate of the Kindergarten system, to her many remarkable qualities of head and heart. I remember well my own first impressions on receiving a call from Miss Peabody on a summer Sunday afternoon more than twenty years ago.

She visited me in the company of a common friend, in reference to a matter in which I had some slight measure of official influence. She had forgotten to remove her apron, and her gray hair straggled forth from the recesses of a bonnet which, if I remember rightly, had been assumed without the least reference to its proper and becoming position on her head; but of all this she was blissfully unconscious, and it is only fair to add that I myself became so very soon after she began to talk.

Nature has made most women talkers, but on very few has she bestowed Miss Peabody's rare endowments in that respect. I think the great secret of her marvelous skill in convincing those whom she wished to bring to her own way of thinking lay in the fact that she entirely and evidently lost sight of her own personality in what she deemed the vital importance of her subject; and those to whom she talked, even those who had formed decided prejudices against both missionary and mission, very soon forgot or entirely overlooked all the speaker's little oddities, and singularities of person and apparel, and learned to respect—often to love—the woman, whatever may have been the result of the special appeal.

I used to go often to what she called "her talks" on Froebel, and the "system" so dear to her heart, less from either wish or expectation of new ideas on a theme with which I was tolerably familiar than from my unfailing delight in the spectacle of an intellectual and able teacher who could so completely and beautifully lose sight of herself in what she very earnestly deemed a matter of vital import to educators the world over.

In this direction Elizabeth Peabody undoubtedly lived to accomplish a great and noble work, and truly it lives after her. But perhaps our chief indebtedness to this untiring worker and admirable woman comes from her influence in the family and the lives of Hawthorne and his wife. She first brought them together, and to the last was the good angel in their household.

To those who have doubts concerning her intellectual ability and power I commend a paper on Hawthorne as a writer, an article published somewhere in the sixties in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of singular strength and analytic skill; indeed, I scarcely remember a writer on the same great theme whose work is equal in all respects to this forgotten essay by Elizabeth Peabody.

The world knows but little of the lives of Cynthia, the mother, and Sophia, the sister, of Henry David Thoreau; and yet, but for the influence of these women on the mind and heart of the naturalist and poet, the world of thinkers and lovers of nature must have missed the legacy bequeathed by a writer who in a career—too brief, as we reckon earthly lives—accumulated rare treasures of knowledge and thought. Thoreau's mother and sister were dear friends of my youth and early manhood. I knew Thoreau himself well, and, of course, often met him at the hospitable family home on Main Street, Concord; but the difference in our ages—perhaps a greater difference in temperament and tastes—precluded anything like friendship between the thoughtless student and the grave and self-centered worshiper and lover of nature.

Mrs. Thoreau was in many respects a very remarkable woman; the most prolific, and, I think, the most interesting talker I ever met. Her fund of anecdote and reminiscence was amazing and unfailing; her commas of the formidable female weapon of sarcastic remarks entirely worthy of the object of her especial and enthusiastic admiration, Wendell Phillips. Of her it may be said that

"Age did not wither
Nor custom stale her infinite variety."

I spent an hour with the old lady on the last birthday of her earthly life. It was the twenty-third of May, the anniversary of Hawthorne's funeral in 1864; and I do not think that during the entire interview I had either

the opportunity or the wish to utter a dozen consecutive words. Her body was frail indeed, but the spirit within, as alert, as bright, as young as ever in the days long past.

When I said *good-by*, we both knew it was for the last time in this world. A few months later she passed peacefully away; joyous, hopeful, brilliant to the last, she literally died singing!

Sophia, the daughter, was of widely different temperament and nature. She had much of her mother's sarcastic power, with scarcely any of the vivacity so characteristic of Cynthia Thoreau. In certain respects there was a striking resemblance between Sophia and Henry—not physically, for they looked scarcely at all alike, but in a certain weight and gravity of thought and utterance. In neither of them was there much to remind one of the French extraction of the father, John Thoreau, an amiable and most lovable old gentleman, by far too honest, and scarcely sufficiently energetic for this exacting yet not overscrupulous world of ours.

In one respect, at least, the mother, sister and brother were in full accord; they were pre-eminent and sincere *reformers* in an era and an atmosphere where reformers were radical by a sort of necessity of environment. At the funeral of Hawthorne, thirty-one years ago, it was my fortune to occupy a pew in the old Concord Meeting-house with Miss Thoreau. In reply to some question regarding the family of the immortal romancer, she told me they had seen little of Hawthorne "since his fall." I supposed, naturally enough, that the ominous expression referred to some accident of which I had not heard; but it presently appeared that my old friend alluded to nothing more nor less than the author's dedication of "Our Old Home" to his college-mate and lifelong friend, Franklin Pierce! She spoke thus without a trace of bitterness, but as of the most natural, unavoidable conclusion in the world.

It was little wonder that those who knew Hawthorne only through his late-won literary renown should have heedlessly accepted as truths the popular and vulgar assaults on the man and the author, when so true a woman and amiable a critic as Sophia Thoreau could so misjudge one of the most unselfish acts of Hawthorne's whole career.

It is probable that during the latter years of his life Thoreau's closest, most confidential friend and companion was his sister; and it is certain that she, more than all others, was devoted to his memory; for it is to her we are chiefly indebted for the preservation and subsequent publication of letters and other precious memorials of a life all too brief, the memory of which is pure and sweet and fragrant.

On an October afternoon, almost twenty years ago, the writer, with a companion not unknown to the world of literary fame, stood on the narrow boundary line between the graves of Hawthorne and Henry Thoreau, and saw the body of Sophia, the last of the family and the name, committed to the sacred soil of Sleepy Hollow.

There they sleep together—father and mother, sisters and brothers—close beside the resting-place of the most illustrious of American authors.

NORWICH, CONN.

A Visit to Walden Pond.

BY HECTOR WAYLEN.

On the 4th May, 1894, I had not the remotest idea that the same day in '95 would find me lying by the deserted spot upon which Henry Thoreau built his now classic hut near Walden Pond. But it is a legal maxim that the unexpected is sure to happen, and legal maxims generally contain no small amount of accumulated experience. Concord, a small town in Massachusetts, from which Walden Pond is about a mile and a half distant, was naturally interesting to me from its associations with Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, and others; but what principally drew me thither was the fact of its being the central feature in the country of Thoreau.

Before seeing a place of which we have read we have generally formed some mental picture of it, and I had prepared myself to find a long lake surrounded by a well-nigh impenetrable forest. But, instead of this, I found a well-beaten path leading out of the high road, which, after traversing some short extent of undulating ground not at all thickly covered with medium sized pine trees letting in plenty of sunlight, brings one down to the edge of the "Pond."

In New England, spring is later than in Old England. This was the 4th of May, yet the buds were only just beginning to unfold themselves, very few birds were audible, and in the course of my walk round the pond I found only two or three small flowers. But it was a beautiful day, and as I lay upon the withered leaves sunshine and silence were the prevailing elements.

Walden Pond is a small lake about half a mile long, and a mile and a half in circuit. It is a rough oval in shape, but with a narrow creek running out of it on the north-west side, close to which Thoreau established his solitary abode. So pure are the waters of the lake that you can see to a depth of twenty-five feet, and the bottom is firm and solid. A narrow border of stony beach runs all round the edge, but there is a little stretch of sand near the tiny cove already mentioned. Above the narrow beach rise the banks. These are fairly steep, and mostly covered with pine trees and small brushwood. Thoreau's hut was built a short distance up the bank, away from the end of the cove, and, in order that he might enjoy an unobstructed view, several trees between it and the lake were cut down. As it is, you get a pleasant little prospect, and see neither the railway which skirts the end of the lake, nor the ugly wooden sheds that have been erected round the west end of it for the accommodation of the numerous parties of summer visitors, and all of which, were I King of America, I would clear away. Nothing whatever of the hut remains; but the leveling in the bank where it stood is clear enough, and close by is a pile of stones to still further identify the spot. Every pious Thoreauite contributes a stone, and I staggered up from the beach with the biggest boulder I could manage to lift. While thus engaged a party of fourteen ladies came by, and each contributed a small stone to the heap; but I fancy their hearts were not much in the place, for they only lamented that they had brought no dough-nuts to eat, and passed on, having now "done" Walden. I, however, had not yet done it, and sat down to eat a dinner of oranges, bananas, almonds, and figs upon the spot where Thoreau had doubtless many a time boiled his beans. No other visitors came to Walden that day, so I had the place as much to myself as ever he did. The sun, which at mid-day struck its hot beams across the lake in front, sank down behind the trees on the west, and there remained with me silence and this rude pile of water-worn stones, most of which had been carried to their resting places by hands that had turned with sympathy the pages wherein Thoreau had written of that which most interested him.

This was a singular new experiment in the nineteenth century. While the whole world of thinkers were absorbed in, or perplexed by, a new age of science, here was a man that was no fool, who preferred to sit by Walden Pond, while the sun rose upon his left hand and sank upon his right, and the locomotive with wild-squalling whistle, and loud-clanging bell, rushed by, careless of the woodchucks and of the whip-poor-wills, and of the solitary thinker who loved them, and let the cars roll on.

In the early ages of the Christian church there were men who had retired from the world of human activity with the intent of keeping themselves untainted by its sin, un-

In Natural Food, Sweetman Henry, Farn, Surrey, England, July, 1895, pp. 438-439

illusioned by its passion. But they went to the most uninviting regions they could find; to them the charms of beautiful scenery would have been only a new design of Satan to entrap their souls. Not so with Thoreau. He repaired to the woods to drive life up into a corner, to put himself into as close *rapport* with nature as he possibly could, and in Walden Pond he got just those simple elements of sky, water, birds and trees, that he wanted to study and to make the most of. He did not seek retirement from pure misanthropy, for his hut was a frequent means of assisting escaping negroes, and of real society he knew the value. As to disappointment in "love," Mr. George Bartlett, an old gentleman still resident at Concord, who knew Thoreau, and is a local authority upon everything that is known about him, is of opinion that his interest in the sex opposite to his own, *qua* sex, was almost *nil*. The story of his resignation in favour of his brother John, Mr. Bartlett regards as without foundation, so we may fairly describe this element in his character as a negligible quantity. But what now is the achievement of Thoreau's life? To me he has certainly proved one thing; that man is the central and supremely interesting phenomenon in "Nature." I could have seen a more picturesque lake in Windermere. Finer trees I have seen in Kensington Gardens. But I went to Walden Pond because Thoreau's books had added to the interest of my life. The lake, trees, sky and birds, plus Thoreau are a good deal. Without Thoreau they constitute a process of development. And yet there is more than this. Mr. Bartlett told me one story of Thoreau which I have not seen in print, and which I may not inaptly quote here. A number of loafers jeered at him as he passed one day, and said:

"Halloo, Thoreau, and don't you really ever shoot a bird then when you want to study it?"

"Do you think," replied Thoreau, "that I should shoot you if I wanted to study you?"

As far as man has developed yet he has not seen his way to live upon this earth without violence. It is possible that he should ever attain to a state in which things could be managed in a different way? Certainly we may make some advance in this direction. A few days before my visit to Walden Pond, I was walking in Central Park at New York with Dr. Densmore, and we could not help stopping to watch a squirrel that, while perfectly free to scamper away if it so willed, was fearlessly taking bits of food from the outstretched hands of children, and would then sit up and nibble at the fragments in the prettiest fashion. We agreed that as far as it went it was certainly an exact illustration of a passage in "Queen Mab," which readers of Shelley will at once recollect. But love has not yet everywhere cast out fear. In England I have never seen a squirrel that did not at once set me down within its little heart as an enemy of squirreldom, though I have never shot off a gun in my life.

Now the tendency of Thoreau's life and influence is to make us more thoughtful and observant, purer and less trivial, nobler and more humane; and thus it is that we value Thoreau, though he did not invent a new machine, or finally solve any of the problems of life. And thus also it is that Walden Pond is of interest to us as the favourite spot of a man we have got good from, and in memory of him should be guarded as it was when he lived there. As I turned to go my eye fell upon a flaring advertisement stuck upon one of the trees close by. Advertisements may be an unavoidable and necessary element of civilization (though, by the way, there is a big New York retail clothing establishment that does not spend a cent in advertising), but in Walden Woods they are out of place. Fortunately I was able to detach this one entirely, and, tearing it into a thousand fragments, I walked towards Concord with the consciousness that the day had been well spent.

Anent Thoreau.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received a copy of NATURAL FOOD for July containing an article by Hector Waylen on "A Visit to Walden Pond," which contains a few errors that ought to be corrected. He speaks of walking round the pond, and says it has "a narrow creek running out of it on the northwest side," while as a fact Walden has *neither inlet* nor *outlet* visible.

His hut was *not* used as a means of assisting escaping negroes, though he himself had helped many to escape. As one of the leading anti-slavery party here says, "Why, we should not have thought of using his hut for a station, for it was too open, too readily searched, and we had houses in the village that were far better places of concealment, though Henry did help us in other ways."

As to Thoreau's disappointment in "love" I am afraid that Mr. Bartlett is *not* a good authority, as that episode in Thoreau's life will probably be written up by a competent person in a year or so, when a phase of Thoreau's life that is now not much known will be made public.—Yours very sincerely,

ALFRED W. HOSMER.

Concord, Mass., July 12th, 1895.

An Evening with Thoreau.

CONCORD, MASS., U.S.A.
Oct. 26th, 1895.

LAST evening an audience of about seventy-five met in the studio of Daniel Chester French, on Sudbury Road (where his famous statue of the Minute Man, and groups for various public buildings, were modelled), to hear reminiscences of Henry D. Thoreau.

George B. Bartlett acted as chairman of the meeting and introduced the speakers. In his introductory remarks he spoke of meeting in the west, where he was lecturing a few years ago, a Russian Jew, who told him that some years before he had come across some stray leaves of Thoreau's *Walden*, and that the thoughts contained therein led him to leave his own country and migrate to one where he could lead a freer life and obtain a better education. He was then attending a western college, and the great desire of his life was to be able to translate *Walden* into his native tongue, so that his people could read it, and be benefited by its teachings.

The chairman then introduced Alfred W. Hosmer, who read Thoreau's description of autumn days (Autumn: Oct. 24, 1858, and Oct. 25, 1852), and also his poem, "The Last Leaf." Frank B. Sanborn spoke of the new volume of Thoreau's poems, edited by H. S. Salt, that was soon to be issued, and read from notes of Mr. Channing, one of Thoreau's intimate friends.

Walton Ricketson, the sculptor, read a paper on Thoreau's love of music, quoting passages from *Walden* to illustrate. He mentioned the singing of both John and Henry, and of Henry having given up singing entirely after his brother's death, with the exception of the old English song, Dibdin's "Tom Bowling." He then read, from the original manuscript, Louisa M. Alcott's poem, "Thoreau's Flute," the idea of which was suggested to her by hearing one day the flute give out a clear, soft note, from where it hung on the wall, caused by a breath of wind; then showing the flute, which came to him from Sophia Thoreau, he played, first, one of Thoreau's favourites, "The Canadian Boat Song," and then "Bonnie Dundee," and "Fair Harvard."

Miss Jane Hosmer, a daughter of Edmund Hosmer (Thoreau's friend and neighbour, so often mentioned by him), told of visiting Thoreau in his shanty at Walden Pond, of the fascination he possessed for children, his readiness to tell them of what he had seen and heard in his walks, or of other natural history subjects that would interest them.

From SEED-TIME, Concord, 1895, pp. 11-12 a. Nov.

The chairman told of Thoreau's arrest for non-payment of taxes, saying that the jailor, Samuel Staples, in telling of it, said: "I told Thoreau he would have to come along with me, and he went along without any trouble, and was locked up. When his tax had been paid by some one" (since ascertained to have been Thoreau's aunt), "I told him he was free to go, but he would *not*, until finally I said: 'Henry, if you will not go of your own accord I shall put you out, for you cannot stop here any longer.' He was the only prisoner I ever had that would not leave when he could." R. W. Emerson, seeing Thoreau in jail, said: "Henry, why are you here?" "Mr. Emerson, why are you *not* here?" was Thoreau's reply. In speaking of this arrest, Thoreau says that after he was let out he joined a huckleberry party that was just starting off, "and in half an hour . . . was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of our highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen."

Mrs. Kate Tryon, the lecturer on birds—who, with her husband and daughters, is living in the studio—spoke of Thoreau's simplicity of living, advising her hearers to follow his example and throw away so many articles that were useless, that were only kept because it was "the fashion" to have them. Referring to the birds spoken of by Thoreau, she said that his descriptions of the birds were so true to nature, both as to the sound of their songs, and of their colouring, that where he did not give their names one could readily recognise the bird. She illustrated her talk with quotations from Thoreau, by whistling the bird-songs, and by life-sized water-colour sketches of the birds.

Mr. Hosmer closed the exercises by exhibiting a piece of the Walden shanty, still showing the marks of the axe that "was returned sharper than when I borrowed it"; reading a note of greeting from Thoreau's English biographer, H. S. Salt, and the following tribute to Thoreau by Samuel A. Jones, of Ann Arbor, Mich.:

He kept the temple as divine
  Wherein his soul abided;
He heard the voice within the shrine
  And followed as it guided;
He found no bane of bitter strife,
  But laws of his designing;
He quaffed the bitter cup of Life
  And went forth unrepining.

O shaven crown and mitre-crowned,
  In court or cloister scheming,
Hath even meek A Kempis found
  In rapt ecstatic dreaming
A creed that swifter strips the schools
  Of all their craven terrors,
And simply says, "The Maker rules:
  Who chargeth Him with errors?

"He gives unsought the boon of Life:
  When He shall will, resign it.
Vex not thyself with sinful strife
  With Fate, if He design it
That thou shalt drop the task at noon
  And not when night is falling;
With Him is neither late nor soon,
  Nor, O my Soul, mis-calling!"

O heart so true, so strong, so brave,
  Teach us thy noble daring,
That we may face the ruthless grave,
  Thy dauntless courage sharing.
From vale and streamlet comes reply—
"What doth this world of beauty
More plainly teach than that to die
Is Life's supremest duty?"

This article was reprinted in the High School Voice, Concord, Mass., Nov. 15, 1895.

Mr. Hosmer presented each guest, during the evening, with a brief chronology of Thoreau's life.

ABOUT WALDEN.

IT was a gentle, soft August day. All went leisurely, from the flow of the pacific Musketaquid without to the never-ceasing gossip of the townswomen, engaged in conversation with the sociable clerks across the dry-goods counter, within. The knot of farmers about the old post-office "kal'ated" that the fields were unfit to work in to-day, it was so hot, and not unwillingly did they settle down to resume their desultory chat. I left this unenergetic group, and hastened to the railway, along which I walked in the direction of Walden Pond.

Though I enjoy the advantage of being an ardent lover of sun and heat, as well as of natural history pursuits, I was favored on my railroad-track tramp with a sufficient abundance of its scorching rays to convince me that I was not by any means entirely proof against the sun. All animal life seemed for the time paralyzed, except, of course, the large-winged grasshoppers, which kept flying up before me in the dust, fearless of being gobbled by any wary king-bird. I soon left this sultry railway embankment, and in a little dell, well-known to the firemen on local trains, as I have had reason many times to know, stooped to drink great store of the clear, cold water, which stood in a little natural basin of pure, silvery sand.

From here I found my way to Emerson's "Garden." The glossy leaves of the birches shaded me, but with little effect, although through and beneath them rustled a slight breeze, which was very cooling.

As I wandered about I could not help thinking of the rightful owner of these woodland places,—Thoreau. I came to this while wondering if there could be any other place where I would rather spend such a day as this than in Concord, or within some short distance from the dear old place. Concord and Thoreau, Thoreau and Concord,—what would the one have been without the other! Concord is great, indeed, when we remember that the great emulator of simple life was a contemporary of Emerson, Alcott and Hawthorne,—and two of these authors have surely written what will remain treasured in many tongues for ages to come. But, after all, Thoreau was greater than any of these three fellow-residents of Concord.

Toward noon, as the sun kept shooting his rays upon me hotter, and still hotter, the birds pursued their singing in somewhat more shaded places than in the early morning. Their work for the morning had been done; and now, a few only languidly singing, they were enjoying a brief siesta.

My feet unconsciously led toward Walden's shores. Thank heaven, Thoreau never saw "Lake Walden" fitted out with vulgar ice-cream booths, and other odious appendages for the delectation of those gregarious beings who come there to mutilate the trees with carved inscriptions of their raw-sounding names, to pluck the flowers from their stems, and all under the name of a good time! What would this devoted lover of the fair pond and its surroundings have said if, for instance, he strode down to it from the Concord Turnpike, and saw beautiful Walden so disfigured! That great historian of Nature seemed even

now to appear; not in the present time, but say in 1856, when Walden Pond and all the country about it was pure and undefiled. His observant eyes descried all interesting and unusual sights, his mind soared high on some characteristic thought, while his feet bore him unconsciously onward into some well-known haunt. But now, at noon, he grew a trifle weary, and, seeking his hut, the sight of which, marked by a cairn of stones brought by visitors, is but a few yards from where I rest, he craved seclusion.

But now my reverie is ended by the shrill whistle of yonder train, and my day-dream has gone—where? I rose, and started homeward on the road by which the much-talked-of "British regulars" marched. But dusty highways, even though of historic value, are not to be trod on a day like this, when a picturesque, irregular "cart-path" is at hand. Down one of these I turn, and am soon lost in the rough path, hemmed in by various small trees, and no sound reaches me, nor does any person come this way to disturb me; for this rutted road is out of the way of usual lines of travel. The sun cast quivering, checquered shadows on the ground, and a fresh afternoon breeze refreshed all.

Leaving the cart-path, I seek a narrow footway, leading me rapidly down to lower ground, where, amidst beds of light-green sphagnum, the solitary bittern looks for hours as nature. I have but a fringe of low bushes to pass,—I am beyond them. A tropical scene lies before my eyes. Here in the depth of the woods and swamps are many tiny pools,—the delight of the farmer-botanist, their owner,—over which float, in great abundance, gorgeous water-lilies, varying from the several shades of the common sweet-scented lily to the beautiful lotus, standing erect in its dignity.

The sun is setting. I retake the turnpike, and, looking up, I see a solid ball of molten crimson, which tints with delicate hues the light, airy clouds. I am nearing men and their homes.

From a sternly scientific point of view, my day has been fortunate. I have seen plants and numerous birds; but my meditation on the poet-naturalist, Thoreau, was of far more value to me.

Thomas D. Burgess in the Latin and High School Review, Cambridge, Mass., Feb., 1896, pp. 134–135.

THOREAU.*

It is only after death that many men become citizens of the world. They then cease to be provincial, and come to belong to all mankind. This has been eminently the case with Thoreau. Twenty-five years ago we heard of him, anon and anon, but as of a man who had no connecting links with life in him. From what could be gathered, he seemed a supremely cultured woodman, who cared a great deal more for trees than he did for men; who spent a solitary life in the forests, abjuring most society, but yet one who had chosen friends in great spirits. Was he a man who merely affected the life which the American novelist has made so popular—a nineteenth-century Massachusetts Natty Bumpo? Or was he a genius, who simply wanted time to show himself to men, and speak his own words to the universe?

To many of his old neighbours in Concord, where he lived and died, and which he seldom left, and never for long absences, he was simply a queer and incomprehensible character, full of odd whimseys, going cheerfully to jail rather than pay taxes, and living alone in a hut by a pond near the village. To many others—men of education and literary taste, who had known him at college, and who knew his writings—he was merely an extravagant imitator of Emerson, copying his tone of thought, his style, and even his personal manner and expression. This class was more impatient of him than his neighbours, and was secretly inclined to think of him, in plain speech, only as a lazy humbug.

Yet, in fact, Thoreau was one of a group of remarkable men that appeared in New England during the first half of this century, all of whom were by no means the children of transcendentalism, but whose combined names largely compose the chief glory of American literature. Notwithstanding peculiarities which dwarfed him to the sight of ordinary men, he was a man of great stature and beauty of mind, and especially a man who could read, as few can, or have ever been able to do, the secrets of the nature surrounding him. In the presence of nature most of us are silent. We are so, because she is talking to us in a language which we do not understand, or only half understand. Now and then we seem to hear a voice, but as

* "Life of Thoreau." By Henry S. Salt. London: Walter Scott. 1s. 6d.

The Inquirer, London, Eng., July 18, 1896

THOREAU AS PROSE WRITER.

Thoreau's prose writings, as published in complete form in eleven volumes, make it for the first time possible to come to any clear and full judgment concerning his character and place as a writer of artistic prose. What is Thoreau's best work? What is his rank among artists? If his life had been prolonged, would he have done better work than he actually accomplished? To these and the like interesting questions it is now possible to give some definite answer. Let us begin with the first, and consider what is Thoreau's best and most characteristic expression of himself.

"Walden" is usually pointed out as Thoreau's masterpiece. But while this is certainly a very brilliant piece of writing, and has a unity too often lacking in his other works, it yet affords but a slight clue to the real Thoreau; for here he addresses an inquiring public desirous of knowing in detail his hut-life by Walden pond, and in the whole course of the book he keeps this audience in mind, goes out to meet it, and by a most conspicuously popular style adapts himself to it. In lightsome mood, and with many a satirical stroke and humorous touch, he tells this Walden story. What can be finer, as a playful image, than his complaint that the "Iron Horse," "whose ear-rending neigh is heard throughout the town, has muddied the Boiling Spring with his foot, and he it is that has brought off all the woods on Walden shore." But with all its excellence of style, "Walden" is comparatively superficial in both matter and manner. If we would find Thoreau's deeper self, we must search elsewhere.

Let us look then to the Journals, as printed in the four volumes entitled "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter." Here Thoreau writes merely for himself and to please himself, and so reveals his true self. The "journalizing," he says, is "an effort to expose my innermost and richest veins to light." The Journals are then, I take it, most im-

portant documents to help us in fully understanding and appreciating the real Thoreau and his art. Here we find, indeed, much treasure, both silver and gold; but also some base metal, both brass and pewter. As a specimen of his basest metal, we extract a few lines from his profuse and foolish musings on a big toadstool:

"Such growths ally our age to those earlier periods which geology reveals. I wondered if it had not some relation to the skunk, though not in odor, yet in its color and the general impression it made. It suggests a vegetative force which may almost make man tremble for his dominion. It carries me back to the era of the formation of the coal measures, the age of the Saurus and the Pliosaurus, and when bull-frogs were as big as bulls. . . . Is it not a giant mildew or mold? In the warm, muggy night the surface of the earth is mildewed. The mold is the flower of humid darkness and ignorance. The pyramids and other monuments of Egypt are a vast mildew or toad-stool which have met with no light of day sufficient to waste them away."

This is mere sophomoric crudeness and callow maundering. And such slipshod thought is not infrequent in the Journals, though often in a measure redeemed by accuracy and purity of style. We have met with but one bad error in style, and this is so ludicrously bad that it is worth quoting. Describing the wintergreen blossom, Thoreau says, "It is a very pretty little chandelier of a flower, fit to adorn the forest floor." Possibly Thoreau's slight acquaintance with ball-rooms made him overlook the fact that chandeliers do not usually adorn floors.

But it is very pleasant to the patient searcher among the Journals to find amid the baser metals nuggets of purest gold; here and there he comes upon passages of descriptive literature of the highest order. Take, for instance, the description of the felling and dismembering of a giant pine by the lumberman. We can quote only the conclusion of this woodland tragedy. The tree felled, the chopper "Has measured it with his ax and marked off the small logs it will make. It is lumber. . . . When the fish-hawk in the spring revisits the banks of the Musketaquid, he will circle in vain to find his accustomed perch, and the hen-hawk will mourn for the pines lofty enough to protect her brood. . . . I hear no knell tolled, I see no procession of mourners in the streets or the woodland aisles. The squirrel has leaped to another tree, the hawk has circled farther off, and has now settled upon a new eyrie, but the woodman is preparing to lay his ax at the root of that also."

This has genuine quality, as has also the following description of a bobolink's song:

"I hear the note of a bobolink concealed in the top of an apple-tree behind me. Though this bird's full strain is ordinarily somewhat trivial, this one appears to be meditating a strain as yet unheard in meadow or orchard. *Paulo majora canamus.* He is just touching the strings of his theorbo, his glassichord, his water organ, and one or two notes globe themselves and fall in liquid bubbles from his harp within a vase of liquid melody, and when he lifted it out the notes fell like bubbles from the trembling strings. Methinks they are the most liquidly sweet and melodious sounds I ever heard. They are as refreshing to my ear as the first distant tinkling and gurgling of a rill to a thirsty man. Oh, never advance farther in your art; never let us hear your full strain, sir! But away he launches, and the meadow is all bespattered with melody. . . . It is the foretaste of such strains as never fell on mortal ears, to hear which we should rush to our doors and contribute all that we possess and are."

Where will you find anything finer in its way than this? It is truly, like the bobolink's, a large and noble strain. And many of Thoreau's descriptions of notes of birds and animals have a very rare quality, as when he writes of the cock's clarion, the blackbird's song, and the bullfrog's trump.

To show once more what Thoreau in his best mood can do, look at this little landscape sketch:

"The air is clear as if a cool, dewy brush had swept the meadows of all haze. A liquid coolness invests them, as if their midnight aspect were suddenly revealed to midday. The mountain outline is remarkably distinct, and the intermediate earth appears more than usually scooped out like a vast saucer sloping upwards to its sharp mountain rim. The mountains are washed in air."

This picture of pellucid air is remarkably artistic. Nought is florid or forced, but the expression is singularly close, clear, and grand. The phrase, "The mountains are washed in air," touches the sublime; it strikes the keynote of a Nature hymn. For the moment Thoreau soars the empyrean with eagle-sweep.

We confess to enjoying such slight but exquisite sketches as these from the Journals far more than the elaborate and conscious efforts in "Walden." "Walden" is exoteric, the Journals are esoteric. "Walden" has not the deep seriousness, the solemn rapture, which pervades these records of daily life. Here we see more clearly than elsewhere how strongly Thoreau is thrilled and uplifted by nature's beauty. This "vision" affects him more "deeply and powerfully" than aught else. Hence he was a haunter of fields and rivers, of woods and hills, and, far withdrawing from the roar of modern mechanic life, he would "lurk," he says, "in crystalline thought, like the trout under verdurous banks where stray mankind should only see my back coming to the surface."

But though Thoreau often rises to rapture in his marvellously sensitive response to nature, he yet never attains real poetic expression. He has the raw material in plenty; but, as Emerson says, "thyme and marjoram are not yet honey." Thoreau regards the art of metre, rhyme, and rhythm as too much akin to artifice. He thinks that the "mere scheme and form" of poetry is adopted at "a sacrifice of vital truth and poetry," and he refuses to make this sacrifice.

Thoreau has been called the "poet-naturalist." We have seen that he is not a poet, and it is equally plain that he is not a naturalist. Throughout his Journals, Thoreau iterates and reiterates that he is not a scientist, and that science has no vital interest for him. Indeed, the spirit of science is in the directest opposition to Thoreau's; for while science does away with the personal equation, Thoreau magnifies it. He values nature not as a source of mere knowledge for its own sake, but as a fount of delight and inspiration which pours through his whole being. In all his close observation of nature he seeks, not information, but beauty and sympathy. "In what book," he asks, "is this world and its beauty described? Who has plotted the steps to the discovery of beauty? You must be in a different state from common. Your greatest success will be simply to conceive that such things are, and you will have no communication to make to the Royal Society." Thoreau thus shows an artist's disdain of cold, unimpressionable science. He desires above all things to feel deeply the supernal beauty of nature, and to give large expression of this emotion in living prose; in short, Thoreau is preeminently an artist, and in particular an impressionist of the open air school. Out-of-doors is the subject of his art; there is his studio,— and, indeed, also his home, his theatre, his university, and his church.

But Thoreau is not equally open to all aspects of nature. He lived for some time by the sea, and often visited its shore; yet, so far as we may judge from his writings, he was not much affected by the wondrous beauty and majesty of old ocean. He wandered over Cape Cod; he made excursions to the White Mountains, to the Maine woods, and to Canada; but his writings thereabout—and Thoreau is very faithful to himself in all his writing — are quite juiceless and uninspired. But let Thoreau once set foot on the well-beloved fields of Concord, walk in its forests, glide along its smooth-flowing river, and he at once utters a fresh, deep, and strong note. Even Monadnock and Wachusett thrill him chiefly as seen from Concord. All that is best in Thoreau's life and art centres in rural Concord; he is its literary *Genius loci*; he broods over its every phase, and voices his observation and meditation in sentences full of rarest insight and clearest beauty. Away from Concord he is ill at ease, and only partially receptive of the divine message of nature. "I am afraid," he says, "to travel much, or to famous places, lest it might completely dissipate the mind. Then I am sure that what we observe at home, if we observe anything, is of more importance than what we observe abroad. The far-fetched is of the least value."

Thoreau's writings show several styles. We distinguish five....

With whom shall we compare Thoreau as a painter of nature? Not with White of Selborne, for White is primarily a scientist, while Thoreau is above all and before all an artist. Not with Ruskin, for though both are artists, they are very diverse; Ruskin sees nature through the medium of the Bible and Turner, but Thoreau could allow neither priest nor painter to be his interpreter, and so he felt himself radically out of tune with the great art critic. And further, the rich and cloying style of Ruskin is altogether unlike the crystalline simplicity of Thoreau's best work. In his mind and art, Thoreau is much nearer to Wordsworth than to either White or Ruskin. Both Wordsworth and Thoreau are entirely individual and direct in their approach to nature, seeking at all times an unprepossessed impression, which they would express in the simplest and freest art.— Wordsworth, in prosaic poetry; Thoreau, in poetic prose. For both, nature is a source not merely of æsthetic but also of ethical inspiration, though Wordsworth has a mature strength and poise, an abiding rock-like solidity, quite foreign to Thoreau. Both are local in their sentiment, the Lake country being to Wordsworth what Concord was to Thoreau. For a particular comparison of work, read the description of the bobolink's song, before mentioned, and then read these lines of Wordsworth on a nightingale's song....

However, in my judgment the essay on "Wild Apples" shows Thoreau at his best, and in his true function: but even this needs pruning, and the theme is rather small and narrow. What an essay Thoreau could have given us on Bird-song! It would have been a classic. If Thoreau had lived his allotted span, he might have produced some wonderfully fine work on such lines; but as it is, we can only lament the unfulfilled promise of an artist uniquely great in animal and landscape word painting. Thoreau was undoubtedly one of those rarest visitors to our planet—a genius; and, what is more, a genius true to himself, who never swerved to the right or left in following out his bent. As such, appreciation of him is bound to grow, and that despite the incompleteness and immaturity of his actual performance. We may say with confidence that Thoreau's place, though small, is secure and permanent; he occupies a distinct but minor niche in the eternal Pantheon of Art.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

pp. 179-182.
The Dial (Chicago), XXI, Oct. 1, 1896,

EARLY WORCESTER LITERARY DAYS.

Emerson, Thoreau and Alcott Regarded as Just Freaks.

Of the literary character of the Worcester of 40 or 50 years ago, which, radiating from Boston as a central point, shed its influence over New England as a whole, but little is remembered by the people of today—only by the few who were privileged to meet and converse with those literary giants, such as Emerson, Thoreau, George William Curtis, Bronson Alcott and his daughter, Louise, and the host of lesser lights which, each in their sphere, did so much toward creating and promoting that school of philosophers which shed its luster over the New England thought of that period.

The Worcester of that day was not altogether prepared to receive the teachings of Emerson and his confreres in the spirit they merited. There are people living in Worcester who remember instances of the manner in which the philosopher of Concord was greeted; of the slender audiences that assembled to meet him in the old city hall, and, principally, of

the Fierce Denunciations

which followed each successive lecture from the pulpits of the churches on the Sundays after they were delivered.

Thoreau, also, the apostle of the woods, the shaggy, unkempt, and in a sense uncouth, lover of the open fields, who hated the paved streets of a city, and abominated with exceeding fierceness the piles of brick and stone of which it was composed, was tolerated, but not exactly enjoyed, by the small circle which gathered to meet him when, in the famous Lyceum course of lectures, he was assigned to this city.

Of the three—Emerson, Thoreau and Alcott—it is a question for the Worcester of today to consider which was greeted with the more cordiality. Emerson, tall and slender, not of robust physique, rather of sallow complexion, with an aquiline nose, and eyes "of that peculiar shade of blue which seems ever to be looking into the future and seeing nothing of the present," was certainly not the favorite. His teachings, in the form of lectures, were wont to pass over the heads of his audiences. At all events, they formed the subjects

For Innumerable Conversations

during the week after he appeared in Worcester. His closest friend, Harrison Gray Otis Blake, still living in this city at an advanced age, was the butt of often cruel and sarcastic remarks by those of the outer circle in regard to his close association with him whom his traducers declared was little better than a professed atheist.

Thoreau was looked upon in a different light. His humorous, sarcastic, but ever entertaining talks, rather than lectures, were received with more favor, but with perhaps even less comprehension. It was under the roof of old city hall, and to an audience of less than 100 persons, that his famous lecture on "Beans" was delivered. This was afterwards incorporated in his famous work, "Walden," still read with delight by readers in this country and England. His close intimacy with Emerson, however, rather tended to bring him into disfavor with those of the church clique in the old Worcester, and it was not until the world outside of New England began to discover in the countryman from Concord a new genius in the world of letters that sentiment changed in his favor.

Bronson Alcott Was Given Up

as a hopeless task. No one in the Worcester of 1850 made any pretense of understanding him. People were in the habit of attending his lectures and afterward meeting him at the homes of the Blakes, the Chamberlains and of Theo. Brown and listening with greater or lesser polite, but thinly disguised contempt. His transcendentalism and idealism were altogether beyond them. They found it impossible to fathom the motives and ideas of a man who lived wholly in the world of thought. Rather did they look upon his poverty and what seemed to them almost criminal disregard of money matters, even where they affected his family.

As a matter of fact, this disregard of money was without doubt the most eminent characteristic of the man. The story of his trip to the South, when yet a young man, with a trunk filled with articles for sale, and his long stay in that section of country without making a single sale is well remembered.

Though this peculiar trait apparently caused him but little trouble, his wife and daughter were seriously inconvenienced. While visiting in Worcester in the early fifties, Mrs. Alcott and her distinguished daughter, Louise,

Confessed to Their Hostess

that there had been times when the family had even suffered for sufficient food. True to his theory of allowing the future to look out for itself, Alcott and his friends were wont to board railroad trains and stages without a cent among them, and when the conductor came around for their fares, there would be trouble, from which they were generally extricated by the kind intervention of some member of the outer world whose compassion was excited by the plight of the philosopher and his disciples.

But the guise in which he most often appeared in Worcester was as a conversationalist. His favorite place for meeting his followers and friends was at the house of Theo. Brown on Chestnut street, on the spot where the house of Mayor Sprague stands. And such conversations they were! In his eager desire to give vent to the thoughts and ideas with which his fertile brain abounded, Alcott's tongue was wont to completely master him. Beginning at an early hour in the evening he would talk on hour after hour without a stop. Midnight, 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, and even 3 o'clock, would find

the Apostle of Transcendentalism

still engaged in explaining his conception of the universe.

He would tolerate no interruption. If once his attention was allowed to stray from the subject in hand by an irrever-

Worcester Telegram
Oct. 26, 1896.

PLUMBAGO,
PREPARED
Expressly for Electrotyping,
— BY —
JOHN THOREAU,
PENCIL MAKER,
CONCORD, MASS.

ent question, he would awake from his apparent trance, and plainly manifest his impatience and disgust, and nothing more could be got from him that evening. In such moments it was only his friend and adviser, Col. (then Reverend) Thomas Wentworth Higginson, pastor of the Free religious society formed in Worcester in 1872, who could do anything with him. By the very few of his followers in Worcester he was looked upon in the light of one inspired, but to the public in general he was an enigma, a mystery, and by no small number of Worcester people he was looked upon as a harmless lunatic, who might be humored with safety, but so far as finding any food for thought in his interminable maunderings was concerned, they had no use for him.

Thoreau's few visits to Worcester were made generally at the invitation of his friends, the Browns, Chamberlains, Blakes, John Wyman and Augustus Tucker, who formed the nucleus of what might have been

Called the Literary Salon

of the infant city of Worcester. His lectures were delivered principally in city hall, Brinley hall (where the new State Mutual building now stands), and in the drawing room of his friend, Harrisan Gray Otis Blake.

These were never well attended. If at the earnest solicitations of his friends an audience of 100 people could be gotten together to hear him, it was considered a compliment to him, and he was well satisfied. For these lectures he asked nothing, only stipulating that his expenses should be paid. He, like Alcott, cared nothing for money, and it was one of his proudest boasts that he had once lived a year on an actual cash expenditure of $65.90. People could not understand him, and in his secret consciousness he was inclined to be proud of the fact.

He made no effort whatever to pay regard to the conventionalities. On his visits to Worcester he never troubled to bring a trunk or even a traveling bag. His hostess would often be mortified, after his arrival, to find his personal belongings reposing on the table in the hall

Tied Up in a Red Bandanna,

or in a greasy sheet of brown paper. The chances are that if he were living today and carried out the same plan of existence, he would be looked upon as a suspicious character.

But the great event of the early 40's in Worcester literary society was the visit of Charles Dickens and his wife to the town in 1842. "Honest" John Davis was then governor of Massachusetts, and lived on the old Davis estate, 89 Lincoln street, Worcester.

Armed with letters of introduction from the American minister at the court of St. James, from the American consul-general in London, and from well known authors, Dickens presented himself at the state house in Boston, and was cordially received by "Honest John." The governor's hospitality did not end with the courtesies demanded by his office to the distinguished Englishman. . . .

THOREAU AS A POET.

"Poems of Nature." By Henry David Thoreau. Selected and edited by Henry S. Salt and Frank B. Sanborn. (London: John Lane.)

They were not used to write prose with dignity in the early Victorian times, but, on the contrary, they enjoyed very high poetic traditions. Strangely enough, America produced at least two famous prose writers in those days, Emerson and Thoreau. The men displayed certain similarities, but faced in two very opposite directions; in style, however, they were both equally distinguished. Thoreau clothed his pleasant meditations in very stately grace; Emerson was staider, and more severe. It were hard to pick between them in the matter of English, but Thoreau's subject-matter probably commends him to a greater popularity. We have no need to open our "Walden" for an illustration, for Thoreau wrote with distinction even in his letters. We extract a pleasant fragment quoted in Messrs. Salt and Sanborn's introduction:—"Just now," he wrote in the autumn of 1841, "I am in the mid-sea of verses, and they actually rustle round me, as the leaves would round the head of Antaeus himself, should he thrust it up through some vales which I know; but alas! many of them are but crisped and yellow leaves like his, I fear, and will deserve no better fate than to make mould for new harvests." Fifty of these verses—two-thirds, the editors explain, of those preserved by Thoreau—compose this little book, and serve to introduce us to Thoreau the poet. Most of us have not made his acquaintance under this style, though familiar, maybe, with the scattered scraps that occur in his prose. But Messrs. Salt and Sanborn publish Thoreau's claims very modestly. They are not at all clamorous. He wrote his verse before the age of twenty-six, and burned much of it at Emerson's instigation. Enough has remained to fill 120 small pages, and the editors are quite justified in their work, if only because they have given us for the first time an opportunity of judging Thoreau in another sphere. They themselves seem to claim little more for him than that he had the heart of a poet and wrote with "personal significance." That claim no one who is intimate with Thoreau's prose is likely to deny, but it is also certain that he lacked poetical expression. The editors refer to Thoreau's remarks upon Quarles as applicable to himself: that "it is rare to find one who was so much of a poet and so little of an artist." There was certainly very little art in Thoreau's verse. His rhymes were paltry, his metres were ill-chosen, and his poetry was singularly wanting in the melody current in his prose. And, withal, he was of a cast of mind from which poets are not derived. He was reflective; so was Wordsworth. But then the blood never tingled in his thoughts as it tingled in Wordsworth's. He is too downright reasonable, too measured, too sober, too sane. Throughout these fifty poems you will scarcely detect a breath of impulse. The emotion, the pulsation of poetry, is entirely absent. He sat down to his work, no doubt, with noble thoughts, but he sat down as though to his prose; and prose and poetry demand diverse qualities and treatment. Thoreau himself considered prose the superior form. He thought it commands our respect more than great verse, since it implies a more permanent and level height. . . . The poet only makes an irruption, like a Parthian, and is off again, shooting while he retreats; but the prose writer has conquered, like a Roman, and settled colonies." It is an interesting point; but then we must remember that Thoreau had failed as a poet. In the issue,

as the editors in their very judicious and exemplary introduction observe, Thoreau's poetry is of the school of Quarles himself, and more particularly of George Herbert; witness such a stanza as this, the type of many :—

> I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
> By a chance bond together,
> Dangling this way and that, their links
> Were made so loose and wide,
> methinks,
> For milder weather.

The lines, the thought, the cadence, echo of another century; as do these again, with their faint suggestion of "L'Allegro" :—

> In some withdrawn, unpublic mead
> Let me sigh upon a reed,
> Or in the woods, with leafy din,
> Whisper the still evening in.

The last two admirable lines might have been written under the shadow of Milton. Of this there are dozens of pages, all very much upon the level, informed with a smooth and strenuous love of nature, instinct with detail and particularity; but hardly for one moment aspiring out of grave thoughtfulness. The emotions are curtailed and drab. Thoreau was too stern a Puritan in his verses to forget himself; or perhaps it was that he never could lose himself. It must be pitiful to feel that you could, and know that you can't. Yet is there not something else, a flash of the real poetic expression in such lines as these?—

> Thus, perchance, the Indian hunter,
> Many a lagging year agone,
> Gliding o'er thy rippling waters,
> Lowly hummed a natural song.
>
> Now the sun's behind the willows,
> Now he gleams along the waves,
> Faintly o'er the wearied billows,
> Come the spirits of the braves.

There can be no question here, and yet Thoreau never captured and caged this spirit. He abandoned the habit of verse after 1843, and very wisely, and happily for us, developed his proper genius. "His poetry," says Emerson, "might be bad or good. He no doubt wanted a lyric facility and technical skill; but he had the source of poetry in his spiritual perception; . . . if he have not the poetic temperament, he never lacks the causal thought, showing that his genius was better than his talent." This is very true, but the same criticism might be passed on many failures; and to explain is not to apologise. In view of his other achievements, indeed, to apologise for Thoreau's weakness would be a piece of impertinence.

London Daily Chronicle, Nov. 9, 1895

THE LISTENER.

Perhaps the flood of books at this season is not as great as it has been in some years, but it is great enough—especially if you yourself have one or two in the flood which you would like to sell. The wonder is that any books are sold at all, there are so many to make selection from. For some of us, one book soars above them all in consequence; it is Thoreau's "Cape Cod." Having lately tramped the Cape himself, the Listener has, perhaps, a special interest in this magnificent work; but he is sure that his interest can hardly surpass that of the world in general, so completely has Thoreau come to his own in the understanding and sympathy of the time. Fancy the astonishment, the bewilderment of the philosopher of Walden himself, if, in those days when he boasted that he had a very respectable library—all composed of unsold copies of his own works—he could have had a prophetic vision of this luxurious edition, with painted pictures along its margins, selling freely on all the book-counters! Would he have recognized the volumes as his? Probably not from the outside; but if he had read, he would have found that the matter was just the rough, powerful, gentle, unmatched deliverance of the man of the Walden cabin, who was not to be intimidated or influenced by what people thought about him or expected of him. There is no need of an édition de luxe of Thoreau's thoughts; they may be all in homespun, but homespun of what a magnificent weave!

+ + +

What the Listener notices in going through the pages of "Cape Cod" anew, with the impression of his own little journey fresh in his mind, is the fact that, with the exception of the actual sea and shore, the Cape is a very different thing now from the thing it was when Thoreau went over it. He perpetually talks of the seafaring lives of the men and of their ships on the sea. The Listener saw one little schooner at Yarmouthport, and another at East Dennis, and was favored with a view of the custom house at Barnstable—and these were about all that he saw or heard of to suggest seafaring lives on the part of the natives. Though the sea is just where it always was—or a little nearer, since the ocean side of the Cape is always washing away—there is no longer anything nautical about Cape Cod itself. Out of three things the people now get their livelihood—summer boarders, cranberries and hens. Thoreau might have written immortal chapters about the cranberries, but it is doubtful if either the hens or the summer boarders would have inspired him at all. If Cape Cod had been in Thoreau's day what it is now, perhaps "Cape Cod" would never have been written. Let us be glad, therefore, that it was n't; and yet the Cape Cod of today is a very good place indeed.

The Listener has an interesting letter from a lady who recalls the effect made on the Cape Cod people by the original appearance of Thoreau's "Cape Cod." She says that they thought it was about as good a book as anyone could write who derived his impressions wholly from what he had seen from the top of the stage-coach in a rainstorm. No doubt they were quite right; though of course their remark applied only to that part of the book which described the country this side of Orleans. It is undoubtedly a fact that, so far as this portion of the Cape was concerned, Thoreau's observations were what would in current speech now be designated as "way off." The man who could see no beauty in the prospect of great Scargo Hill, seen from across Scargo Lake, must have had his vision much obstructed by the falling rain. And Thoreau never saw the pretty lakes in the interior of the Cape country at all; some of them certainly are as romantic, as pellucid and as charming as Walden itself. Thoreau's account of the Cape this side of the elbow reminds one of the famous chapter that Sterne wrote about Calais after arriving there after dark and setting out in

the morning before daylight. But when he got to Eastham, his tune changed. You will never get from Thoreau any good account of anything that he did not go over on foot. Wheels insulate him from sympathy—as they do some of the rest of us. And even as to what he wrote of the ocean, the person who was brought up by the side of the sea will hardly care much for that. It is the naivete of his view, the newness of the impression, the effect made upon an impressionable mind by the first real acquaintance with the sea, which makes the book so delightful to landlubbers: and the ocean dweller, even, may find the pictures wonderfully true. . . .

Dec. 19, 1896

Boston Evg. Transcript,

In case there is in the latter end of the 20th or the first quarter of the 21st century another American historical writer as sensible as Mr. John Fiske, and in case he has occasion to narrate events connected with Cape Cod, he will, questionless, make copious use of the sketches in colors, by Amelia M. Watson, which accompany the newest holiday edition of Thoreau's thin volume, or booklet, in which, under the simple and sufficient title Cape Cod, was given to his numerous admirers—not so numerous then as now—by H. D. Thoreau, an account of the hermit philosopher's travels afoot over what he called "the bared and bended arm of Massachusetts." That was a little more than one third of a century ago.

The artist visited the places mentioned and described by Thoreau; she had in her hands a copy of the book; on the margin of its pages she then and there made the pictures which are reproduced here. Although "times effacing fingers" had changed the landscape somewhat in the intervening years, the changes were but relatively slight. Thoreau's eyes were of of the rare kind that see things which have in them abiding qualities. Besides, old Father Time deals more gently with the works of man and with the works of God on Cape Cod than almost anywhere else. Accordingly, and inasmuch as there evidently was much akin between Amelia M. Watson's vision and Henry D. Thoreau's, she saw much that he saw, and her pencil worthily supplements his pen.

Boston Advertiser, Nov. 3, 1896

FOR CAPE COD FOLKS. 1896

CAPE COD. By Henry D. Thoreau. Illustrated in water colors, by Miss Amelia M. Watson, two vols., $5.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The ten essays of this series were first published in book form at Christmas time 32 years ago. Most of the chapters had appeared in Putnam's or the Atlantic, and the book was edited by W. E. Channing, who says in his book on Thoreau that "One of the old Cod could not believe that Thoreau was not a peddler, but said after explanation failed, 'Well, it makes no odds what it is you carry, so long as you carry truth along with you.'"

Thoreau carried truth along with him on his travels on "the bended arm of Massachusetts," and Miss Watson has carried truth along with her sketches of wharves, cliffs, sandy stretches of beach, marine views, and other subjects with which the pages of these books are adorned. They are tastefully scattered through the pages, on margins and at the beginning and end of chapters, just as she placed them in her own copy of Cape Cod. The colors are tastefully reproduced and these charming volumes take place among the richest gift books of the year.

EMERSON AND THOREAU.

Word-Painting at Dinner of John Eliot Club Last Evening.

More than half a hundred members of the John Eliot Club of Roxbury assembled at the Parker House last evening for the first banquet of the winter. Azariah Smith, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., presided and introduced as the speakers of the evening Mr. John Albee and Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson.

"A Day With Emerson" was the theme of Mr. Albee's paper, and so quaint and vivid were his word portraits of the Concord Philosopher and his home that the old members of the historic club could fancy that they and the philosopher were together and alone.

Edward Waldo Emerson, son of the philosopher, spoke with considerable diffidence of his own family, but with a warmth of admiration that threw aside all reserve when he touched upon the character of his friend Henry Thoreau. He felt that Thoreau was so strong in his natural antipathy to sordid and money-grasping instincts, and so hearty and free in his appreciation of nature as to be rightfully exempt from the hard and fast standards of his critics. "Let a man step to the music that he hears," exclaimed Mr. Emerson, earnestly, "however strange and far away."

Boston Journal, Dec. 4, 1896.

REMINISCENCES OF THOREAU.

Readings from the Poet-Naturalist's Works at Concord Last Evening.

CONCORD, Mass, Oct 26—In the studio of Daniel Chester French on Sudbury road a large company gathered last evening, to hear reminiscences of Henry D. Thoreau.

George B. Bartlett introduced the speakers. Mr A. W. Hosmer read a prose selection of Thoreau's, followed by a poem. Mr Frank B. Sanborn read from notes of Mr Channing, who was most intimate with Thoreau.

Mr Walter Ricketson, the sculptor, read a short paper on Thoreau's musical appreciation, both in words and song.

Miss Jane Hosmer made remarks on Thoreau's love for children, and his entertaining them by telling them what he had seen and heard in his walks. One of the features of the evening was by Miss Kate Tryon, who quoted from Thoreau's books passages illustrating his knowledge of bird notes, also showing pictures of the birds he wrote about.

Mr Hosmer closed the evening with a poem addressed to Thoreau by Dr Jones of Ann Arbor, Mich.

During the exercises, when Mrs Tryon was illustrating Thoreau's love for the birds, she whistled all of the bird notes. Mr A W. Hosmer presented each guest with a pamphlet, giving a complete chronological record of Thoreau.

Boston Globe, Oct. 26 or 27, 1895

"DAVID HENRY THOREAU."

Subject of Mrs. J. L. Tryon's "Nature Talk," in Perkins Hall, Yesterday Afternoon.

Mrs. J. L. Tryon continued her course of "Nature Talks" yesterday afternoon, in Perkins Hall, with a talk on "Henry David Thoreau." She spoke of his life in Concord, occupied in exploring the aspects of nature, and told how she had gone to Concord and, as far as she could, had gone over the country which he knew and described so well. Her account of her expedition to Walden was especially interesting.

"Thoreauism," said Mrs. Tryon, "as understood to mean the desire to leave the society of men and for a little time to live with nature, is one of the most catching things in the world."

Mrs. Tryon has in an exceptional degree the rare knack of being able to imitate the sounds and songs of birds with exactness. She was able to use it yesterday with much advantage in illustrating her talk.

Oct., 1895

ENTHUSIASTS OF THOREAU.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.)

Concord, Mass., Oct. 26.—The studio owned by Daniel C. French, in which

the model of the famous Minute Man was made, and which is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Tryon, was filled with enthusiasts of Thoreau last evening The evening was taken up with pleasant memories of this famous hermit of Walden Woods. Mr. George B. Bartlett was the Chairman of the evening, and acted as master of ceremonies.

CONCORD LETTER.

[For the Southbridge JOURNAL.]

November 28, 1895.

Turning to your right over the railroad track along the winding Subbury road past rows of maple trees and willow hedges, our eye is attracted by the view, stretching away over scattered hay-cocks and ploughed fields to the railroad through a sand cut from which we see the iron horse dart at short intervals during the day. Thoreau came here in the spring time to gather sand flowers. It is interesting to note how thoroughly Thoreau is pronounced by all Concordians. A lady who has lived all her life in Concord went the other day to buy one of Thoreau's books. The girl who waited on her looked perplexed, and after a moment's hesitation, said: "Oh! You mean Thoreau." She took the book and moved away wondering if after all people know how to pronounce their own names rightly. Speaking of Thoreau you may be interested in the meeting which Mrs. Kate Tryon—the Ornithogist who is living at French's studio, gave last Friday night. Henry D. Thoreau was one of the group of men that made up rare old Concord. Alfred W. Hosmer, himself a Concord boy, has devoted many leisure hours to the works and walks of Thoreau. He has also a rare collection of relics, and among them some Indian arrow heads gathered about Concord. He is a rare and true interpreter of the Naturalist.

The studio was artistically decorated with green ferns, pine boughs, pitcher plants, and colored vines. These, with the dull russet brown of the leaves of the maple and oak along with the models of plaster art in the studio, made a most attractive picture to the 75 guests who were present. Mrs. Tryon had also made sketches of Concord in water color, many of them being the favorite haunts of Thoreau. These added much to the picture. A small statue of John Harvard on the organ looked approvingly down. The model of the minuteman is here in plaster. The gray color of the tints assumed in the lamp-light added much to the scene as he stood guard. While busts of Gen. Bartlett and Emerson and many other noted men smiled from their pedistals at the stories told of Thoreau. George Bradford Bartlett presided: He said he was asked after a lecture out West what practical example Thoreau's writings had ever taught. He mentioned one of these.

A young Russian Jew came to him after one of his lectures and said he had found in his own country a leaf of Walden; that he had learned the language so that he might translate it into his own tongue for his fellow countrymen to read. He then introduced Alfred Hosmer who read prose from Thoreau's "Autumn," Oct. 5, 1852 and Oct. 24, 1858; then from Thoreau's poem "The Last Leaf." Frank D. Sanborn, who has written a life of Thoreau, spoke of the new volume of Thoreau's poems edited by Henry Salt which is soon to be issued: He also read from notes of Mr. Channing who makes his home with Mr. Sanborn and who was intimate with Thoreau. Walton Ricketson, the sculptor and artist whose unalloyed genuineness shines in his face, read an article on Thoreau's love of music quoting from Walden, also the original manuscript of the poem by Louisa M. Alcott on Thoreau's flute, that he owns. It is of German make and was presented to Ricketson by Sophia Thoreau and has the initials J. T. on the side. It is interesting to know that Thoreau gave up his music after the death of his brother only playing one tune "Dibdans Tom Bowline," an old English song. The poem of Louisa M. Alcott's commences:

> We, sighing said, "Our Pan is dead,
> His pipe hangs mute beside the river
> Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
> But music's airy voice is fled
> Spring mourns as for untimely frosts
> The blue bird chants a requiem
> The willow-blossoms wait for him:—
> The genius of the woods is lost.

This poem was suggested by hearing a gust of wind blow through the flute as it hung on the wall giving out a musical note. A short time after this was published in the Atlantic monthly Mr. Alcott was calling on Mr. Longfellow at Cambridge. The latter asked: "Have you seen the poem Emerson wrote on Thoreau's flute?" "My daughter, Louisa, wrote that" said Mr. Alcott. It was not then customary for contributors to the Atlantic Monthly to sign their names to their articles. "Row, Brothers Row" was a favorite tune with Thoreau and Mr. Ricketson made this the first musical selection that he played, followed by "Robin Adair," "Bonnie Dundee," "Annie Laurie," closing with "Fair Harvard," receiving of course the warmest applause. Miss Jane Hosmer gave her childhood recollections of him, his never ceasing interest in any question they might ask in regard to Natural History, told of visiting him in his shanty at Walden, her father being his friend and neighbor.

Frank B. Sanborn started the Concord school which existed for eight years. He wrote the hymn read at the funeral service of John Brown in Concord

in 1859 at which Thoreau addressed the meeting. He was supposed to know of the plans of John Brown, and refused to appear before a committee of the United States senate, Mason of Virginia chairman. The United States marshals came to his house and tried to carry him away attempting to put him into a coach. A gentleman from Ireland says he was the boy who gave the alarm and it was the "lingth of him intirely" that saved him, for he was so tall that he braced himself, hands on the top of the coach-door and feet on the bottom, and they could not get him in the door. His sister meanwhile whipped up the horses and her calls summoned his infuriated townsmen. He was editor of the "Commonwealth" in 1863, also of the Springfield Republican. He has for years been a contributor to several magazines.

The chairman told of Thoreau's arrest for non-payment of taxes, that the jailor in telling of it said: "I told Thoreau he would have to come along with me, and he went along without any trouble and was locked up." When his taxes had been paid by some one (some say his aunts and some Emerson) the jailor told him he was free to go, but he would not, until finally I said: "Henry, if you will not go out of your own accord, I shall put you out, for you cannot stay here any longer. He was the only prisoner I had that didn't wish to leave when he could." Ralph Waldo Emerson went to see Thoreau in jail and said; "Henry, why are you here"? "Mr. Emerson. why are you not here"? replied Thoreau. In speaking of this arrest Thoreau said that in half an hour after he was let out he was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of the highest hills in Concord, two miles off; and then the state was no where to be seen. Redney whispers: "I wonder if that was one of the times he set fire to the woods, that some of the farmers tell about." That was the talk of his enemies, I replied.

Mrs. Kate Tryon spoke of Thoreau's simplicity in living, and of the birds spoken of by him. His description of birds she said was so true to nature, both as to their notes and coloring, that where he did not give their names one could readily recognize the bird. She further illustrated her talk with quotations from Thoreau, by whistling their bird songs and with life sized water color sketches of the birds. Mrs. Kate Tryon's lectures on mushrooms are most satisfying. One needs no dictionary, and at a lecture learns at least how to tell one edible fungi. Mr. Hosmer closed the exercises by exhibiting a piece of the shanty still showing the marks of the ax that was returned "sharper than when I borrowed it," also a picture of the house where he was born, reading a note of greeting from Henry Salt, his English biographer, and a tribute to Thoreau by Samuel A. Jones of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Redney whispers; "they are not going to guess those lines written on the fly leaf of the book called "Thoreau's Thoughts" by H. G. O. Blake." Here is a verse of Emerson's from it, also found in his contribution towards a biography of Thoreau: "We shall one day see that the most private is the most public energy, that quality atones for quantity, and grandeur of character acts in the dark, and succors them who never saw it." Neither has anyone said anything about the six miles of beans which he planted for economy, I presume, but the young man, who after scouring the woods all the afternoon for decorations politely took the mile and a half home with Redney, asked about the six miles of beans to which she quoted from his brightest economic selections to illustrate his manner of teaching the simplicity of living. "A truth speaker he, capable of the most strict conversation; a physician to the needs of any soul."

In the antiquarian rooms, if you are fond of antiquity, you may discover precious objects, pictures, arms and old tapestries. Here is a room filled with the furniture which he used at Walden, also a portrait of his brother John. It was at Walden, he says, that the melody of the church bells is worth importing. Some one said of his religion: "He seems to have commenced his religion where many of us leave off—at the grave." Mr. Hosmer presented each guest with a chronology of the life of Thoreau. One thing Redney thinks quite noticeable—that in 1853 (he was born in 1817 and died in 1860) he had 900 volumes in his library, over 700 of which he had written himself.

There are three portraits of Thoreau in existence. About 1856 H. G. O. Blake, Thoreau and John Brown had been off on a tramp and they went into B. B. Mathem's at Worcester and had daguereotypes taken. In August 1861 he was visiting Daniel Ricketson at New Bedford and had an ambrotype taken by Duchee. Cruikshank's linotype given to John D. Leadell by Emerson was either from Blake's or Brown's daguereotype. Rouse has a crayon of him in the Concord Public library.—

THOREAU AS A WRITER.

As a writer Thoreau is by himself. There are no other books like Walden and the Week. The reader may like them or leave them (unless he is pretty sure of himself he may be advised to try Walden first), he will find nowhere else the same combination of pure nature and austere philosophy. It is hard even to see with what to compare

And Redney wonders as she reads his works why he is so often misinterpreted.

K. L. E.

Kate L. Edwards in the Southbridge (Mass.) Journal, Dec. 5, 1895

them, or to conceive of any one else as having written them. If Marcus Aurelius, with half his sweetness of temper eliminated, and something of his sharpness, together with liberal measures of cool intellectuality, injected, could have been united with Gilbert White rather less radically transformed, and if the resultant complex person had made it his business to write, we can perhaps imagine that his work would not have been in all respects unlike that of the sage of Walden; in saying which we have but taken a circuitous course back to our former position, that Thoreau was a man of his own kind.

He was an author from the beginning. Of that, as he said himself, he was never in doubt. His ceaseless observation of nature—which some have decried as lacking purpose and method—and his daily journal were deliberately chosen means to that end. "Here have I been these forty years learning the language of these fields that I may the better express myself." This was what he aimed at, let his subject be what it might—to express himself. Few writers have ever treated their work more seriously, or studied their art more industriously. He talked sometimes, to be sure, as if there were no art about it. To listen to him in such a mood, one might suppose that the fact and the thought were the only things to be considered, and language followed of itself. Such was neither his belief nor his practice. But he was one of the fortunate ones who by taking pains can produce an effect of easiness; who can recast and recast a sentence, and in the end leave it looking as if it had dropped from a running pen. [Bradford Torrey in December Atlantic.

THOREAU AS A NATURALIST.

His attainments as a naturalist have been by turns exaggerated and belittled, one extreme following naturally upon the other. As for the exaggeration, nothing else was to be expected, things being as they were. It is what happens in every such case. If a man knows some of the birds, his neighbors, who know none of them, celebrate him at once as an ornithologist. If he is reputed to "analyze" flowers—pull them to pieces under a pocket-lens, and by means of a key find out their polysyllabic names—he straightway becomes famous as a botanist; all of which is a little as if the ticket-seller and the grocer's clerk should be hailed as financiers because of their facility in making change. Thoreau knew his local fauna and flora after a method of his own—a method which, for lack of a better word, may be called sympathetic. Nobody was ever more successful in getting inside of a bird; and that, from his point of view and for his purpose—and not less for ours who read him—was the one important thing. After that it mattered little if some of his flying neighbors escaped his notice altogether, while others led him a vain chase year after year, and are still, in his published journals, a puzzle to all readers. Who knows what his night warbler was, or, with certainty, his seringo bird? The latter, indeed, a native of his own Concord hay-fields, he seems to have been pretty well acquainted with as a bird: its song was familiar to him, and less frequently he caught sight of the singer itself perched upon a fence-post or threading its way through the grass; but he had found no means of ascertaining its name, and so was driven to the primitive expedient of christening it with an invention of his own. His description of its appearance and notes leaves us in no great doubt about its identity; probably it was the savanna sparrow; but how completely in the dark he himself was upon this point may be gathered from an entry in his journal of 1854. He had gone to Nantucket, in late December, and there saw, running along the ruts, flocks of "a gray, bunting-like bird about the size of the snow-bunting. Can it be the seaside finch," he asks, "or the savanna sparrow, or the shore lark?" The man who has "named all the birds without a gun" is yet to be announced; the youngest reader of the present article will not live long enough to see him; and Thoreau's studies in this line, it is fair to add, were pursued under limitations and disadvantages to which the amateur of our later day is happily a stranger. Ornithologically, it is a long time since Thoreau's death, though it is less than thirty-five years. [Bradford Torrey in December Atlantic. 1896

Boston Evg. Transcript, Nov. 22,

THE GREENACRE SCHOOL.

Emerson Day.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn on Likenesses and Differences Between Emerson and Thoreau—Common Influences—Hereditary Differences—Thoreau's Accounts of Estrangement—Unpublished Extracts from His Journal—Mr. C. W. Malloy's Lecture on Emerson—Beauty Not a Thing but an Event—Combination in Nature and in Character—Reminiscences of the Concord School of Philosophy.

Eliot, Me., Aug. 14.

Emerson day at Greenacre was celebrated yesterday. The morning discussion was one of the most interesting of these conferences, the informal nature of which makes them always attractive. Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, who is the chairman of the meetings while Emerson and the Concord School is under discussion, opened the meeting by reading a paper on "Emerson and Thoreau, their Likeness and Difference." He spoke of Lowell's mistake in thinking Thoreau imitated Emerson, and quoted the famous lines in the "Fable for Critics" in which Lowell referred to both Channing and Thoreau as imitators of Emerson. It was interesting to have the blanks filled in and to know that the passage should read:

"There comes Channing, for instance; to see him 's a rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's track's with legs painfully short;
* * * *
Fie for shame, brother bard; with good fruit of your own,
Can't you let Neighbor Emerson's orchard alone?
Besides, 't is no use—you 'll not find e'en a core—
Thoreau has picked up all the windfalls before."

This is hilariously untrue of the two neighbors whom, if anybody, Lowell must have had in mind Ellery Channing, the poet (nephew of W. E. Channing, the preacher), and Thoreau, the poet-naturalist, being some fifteen years younger than Emerson naturally came under his influence; but both were too original to borrow. Thoreau like many of Emerson's younger friends, unconsciously imitated Emerson in traits of manner and speech, so that remarks were made like that of the Boston wit who

said: "Look at Thoreau! he is getting a nose like Emerson's." Thoreau could have changed the form of his nose not more easily than any other part of his sturdily original character. Emerson's influence on Channing may be thought to be shown in the poem of Channing on "The Spider," in which the octosyllabic form reminds one of Emerson's "Woodnotes;" but the poem was first published in 1855, before Emerson published any verse. Thoreau's verse had a quality of its own so peculiar that no imitation was supposable. The resemblance in substance was due to the fact that they were born in the same atmosphere, looked upon the same phenomena of nature and man, read the same books, to a great extent, and associated much with each other. The remark of Thoreau's mother, who accounted for the similarity of thought between him and Emerson by saying: "Oh yes, Mr. Emerson has been a good deal with David Henry," has a truth. The direct influence of the younger friend on the thought of the elder was quite as great as the reverse. Emerson was more sensitive to literary influence than Thoreau. In Thoreau's case, as in Channing's, the form of expression is quite as original as the sentiment or thought.

The striking characteristic of Emerson and Thoreau was their wisdom. They were both philosophers in the ancient sense. They followed truth wherever it might lead them, and valued intellectual and spiritual truth more than the transient rewards of human labor or the shining prizes of mental distinction. Both were of a poetic turn of mind; both were of a hardy moral constitution so that self-denial and retirement were not hard for them. But they were full of sentiment, quick to love that which appeals to the affections and with all the generosities which a movement for the uplifting of the social condition of mankind requires. They were reformers rather than conservatives, yet with a great infusion of devotion to the primary objects of human existence. But they differed widely in the inherited traits which distinguish one soul from another. Emerson's inheritance was from a long line of clerical and gentlemanly ancestors, to whom the conventionalities of life had acquired a value which they never could have acquired among the trading, seafaring, joking and nonchalant ancestors of Henry Thoreau. To this inheritance Emerson owes that matchless propriety and decorum which was as manifest in him as in George Washington; a sense of what was fitting in all the occasions of life, and a consideration for the tastes and feelings of others which make him almost unique among reformers. There was also in him that unborn leadership which gives its charm to ancient aristocracies, no less than to new potencies like those of Napoleon and Cromwell; the princely quality was most evident in his nature, and finds expression in his pages more than in those of any other modern author. With Thoreau these traits were replaced by a sturdy and trenchant individualism, somewhat scanty of respect for what is merely conventional, especially if a little outgrown; and not disposed to those concessions in minor matters which the daily intercourse of human life requires for its smooth movement. He was at heart profoundly unselfish and courteous, but on the surface rather brusque and pugnacious, and with all his distinction a little plebean in his bearing at times. Such qualities provoked opposition and did not pass unnoticed, even by Emerson. When the young enthusiast of 1837 became the settled and audacious questioner of 1857 the unavoidable collision of these opposite traits of character took place. In December, 1851, Thoreau writes in his journal: "Last night I treated my dearest friend ill. Though I could find some excuse for myself it is not such an excuse as under the circumstances could be pleaded in so many words. Instantly I blamed myself, and sought an opportunity to make atonement; but the friend avoided me, and with kinder feelings than before even I was obliged to depart. . . . I doubt now if I have a right to suppose such intimate and serious relations as afford a basis for the apology I had conceived; for even magnanimity must ask this poor earth for a field. The virtues even wait for an invitation." The lecturer thought the reference here was to Emerson. Five years later a more serious estrangement occurred, and that Thoreau believed it (incorrectly) to be final is evident from the sad tone he adopts in contrast to that just cited.

Emerson dealt more with principles, Thoreau with facts; he had the homely wisdom of Socrates, while Emerson rejoiced in the lofty sweep of Plato. In their learning, which was great, as Americans reckon the scope of learning, Thoreau was the more exact, Emerson the more comprehensive and suggestive. Both were masters of English; but in Emerson was more mannerism, in Thoreau more rhetorical art in his best pages, more simplicity in his ordinary writing. Both will endure as authors; and both, though read at first for their novelties, will continue to attract and to instruct, by their deep and cheerful wisdom and their high moral purpose.

Mr. Malloy's lecture in the afternoon consisted mainly of a commentary on Emerson's "Hermione" and a study of the topic of beauty which it suggests. Beauty consists, first, in a quality in things, and, secondly, in a fact in consciousness. There is generally some correspondence between them. One cannot define beauty, but we may say it is an event not a thing, something that takes place partly in nature partly in self. No one thing produces it, and it is greater than nature. "The universe is the bride of the soul," said Emerson, and while all philosophers have failed to fix the fluctuating and evanescent quality of beauty in a definition, Emerson's "Ode to Beauty" is the finest thing ever said of beauty. It is an emotion and not a sensation and hence it is uncertain. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is not true. Beauty is a joy forever, but not the thing. The element of surprise enters into Emerson's idea of beauty. Books and pictures give supreme enjoyment only once.

When you have seen a picture well, take your leave of it, you will never see it again."

"Mount to Paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

The law of intellectual parallax also is involved. Different things have different value according to changed point of view.

All things change. We can't depend on the north star. We have to date a survey because the pole is changing. We are fortunate if we can read the right books at the right time.

Genius, as used in "Hermione," means character, and beauty depends on our character for our enjoyment of it. Is it wise to wear a costly gem and impoverish it by a bad heart? The mistake a boy made in quoting the words of Jesus so as to make them say: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall mark your face," is worth remembering as a truth. Religion is worth

all it costs even as a cosmetic. To have one's picture taken, one should take a long course of preparation in high thoughts.

Last evening the hall of the inn was crowded and the piazza thronged about the windows with people who came to hear Mr. J. T. Trowbridge read for his own writings. His selections were from both prose and poetry, and were much enjoyed.

This afternoon was devoted to reminiscences of the Concord School Philosophy. In the absence of Mrs. Cheney, who had been announced, Mr. Sanborn led the meeting with an account of the origin of the school. The idea of the school had been outlined by Emerson in a letter written to a friend which may be found in his works. The civil war and its results compelled a postponement of the matter. Not until the spring of 1879 was announcement made of the session the following summer. The lectures were given by Emerson, Alcott, Higginson, Davidson and others. It was a great surprise that the lectures attracted such general notice. The orchard house became too small, and the second year a gift of $1000 by a New York lady made possible the building of Hillside Chapel. The largest single attendance was about two hundred, and over one thousand different persons were present in one year. The subjects were at first too abstract and difficult and later their scope was enlarged. The last session was held in 1887. Emerson and Alcott had died, and Professor Harris and Mr. Davidson were planning to go abroad. The Hegelian philosophy was represented by the St. Louis philosophers, Neo-Platonism by Dr. Jones of Jacksonville, and Transcendentalism by Alcott. All three agreed in one respect, in criticism and opposition to the progress of the materialistic philosophy then represented by Spencer and Darwin. History and literature were also presented, and ultimately the lectures took form of a commentary on literature, for instance on Dante, Goethe and Emerson. Two volumes were published. The simplicity of the machinery of the school was noted and the fact that thirty-one cents remained in the treasury, which sum made up the salary of the secretary. Mr. Malloy followed with an address in which he said that to him Emerson was the finest man who has lived since the light of the world rose in Galilee. Colonel Norton, Miss Doughty and Rev. C. A. Young, former pupils of the school, also contributed reminiscences.

Boston Transcript, Aug. 15, 1896

Senator Palmer's statement that he will not carry the fight into the enemies' country because he has no enemies in this country, reminds us of the reply Thoreau made when he was asked if he did not wish to make peace with God. "I was not aware," he said, "that I had ever quarreled with God."

Ibid, Sept. 5, 1896

(6679.) Thoreau's diary, Dec. 28, 1854, written at Nantucket, states that Captain Gardner had sowed several hundred acres of land there and intended to sow more with seeds of the spruce and pine trees. What has been the result of this planting, as to success or disappointment? F. J. P.

[The result was a low, scrubby growth. A reason given for the trees being stunted is that the salt sea air and spray flying across the island is fatal to the vigor of trees. There have, besides, been numerous fires on the tree-planted lands of the island which have destroyed nearly all of this stunted growth, berry and other low-growing bushes springing up luxuriantly wherever the fires have raged.]

Boston Transcript 9/19/1896

Minor Topics.

—The literary scandal excited at Paris by Madame GEORGE SAND's quite unprovoked attempt to carry out EMERSON's theory of genius, and "grind up her friends for paint," bids fair to become a very war of Troy for tediousness. It began with Madame SAND's romance of *Elle et Lui*, in which she drew under the very thinnest disguise a most unflattering portrait of ALFRED DE MUSSET, then hardly cold in his premature grave. PAUL DE MUSSET, the accomplished brother of the deceased poet, perfectly familiar with the secret history of ALFRED's relations with the authoress of *Indiana*, took upon himself the fraternal duty of relating that history in quite another light. His work, entitled *Lui et Elle*, is a marvel of keen, concentrated and sustained indignation, altogether merciless in its analysis of the heroine's character and career. This fraternal vindication was rapidly followed up by another defence of ALFRED DE MUSSET, from the pen of a distinguished female writer. In her novel of *Lui*, Mme. LOUIS COLET has fully rivaled Mme. SAND's own power of passionate description, and deals so unreservedly with the egotistical side of that lady's nature, as almost to move the reader's compassion towards a selfishness so mercilessly scourged. These blows took effect, and in the preface to her latest novel, *Jean de La Roche*, Madame SAND takes occasion to protest rather scornfully against the tremendous inquisition which has been instituted into her past experience. The whole battle may now be presumed to have been fought out, and M. DE LESPINE accordingly undertakes the task of historian, and sums up its record and its merits in a critical work, *L'Histoire d'un Scandale*, which is not the least interesting contribution to letters made by this most miserable quarrel.

N.Y. Times, July 20, 1860 p. 4, col. 5.

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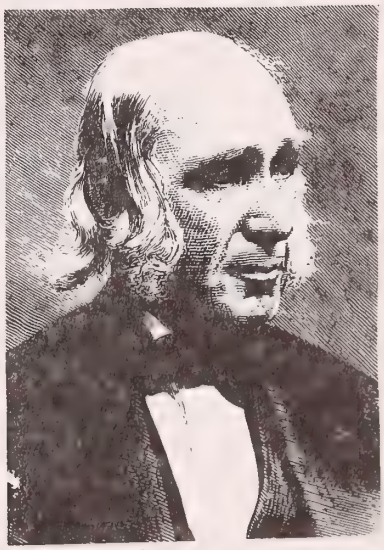

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